THE

Celtic Monthly:

A Magazine for Highlanders.

EDITED BY

JOHN MACKAY, GLASGOW.

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DEDICATED

TO

CHARLES ARTHUR MACDONALD, ESQ., SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES,

A NATIVE OF ARGYLLSHIRE,

who, during thirty years' residence in foreign lands, took a practical interest in all objects intended to further the well-being of his fellow-Highlanders, and who has now returned to spend the evening of his days among his native mountains.

JOHN MACKAY,
Editor.

MOFFAT, LAIDLAW & CO., Printers, Glasgow.

R. HARVEY PIRIE, LL.B.

The Celtic Monthly:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

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R. HARVEY PIRIE, LL.B., GLASGOW,

Hon. Secretary, Kintyre Club.

THE family of Pirie has been for many years officially connected with the Kintyre Club, an institution which for eighty years has devoted itself to social, charitable, and educational work in connection with the historic land of *Ceann-tire.*

Dr. John Pirie, who may be justly described as the "grand old man" of the Club, was President for two years—1870-1. The family are of Ross-shire extraction, his father having been factor for Lord Middleton's Applecross and Lochcarron Estates. The doctor was born at Kishorn, Ross-shire, and educated at Raining's School, Inverness, and Aberdeen University, from which he received his degree of M.D. He commenced practice in Fort-William, but soon removed to Campbeltown, where he acquired a large practice. He here married a daughter of Dr. Robert Harvey, Laird of Pennygown, and had four sons and two daughters. It is interesting to mention that Dr. Pirie is now returning to spend the evening of his days in Campbeltown, after following his profession for 38 years in Glasgow. His many friends hope that he may be spared to enjoy many years of well-earned rest on the beautiful shores of Kilkerran Loch. Naturally, he always took a deep interest in all matters relating to his native Ross-shire, and was President of the Glasgow Ross and Cromarty Benevolent Association, and his presence was always a familiar and welcome one at the Annual Social Gatherings of the natives of Ross-shire. In all respects he is an enthusiastic Highlander, and can speak, read, and write Gaelic fluently.

His eldest son, Mr. R. Harvey Pirie, LL.B., is Honorary Secretary of the Kintyre Club, a position which he has filled since 1887. He was born at Campbeltown, and educated at Mr. Ross's School there, at the Glasgow Academy, and Glasgow University, from which he holds the degrees of M.A. and LL.B. After receiving a thorough professional training in a law office in Glasgow, he started business in partnership with Mr. Stewart, the firm of Pirie & Stewart, 173 St. Vincent Street, being well known and highly respected in this city. Mr. Pirie's connection with the Club extends back to his boyhood days, when his father enrolled him as a member in 1866; in 1887 he was appointed Honorary Secretary, an office which he has filled with great acceptance and success to the present time. When we mention that the Club's funds amount to about £5,300, and that nearly £200 are spent annually in charity, education, and prizes, it can readily be understood the affairs of the Club entail a considerable amount of labour upon the Secretary.

Mr. Pirie's favourite pastime is yachting, in which connection he acted for eleven years, 1889-1900, as Secretary of the Clyde Corinthian Yacht Club.

On 28th September Mr. Pirie was married to Miss Agnes Jane Fulton, an auspicious event which the past and present Office-Bearers of the Kintyre Club considered a suitable one to present their Secretary with some tangible token of their respect and esteem. The gift consisted of a handsome solid silver tea and coffee service, Georgian pattern, in a polished oak case, with a suitable inscription. The presentation took place in the "Grosvenor," Gordon Street, and was attended by a representative gathering of past and present officials. The President of the Club, Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly,* in making the presentation, referred to Mr. Pirie's long and valuable services to the Club, and the esteem in which he is held by all Kintyrians, and on behalf of his fellow officials and members wished Mr. and Mrs. Pirie long life, happiness, and prosperity. Mr. Pirie, in thanking his friends for the valuable gift, said that he had never felt the work of the Club a hardship, as he was personally so deeply interested in its schemes and progress, and he only hoped that it would be his privilege soon to greatly increase his labours, as it would indicate greater prosperity for the Kintyre Club. Colonel J. R. Reid, Mr. Wm. Graham, late of North Erins, Mr. Wm. Ferguson, C.A., Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Hugh Ferguson, and others, also spoke, after which the interesting function terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

EALIE MARTIN.

A STORY OF A SKYE CLEARANCE.
BY CHAS. MACKINNON, TRANSVAAL.

(*Continued from page 185.*)

IX.

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 sheltered nooks and along the base of every dyke. It suggested the after mellay 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 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 forevision 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.

"A bad business this, Doctor," Norman said.

"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 trivet 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. 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 vouchsafed 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 desparate 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 the 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 flat.

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, as 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 unasayable: he allowed his soul to swim in it without question, conscious only of that he had never been affected by any one 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 reply unnecessary. They clasped hands. For a moment the two palms lay softly in contact: the essence of their two natures seemed to rush and 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 overrun 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 MacKintoshs 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 on his mind, the memory seemed to fetch the details of it across a gulf of years.

(To be continued.)

CLAN BANNERS AND ARMORIALS.

THE earliest notice of the use of silk in banners is in the Brosnach-Cath, or war-song, which was sung at the battle of Harlaw by Lachlann Mòr MacMhurich, bard to the Lord of the Isles in 1411—

"A chlanna Cuinn cuimhnichibh
Cruas an àm na h-iorghuil
* * * *
Gu sgabullach ga *srol*brratach."[1]

"Race of Constantine, remember
The trial of battle;
* * * *
With helmets and *silk* banners."

The silken standard of the

CLAN RANALD OF LOCHABER

is more particularly mentioned in the beautiful Song of the Owl, composed in the beginning of the fifteenth century by the old bard and hunter of Creag-Uaineach, Domhnull Mac Fhionnlaidh nan dàn, Donald the son of Finlay of the songs—

"Bratach Alasdair nan gleann
A *sròl* farumach ri crann."[2]

"The *silk* banner of Alexander of the glens
Rustling against the staff."

The period of this composition is fixed by the words of the Bard, in describing the distinguished persons whom he had seen—

"*Chunnaic mi Alasdair* Carach,
An duin' is allaile bha 'n Albainn."[3]

"*I saw Alasdair* Carach,
The fairest of men in Scotland."

Alasdair Carach, third son of John of Isla and the Princess Margaret, daughter of Robert I., flourished in 1402.[4] From this period the use of silk banners is noticed in almost every instance in which they are named, down to the decline of Gaelic chivalry. Thus the celebrated Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh addresses the people of her chief, the

SIOL TORMOID, OR MACLEODS OF HARRIS—

"Slioch Ollaghair nan lann
Thogadh sroiltean ri crann."[5]

"Race of Olgair of the swords,
Who raise the silk to the staff."

"Gur lion'ar *sròl* ballach
Ga nochdadh ri slinntibh chrann."

"Many were the variegated *silks*
Which shone upon the staves."[6]

HIGHLAND SOCIAL GATHERINGS.—Several important Re-unions take place within the next few weeks, including the Lewis and Harris Gathering, in the City Hall, on 16th November, Viscount Fincastle, V.C., presiding; Skye Re-union, St. Andrew's Halls, 1st December, Mr. Kenneth Macdonald of Skirinish, in the Chair; County of Sutherland, in the St. Andrew's Halls (Kent Hall), on 8th December, Dr. Hew Morrison, Edinburgh, Chairman.

[1] Cochruinneacha Taghta. 8vo. Duneidin, 1804. Pp. 1, 15.
[2] A'Chomhachag. Sar obair nam bard. 1841. Vol. I.
[3] A'Chomhachag. Sar obair nam bard. 8vo. Glasg. 1841. Vol. I. p. 15, ver. 7.
[4] Regist. Morovien. 4to. Edin. 1837. P. 382.
[5] An Cronan. Sar obair nam bard, &c., p. 30, ver. 13.
[6] Oran le Pòl Crubach do dh' Iain MacShir Ruairidh MhicLeoid. Comh-chruin. P. 48, v. 3.

They were so prevalent that their possession produced an epithet of chiefs and their people—

"Fhuair thu sèud o shiol Leòid
Nam Brataichean sròil."[7]

"You won a jewel from the race of Leod
Of the *silken banners.*"

"Tha Mac an Toisich nan each seang,
'S na brataich srann mhòr *sroil.*"[8]

"Mackintosh of slender horses,
And the wide rustling *silken* banner."

These military ensigns bear testimony to other arts besides the fabrication of their material, for they were richly emblazoned, like the baronial colours of all feudal nations. In the works of the bards, frequent allusions are made to the clan standards bearing the coat armour of their chiefs; and thus the flag of Macdonald of Sleat is described by Ian Lòm—

"B'e do shuaicheantas taitneach,
Long, 's leòmhann, 's bradan,
Air chuan liobhar an aigel;
A' Chraobh fhìona gun ghaiseadh,
A chuireadh sùgh de le pailteas,
Lamh dhearg roimh ghaisgich nach tiom."

"Before the fearless warriors
Beautiful was thy ensign—
The ship, the lion, the red hand,
The salmon in the smooth deep sea,
The verdant vine abundant in juice."

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE MACDONALDS.

The old arms of the Clan Donald, north and south, were quarterly, in the first quarter argent, semée of fleur-des-lis, and within a double tressure gules a lion rampant of the second, for the marriage of John of Isla with the Princess Margaret Stuart. Second or, a lymphad sable, the oars in action, the sail furled argent, and flames issuing out of the top castle proper. In dexter chief, a dexter hand, and in sinister, a cross croslet fitchée, both gules, for the Lordship of the Isles. Third parted per fess, argent and vert, in base a salmon naiant proper. Fourth argent, a vine tree fruited proper. These arms, which, with some slight arbitrary difference, were borne by the Clan Donald north and south, during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, must not be confounded with the ancient coat of the Lordship of the Isles, which was simply or, a lymphad sable, the oars in action, the sail furled argent, and flames issuing out of the top castle proper, surmounted by an eagle displayed gules. In the dexter chief a dexter hand, and in the sinister chief a cross croslet fitchée, both of the fifth. This bearing was given upon the coin struck by James VI. soon after his annexation of the Lordship of the Isles to the crown—(Anderson's Numismata Scotiæ. Tab. CLV., fig. 1)—when it was also assumed by the Prince of Rothesay, upon whom the title was conferred. Since this period it has been borne only by the family of Glengarrie, who never made any alteration upon the ancient arms of the Isles, which it carried as one of the two great divisions of the Clan Ranald, eldest branch of the great clan of the Isles, by descent from Ranald, *eldest* son to John of Isla, by his first marriage with Amie, daughter and heiress to Roderick de Insulis; the arms quarterly having been derived by the Clan Donald, *second* branch of the Isles, from Donald, eldest son to John of Isla by his *second* marriage, with the Princess Margaret, daughter to King Robert III. Hence it is with great impropriety that these arms have for some generations been borne by the captains of Clan Ranald, descended, in common with the family of Glengarrie, from Ranald, eldest son to John of the Isles.

The standard of the Clan Grigor is also described as emblazoned with the armorial bearings of its chief—

"Mac Griogair nam bratach
Da'm bu tartarach pioba,
Ga'm bu shuaitheantas giubhas
Ri bruthach ga dhireadh;
Crann caol air dheagh lochradh,
'S ite dhosach an fhir-eòin,
Crann caol air dheagh snaidheadh,
Cuid do dh' aighear mhic Righ e
Ann an laimh dheadh Mhic Mhuirich,
'Ga chumail reidh direach."[9]

"MacGrigor of banners
And clamouring pipes,
Whose standard was the pine[10]
Rising from the bank;
Bushy were the feathers of the eagle,
Slim and smooth the well-shaped staff,
Which might please the son of a king,
Held firm and erect
In the hand of MacVurich."[11]

[7] Oran do Mhac Ionmhuinn an t-Stratha, &c. Comh-chruin. P. 116, v. 11.

[8] Cumha do Bhaintigherna Mhic an Toisich, Coch-ruinneacha Taghta, &c. 8vo. Duneiden, 1804 95, v. 5.

[9] MacGrigor na Ruadh-Shruth. Comh-Chrun. P. 302, ver. 3.

[10] The arms of MacGrigor were originally a pine-tree erased, proper, crossed in saltier with a sword of the second. But the pine was also borne in *pale, growing on a bank vert.*

[11] The standard of the Clan Grigor was decorated with a plume of eagle's feathers at its head. MacVurich was the name of the hereditary standard-bearer of the MacGrigors of Glen Lyon.

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 224).

AFTER we had refreshed the inner man, our host invited us into his sanctum, where he treated us to a draught from the oldest brand in his cellar. The time went by so pleasantly that it was difficult for us to tear ourselves away. However, after a hearty farewell, the gathering was broken up, and we proceeded on our way, through the beautiful valley of the Orchy to Inverlochy, where the high road stops and is succeeded by a rough mountain path, which leads up and down to the plateau of the Lochy. As regards sombreness, monotony, and solitude, this bit of road, of about 12 kilometres in length, has no equal. There we saw before us the bald wastes of the Scottish plateaus—there they were, surrounded by round-topped, dead, silent, and sombre Scottish mountains, whose black-brown peaks were in hopeless sympathy with the sadness of the sky and its driving clouds. And, in this valley of despair, we saw, with the exception of one railway official and a travelling tinker, not a living soul. The living part of the landscape consisted of a few herds of sheep, who kept nearly out of sight, and who maintained a precarious existence by cropping the miserable grass to be found in these wastes. Scarcely a bird was to be seen. It was therefore no animated view that the vale of Lochy offered us. We felt dominated by the sadness of the landscape. The peaks of Meall nan Tighearn, Ben-a-Clee, and Ben Lui, which bore the appearance of extinct volcanoes, and which last is 3,700 feet above sea level, give a dramatic appearance to the sombre scene. It is as if an uncanny feeling were prevalent in the atmosphere of these wastes. The most lively person feels himself here oppressed by a "Maeterlinks'" sombreness, a hopeless pessimism, feels himself surrounded by unlucky tragedy and flags of sombre mourning. We were therefore glad when we had passed this region, where the river Lochy forms a kind of small lake and where we had a more extended view; the sight of a few houses here and there did us good, and when we saw before us a sort of castle, which on further investigation proved to be the Tyndrum Hotel, all sombreness had disappeared. The head waiter of the Tyndrum Hotel stood ready to receive us, and greeted us most politely in ——— Dutch. He informed us that he had spent many years in Amsterdam, and that it did him good to hear the Dutch language once more, to see again Dutch faces, and to hear the hearty Dutch laugh. We had not been a quarter of an hour inside the hotel, when the rain began to fall in torrents, and a couple of cyclists arrived shortly after, dripping wet.

That Sunday evening (2nd August) we celebrated, at Tyndrum, the birthday of H.M. Queen Emma. Our president, after a short speech informing the English guests of the signification of the "proceedings," delivered a stirring speech, and the welfare of our reigning house was drunk with flowing champagne glasses. The English guests were so polite in standing while we sung, lustily, our national anthem, that one of our number thanked them in a short address, which, as his vocabulary was somewhat limited, I fear that they understood little of. The guests, among others several English ladies, were, however, so sympathetic that they applauded and thanked our eloquent companion. After dinner we proceeded to the billiard room. By way of recreation, on the reading table were several guide books and time tables. Therefore, in order to pass the evening, we decided to display our skill on the board of green cloth. The head waiter, however, to whom we confided our wishes, thereupon drew a long face, and gave us to understand that the playing of billiards on Sunday in Scotland is something terrible; however, he would speak to the landlady about it—five minutes later the waiter appeared in the billiard room, he informed us that the good lady declared immediately, and with much warmth, that she would not permit of such a thing, that the playing of billiards on Sunday was "shocking and shameful," and much more of the same sort of language—in any case it would not be permitted in her house. Further, the gentlemen were specially requested not to speak so loudly, for that was also "shocking," and the other guests did not approve of the making of such "a terrible noise."

On the following day we paid our bill, which was stiff, although it was reduced considerably in consequence of the reciprocal arrangements made between the English and Dutch touring clubs. The landlady was then politeness personified, she asked after our plans and wished us a pleasant tour. We did not remark, among the English guests, any reminiscences of the shock of the previous evening, on the contrary, they appeared well pleased that we had stood up against the spirit of the reformer, John Knox. One of the guests in the Tyndrum Hotel was a clergyman, who told us he was a cyclist, and who prefessed himself much interested in one of our bicycles of Dutch manufacture—"Might he try it?" "O certainly, with pleasure!" No

sooner, however, was the worthy man astride of the bike than he lay on the ground in a picturesque position, which was also, as one can imagine, most interesting for the bike and its owner. Thanks to this experience, the parson declined any further experiments.

From Tyndrum our travellers cycled through Glen Falloch, with whose beauty they were enamoured, to Tarbert on Loch Lomond. On their arrival there they were quite astonished to find that they were within two miles of Arrochar, where their highland tour had been commenced. The following are the cyclists' impressions of Tarbert:—

We soon saw all that Tarbert could show us. It is prettily situated on a bay on Loch Lomond, and appears, as it is not far from that town, to be a favourite resort of Glasgow people. For Glasgow folk that must indeed be "a great thing," that after an hour in the train, they lose sight of black and smoke, and can see green foliage as well as draw their breath in an atmosphere which is free from coal oxygen. Besides this, Tarbert is a "charming resort" for salmon fishers, yachtsmen and other sportsmen, who, with their many coloured flannels, their high collars, and their white linen, must provide good employment for the English washing and laundry establishments. Tarbert is a great place for sport. The salmon on Loch Lomond will not rise to the fly; the finest sportsman, therefore, may, without fear of hooking such a fish, don his sporting flannels without trepidation. For lovers of sailing of such a calibre Loch Lomond is a most distinguished water. No water comes over the gunnel, nor does any dangerous wind endanger their kid gloves. And, furthermore, Tarbert appears to be a kind of resting place for English sightseers, as from there they begin their peregrinations to the Cosfachs (sic). However, if one neither fishes for salmon, plays tennis, or sails, then one is soon tired of Tarbert. The next morning, therefore, saw us on our way to Inversnaid (sic) by steamboat. Before we left we had an example of how the Scotch use every opportunity of exploiting tourists—In order to get aboard our steamer, we had to make use of a wooden quay which is the property of the Tarbert Hotel. We had, however, to pay threepence per head for traversing this quay. Pier and boat work in combination with each other; no one is allowed to come aboard the steamer unless he is able to produce a voucher, certifying that he has paid the pier fee. The fare to Inversnaid (but a quarter of an hour's journey) was not modest; and when we arrived at Inversnaid, and were about to go ashore, we were tackled by a couple of hotel servants, who exacted from each of us a pier fee of fourpence, and grumbled because we paid the *exact fee* only. Most of the passengers who went ashore at Inversnaid were deposited in large omnibuses, which stood before the hotel there. The destination of the 'buses was the same as our own—the Stronachlachar Hotel, on Loch Katrine, whence a small steamer was to convey us to the Trossachs, *via* Ellen's Isle. We were under the impression that we would have to bike pretty quickly to our destination if we wished to arrive there as soon as the 'busses, seeing the ride was a fairly hilly one. We need not, however, have made ourselves at all uneasy on that score. 'Buses and hotels also work into each others hands, as far as the exploitation of travellers in Scotland is concerned. Before the departure of 'buses for Loch Katrine, the passengers must first have refreshments in the Inversnaid Hotel. We, therefore, got a long start of them. Past the hotel we observed a waterfall which appeared to be an object of interest. The brownish-yellow colour and the muddy smell of the water made us, however, stay but a short time in that neighbourhood. We arrived at Stronachlachar a full half-hour before the 'buses. The moment the 'buses came up to the door of the hotel amidst loud cracking of whips, the hotel bell rang lustily, as a sign that lunch was ready. You see, therefore, how practically one hotel plays into the hands of another in exploiting travellers. When lunch was over, the Trossachs steamer came in sight. To the credit of the Stronachlachar Hotel be it said, that we were permitted to go on board without a pier fee, for doing so, being exacted from us. We glided, without inconvenience, over the bosom of this Loch, which, without doubt, is one of the most beautiful in Scotland. The mountains, by which it is surrounded, though not high, are beautified by fine trees which grow along their slopes. We had sunny weather for our trip, accompanied by a fresh breeze which promised to dry up the wet roads. This short lake journey in the midst of beautiful vegetation raised our spirits, and, when at length we reached the Trossachs Pier, we had come unanimously to the conclusion that we had seen the most beautiful part of Scotland. From the Trossachs, over good roads and through pleasant scenery, we had an enjoyable ride, past Lochs Achray and Vennachar, through the village of Callander and past Loch Lubnaig to Lochearnhead, where, by arrangement with the English touring club, we were to put up for the night. Lochearnhead appears to be one of the halting places, which are welcome to the tourist, along the line which he has resolved to follow.

We must confess that the hotel-keepers, with whom we had to do in Scotland, were, with a few exceptions, not bad fellows. Our president

gave them notice several days before our anticipated arrival, of the probable date of our coming. Therefore, wherever we came, we found that the invariable dish of mutton and peas was ready as soon as our bicycles were seen on the horizon. We always found our bedrooms in order, fresh water in the basins on our wash-hand-stands, and everyone ready to afford "first accommodation" to the travellers. However, when we had washed, and changed our clothes, and stepped out into the porch, the question invariably arose—"What to do?"

(To be continued.)

THE DINGWALL MOD—A SKETCH.

By Curliana.

Let the pibroch resound
With a blast full and glorious,
To mountains and glens
And heroes victorious,
To hardihood and strength,
And brave chiefs and champions,
And everything that's Highland
In the land o'er the Grampians.

THERE are many royal burghs in Scotland with half the population of Dingwall, and there are many larger towns with half its annual commerce. That stagnation which is the product of intermarriage and the prominence of the "native," is not here apparent. Most of its business men are immigrants, and there is accordingly an absence of that exclusiveness which is so characteristic a feature of our small Scottish communities. Dingwall is the centre and emporium of a wide and varied district, which is washed on the east by the waters of the German Ocean, and on the west by the rolling waves of the Atlantic. The country it serves may thus be said to stretch

"From the orient gates of day
To where the sunset sleeps upon the western sea."

It embraces much diversity of scene, from the sylvan beauty of Strathpeffer to the high mountains of Kintail, beneath whose shadow our king has twice stood within recent years and wondered why his people went to Switzerland. However it may be in winter, the county town of Ross is a busy place in summer. It was especially so in those two brilliant days of September when the Highland Mòd held there its annual symposium.

The Mòd is to the Scottish Highlands what the Eisteddfod is to Wales. It was established by

A FEW ENTHUSIASTIC CELTS

about fourteen years ago, to promote the cultivation of the Gaelic language, literature, and music, and to propagate a knowledge of its history and culture. It is sectless and creedless, and its freedom from political and ecclesiastical bonds has undoubtedly been one of the chief factors in its progress and development. It is not so in Ireland, whither the Celtic movement has since spread. In the Emerald Isle it is covertly, if not openly, associated with politics, and on that account, though the Irish is a younger society, it has outstripped in magnitude its Scottish prototype. It is not a little curious that while

POLITICS WOULD POISON THE SCOTTISH ASSOCIATION,

in Ireland they are as the breath of its nostrils. This became very evident at the opening ceremony in Dingwall, when, in presence of a mixed political audience, an Irish delegate explained how they had captured Dublin Castle, though with what dire results to the Saxon he did not state. The Whigs and Tories in the crowded Dingwall assembly had manifestly never before heard of this extraordinary feat. It surprised them, and they listened in silence. But when the delegate seriously advised the Highlanders to follow the Irish example by capturing Edinburgh, and compelling the Lowlander to speak in Gaelic, it became too much for the proverbial solemnity of the Scottish Celt, and he indulged in a hearty laugh. Home Rule clearly marks the path of the Irish movement, and it will live or die as part of that political propaganda.

The Dingwall Mòd was in every respect a success. The main street of the little town for two days and nights was filled with

"Everything that's Highland
In the land o'er the Grampians."

Philabegs and tartans, sporrans, dirks, and sgian-dubhs; stalwart men and pretty Highland maidens with pretty Highland accents—all very interesting and picturesque—were there, and every Highland thing was there, except the Lochaber axe, which went out of fashion about the '45.

THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE

was queen of the Mòd—very graceful, very gracious—but, alas, without one syllable of the old speech of her fathers. Her dainty head hung down, and her liquid eyes seemed to melt for shame, as she made the sorrowful confession in the presence of those fiery Irish delegates. But she made atonement by an excellent address in English, and all the Gaels were mollified when she told them of some wise men whom she had met in America who had manifested a deep interest in the language of Eden. Then she marched behind the pipers to the banquet hall, and patiently sat through a luncheon and toast list, and was altogether a popular queen.

Crowds of people attended the competitions. The clergy of all denominations abounded—United Free, Established Church, and Roman Catholic, proving by their presence the unsectarian character of the Mòd. Although the cultivation of the language is one of its chief objects, it was apparent that music and song were to the general public the main attractions. One always found plenty room where readings and recitations were going on, but one had to wait for room

WERE THE OLD GAELIC SONGS WERE BEING SUNG.

to the plaintive or stirring melodies of the Gael. Many of the competitors sung in what was to them a foreign tongue. It was doubtful in some cases if they even knew the themes of their songs. It was a carnival of voice production rather than a cultivation of the Gaelic language; and had the competitions been confined to competent Gaelic speakers, there might have been less fine art, but more good Gaelic.

But there is another and perhaps more fruitful department of the Mòd's work which is not presented to the onlooker. Prizes are given for a variety of literary work in poetry and prose; and within the capacity of both youth and maturity. A simple letter in Gaelic to be written in School, under the eye of the Teacher; Essays for pupils and adults, poems in Gaelic and translations from English into Gaelic—although not much encouragement appears to be given to similar work from Gaelic into English, and yet nothing is better calculated to attract the attention of English speakers to the beauties of Gaelic literature. Time does not admit of the reading of these productions at the Annual Meeting, but they are all no doubt carefully preserved in the archives of the Society and will probably be published some day.

THE PRIZES FOR THE YOUNG

are to be specially commended, for if Gaelic is to be preserved as a spoken language it must find a place in the school room and the play ground, and highland pupils should not forget that in the study of this interesting old language may be found not only intellectual pleasure but the possibility of honour and profit by becoming prize winners at the Mòd.

There was much Celtic enthusiasm during those two days in Dingwall; many kindly greetings in the streets among friends long parted: hand grasping hand in the

GRIP OF CELTIC BROTHERHOOD;

here a bit of irony; there a bit of sarcasm; now a line from Duncan Bàn; anon one of those proverbs in which lie buried the wit and wisdom of an ancient and intellectual race; while the sly pawky humour of the Scottish Highlander and his well-known aversion to the direct affirmative, were also much in evidence.

"And do you tell me he has taken to drink?" asked one old kilted Highlander of another, referring to a mutual friend.

"Cha chuiridh e ri a chluas e," (he will not put it to his lug) was the answer, negatively quaint and canny.

Nothing was more apparent to the sympathetic observer than the golden thread of good fellowship that ran through the genuine Celts in the assemblage. Their love towards the language seemed to inspire them with kindlier feelings towards each other, deepened by a sense of danger to their beloved tongue. They were undoubtedly in earnest; and the greater the danger the more determined they seemed to stand shoulder to shoulder. Even a Sassanach ought to be able to sympathise with these feelings; for every method by which in past ages one human being succeeded in communicating his thoughts to another is worthy of preservation, as helpful in the study of man by man. Gaelic, on account of its literature, has a double claim to live. It may be passing away into the

QUIET RESTING PLACE OF THE CELTIC CHAIR,

but the present duty of all Gaels is to endeavour by every means to pass it on to the next generation in all the purity in which we have received it from our fathers. Such is the object of the great Highland Mòd Association, which, it is to be hoped, may long occupy a useful place among the educational institutions of Scotland.

DEATH OF A NOTABLE GAELIC SCHOLAR.—The unexpected death of Father Allan MacDonald, of Eriskay, has caused deep gloom among Catholics and Protestants alike on the West Coast, where he was so well known. Father Allan was the son of John MacDonald (Iain Ailan Oig), who for many years was the highly respected conductor of the once famous four-in-hand coach which ran between Fort-William, via Glencoe and Blackmount, to Glasgow. He and Duncan MacMaster, the famous driver, were two well-known personalities on this route. The Isle of Eriskay, in which Father Allan died, is famed as that on which bonnie Prince Charlie first landed when he came from France in the "La Donteil." Here, in 1745, he planted some pink convolvulus, which still flourishes, and is known as "Flur a' Phrionsa."—the Prince's flower. Father Allan was a veritable son of Anak, being 6ft. 3in. in height, and was known in his communion as the "high priest," just as the late Very Rev. John MacLeod, D.D., was known as "the high priest of Morven." Father MacDonald was a man of great talents and wide learning, an able preacher, an ardent student of the history, traditions, and folk-lore of the Highlands, and a Gaelic scholar who had few equals. Authors like Miss Goodrich Freer and Mr. Alexander Carmichael have not hesitated to express their indebtedness for the assistance which he so cheerfully rendered them, while it would be pretty safe to say that Father Ludovic, in Mr. Neil Munro's "Children of the Tempest," was a study of Father MacDonald.

AIRSON TIR AGUS TEANGA.

To the Members of An Comunn Gaidhealeach.

There's a word among the heather,
There's a whisper down the glen,
That the Gael at last is coming
To his heritage again.
He has done with southern baubles,
He has found these playthings fail,
And he's turned him to the Homeland,
And—the Gaelic for the Gael.

All too long our race unheeding,
Watched the treasured rights of old,
Rights our fathers held unquestioned,
To the alien landlord sold.
Men and language all are passing,
Making way for deer and game;
In the homeland of our fathers,
We have nothing but our name.

Unprotesting, aye unheeding,
We have watched new methods grow;
Heavy hearted, but in silence,
We have let our kindred go.
From the green glens of "Mo Dhachaidh,"
Where our fathers' ashes lie,
Now unheeded and uncared for—
Shall we let the Gaelic die?

When the little crofts were tended
On the hillside, cold and bare;
What a backbone for a nation
Had their dwelling places there.
When our country faced all Europe,
Ah—our fathers' story told
On the flags of Highland Regiments
Blazoned there in red and gold.

With the passing of the language,
Gentle, kindly customs went,
When the lairds forgot the Gaelic
They remembered only—rent,
And rent to them decided,
Whether in each Highland glen,
'Twas silence, or 'twas laughter,
Home of deer, or home of men.

By the tongues they speak all know them,
The nations that grow great,
With the language goes the greatness—
We can save ours—tho' its late.
Thro' the passing of our language
We have fallen from our place,
With the speaking of the Gaelic
Was the greatness of the race.

One in race and one in language,
What a place the Gael will fill,
One in purpose and in language,
We'll regain each ben and hill.
One in aim and one in language,
We'll see every Highland glen,
With the grey smoke o'er its homesteads
A dwelling place for men.

Spread the word among the heather,
Spread the tidings down the glen,
Work—to hasten the Gael's coming
To his heritage again.
Boldly tread the path before you,
In the way you cannot fail,
The homeland for the people—
And—the Gaelic for the Gael.

London. W. CAMPBELL GALBRAITH.

THE PIPERS IN THE VAN.

AWAY from the mountain, away from the glen,
The chieftains have gone with their brave Highlandmen,
Leal-hearted and braw are the lads of each clan
Who follow the pipers that play in the van.

Och! Tirrin-oo, Tirrin-oo, Tirrin-oo-an-ee,
Tirrin-oo, Tirrin-ee, Tirrin-oo-an-nan,
Och! Tirrin-ee, their foes will flee
From the pipers in the van.

Their pibrochs shall echo o'er Athole's green braes,
Dunkeld and Dunblane shall their gallant sons raise,
And Snowdoun's proud towers shall hear them and scan
The lads with the pipers that play in the van.

Och! Tirrin-oo, Tirrin-oo, &c.

Like dark-rolling billows that dash on the shore,
So wild is their rush with the gleaming claymore,
And foemen shall fall 'neath the might of each man
Who follows the pipers that play in the van.

Och! Tirrin-oo, Tirrin-oo, &c.

Oh! many shall never come back to their home,
O'er all their dear glens sorrow's darkness shall come,
But glory shall brighten the graves of the clan
Who followed the pipers that played in the van.

Och! Tirrin-oo, Tirrin-oo, &c.

WILLIAM ALLAN.

THE HIGHLANDS.

Stern land that boasts a warrior race
To thoughts of fear unknown;
Whose maids reveal a sweeter grace
Than tender flowers new blown.

In glorious pride thy mountains rise
Majestic and sublime;
Whose crests appear to cleave the skies,
An emblem there of time.

On every slope the heather springs
And spreads its mighty hues;
There nature, smiling, ever brings
Her gifts, rich and profuse.

A land of strath and lovely ben
And rocks that darkly frown;
Where tower the green and verdant glen
The torrent rushes down.

The placid loch, the moors and strath
Have heard the cannon's roar,
And clansmen, flushed with rage and wrath,
The dreaded claymore bore.

Unconquered yet with tyranny
Is every glen and dale,
For freedom's home shall ever be
The country of the Gael.

Callander. C. FERGUSSON.

THE EXILE'S LONGING FOR HOME.

Oh! wild north wind, so fresh and free,
Deep covered with snow tho' 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 of Keppoch.

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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OCTOBER, 1905.

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A HIGHLAND DOCTOR ATTENDS NELSON AT THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

Pollokshields, October 21, 1905.

SIR,—It may interest some of your readers to know that one of the two doctors on board the Victory at Trafalgar was the son of a Highland crofter at Strachur. His name was Duncan M'Arthur. He was my maternal grandmother's brother, and studied medicine in Glasgow. While doing so he stayed with his sister in New Street, opposite Candleriggs. He got his diploma in 1795 from the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow, then joined the Navy. On his return to England with Nelson's body, he and Doctor Beatty, the fleet surgeon on board the Victory, were made K.C.B. Sir Duncan M'Arthur was afterwards fleet surgeon, and for many years medical superintendent of Greenwich Hospital. He was also a Fellow of the Linnæan Society, &c., &c. Ultimately he retired to Walmer, and in September, 1852, he attended Wellington in his last illness in consultation with that distinguished man's own doctor. He himself died about a year after, aged 82. Thus it was a Highland crofter's son who attended medically two of Britain's greatest naval and military heroes, Nelson and Wellington. "Honour and shame from no condition rise."

JOHN DOUGALL, M.D.

THE CHIEF OF THE MACMILLANS.

DEAR SIR.—Can you supply any information regarding the Chief of the MacMillans? A few months ago, a handsome young Pole, styling himself Chevoss Sobieskie Bourbōn, presented himself at the Kent residence of Sir Fitzroy Donald MacLean, C.B., Chief of the Clan, seeking employment as a gamekeeper. He professed himself qualified to "bring down a bird," and that he possessed some cottages in Glencoe, and was chief of the MacMillans. He was dressed in bonnet, kilt, and hose, and wore a sword. He expressed himself surprised to find the Chief of the MacLeans not dressed in the kilt.

I am inclined to think the MacMillans are *minus* a hereditary chief. They might adopt this one.

KENNETH MATHESON.

Glen Devon.

FUNERAL OF MRS. CHISHOLM, OF CHISHOLM.—Miss F. Mary Colquhoun, Rossdhu, Luss, sends us the following interesting note on the funeral of the Chieftainess of the Clan Chisholm:—"Last week I was summoned to the funeral of Mrs. Chisholm, of Chisholm, at Erchless Castle, who was laid to her grave with full Highland honours. There were three hundred mourners, and three pipers played the wild, beautiful Chisholm Laments, &c., in front of the coffin. The burying ground is most beautiful in the pine woods, with the Celtic crosses of the late chiefs; and nothing could have been more sadly romantic than the mournful ceremony, for Mrs. Chisholm was most deservedly beloved and esteemed by all her clan and every one in her 'broad lands,' of which the fine deer forests of Glen Affaric and Glen Cannich are part of the heritage now owned by her daughter and heiress."

THE SPOLIATION OF IONA.

AN ATTEMPT TO TRACE SOME OF ITS LOST TREASURES.

OF the fate of the venerable repository of St. Columb-Cille some scattered traces yet remain. It is known that the records of the monastery, written upon parchment, were destroyed by order of a provincial Synod held in the Island soon after the Reformation[1]; and of what remained there is traditionary belief and circumstantial evidence that the greater part, if not the whole, fell into the possession of the "Lord Justicer of the Isles," the Marquis of Argyll. When the old Castle of Inverara was taken down to make room for the new building, it was remarked that many old books appeared in the town; and that, long after, the surrounding peasantry, in making their small purchases at the little merchant's shop—then the only one in Inverara—received their pennyworths of salt and ounces of

TOBACCO WRAPPED IN ANCIENT WRITINGS—

"Craicionn dealbhach"—painted vellum—or pages of dark yellow paper, covered with "Litrichean dubha tiugha"—"thick black letters." When a late Duke of Montague was at Inverara, some of these remains came under his notice, and he saw some remnants of the MSS. "used in the shop as snuff paper."[2] Few, perhaps none, of the very aged are now left in the surrounding Straths; but eighty years ago it was still fresh in the memory of old people in Glen Urcha and Glen Eitive, the wonder and admiration with which, after their return from market, they had sat round their hearth fire, or the light of the splintered fir, and pored upon the beautiful colours and unknown figures, and—"Na litrichean mòra dubha iongantach, nach b'urrain iad a leugh"—the thick black strange letters which they could not read. The antiquary need not be told that these were the wreck of illuminated MSS.; neither, when he considers that the "Red Book of Argyll" itself has disappeared, and that the MSS. of Clanranald were divided into tailors' measures, will he feel astonished that the obsolete and dusty volumes of a suppressed monastery should have been lost in the lumber of an old house.

But of the value of the works which thus perished a glimmering ray of light is left. Disregarding the romance of Boethius, repeated by Usher, and perhaps believed by Stillingfleet and Lluyd—that Fergus II., accompanying Alaric the Goth into Italy, sent to Iona a coffer of books which he pillaged in the sacking of Rome,[3] there is evidence that, in the sixteenth century,

THE LIBRARY OF ST. COLUMB-CILLE

contained many ancient chronicles and royal charters, and a collection of classic literature, so important, that the lost books of Livy were expected to be discovered among its stores. "In the church of Iona," says Paulus Jovius, "there are preserved very ancient annals and parchment rolls, containing laws and charters signed by the Kings, and sealed with their effigies on seals of gold or wax. It is also reported that in the same library there are ancient works of Roman history, from which we may expect the remaining decades of Titus Livius.

According to Boethius, this expectation was so strong, even in the fifteenth century, that Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II., was about to undertake a journey to Iona to make search for the anticipated discovery, when he was prevented by the confusion which followed the assassination of James I.[4] How just his expectations might have been is proved by the result of a subsequent investigation related by Boethius. In 1525, with the same expectation entertained by Æneas Sylvius, a small parcel of the MSS. were sent to Aberdeen for the examination of the historian himself, then a student in that city; but neglect, time, and ill usage had rendered them so frail and illegible that little could be discovered, except that they appeared to be rather a fragment of Salust than a portion of Livy. That they should, however, have been a part of any classic author, is an evidence of the nature and the value of the library to which they belonged. Beothius also mentions that with the supposed fragment of Salust there was delivered to him the History of Scotland, written by Vermundas, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, and it seems implied that this MS. also was a part of the same collection as the others. If this should be admitted, it is an additional proof of the interest of the repository from whence they came, and corroborates the assertion of Paulus Jovius, that there existed in Iona a depository of chronicles. Though credulous, romantic, and even fabulous, in tales of superstition or traditions of a far anterior time, Boethius is sufficient authority for the incidents of his own; and since he asserts that the volumes examined belonged to Iona, and

[1] MacFarlane's Geographical Collections (recently published, in two Volumes.)

[2] Statistical Account of Scotland. 1795. Vol. XIV.

[3] Scotr. Hist. p. 114, b.

[4] Descrip. Brit.

were actually sent to himself, his evidence cannot be invalidated.

But, notwithstanding the destruction of written literature, something might yet have been gathered from the

ORAL POEMS AND TRADITIONS

preserved among the old people; but the gloomy fanaticism which had overthrown the sacred repositories of ancient learning was also opposed to its popular cultivation, and forbade the recitation of those venerable songs and histories with which the people were accustomed to indulge the hours of repose or beguile the long dark evenings of winter. When Dr. Carswell, the Protestant Bishop of the Isles, published his Gaelic edition of the Common Prayer, he lamented that "in such as taught, wrote, and cultivated the Gaelic language, there was great blindness and sinful darkness," insomuch as "they were more desirous to compose vain, lying, tempting, worldly histories concerning the Tuatha de dannan, and concerning warriors and champions, and Fingal the son of Cumhal, with his heroes, than to teach and maintain the faithful works of God, and the perfect way of truth"—by which it is understood that the Islanders were steadfast Catholics, and averse to conversion into the Calvinistic faith.

In the same spirit, many of the ministers and missionaries of the later Scottish Church laboured to suppress the remains of poetry and tradition which had survived to their time. "The best Gaelic poems," said the Rev. Mr. Pope, one of the most respectable of the Established Church in the Highlands, "are now lost—partly owing to our clergy, who were declared enemies to these poems; so that the rising generation scarcely know anything material of them."[5] This proscription has not been abated by the popularity of Ossian, or the attention now awakened to "Celtic researches." Frequently, during the progress of this work. those employed to collect the reliques of the bards and seanachies have been repulsed with the intimation that the "ministry" were "solicitous to discourage these profane compositions, for the substitution of Watts' Hymns and other divine songs; and that, therefore, though much had been possessed by many of the old people who had died in recent years, it was now entirely lost among the younger inhabitants." "The people," observes an intelligent gentleman in a letter from the Northern Isles, "are wholly under the

INFLUENCE OF A FANATICAL CLERGY,

who denounce dancing as a crime, and set the young men and women upon the stool of repentance for singing the songs of their ancestors; hence their bardic lore and ancient traditions, with all the fine feelings connected with them, are fast disappearing.

Such were the causes, producing that disappearance of Gaelic literature, which has weakened the position of its friends, and armed its enemies with scepticism and reproach. But if we have lost all which was most valuable in composition and record, no less fatal has been the destruction in the monuments of our arts. During two successive centuries the ravages of "Reformation," and the violence of civil war, defaced, obliterated, and diminished the sculptures, the architecture, the arms, and decorations which bore testimony to the taste, the talents, and the acquirements of preceding generations. Of these, in all countries and in all ages, the most important memorials have been the edifices of the Church. In these were preserved the earliest records, the richest labours, the truest imagery. In the illuminations of the glass, the carvings of the choir, the painting of the walls, the traces of departed times return; and on the sculptured tombs, those who sleep below—though their race should be extinct, their language obliterated, their dominion changed, perhaps their very nation extinguished—still appear before posterity with the forms, the arms, the habits which had illuminated the field of battle where the dead are now forgotten, and the splendour of halls long mouldered in the dust.

In Beauly, Rosemarkie, Dornach, Glensagadul, Oransay, and Iona, corbels, and tracery, and sculptured capitals, splendid crosses, and numerous altar-tombs and their recumbent figures,

BORE TESTIMONY TO THE ARTS,

the arms, the manners, and costume of the country, and the age in which they were produced. Neither were these confined to the cathedrals and great monastic edifices—in glens where now no roof sends up a smoke into the still air, and where no bell now sounds upon the deserted solitude, ruined walls and shattered arches reveal decayed tracery and half obliterated mouldings. Among the green hills of Bute, on the rugged shore of Morven, in the desolate moors of Harris and the Lewis, and amidst the waters of Loch Awe and Loch Maree, the churches of St. Blane, Kiels, Rewdil, Eie, Inisail, and St. Maree, recall to the traveller of France and England the Norman and Saxon chapels of his own country, and bear

[5] Letter from the Rev. Alex. Pope, minister of Reay, in Caithness, to the Rev. Alex. Nicholson, minister of Thurso. Rep. Com. High. Soc. App. p. 53.

testimony that the people to whom they belonged, possessed as well the arts as the rites of that religion to which they were raised. Almost every parish church and solitary chapel had its Runic cross and broad blue stone, sculptured with the two-handed sword or Lochaber axe, which commemorated the "Rob Roy" or "Iain na Tuaidh" of the district; and in many a green spot amidst the lonely heath, and many a solitary ruin on the shore of the western ocean, where the encroaching surge now heaps its sand amidst the graves, the helmit and the shield appear between the grass, and the wave of the spring tide throws its spray on the gray stones, and washes the "biorlin" of Clan Ranald, sculptured as it had ridden over the sea, gleaming with the shields, and arms, and banners of the Isles.

A FEW MONUMENTAL EFFIGIES

yet remain to represent the people who are now no more. In Rewdil,[6] Kilkivan,[7] Saddel,[8] Oransay, and Iona, and some remote cemeteries of the mainland chiefs, the linked habergeon and quilted acton, the pointed basinet and mail coif, the plate corselet, the engraved pullanes, splents, vambraces, and gorgets, appear on the recumbent figures, and restore to sight the chiefs and warriors of the clans—the very names of whose arms are now lost to their descendants, as those of the Croisades to the peasantry of France and England.

Even in Iona, the venerable mother of the Western Church, "that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion,"[9] the mind pauses with astonishment and looks round with incredulity upon what it once was, and the ruin and sacrilege by which it is now desecrated and despoiled. Beneath those aisles, and within the sanctuary of the surrounding cemetery, reposed the illustrious dead of various and distant countries—the lords and chiefs of the Isles, the princes of Ireland, the sea-kings of Vikengr, and the sovereigns of Scotland.

Even the prelates of hostile nations sought repose within that venerable cloister, and among the humbler names of its native abbots appeared the inscription—"Hic Jacet Johannes Turnbull, quondam Episcopus Canterburiensis."[10] "That man," says Johnson, "is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."[11] Yet, when at the "Reformation,"

IONA ESCAPED THE DESTRUCTION OF A MOB

because its people remained Catholic, though its walls were preserved for the service of a new faith, its possessions were dispersed by alienation and pillage. The plate, vestments, bells, and venerable library, fell a prey to various noble depredators, and even the Protestant prelates of its own diocese spared not its remains. The fate of its inestimable volumes is involved in uncertainty; but there is existing testimony that MacLean of Duart, who usurped many of the abbey lands in defiance of the Crown,[12] also possessed some of the most valuable pieces of the church plate; and in 1633, Andrew Knox, the Protestant Bishop of the Isles, upon his translation to the see of Rapho, took from Iona two of the principal bells for the use of one of his churches in Ireland.

WHEN THE FALL OF EPISCOPACY

gave up the last remnants of ecclesiastical antiquities to destruction, Iona was abandoned to decay and ruin, and the greater part of those numerous sculptures, crosses, and inscriptions, which had now illustrated the arts and history of the Western Isles, are pillaged, lost, or destroyed.

GLENGARRIE AND THE IONA CHALICE.

There is in the possession of the Right Reverend Dr. Scott, Bishop of Glasgow, a chalice preserved in the family of Glengarrie since the seventeenth century, as one of those which had belonged to the Abbey of Iona. It is of fine gold, very little ornamented, and of a simplicity and form which bears testimony to the arts of a middle age. It came into the possession of the Glengarrie family in the time of Eneas, afterwards Lord MacDonnell and Arross, and under the following circumstances:—Sir Lauchlan MacLean and his son, Sir Hector, having distinguished themselves as Loyalists and supporters of Montrose, drew down the enmity of the Marquis of Argyll, who availed himself of their opposition to the Republican government to obtain an entry upon their lands, and having brought forward some obligations said to have been incurred under the usurpation, obtained from Sir Hector a bond upon his estate, by which it was finally adjudicated to the Marquis. The clan, however, resisted their dispossession to the utmost in their power, and during the hostilities which followed, MacLean, expecting an invasion of the lands of Mull by Argyll, applied to Glengarrie for assistance. Eneas of Glengarrie marched with five hundred followers to the castle of Ardtornish, and with a few of his chieftains crossed over to Duart to concert with MacLean the transportation of his men across

[6] The burying-place of the MacLeods of Harris in that island.

[7] In Kintyre, a ruined chapel on the road from Campbeltown to Losset.

[8] The monastery of Glen-Saddel in Kintyre.

[9] Johnson's Journey to the Western Isles.

[10] Martin's Western Isles, p. 261.

[11] Johnson's Journey to the Western Isles.

[12] Secretary Sterling's MS. Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis.

the Sound. MacLean rejoiced at the arrival of his powerful ally, welcomed him with all the hospitality of the ancient barons of the Isles, and at the feast which followed, the wine was circulated in a golden chalice, which the ancestor of MacLean had acquired in the spoliation of Iona. When the consecrated cup was presented to Glengarrie, he folded it in a cloth, and pouring out the wine, rose from the table. "MacLean," said he, "I came here to defend you against your mortal enemies, but since by sacrilege and profanation you have made God your enemy, no human hand can give you aid." Glengarrie immediately returned to his biorlin, and MacLean having consulted with his friends, sent after him a deputation to induce his return, and to present to him, not only the chalice, but some other pieces of plate which had belonged to the altar of Iona. Glengarrie received into his protection the venerable relique, but persisted in his resolution, pursuing his march home. His example was followed by other of the Catholic chiefs who had prepared for the assistance of MacLean. From that period the Iona chalice was preserved in the charter closet of Glengarrie, until it was presented by the late chief to Dr. Ronald MacDonald, Vicar Apostolic of the Western District, by whom it was given to Dr. Scott, Bishop of Glasgow, who used it in the church of St. Mary in that city. The above tradition of its preservation was communicated to Dr. John MacEachen MacDonald of Tirim-Moidart, by the late Bishop John Chisholm, and Mr. John MacEachen (uncle to the Maréchal Duc de Tarentum), the latter of whom died at the house of Tirim, in Moidart, upwards of a hundred years of age.

It is with regret that we have to add to the notices of this venerable relic, that, after having so long survived the destruction and dispersion of all sacred objects in Scotland, it has at last perished. On the night of the 26th of December 1843, the church of St. Mary in Glasgow was broken open, and the chalice of Iona, with several other objects of the altar, and much gold lace rent from the vestments, were taken away by the thieves. No traces have since been obtained of the depredators or their spoil, and there is every reason to believe that the chalices were immediately melted down to prevent discovery.

Crosses and Charm Stones of Iona.

Before the "Reformation" there were upon the island

THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY CROSSES,

all of which, with the exception of two, were destroyed by a provincial assembly held in the island soon after the Reformation. In 1693 the pedestals were still visible, and of the beauty and admirable sculpture of the whole, an estimate may be formed by the two which yet remain.—MacFarlane's Geographical Collections. Of the above-mentioned number of crosses, sixty stood within the cemetery and sanctuary of St. Ouran, and marked the graves of the most noble of the Isles. At the Reformation they were all broken down and thrown into the sea—Pennant's Voyage, p. 251. At the same period of destruction perished three other memorials, which, if not greatly estimable as works of art, were infinitely precious as monuments of a Druidical origin and unknown antiquity. These were three beautiful globes of white marble, called

"*Clachan-Bràth*,"—THE DOOMSDAY STONES,

and placed in three stone basins, in which they were turned "sunways," in performance of the celebrated charm of the "*Deiseil*." These were undoubtedly the spherical emblems of the Divinity used before the use of statues, and which, named by the ancients "*Bytelus*," have been mentioned by various of the earliest authors, and found in Syria, Greece, and Italy. The venerable emblems of the Druids shared the same fate as the symbols of Christianity, and the *Clachan-Bràth* were thrown into the sea by order of the synod—Pennant's Voyage, p. 251. Besides the *clachan-bràth* there were *nine* other small bytelæ which were turned for the same charm. At the time of Pennant's visit they were placed upon the pedestal of a ruined cross, and were supposed by the traveller to be the fragments of a tomb. They were, however, the same "*Clachan-Buadh*" or "*stones of power*," and though removed from time to time, it is only within a recent period that the last have been taken from the island. By the natives it was believed fatal to remove them, but at length they were stolen by the master of an English vessel; being, however, overtaken in the same night by a violent storm, he was struck with a conviction of their fatality, and resolved to restore them should he escape the tempest; and the weather becoming fair on the ensuing day, he sailed back to Iona and returned them to their place. Future strangers made similar attempts without interruption from the elements, and the robbery being once committed with impunity, the reverence for the stones abated, and they were successively carried away by those visitors who exhibit their veneration for works of art by mutilating for *memorabilia* the effigies of monuments and the tracery of sculpture—who have broken features from the recumbent figures in Iona, and stolen the gilt lions from the gauntlets of the Black Prince in the cathedral of Canterbury.

THE HILLS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

Oh the hills, the hills! the rosy-peaked hills
And heath-covered mountains for me,
Where morn, like a miss, wafts its first virgin kiss,
And wanton winds riot in glee.
Where the mist has its home, and the bounding deer play;
Where the torrent laughs loud to the lea,
And the waterfall leaps down the thundering steeps—
Oh the hills of the Highlands for me!

Oh the hills, the hills! the cloud-crested hills,
Where shadow and sunshine run free;
The voices that sing where the river-ways spring
Keep calling, aye calling, to me.
My love lies asleep on yon billowy cloud,
And fair as the day-dawn is she;
Then up let me climb to the threshold of time—
Oh the hills of the Highlands for me!

Oh the hills, the hills! the smiling, glad hills;
Aloft on the peaks I would be;
On the scaurs, tempest-riven, at the gateways of heaven,
Where the rainbow's arch bridges the sea.
Where the silences sit on the verge of the deep;
Where the echoes for ever agree,
And the unisons dwell with the sweet heather-bell—
Oh the hills of the Highlands for me!

Oh the hills, the hills! thou dim, purpling hills,
The sun keeps its last kiss for thee;
And, while the stars nod, lo, the chariots of God
Ride ridgewards to years yet to be.
And down from the heights, like a beautiful dream,
Or a voice from the ends of the sea,
Come the breathings of love from my fair far above—
Oh the hills and the Highlands for me!

Glasgow. M. W. MACMILLAN.

NOMENCLATURE IN SCOTLAND.

STRENGTH OF THE HIGHLAND CLANS.

THE following paper, slightly curtailed, drawn up by Dr. Stark, and printed in the Sixth Detailed Annual Report of the Registrar-General for Scotland, for 1860, embodies so much curious and interesting information on the subject of surnames that it may be fitly inserted here.

It may be mentioned, as a striking peculiarity of the inhabitants of Scotland, that both among the Celtic race in the Highlands, and the Lowland races on the Border, it was the custom for all to assume as their surname the name held by the head of the family, either because they were actually his descendants, or because they were his vassals and property. Hence, in the Highlands, we have large clans of the name of Macdonald, Stewart, Campbell, Mackay, Maclean, Murray, Cameron, &c.; and among the inhabitants of the Border counties the names of Scott, Graham, Kerr, Johnston, Elliott, Armstrong, &c.

To ascertain the number of distinct surnames in Scotland, it may be mentioned that the index of the birth register of a whole year has been alone taken, and every separate surname enumerated in it, when they were found to amount to 6823 separate surnames, while the total registered entries of births amounted to 104,018. These numbers would give the proportion of 15·2 persons to every surname, or 6·5 different surnames to every 100 persons. The English proportion, ascertained in the same manner by the Registrar-General of England, in 1855, was 8·4 persons to every surname, or 11·9 surnames in every 100 persons. The above facts therefore appear to demonstrate that the effect of the

CLAN SYSTEM OF SURNAMES IN SCOTLAND

is to cause a much larger number of persons to hold the same surname; in other words, that, in proportion to the population, fewer surnames exist in Scotland than in England. But the above figures do not exhibit the true proportion of Scottish surnames to the Scottish population, nor the full effect of clanship in diminishing the number of surnames; or rather in causing a smaller number of surnames to go over a larger portion of the population. Within the last sixty years a very large addition to the surnames has been made in Scotland, in consequence of the immense immigration from Ireland. This immigration, beginning about the year 1820, did not assume gigantic proportions till about the year 1840, when the demand for railway labourers brought the Irish over in hundreds and thousands. Since that period, in addition to bringing over about a thousand names which are common to Scotland and to Ireland, they have added to the Scottish surnames nearly a thousand, which, till that period, were peculiar to Ireland. Were it not, therefore, for the enormous addition to the surnames made in recent years, the proportion of persons attached to each surname in Scotland would be more than double the proportion of England.

Being, however, desirous of obtaining some more definite information relative to the surnames in most common use in Scotland, the complete indices of three years were examined, extracting all the surnames which had numerous entries under them, and carefully tabulating the number of entries in the several indices, as well as noting all the peculiar names. From that mass of surnames, the fifty in most common use in Scotland were abstracted; and the subjoined table shews not only what these fifty most common surnames are, but also the number of times in which each of these occurs in the general indices of births, deaths, and marriages for the three years, 1855, 1856, and 1857. During these three years the total names entered on the registers amounted to 609,639; and as the fifty surnames in that table included 180,748 of that number, it would appear that these fifty most common surnames embraced 29·6 per cent. of all the names entered on the registers. In England it was found that the fifty most common surnames only included about 18 per cent. of all the names entered on the indices; so that the above fact corroborates the conclusion previously drawn from the proportion of total surnames—viz., that the adoption of clan surnames in Scotland has had the effect of causing a larger proportion of persons to hold the same surname than in England, so that proportionally fewer surnames are used among the population. It has been endeavoured to render this table of the fifty most common surnames in Scotland more interesting, by adding the estimated number of the population attached to each surname. Such particulars will afford a valuable means of comparing the changes of surname which may occur in the course of ages.

To render the Scottish table of surnames more interesting by comparison, we have compared the English table of surnames, taken from the Sixteenth Report of the Registrar-General, which clearly shows that the clan predominance of surnames in Scotland, as compared with that of England, becomes very apparent. Thus, while in the English fifty most common surnames, only twenty-seven can be referred to the Christian fore-name, or name of the sire or head of the family, thirty-seven may be so referred of the fifty most common

surnames in Scotland. The great majority of these fifty Scottish names are therefore truly sire-names, either in their pure, unaltered state, as, Grant, Cameron, Duncan, Graham, Kerr, Martin, Allan, &c.; or altered so as to express the descent from the head of the family, as, Robertson, Thomson, Johnston, Watson, Morrison; or with the Gaelic Mac, which means "son," as, Macdonald, Mackay, Maclean, Macleod, &c.

Possibly in every country the surnames may be divided into four great classes; and it is possible, also, that the chief peculiarities of each country, in so far as the surnames are concerned, may depend on the relative preponderance which each of these classes bears to the other in the general population. These four classes may be regarded as—1st, Surnames derived from patronymics, that is, from the Christian fore-name of the head of the family; 2nd, Surnames derived from the rank or occupation of the persons; 3d, Surnames taken from the locality in which the persons dwelt; 4th Surnames, or soubriquets, given to persons from some supposed personal quality or resemblance.

1st, Almost all the names of our

BORDER AND HIGHLAND CLANS

belong to the first class, and they are peculiarly Scottish—neither belonging to England nor to Ireland. These surnames include all those beginning with Mac—as, Macgregor, Mactaggart, &c.; beside those simple ones—as, Fraser, Douglas, Cameron, Kerr, Grant, &c.

2nd, The surnames derived from

RANK AND OCCUPATION

are very numerous, but are equally common to England as to Scotland. Of these, in both countries, Smith is the most common name; after which follow, in Scotland, Stewart, Miller, Clark, Taylor, Walker, and Hunter; but in England, after Smith comes Taylor, Wright, Walker, Turner, Clark, and Cooper.

3d, Surnames taken from the locality in which the persons originally resided form a very numerous class, and they also are, to a great extent, peculiar to Scotland, seeing that there is scarcely a county, parish, town, river, or remarkable locality, but has its name perpetuated in the surnames. Thus, for instance, of the counties we have, as surnames, Fife, Nairn, Stirling, Ross, Lothian, Sutherland, Berwick, Roxburgh, &c. Of parishes, we have Abbey, Fordyce, Alves, Peebles, Farr, Bathgate, Callander, Traquair, Campsie, Cullen, Kirkpatrick, Bothwell, &c. Of towns, we have Glasgow, Leith, Aberdeen, Montrose, Biggar, Lauder, Melrose, Hamilton, &c.

4th, THAT SOUBRIQUETS, PERPETUATED AS SURNAMES,

are perhaps the most varied of all, and embrace every personal or mental quality supposed to reside in different individuals to whom they were originally given. They may hence be divided into dozens of subdivisions, according as they were given from the person's general appearance, or the colour of his skin or hair—hence, Black, White, Green, Gray, Brown, &c.; or from his supposed likeness to the animal creation—as, Lyon, Bull, Stott, Bullock, Lamb, Hogg (which does not mean a pig or sow, but a lamb a year old), Collie, Tod (which is the Scottish name for the fox), Fish, Haddock, Salmon, Finch, Swan, Heron, &c.; or from its size and make—as, Meikle, Little, Long, Thin, Meiklejohn, Littlejohn; or from his strength, swiftness, or other qualities—as, Strong, Stark, Swift, Bold, Bauld, Good, Noble, &c.

It would have been very interesting, in comparing some of the commoner surnames of England and of Scotland, to have shewn how the language of each country has altered the name, so as to make the families of each country whose names are derived from the same occupation, similitude, or quality, equally distinct. Thus, the common surname Baker in England, is almost completely supplanted by the name Baxter in Scotland, and all the Bakers may be considered as of English origin. The English surname Fox is quite superseded by the Scottish form Tod, which is a very common name having the same meaning. The English surname Bullock is known in Scotland by the common surname of Stott, which has the same meaning. The English surname Crow takes the form of Craw. The English surname Dove takes the form of Dow, as does the English surname Love the Scottish form of Low, &c.; but even one of the cosmopolitan and very common surnames receives its characteristic modification in the two countries, seeing Robinsons in England become converted into Robertsons in Scotland.

BY FAR THE MOST COMMON SURNAME

is Smith. Of the 609,639 entries on the index in the three years above named, Smith occurred 8835 times; thus, of itself, constituting nearly 1½ per cent. of the total entries, and corresponding to a total population of 44,378 Smiths in Scotland in 1861. It is also the most common surname in England, but not quite so prevalent as in Scotland; for while England only has one Smith in every 73 persons, Scotland has one Smith in every 68.

After the cosmopolitan surname Smith, the next most common is a purely Scottish one—Macdonald. In this respect England agrees with Scotland that, after its cosmopolitan name Smith, comes a purely English and Welsh surname—Jones. Of the total names on the three years' indices, Macdonald claims 7480, being

about 1·2 per cent. of the whole, and corresponding to a population of 37,572 Macdonalds in Scotland in 1861.

The cosmopolitan name Brown is the third most common surname in Scotland, but only the sixth in England, and constituted rather more than 1 per cent. of the total names.

Robertson and Thomson, with their varied spellings, constituted the fourth and fifth most common surnames; the English forms Robinson and Thompson being swamped by the great preponderance of the Scottish forms of these names. These two surnames may be regarded as equally prevalent in the population, and, as such, constituting 1 per cent. of the population.

Stewart—with its rarer spelling of Stuart—and Campbell, both purely Scottish names, are the sixth and seventh most common surnames in Scotland; and they are followed by Wilson, a name equally common to the two countries.

These names are followed, in succession, by Anderson, Mackay, Mackenzie, Scott, Johnston, Miller, Reid, and Ross, all of which may be regarded as purely Scottish names, for the English form of one of them is Johnson, which is rare in Scotland; and these surnames are succeeded by Paterson, Fraser, Murray, Maclean, and Cameron, all of them also of Scottish origin. Of these fifty most common surnames in Scotland, 32, in the forms in which they occur in Scotland,, may be reckoned as having originated in the country, and as being peculiar to it—a very large proportion, considering all circumstances. The remainder are common also to England.

The following table shows the fifty most common surnames in Scotland, from the indices of the registers of the years 1855, 1856, and 1858, with the number on the indices, and the estimated population holding the surname in 1861. [Of course, the numbers have greatly increased since this date, probably doubled, and it is to be hoped that some reader may examine the last register and furnish us with a table of the strength of the clans at the present time.—*Editor.*]

Surname.	Number on Indices.	Pop. holding Surname in 1861.
Smith	8835	44,378
Macdonald	7480	37,572
Brown	6733	33,820
Robertson	6490	32,600
Thomson	6482	32,560
Stewart	6338	31,836
Campbell	6282	31,555
Wilson	5921	29,741
Anderson	5734	28,300
Mackay	4746	23,840
Mackenzie	4633	23,272
Scott	4448	22,342
Johnston	4294	21,569
Miller	4244	21,318
Reid	3991	20,047
Ross	3634	18,254
Paterson	3593	18,048
Fraser	3586	18,013
Murray	3505	17,606
Maclean	3459	17,375
Cameron	3345	16,802
Clark	3344	16,797
Young	3318	16,705
Henderson	3264	16,394
Macleod	3100	15,571
Taylor	3092	15,535
Mitchell	3019	15,164
Watson	2973	14,933
Ferguson	2952	14,828
Walker	2877	14,549
Morrison,	2883	14,482
Davidson	2525	12,683
Gray	2500	16,557
Duncan	2482	12,467
Hamilton	2445	12,282
Grant	2426	12,186
Hunter	5355	11,829
White	2353	11,819
Graham	2331	11,709
Allan	5305	11,578
Kerr	2219	11,146
Macgregor	2204	11,870
Bell	2115	10,624
Simpson	2100	10,548
Martin	2064	10,367
Black	2021	10,151
Munro	2015	10,098
Sinclair	1967	9,880
Sutherland	1954	9,818
Gibson	1853	9,307
50 Surnames	180,748	909,920

The total names on the indices amount to 609,689.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY—The Opening Meeting of the Session was held in the Rooms, Glasgow, on 19th October, Mr. Thomas Mackay, Largs, late President, in the Chair. There was a large attendance. Several applications for assistance were considered, and grants made. For election at the Annual General Meeting in Edinburgh the following officials were unanimously nominated:—President, Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly* (who has resigned the Secretaryship, which office he has held since he formed the Society seventeen years ago); Vice-Presidents, Messrs. George Mackay, William Mackay, and A. L. Mackay; Hon. Secretary, Mr. David N. Mackay, Writer, 141 Bath Street, Glasgow; Assistant Secretary, Mr. Charles G. Mackay, C.A., Edinburgh; Educational Secretary, Mr. Wm. Mackay, Writer, 35 Bath Street; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. James R. Mackay, C.A., 219 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow; and 16 Directors. The subject of the Annual Social Gathering was considered, and it was decided to hold it in Glasgow.

CHIEFTAINSHIP AND THE CLANS.

By Wm. J. Thomas.

(Continued from page 237.)

IN this manner the leader succeeded in raising himself above the level of his fellows, and by claiming homage and fealty as superior, he subsequently usurped the dignity of a powerful and independent chief or ruler. Hierarchical influence, too, in Western Europe assisted in elevating his position into that of the kingship, although the religious sects at the same time took care that the monarch whom they had, to a certain extent, helped to create, should not assume supremacy over their own order,* nor impose taxes on them like the rest of the tribe to support his regal dignity.†

But even despite many opposing influences, the tribe still clung to its ancient right of eminent domain—a right that had evidently disappeared prematurely in India, Greece, and Rome, but preserved till a late date by the Celto-Germanic tribes. The position of the ruling chief long remained elective, nor was it till several centuries had elapsed ere the office was considered hereditary by right of birth or wealth. Nevertheless, when the origin of chieftainship had been lost in the mists of antiquity, confusion as to the true relationship between chief and tribe resulted. Some tribes, making use of their elective right, had chosen leaders who were noted for their valour or integrity, but who, at anyrate, could claim no relationship with those they commanded. Thus, in 560 B.C., the Athenian, Miltiades, was invited by a tribe of the Thracian Chersonese to the chieftainship; the Etruscan Tarquins by the Sabino-Latin tribes; a Mackintosh (circiter 1812) to the headship of the Coweta tribe (U.S.A.); a certain John Ross to that of the Cherokee tribe; and finally, the election of William III., Prince of Orange, or of George I. of Hanover to the British throne can only represent the enforcement of the same popular right.

Many tribes, however, like those of Gaul, Germany, or Scandinavia, had, at some time far back in their history, kings—in reality, leaders—elected for their supposed nobleness of birth, and because they were thought to be the nearest lineal representatives of ancestors from whom the whole tribe claimed descent. The number of these petty kings had very frequently a tendency to increase, especially so when the tribe split up into clans or septs; but in every case the communities regarded their ruler's position as corresponding nearly to that of a father over his children, with extensive powers to judge, rule and protect. But even above the petty kings, there was usually one supreme authority to which all the others paid homage and obedience, and in given cases had perforce to render an annual tribute to the superior. The submission, therefore, of the Irish "Righs" and "Oirrighs" to the "Ard-Righ"; of the Fenian chiefs to a recognised king or overlord (Temora I., 256: Carthonn, ll., 34); of the ancient Swedish kings to the now deified Odin; of the subservient Indian "Rajahs" to the powerful "Maharajahs," or the American-Indian "Sachems" to the "Bashabas," was only in accordance with long-established customs and traditions.

The recognition of this great and influential Chiefship was the means of creating a new title to signify clearly its powers, but the commonest appellation was taken from the position rather than from any function or functions peculiar to the office itself. Thus among the Albanachs—a semi-Celtic race—he was styled "Kentigern" or "Head-Lord"; among the Irish, as previously mentioned, "Ard-Rig"; among the Jews, "Nasi," "Chief of Chiefs, or Lord of Lords" (Num. iii., 32), while many of the nations of antiquity scrupled not to worship this personage as a divine being. This type of hero-worship was, however, the results of the superimposition of Neolithic religious ideas over those of the immigrant Aryan, who, coming into close contact with the aborigines, not only adopted their savage customs, rites and local gods, but even learned to fear them for their great skill in sorcery and knowledge of the Unseen. And by this supposed inferior and unprogressive race he was ultimately taught to deify any leader of his tribe who had been particularly fortunate in his aggressions. Hence the apotheosis of Odin and his son Thor in Scandinavia; of Fingal, Cuchullin, and Arthur in Celtdom; of Tuisco and his son Mannus in Germany; of Jahweh in Palestine; of Ptah and Osiris in ancient Egypt; of Romulus and all the long line of Roman, Grecian, Chinese or Japanese emperors; and lastly, of all those national tutelary saints, may all be traced back to their common source, and reveal the undercurrents of non-Aryan superstitions.

But to return. The exalted position of the

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* (Caes. Bell. Gall., VI. 13); "The king is master of all with the exception of Brahmanas" says Gautama (XI. I.) Also cf: "They (the Druids)" writes Chrysostom, "in truth reigned; for kings, though sitting on thrones of gold, and dwelling in gorgeous palaces and partaking of sumptuous banquets, are subservient to them."

† Cf: "A learned Brahman is free from taxes"—(Apastamba., II. 10, 26), and "The Druids are exempt from paying tribute"—(Caes. Bell. Gall., VI. 14.)

Chief we may ascribe, without doubt, to have originally been due to the supremacy of the particular tribe to which he belonged, and of which he was the chieftain. Round this leading centre was grouped a numerous body of septs or dependents, partly absorbed by the all-conquering tribe, or else united for the purposes of protection or further conquest. In addition to these elements, the numerical strength of the tribe was constantly on the increase from the outcasts, strangers, exiles, or "Fuidhirs" who flocked to the banners of any powerful tribe with which they could find safety and the means of relief. And their admission into the ranks, and their acceptance of tribal lands, in a large way lessened the influence of the tribesmen over the chief, while their abject servility to the latter placed him in a position higher than otherwise he might have attained. Then when the chief's village or township, representing his headquarters—where he had perhaps got built for himself a stronghold*—once became the nucleus of the whole heterogeneous mass, the organisation of the tribal system was complete.

The arbitrary power which such a potentate as this might have exercised, was far different from what it subsequently developed into. For the present, his interests coincided with those of his tribe, and provided he showed his capability as a successful leader and did not interfere with the freedom or prejudices of his followers, he was held in great respect, and the only important duties exacted of him were the right of protection† and of seeing that justice was properly carried out. Being, of course, the "fountain-head of justice,"‡ any misrepresentation or unfair decision on his part would be sure to bring upon him the wrath of the tribe, and perchance lead to his speedy deposition or punishment.¶

* Vishnu., III. 6: Senchus Mor, III. 23: Fionn Saga (Celt. Rev. II. p. 17): Croma., ll., 65: II. Chron., c. XXVII., 4: Welsh Laws, I. pp. 79, 191.

† Institutes of Vishnu, III. 3: Ancient Laws of Wales, I. pp. 7, 351: Senchus Mor., III., 35.

‡ Nârada. Introd. III. 6. Prov. xxv., 2; Welsh Laws, Bk. XIV. c. 15 § 7: Fingal II. 405, v. 24.

¶ Senchus Mor, I. 55: Ancient Laws of Wales, I. 217.

(To be continued).

DEATH OF CAPTAIN MACNEAL OF UGADALE.—Many of our Kintyre readers in distant lands will regret to learn of the death of this popular Kintyre Laird, which took place at Lossit House. He was buried in Kilkerran Graveyard, the funeral being one of the largest held in the district for many years. His son, Captain Hector MacNeal, late of the Gordon Highlanders, succeeds to the estates, and will worthily represent probably the most ancient and honoured family in the peninsula.

STORIES OF HIGHLAND POACHERS.

HOW PETER BRECK WON ATHOLL'S REWARD.

In the month of July, 1783, the Duke of Atholl summoned his three principal foresters, John Crerer, Moon, and Peter Robertson, and promised a handsome reward to him who should kill the fattest hart within the allotted period of two days, which was meant as a present to the king (George III.) Crerer and Moon set forward on the following morning before day-break, each attended with a hill-man, and provided with a horse. Not so Peter Robertson, better known by the name of Peter Breck (from his being pitted with the small-pox). He had revolved a scheme in his mind which required privacy and craft worthy of the best times of Johnny Armstrong. A sort of raid it was, or lifting from his neighbours' grounds—that is to say from the lands of Gaig. These lands were at the time possessed by Stewart, of Garth (General David Stewart's father), and another gentleman; they kept their sheep in Gaig all the summer and during the harvest, and on a low farm in winter and spring. Alexander MacDougall and Archibald MacDermid were shepherds in Gaig for many years; and they had taken a fawn, which they tamed, and brought up with two milch cows that were pastured in Gaig all the summer; and at the time I am now treating of, this pet hart was five years old. He was taken to the low farm during winter and spring, and generally lodged every night in the barn; they fed him upon oats, hay, barley, or peas in the straw, of which latter provender he was extravagantly fond. By these means he became enormously fat, and of a towering size, so that he probably exceeded in weight any hart in the forest of Atholl. Now Peter Breck was mindful of this bonny beast, and had often turned the tail of his eye upon him; but his virtue, or, it may be, the manner in which the animal was guarded, had hitherto borne him out against all temptations. That virtue, however, so impregnable when little was to be gained, began to succumb before the promised reward. Great allowances must be made for our friend Breck's backsliding, for lifting was not quite disgraceful in those days; besides the animal was fat, stupendous in size, and, in short, undeniable. So Peter took his sheltie and attendant, slunk away cannily in the gloaming, proceeded up Glenbruar, and arrived, at the grey dawn of day, at the shepherd's lodge at Gaig. He had previously left his attendant and his horse and gun a considerable distance above the lodge, at a place called Gargaig. He soon roused the shepherds from their slumbers, and, pretending to be very

drunk, laid himself down upon one of the beds they had quitted. This was all very natural, for Peter had no great character for sobriety; loud and deep did he snore—never surely was sleep so sound.

And now, as he was lying dormant, as it seemed, what should the shepherds see but the black neck of a whiskey bottle peeping out from one of his pockets. Why should they not tak' it? What for no? The man was fou already, and couldna want mair. Out it came then, and was soon despatched. The said bottle was then filled with water, and returned to the place from whence they extracted it. Breck then turned restlessly on his other side, when, lo! the neck of another bottle delighted the eyes of the fortunate herdsmen; this was treated precisely in the same manner as the first had been, for Breck's snoring was awful, and they were safe enough from interruption. As soon as this second bottle had been filled with water and replaced in the pocket, Peter thought proper to awake. The shepherds now having drunk a bottle of whiskey each, had little inclination to go to the hill; so they made a fire, and began to cook some victuals. Breck joined them as they were eating, and told them he could help them to some good whiskey, which he had in his pocket. This they thought it prudent to decline, saying it was too early to drink; but little suspecting that he had been watching all their motions.

Both the herdsman soon became heavy, and feeling inclined to sleep, the one threw himself on the bed, and the other slept on his seat by the fireside. Breck having thus far accomplished his object, stole out of the bothy, and seeing the cows and the stag browsing in the plain below, he drove them slowly to Gargaig, where he had left his rifle, horse, and attendant. The stag followed the cows, as he was accustomed to do; and now being fairly at too great a distance from the lodge for his shot to be heard, he levelled, and despatched the hart most deliberately. No time was lost in cording it on the horse, and off he went homeward as fast as he could; but the horse, although a good Highland garron, had such difficulty in carrying his heavy burden, that they were obliged to rest at Glenbruar, and it was dusk before they reached the castle of Blair.

Breck's arrival made no small sensation; the Duke hastened out to see what he had brought home; and being surprised at the great size of the animal, which was brought to the portal of the castle, asked where he had the good fortune to kill it. "Not on your Grace's grounds," was the reply,—"Where then?" inquired the Duke. "On the Inverness-shire hills," replied Breck: I have had this hart in my eye for years, and have seen him frequently, but never in the company of any other deer." On being weighed, he was found to be nineteen stone, Dutch weight, without the gralloch.

Breck got the reward, somewhat to the mortification of Moon and of Crerar, who were better men. The truth, however, soon broke out, and his competitors lost no time in reporting to the Duke that Breck had stolen the Gaig pet. His Grace sent for him, and demanded if it were true that he had stolen it. Breck denied the theft lustily;—he 'couldna say' but that it was the Gaig pet, but declared he had got it from the shepherds for a Scotch pint of whiskey, which is about two quarts. The Duke expressing his surprise that they should part with it for such a trifle, Breck explained to his Grace, that the shepherds were aware that he (Breck) knew that they had got the stag, when a fawn, in the Atholl forest; as well as that they frequently poached both deer and moor-fowl there; so that, under these considerations, they gave up the pet for the Scotch pint. Peter, however, had still to reckon with the shepherds; but he held their attack lightly, and told them that they were repaid tenfold by their depredations on the Atholl forest, thanked them for the care they had taken of his fawn, and advised them never to steal an honest man's whiskey again, taking advantage of his being asleep.

CLAN MACLEAN ASSOCIATION.—The annual gathering of the Clan on 27th October was the occasion of a large muster of members and friends. Colonel Sir Fitzroy Donald MacLean, Bart., of Duart, K.C.B., chief of the clan, occupied the chair, and was supported on the platform by the Right Rev. A. J. Maclean, D.D., Bishop of Moray and Ross; Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid; Captain Hector Fitzroy Maclean, yr. of Duart (Scots Guards); Colonel Fitzroy B. Maclean, R.A.M.C. (a brother of Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, of the Moroccan Army); Mr. J. A. Maclean, Forfar; Mr. John Maclean, vice-president; Mr. Peter Maclean, clan secretary; Mr. Neil Maclean, clan bard; Mr. Henry Whyte (Fionn); Mr. James Grant, Mr. Peter Grant, Mr. John Mackay (*Celtic Monthly*), &c. Many of the clansmen wore full Highland costume. In his opening remarks the Chief of the clan referred to the progress of the society at home and abroad. What had taken place at home was familiar to all, and he need only remark his satisfaction at their flourishing condition both in membership and finance. He had recently been in communication with the Macleans in America, and he was glad to be able to report that they had formed themselves into an association, and were in touch with the clansmen in Canada, and doing what they could to maintain the clan spirit and to forward the best interests of the clan. In Norway too, where a branch of the Macleans had been settled for many generations, the members had been convened, and had formed themselves into a body representative of the traditions and history of the clan. The after proceedings took the form of a soiree, concert, and dance.

COLONEL CHARLES MACDONALD WILLIAMSON.

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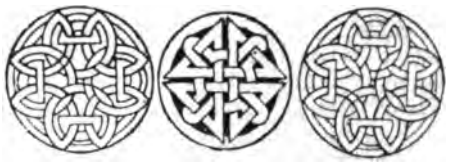

Col. CHAS. MACDONALD WILLIAMSON,
Hon. President, Glasgow Skye Association.

WITH this issue we present our readers with a portrait of COLONEL CHARLES MACDONALD WILLIAMSON, V.D., Honorary President of The Glasgow Skye Association. The interest taken by Colonel Williamson in all that relates to the Highlands, and the services which he has rendered in furthering the objects of many of our Highland Associations, are too well known to require comment. On this occasion we desire specially to refer to him in his capacity of Honorary President of The Glasgow Skye Association. He has been intimately connected with that popular Association almost from the date of its formation down to the present time. It is not too much to say that the great success which has attended the Association, and especially the popularity of its Annual Gathering, at which so many of the natives of Skye and friends meet, can to some extent be traced to his personal efforts.

Colonel Williamson is also President of the Glasgow Celtic Society and the Glasgow Highland Club, and has held these positions for many years. He was one of those ardent Highlanders who in 1868 founded The Glasgow Highland Regiment of Volunteers, popularly known as "The Glasgow Highlanders," and had the honour of commanding the Battalion for a period of nine years, retiring from that position on the expiry of his extended period of command on the date of the King's recent visit to Glasgow. The Regiment prospered greatly when under his care, and he left it in the most excellent condition, both in numbers and efficiency.

Colonel Williamson is by profession a lawyer. He was born in Glasgow on 21st May, 1848, and is a son of the late Thomas Williamson, a well-known West India merchant. His mother was a Skye lady, through whom he is connected with the leading families in the Island, and is able to trace his direct descent from Somerled, Thane of Argyll, who married the daughter of the King of the Isles. His father had the distinction of being a pupil of the famous Thomas Carlisle, during the time the latter acted as a schoolmaster in the town of Kirkcaldy, and with whom he maintained a friendship during life.

Colonel Williamson was educated at the Glasgow Collegiate School and at the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, and joined the Faculty of Procurators in Glasgow in 1872, since when he has been actively engaged in his profession. His firm of Williamson & Bell is held in much respect by quite a host of friends and clients.

Though a busy professional man, he, like so many others whose time is largely occupied, still finds leisure to interest himself in the work of various societies and public bodies. For many years past he has been an active member of the Fife, Kinross, and Clackmannanshire Society, of which he is a past president. He is a member of the Merchants' House and the Trades House of Glasgow, and of the Master Court of the Incorporation of Maltmen, of which last-mentioned body he is an Ex-Visitor. He is also a member of the Incorporations of Masons, Gardeners, and Hammermen, and of the Weavers' Society of Anderston. He is also an Honorary Member of the Ancient Order of Foresters, and represents the Faculty of Procurators as a Governor of the Haldane Trust.

Colonel Williamson has been twice married, his first wife being a daughter of the late Sir John Watson, Bart., of Earnock, and his present wife a daughter of the late Deputy-Inspector-General William Hoggan, Royal Navy. He has three sons, of whom the eldest, Charles Macdonald Williamson, Junior, is associated with him as a partner in his professional business, and is a Captain in The Glasgow Highlanders; the second son is practising as a Chartered Accountant in Grahamstown, Cape Colony, and the youngest is at Cambridge preparing for a University career.

EALIE MARTIN.

A Story of a Skye Clearance.

By Chas. Mackinnon, Transvaal.

(*Continued from page 3.*)

X.

NORMAN'S uncertain leave lengthened into weeks. Every day that passed drew more imminent his recall. Each morning he rose up expectantly; all day long he ceased nôt to be on the alert for it; and when, respited, he retired at night it was with a conviction nigh to certainty that the morrow would bring it without fail.

His time was variously occupied. To the work of the farm he set forth to apply himself with great *eclat.* Some newly invented appliances then inching into vogue in the south countrie he would talk about in the manner of an expert. His conceptions as to their merits being hazy, assumed a double obscurity in the mind of Sandy Tulloch who, as a rule, was his solitary auditor.

The most profitable rotation of crops he would also learnedly discourse upon. Of theories he had no end. Reminiscences of Virgil's *Georgics* blended themselves with smatterings of more modern agricultural knowledge haphazardly picked up. The curious compound, masquerading as profundity, made for the bewilderment of himself no less than of his pupil Sandy.

"But what's the good?" he uniformly wound up whenever, as inevitably would happen, he found himself floundering inextricably in the boglands of illucidity. "What's the good of explaining all this. Things are going to happen. How shall we stand when the storm has burst and passed?"

And Sandy, understanding not, and deeming the question unplumetable philosophy would echo sagely with hurricanes and thunder: "how, indeed?"

For all this show, however, he made little attempt to translate into practice any of these theories. Indeed, the precariousness of his leave precluded him from taking up anything whole-heartedly or with zest.

Much intercourse with his father had now turned incongenial. For the first day or two the Major had been in (for him) a talkative mood. This mood gradually congealed; by degrees he slid back into the taciturn reserve in which his long seclusion had coiled him.

Both, when they conversed, were studious to shun the subject of the crofters. They knew they differed irreconcilably; and in that knowledge they but drifted the more widely apart. The attitude which the Major had taken up was uncompromising, inflexible. In his own latent opposition the son, on his part, grew more steadfast the longer and more deeply he thought the matter over.

This conflict of opinion made a perennial prick of discord between the two.

A deal of his companionship Norman was obliged, by this unfortunate circumstance, to shed on Sandy Tulloch. This was anything but a matter of regret to him, for Sandy was an adept at spinning sea-dog yarns and made unending entertainment.

Between whiles, however, things would pall. Sandy's briny narratives lost their savor; routine matters became a weariness; and leaden time seemed a monster impossible to annihilate.

It was to relieve the tedium of these intervals that he kept up his visitings to Ewen Martin in Glencome.

Martin, needless to state, was much less the attraction than his daughter Ealie. Between her and Norman a community of feeling had sprung up in a brief time as ardent on both sides as their introduction had foreshadowed. They were irrevocably in love.

Love between persons placed like them is not infrequent—in fiction. In the real also it is, however, not unknown. A serious problem it provides when it occurs.

By the romancer the situation would be deftly handled. His joy and delight would be in the exercise; and the supreme test of his ingeniousness would be in the manner in which he could smooth away all difficulties and bring out love triumphant at the end.

On practical lines the event cannot be so neatly fashioned. The barriers of "class" are not to be whittled away by processes so mild. When passion tilts against them it is only to recoil upon itself, bruised and broken. Once in a while it may happen that, in its sheer and all-conquering inspiration, it breaks through. But this is very rare.

Norman and Ealie were in love, then. So far it remained a love unspoken; but the fervour of it was intensified the more for the repression.

To disillusionment and disappointment, incompatability of station might be taken as condemning them beforehand. But to this they both were blind. What heeded they? They loved. In that emotion material considerations are engulfed and done with.

Ewen Martin was not incognisant as to how matters trended. To his practical mind the danger and futility of it were manifest.

"Don't teach me how love-making of that nature turns out," was his recurring remarks to

himself whenever the matter swam uppermost in his mind.

But he kept his own counsel, and maintained a vigilant eye upon the pair.

Norman had sentience of the old man's unflagging surveillance. He did not realise that it was of set design. So close and constant was it, however, that even a "whispered nothing" into the girl's ear was put beyond his compass. As for a quiet "You-and-I" converse with her, it seemed altogether unattainable.

He fumed and fretted correspondingly.

"Hang it all! my love is honourable," he burst out to himself after a fit of brooding on the circumstance. "Scarcely prudent to mention it to the pater: true. But apart from that it could not well be proclaimed at large at this stage in any case. Give a fellow a chance."

The chance came, as chance does come when the wait for it is patient enough. The moment it was presented he seized it with the avid desperation of a last hope.

It was evening, one day, and as he was taking leave, Elie accompanied him to the door. Martin, it so happened, was engaged elsewhere, out of sight and hearing. On the doorstep, for a trembling moment, the two had the whole world for their own.

"Ealie," he whispered, with passionate eagerness, pressing her hand, which he detained, almost to the point of pain; "Oh Ealie, am I never to get word with you alone?"

The girl drew back, faltering before the vehemence with which he seemed aquiver.

"Don't run away," he entreated, drawing her towards him insurgently. The possibility, together with the renewed touch of her hand, loosened the tensity of his emotion; his voice became all suddenly tender. In accents almost prayerful he continued:

"Oh Ealie! I love you. Have you not guessed? Do you not know? I love you until sometimes I grow near insane. Do make a tryst . . . I do not want to speak . . . One short tryst for pity's sake."

Ealie felt tossed in helplessness on billows of bewilderment. They were delicious billows, soft and warm and sweet.

"It's life or death to me," he beseeched persistingly; "One appointment where we can speak in quiet . . . only one. Quick: someone comes."

The jar of an approaching footstep just then entered into their kingdom.

The girl, irresponsible in the haste and her confusion, and hardly knowing it, let out that she would be on the upper croft at seven o'clock that evening.

That evening, as Norman proceeded homeward, was still and reposeful, with a tinge of pensive sombreness pervading it. In a gap between the hills a dense black cloud was mounded, and through a massively moulded cleft in it the setting sun poured down a shaft of orange sunlight. The young man, had he reflected, might have read into it an omen of his own affairs. The exultation now uplifting him was the relieving break of radiance in the uncertainties clouding his future—uncertainties that increased in gloominess under the paralysing hatefulness of the measures which his father comtemplated.

(To be Continued).

A HIGHLAND SETTING OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

RETOLD BY "FIONN."

A GOOD many years ago, when acquiring some proficiency in writing Gaelic, I used to go on *chéilidh* to the house of an aged Islayman in Glasgow, called Neil MacTaggart, who had a fund of Islay folk-lore, some of which I was able to write down from his recital. I remember well when he used a word regarding the correct spelling of which we were both in doubt, he would remark, "fàg bealach air a shon, gus an amais mise air an fhacal anns a' Bhìobull; ma 's math mo bheachd 's e an t-Abstol Paul a ghnàthaich e." He had no Gaelic Dictionary and no Concordance, but such was his knowledge of the Gaelic scriptures that he discovered the desired word with but little trouble. Sometimes, after searching in the Epistles of St. Paul, he would give up the task and turn to the Gospels, where, on his efforts being crowned with success, he used to remark, "Shaoil leam gu'm b 'e Paul a ghnàthaich e—tha e glé choltach ri facal a bhiodh aige—ach 's e Peadair a chuir gu buil e," after which I would fill up the "bealach" or gap left for the desired word. One evening, sitting by Neil's fireside taking down a "sgeulachd," I observed that a few Gaelic-speaking friends came in and quietly took their seats. I prepared to come away, but he told me to remain, as he expected Duncan Macintyre, a true son of Islay, to hold a Gaelic "Kitchen-meeting," adding as an inducement for me to remain—"Tha Donnachadh bochd laghach, agus roghadh na Gàidhlig aige." I knew Duncan by sight, but had never heard him discourse, so I decided to remain. However, the hour came but not the man, something having detained him; but in order not to send those who had assembled empty

away, old Neil gave out a Gaelic Psalm, which we sung to "Kilmarnock." Thereafter "le cead na cuideachd" he took down from a shelf a well-thumbed copy of "*Leabhar nan Cnoc*" bound in native calf-skin, and from it he read with great pathos the affecting story of "Màiri a' Ghlinne"—among the sobs of the women present. He then repeated the Lord's Prayer, and concluded the service by singing two verses of Psalm ciii. About a week later I was present when old Duncan came to hold a meeting. He was profuse in apologies for his absence the previous week, having been detained at the bedside of a Highlander at the Infirmary. Duncan, I may say, was a Baptist: he had been at College, and had such a love for Latin that he attended the Humanity Class at Glasgow University for fourteen sessions, a fact which gained him the facetious designation of "The Professor." He was a kind, quiet, and earnest Christian. He died in his native parish a few years ago. He was no "higher critic," but he liked to bring Scripture truths home by presenting them in modern garb, and therefore he had no hesitation in making the music provided for the feast in honour of the Prodigal's return that of the bagpipes. His exposition of the parable of the Prodigal Son made such an impression upon me by its originality that I am sure that in what follows I have done but little violence to Duncan's discourse. Having read the chapter containing the parable, he closed the Book and proceeded as follows.]

Is e a th' againn ann a so eachdraidh seann duine còir a chaidh a shàrachadh le peasan mic—am mac a b' òige. A chàirdean nach tric a chaidh am mac a b' òige a mhilleadh! Bha a bhràthair a réir na h-eachraidh th' againn na ghille còir, gleusda, math gu obair. Is e bu sgalag aig athair mu'n àm so; 's 'nuair a bha esan ris an treabhadh bha a bhràthair ri lunndaireachd 's ri leisg, 's cha 'n iarradh e na b' fheàrr na bhi aig bainnsean, no faidhrichean, 's cha robh ropainn 's an sgìreachd ceart mur robh esan a sin. Bha a chompanaich, mar bu dual, glé choltach ris fhein. Theireadh na sgaoimearan so ris "na'n d'fhuair thusa do chuid féin 's tu bhiodh sona dheth. Bu chòir dhuit an saoghal 'fhaicinn. Cha bhi 'nad bhràthair ach an t-airean r'a bheò." Latha bha sinn bha 'athair g'a smàdadh air son a leisg, agus cho toigheach 'sa bha e air cuideachd, 'nuair a thionndaidh e gu gobach miobhail air a' bhodach agus ars' esan—"Tha sibh daonnan a talach air m' obair, mur a bheil sibh toillichte thugaibh dhòmhsa mo chuid fhéin 's leigeadh cead mo choise dhomh." 'Se mo bheachd gu'n robh an seann duine car socharach 'na dhòigh, agus chuir dalmachd a mhic 'na bhreislich e, agus dé rinn e ach dol d'a chiste agus chunnt e sgillin mu seach do 'n mhac a b' òige agus d'a bhràthair. Chuir e cuid a bhràthar a bu sine air ais ann an seotal na ciste agus shìn e a chuid fein do 'n fhear a b' òige. Chuir mo laochan siud na sporan, chuir e air aodach caomhnadh, 's gun bheannachd fhàgail aig duine, thug e chasan às. Thug an làn a bha 'na sgiathan astar math o'n tigh e. Tha mise, ars esan a nis far nach aithnich duine beò mi, 's coma ciod a ni mi. Is leam fhéin na th' agam, 'se mo chuid fhéin a th' ann 's nach fhaod mi mo roghainn a dh' eanamh leis. Cha b' easan a cheud bhuraidh, no idir am fear mu dheireadh a labhair cho faoin is so. Cha robh e fada anns a' bhaile so 'nuair a dh' amais seòid coltach ris féin air. Gheibh am fear aig a bheil sporan, 'se fialaidh leis, gu leoir a ghleidheas a chuideachd. 'Sann a nis a thòisich e air caitheamh a chuid ann am beatha struidheasach. Mo laochan, bu mhath air cùl a' bhotail e, 'se nach sòradh paigheadh. B'e 'n gille e cho fad 'sa mhair a chuid, ach mu dheireadh thall ràinig e grunnd a sporain, 's chaill e chreideas 'sa chàirdean a dh' aona latha. Thàinig latha eile. Cha 'n e rud a bha an dràsd a dh' fhóghnadh. Bhuail an t-acras e. 'Se mo laochan an t-acras. Bheir e 'n stràic gu leathad. Ach mar tha e sgrìobhte, "Cha tug neach air bith dha." Faic a nis e. Am fear a bha tàrmusach mu bhuntàta is sgadan an dé dh' itheadh e 'm buntàta fuar gun annlan an diugh, agus taingeil 'fhaotainn. "Ach cha tug neach air bith dha." Seall a nis air mo laochan! Nach ann air a thàinig an dà latha! Dh' fhalbh an ad àrd 'sam fainne òir, toll air a bhriogais, 's gun air ach logais bhròg. Coma leat chuir an t-acras seòrsa tonnaisg ann. Chaidh e 'n tòir air obair. Cha b'e a cheud leisgein a chuir an t-acras air ghluasad. Fhuair e obair mu dheireadh—ghabh e na bhuachaille, ach leth na truaighe! an àite crodh-laoigh is aighean 'sann a bh' aige sreud mhucan salach, coirbte. Faic am buraidh bochd 's aodach na stiallan, an deannaibh nam bonn as déigh nam muc 's iad an geall air a bhi 'n arbhar nan cìs-mhaor 's nam pharasach. 'Nis 'si obair acrach a th' anns a bhuachailleachd. Obair na dunach! 'S ann agam tha fhios. Faic am balach so; tha'n t-acras 'g a tholladh, agus cha 'n 'eil am brochan ann. Tha e coltach nach d' amais air ach fior dhroch bhana-mhaighstir—Gortag nam plaosg. Is tric a thachair so do dh' fhear a b' fheàrr na e! Cha robh aig a ghiullan bhochd ach cromadh ris na rùisg a bha 'measg biadh nam muc—fuighleach nam brùidean salach, an déigh dhaibh a lobairt anns an troch. Nach ann air a thàinig!

Latha bha sin an deigh dha na mucan a bhiathadh bha iad sàmhach car tacan. Shuidh

mo laochan bochd aír cnoc agus thoisich e ri smaoineachadh, agus mar bu dùth 's mar bu dual, thàinig tigh àthar 'na chuimhne. Ars' esan, "Nach mi an dearg bhuaraidh a' dol bàs an so leis an acras 'nuair tha gu leòir an tigh m'athar. Nach sonadh dheth Domhnull ruadh ciobair, Cailean beag, sgalag m' athar, no Eoghan buachaille. Tha 'm pailteas ri itheadh aca 's mise an so gun bhiadh gun aodach. Eiridh mi 's theid mi dhachaidh. Théid mi air mo dhà ghlùn do m' athair agus their mi ris nach 'eil annam ach am buraidh bochd, gun robh mi faoin amaideach 's gun do chrein mi gu goirt air a shon, nach 'eil' àite mic a dhith orm, gu'm bi mi làn thoilichte le àite seirbheisich!" An giullan bochd, Dia g'a chuideachadh!

Cha robh e fada 'togail air. Thar a' mhonaidh ghabh e 'na dheann, agus sodan air a' dol dhachaidh; 's ged a bha 'n t-astar fada roimhe cha robh e fada 'g a chur as a dhéigh, agus mu bheul an fheasgair an ath latha thàinig e 'n sealladh tigh 'athar.

Thuit gu 'n robh an seann-duine a gabhail sgrìob mu 'n cuairt na h-aitreabh agus siùl g'an tug e 'se na sheasamh aig osinn na h-iolainne chunnaic e fear 'na chabhaig a tearnadh ris a' bhaile. Chuir e 'làmh ri 'bhathais agus ag amharc gu geur, ars' esan "mur 'eil mo shùilean 'g am mhealladh 'se Donnachadh againne 'th' ann"; 's ruith e 'na choinneamh, chuir e dhà làmh m'a mhuinneal agus phog 'se e—lorach, lom, rùisgte ged a bha 'm balach.

'Sann a sin a bha 'n othail 's an ùbraid—daoine an rathad a cheile a freasdal do'n fhogarach so. Chuir iad deise ùr air, o bhoineid gu bhròg an, mharbh iad an laogh breac biadhta, 's chuir iad feisd air bonn 's chaidh fios a chur air piobaire. Fhad 'sa bha so a' dol air aghaidh bha 'm mac a bhu sine a mach 'san achadh, gun fhios, gun fhorbhais aige air na thachair. Bha e fuasgladh na seisrich ás a' chrann aig ceann an iomaire 'n uair chual e sgal na pìoba. Bhioraich e 'chluasan.

"Dé so, dé so?" ars' esan ris fhéin," co tha dol a phòsadh?" 's rinn e fead-ghlaic air a bhalach bhuachaille. "Dé 'n hó-ro gheallaidh," ars' esan "tha mu 'n tigh an diugh,' Eóghain?" "Nach cuala tu gu'n do thill Donnachadh?" "Thill Donnachadh, 's dé ged thill! Ciod an dreach a bh'air?" "Loireach, lom, rùisgte—cha robh snicean air—'s ann air a bha neul an acrais." "Seadh, is ciod a th' uirt m'athair ris, an do ghabh e 'm bata dha?" "D' athair! ruith e 'na choinneamh 's phòg 'se e; chuir e do dheise chaomhnadh air, mharbh iad an laogh breac, tha féisd air bonn 's tha 'm Piobaire Cam an déigh tighinn. Nach 'eil thu dol a stigh?" "Gu dearbh 's mi nach 'eil. 'Sann agam a bhiodh an droch obair. Féisd air sgath sgaoimire gun tùr—dh' éisd mi riamh gus a so!"

Anns a' bhruidhinn a bh' ann thàinig Strodhail mor e féin am mach dh' fheuch an cuireadh e impidh air dol a stigh, nì nach robh soirbh. Dh' fheuch e ri 'chnìodachadh ach bha mo laochan cho crosda ris a' chonusg agus thuirt e gu ladurna r'a athair—"Tha mise a' deanamh seirbheis dhuibh o bhliadhna gu bliadhna, fliuch no tioram, fuar no teth, am fhuil 's am fhallus, a shamhradh 's a gheamhradh, 's cha do mharbh sibh riamh meann no gobhar dhomh, ach 'n uair a thainig an t-amadan so dhachaidh—'se gun chliù gun chreideas—cha 'n fhóghnadh ach an laogh breac, biadhta dha." "Tha sin uile fior a laochain," fhreagair an seann duine, "tha thusa daonnan aig an tigh, 's nach e mo chuid-sa do chuid-sa. Thig thusa stigh a dheadh bhalaich 's cha chaill thu air." Fhuair e mu dheireadh a chlàradh a stigh, 's tha e coltach gu'n d' rinn e-fhéin sa bhràthair a suas an càirdeas, 's bha iad uile gu subhach sunndach.

Old Duncan then drew the usual lessons from the parable, and concluded by singing that beautiful Gaelic translation of the hymn, "Return, O Wanderer," by the late Archd. MacFadyen, or as Duncan called him, "Gilleasbuig na h-Uamh," which is as follows:—

PILL DHACHAIDH.

Pill dhachaidh, pill O ànraich fhaoin,
Tha d' Athair caomh ga d' ghairm;
Na buanaich air do shlighe chlaoin
Ag itheadh phlaosg gun tairbh':
O pill, O pill.

Pill dhachaidh, pill O ànraich fhaoin,
'S e guth d' Fhir-shaoraidh th' ann;
Cluinn Céile 'n Uain, 's an Spiorad Naomh,
'S gu baile-dìdein teann:
O pill, O pill.

Pill dhachaidh, pill O ànraich thruaigh,
'S e 'n caothach cruaidh dhuit dàil;
Cha 'n fhaighear aithreachas 's an uaigh,
'S neo-bhuan tha là nan gràs:
O pill, O pill.

THE JOHNMANS.—At Knowe Head, in Glen Devon, Perthshire, once dwelt a family calling themselves "Johnman." Their tradition was that they had come from Glencoe, and that their ancestor was called "Ian Ian Toosh." They had also a story about a young woman who would not give up her dead father's sword to an uncle who had come to get possession of it. When he tried to take it forcibly, she always "played wup at him." The narrator could not explain to me either the meaning of "toosh" or the drift of the story; but my inference is that the uncle got a "tosg" or gash from the sword, and hence the soubriquet "Ian na Tosg," or John of the gash.

Glen Devon. KENNETH MATHESON IX.

THE PASSING OF THE STAG.

By Curliana Dingwall.

Na maoislichean 's na ruadh-bhuic,
Na coilich dhubh a's ruadha,
'S e 'n ceol bu bhinne chualas
'Nuair chluinnt 'am fuaim 'sa' chamhanaich.
Duncan Bàn.

THE English Forest Laws, out of which our modern game and trespass acts have evolved, reach back to the era of the Norman Conquest. William Rufus was killed by an arrow while hunting in the New Forest in the year 1100; and even before his day there existed Royal Forests in which the king only could lawfully hunt. There were then also, as there still are, individual rights in game protected and regulated by Statute. The Scottish Acts anent the preservation of game, though some of them are as old as the 15th century, were not operative within the Highland border, for very good reasons, prior to the '45—that great epoch which produced so many changes in the Scottish Highlands. Till then the Highlander was a law unto himself, and regulated his affairs by

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That he should take who has the power,
And he should keep who can."

It was probably about this time, as he began to realize that he was subject to British rule, he invented the well-known, and to him, convenient proverb, about there being no sin in taking a stick from the wood, a stag from the hill, or a salmon from the river. This old adage was manifestly a Highland counterblast to the British game laws. As soon as the progress of civilization permitted the rich Saxon to cross the Grampians he discovered that the territory of the "rebel" Highlander was peculiarly adapted for the purposes of sport; and thenceforward the preservation of game in the Highlands became a necessity. So it happens that these wild and barren regions, so lately beyond the reach of all law except the chief's, is now the place, above all others, where the game acts are most severely felt and most rigidly enforced.

Let it not be supposed that I am in sympathy with the Socialistic cry for the abolition of these ancient Statutes.

LEGITIMATE SPORT

is the gold mine of the Highlands, and there are vast stretches of mountainous land which can never be made to yield any product but game. And my purpose, at present, is not to deal with the economic aspect of game preservation, but merely to draw attention to the old and the new methods of conducting that branch of Highland sport known as Deer-stalking.

It would be difficult to find in any language a better description of the music of the mountains than the lines from the "Cead deire annach nam beann," a few of which I have placed at the head of this article. Truly Duncan Bàn was the poet of sport. So, too, was Scott when he penned those immortal stanzas in "The Lady of the Lake" descriptive of the hunt which begun at morn "in lone Glen-artney," was followed through "the wide realm of Menteith," and terminated at eve "in the dark Trossachs' deepest nook." That was in all respects a royal hunt such as was possible only in the days of old. In the present century even a monarch cannot lawfully follow a stag beyond the marches of his own or his host's estate. But the curtailing of the bounds is not the only change which the passing years have produced. Other and more serious changes are apparent to every man who has lived to middle age in the Highlands of Scotland. If we take as a model that

KING OF HIGHLAND SPORT,

the late Horatio Ross, it must be confessed that both sport and sportsmen are rapidly degenerating. He was for many years owner of the forest of Wyvis. I have heard him describe how often he had begun his stalk at midnight, spent the long hours of many a cold night on the hill, with no other shelter than the lee side of a rock, all for the chance of one shot at early dawn. That was the habit of Duncan Bàn also, and when he sings of the sweetness of the mountain music at break of day undoubtedly he gives expression to his own personal experience. But what about

OUR MODERN SHOOTING TENANT?

A band of stalwart gillies start in the early morning to herd the deer to an appointed place. In his luxurious mansion, which he somewhat scornfully calls his "shooting box," Mr. Nimrod leisurely eats a late breakfast, and while doing so, receives by a private wire a telephone message from the hill that the stags have been carefully herded into a particular corry, and that the wind blows from the west. Whereupon he starts in his motor car and drives at the illegal rate of 40 miles an hour over the soft unbottomed Highland road, good enough and strong enough for the native traffic, but cut to pieces by the weight and speed of his 2-ton vehicle. He reaches the nearest point to the corry, mounts a Highland pony, and by a well-made bridle path rides to within an easy distance of the indicated spot. He dismounts, kills as many of the herded animals as he can; re-mounts his pony, and drives home in his motor to a sumptuous dinner. If we could follow him into his writing

room after he dines, we should probably find him inditing an indignant letter to the local road authorities complaining of the damage done to his motor tyres by the road which he had himself destroyed. To complete the picture, let me add that when the game is brought home what may not be required for his own use is sometimes sent to the county town to be

EXCHANGED FOR GROCERIES.

His nearest neighbour may be a half-starved pauper, but he does not know him. His dearest friends on whom he fawns and bestows all his favours are the head stalker and his underlings.

Would Horatio Ross call that sport? What would Duncan Bàn think of it? And can any one tell the difference between the corry and the shambles, except that a rifle is used in one and a hammer in the other. Formerly the sportsman stalked his quarry; now he only kills it. In these old days quality was more thought of than quantity. Royals and imperials and 19-stone stags were not so rare as they are now, when forests are falling into the hands of city magnates who measure the success of a season, not by the pleasure they derive from contact with nature, and the physical benefit that follows upon six weeks of mountaineering, but by the number of animals they have succeeded in depriving of life. It is this insatiable craze for heads, irrespective of their quality, that renders it necessary to clear the ground of sheep, thus

BANISHING HALF THE POPULATION

of the already too desolate glens. Nor in those days were there any telephones, motor cars, or bridle paths; no deer fences, except to protect arable land; no contemptible deer traps by which one so-called sportsman seduces deer from his neighbour's ground over his 7-feet fence; no hand-feeding in winter, which turns the Monarch of the Glen into a semi-domestic animal. The hunter was then a lover and observer of nature, and like St. Jean, he enjoyed the sweetness of the mountain air and the study of natural history more than the spilling of animal blood. Both gamekeeper and shepherd roamed over the hills and loyally assisted each other, while the stag and the wedder grew and flourished on the same pastures. Sport was enjoyed in the measure in which it was difficult, and called for the skill, patience, and endurance of the sportsman. It was then the case of human intelligence *versus* animal instinct, and a fair field for the contest. Well may the noble stag complain of his treatment now: the battle is no longer fought on equal terms.

The system of winter hand-feeding is an attempt to overcome the great law of the survival of the fittest by the preservation of the most unfit. The best stags cannot be induced to avail themselves of it; those which do are usually weeds, and are no doubt the first to fall in Autumn. It degenerates the race, as the absence of sheep and Highland cattle degenerates the pastures, and the motor car and bridle path the sportsman. How little of the spirit and philosophy of the "Oran seacharan seilge" prevails now-a-days. Were I the owner of a deer forest I should have these lines from that exquisite sporting song painted in large letters on the walls of the gun room in the hope that my Sassunach tenant might some day come to understand and appreciate them:—

Bi' sinn beò an dòchas ro mhath
Gu' m bi' chuis ni' s fhearr an ath la'
Gu' m bi gaoth, a' s grian, a' s talamh
Mar is math leinn air na slèibhtibh.

Everything seems out of joint with Highland sport, except that there are yet a few of the old type left.

THE RESIDENT HIGHLAND LANDLORD

who is in a position to occupy his own forest (not the man who leaves the Highlands on the 10th of October and returns on the following 12th of Angust) is not yet extinct. Like the old race of sportsmen, he often spies the corries at early morn, braves the mists and tempests, and never barters his venison. If the modern shooting tenant on his short lease is to continue, the owners of forests will soon have none to let. The process of degeneration, which is already so marked, will go on until the red deer, like the wolf, becomes a tradition in the land. The introduction of fresh blood into the forests may postpone the evil day, but a few bad winters will more than balance any temporary good it may do.

I write as a supporter of legitimate sport—not as an antagonist, and I appeal to owners of Highland forests to consider whether the time has not come when they should revert to some of the old methods. The prohibition of hand-feeding and the re-placing of the wedder and the Highland stirk might result in a fall of shooting rents, but the pastoral rent roll would rise. The yearly bag might be less in quantity, but infinitely superior in quality. A new class of tenant, more like the old type, would arise, and the present undesirables might be allowed to seek other fields and pastures new, while I am sure every true Celt would exclaim with me *Bitheadh iad a' dol!*

THE CLAN LINDSAY hold their Annual Gathering in Glasgow on 21st December; and the Natives of Sutherland meet in the St. Andrew's Hall on Friday, 8th December, Hew Morrison, Esq., LL.D., in the Chair.

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 7.)

OUR stereotyped plan, under these circumstances, was to wander through the village, and find out what was to be seen or to be bought in the village store in the way of curiosities of post cards with views of the neighbouring locality. The same instinct led us, while at Lochearnhead, to the shop, which was a store, and at the same time, the post and telegraph office. The post and telegraph director appeared to hold, at the same time, the positions of storekeeper, manufacturer, shoemaker, and bottler of beer. When we first made his acquaintance, he was busy weighing out half-a-pound of ham, while the telegraph instrument, which was at the other end of the counter, clicked away lustily. Now and then the storekeeper left his work to exchange a few words with his colleague, who was engaged with the telegraph.

Nothing stirring ever seems to occur at Lochearnhead. I dare to state, that, if ever we came this way again, we would find things in exactly the same condition in which we had left them years before. The same vision of a number of low-built houses, grouped near the hotel; their lugubrious hedges, and their parterres filled with sunflowers and scraggy standard roses. In front of the hotel, on the other side of the road, was a garden with a few green bushes, overshadowing a deserted tennis-ground, at the entrance of which lay a dreamy, old, collie dog, who seemed to embody the whole history of Lochearnhead. It is a blank history—one of getting up in the morning, eating, greeting the daily visitors, and going to bed again. Events never occur there. The seasons pass in calm monotony; men eat, drink, and sleep, plant and rear sunflowers and standard roses for their amusement, and sometimes, in sheer desperation for some variety, find their way to the only billiard table in Lochearnhead, which the hotel-keeper proudly informed us had belonged to the first Napoleon. It is, therefore, quite contrary to regulations to put pots of beer on the side of the table, or to lean on it, or to smear its sides. Whoever tears the cloth brings upon himself the wrath of the whole Lochearnhead. Such an event would be a public scandal!

We were up betimes the following morning, and on our way, during which we encountered such severe rain, which made us think that the summer had rained itself out. Soon, however, we got out of the shower and on to a part of the road, where, evidently, there had been no rain at all. We passed out of the Highlands of Scotland. We had left behind us the sombre west with its darkly-lighted, black-grey-cloud-masses, and we wended our way hopefully to the lowlands of Perthshire, where the sun shone, and green trees would wave us a welcome. At the lower end of Loch Earn we came upon a richly-wooded district with beautiful lanes of trees, leading to fine parks, which, after our sombre experiences of the Highlands, were quite a relief to us. We passed through a fertile stretch of country, via Comrie to Crieff, where the fields were a contrast to the melancholy ones, which we had encountered in the neighbourhood of Grangemouth and Falkirk. Never, during our whole tour, had we experienced such warm, sunny weather, on a day, too, begun, under such inauspicious circumstances at Lochearnhead. We arrived at the pleasant town of Perth, after a successful day's ride, our bicycles grey with dust.

Perth is an almost rustic city. It lies in the midst of a fertile plain on the banks of the river Tay. There is, however, not much of interest in the town, save the stone bridge over the Tay, the large whisky distilleries, an old cathedral, and the High Street.

The following day was the last day of our tour. Edinburgh was our objective. At ten o'clock we left the Salutation Hotel, and soon left Perth behind us, concealed by the smoke of its whisky distilleries.

The scenery was flat and bare. However, at Aberargie, we had a pleasant disappointment. Just past that place the road suddenly ascends a short mountain-pass, named Glen Tar. There we found ourselves in the midst of more beautiful rock and wooded scenery than we had ever seen in the whole of Scotland. But this satisfaction was of short duration. We soon descended from this basis into the flat and colourless land of Kinross. Thence, our route led us through a still poorer-looking stretch—a land of mining, coal-damp, and machinery. Miners with pale, sunken countenances, miners' wives and children, barefooted and badly clothed, met us at every turn. This, no land for sentiment! We were relieved, therefore, when in the horizon, we saw the gigantic form of the Forth Bridge, whence we intended to proceed by train to Edinburgh. At Inverkeithing we took our tickets and soon were in the train, bound for Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, which we reached after a short journey.

There is certainly no greater contrast between two great cities, as that offered by the comparison between Glasgow and Edinburgh.

The impression which we carried away with us from Glasgow, was that of a black sombreness. We saw the black, industrial city under melancholy weather conditions. Blackly smoked were the sandstone, square buildings; blackly smoked were the miserable trees and shrubs in the flowerless parks; blackly smoked are the mountains in the Necropolis above the town, while a pall of black smoke appears to hang for ever over the Clyde. It appeared to us to be a city of mourning, smoke, and rain.

Quite otherwise, however, was our impression of Edinburgh. After the train had brought us through a succession of long and short tunnels, we found ourselves in half-underground Waverly Station, whence we emerged into the centre of the town, in the midst of a large and beautifully laid out park, situated in the middle of an enormous valley, full of light, air and sunshine, and surrounded by beautiful monuments and the beauties of the new town.

Edinburgh is, by poets, honoured with the name of "The Modern Athens." In plain Dutch it can truly be said that Edwin's Burgh is a prominent, fine city, where art and science have combined to create a pleasure to the eyes. What immediately strikes the stranger is the picturesque situation of the old castle, which towers above the adjacent town. A climb and visit to this historic castle is well worth the the trouble. It is at present garrisoned by a regiment of Highlanders. You should see these fine gentlemen in their Scotch costume or "kilt," and their fine, white, short coat, beneath which, suspended by a whitened strap, hangs their long-bearded purse or "sporran." When you see these Highlanders, strutting along with their small cap cocked to one side of their head, and an elegant silver-tipped stick in their hand, your fingers begin to itch. One can spend days in Edinburgh, among its antiquities, buildings, monuments, &c. However, the guide books will tell you what has happened in and to Edinburgh for centuries past.

After some sight-seeing in Edinburgh, the cyclists took train for London, whence they returned to Holland via Queensborough. They spent a few days sight-seeing in the metropolis. Their impressions of the capital of the British Empire were, on the whole, favourable, though they were qualified by certain remarks not altogether favourable to our nation. The raconteur remarks—"Our two days' stay in London was a lucky decision on the part of our club. Most travellers, who have visited London, carry away with them impressions of smoke, mist, and rain. We, on the contrary, viewed London in its Sunday's best, under a cloudless, summer, blue, and sunny sky. We have thus learned to know England's metropolis, not only as the incomparable centre of business, industry, science, and metropolitan misery, but we have now seen London from a wholly different standpoint: London as a city of flowers, surrounded by a girdle of lovely parks, decorated by the royal magnificence of St. Cloud and Versailles."

The writer goes on to describe the various sights in the metropolis. When the party came in sight of the Houses of Parliament, he remarks: "There, on the opposite bank of the river (Thames), staring us in the face, were pointed out to us the Houses of Parliament, the breeding places of John Bull's foreign politics, which cast a blemish over his whole nation, and make Albion hated in the furthest corners of the universe. . . . When the day arrived for our return to our Fatherland, we had not far to go to reach the train which was to take us to Queensborough, as our hotel was situated next door to the railway station, so we had only to step over the threshold of the hotel to get to the platform. After an interesting hour's journey through the Thames' valley, our train drew up alongside the quay at Queensborough, where we saw the fine steamer "Nederland" of the Zeeland Steamship Co. awaiting our train. Before long, half-a-dozen obliging sailors had taken our bikes and our luggage on board. It was a real pleasure once more to be surrounded by Dutch tars. And now, the steamer cast off, soon the English coast was behind us and we were within sight of Ostend. Finally we came in view of the roofs of the houses of Flushing, and, before long, our captain brought his steamer in a seamanlike fashion alongside Flushing pier. Once more we felt Dutch ground beneath our feet. We had returned to Holland, and the touring club's Scottish tour was a thing of the past. We soon found ourselves seated in a comfortable *coupé* of our national State Railway. We then accorded a unanimous vote of thanks to our president, under whose successful leadership we were enabled to know the land of Scotland and its people as if we had resided among them for months and months."

THE CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIAL GATHERING was held in the Grand Hotel on 23rd November. Mr. James P. MacMillan, Paisley, President, in the Chair. There was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen. The Chairman referred to the excellent condition, financially and numerically, in which the Society was at present. Bailie Donald MacMillan extended a hearty welcome to the representatives from the various kindred societies who were present, to which Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, President, Clan Mackay Society, briefly responded. Thereafter the evening was devoted to dancing.

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.

NOVEMBER, 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 October issue commencing Volume XIV. 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.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CELTIC."

Volume XIII. of the *Celtic Monthly* can be had, tastefully bound in cloth, gilt title, for 5s., post free. Many of our readers, in addition to subscribing for the monthly parts, now order bound copies for their libraries, as they found that the portrait plates in the serial issues were somewhat disfigured by the fold in the Magazine. In the hope that more of our readers may be induced to order the bound volume, which contains only perfect parts, we have decided this year to reduce the price of the complete volume to 5s., post free to any part of the globe. At this cheap price, readers who are in the habit of binding the monthly parts will find it more satisfactory to order instead an attractively bound copy from our office. We can also supply the back volumes from Vol. V. to date at the same low rate, 5s. per vol. To be had from Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

A TOAST—
"THE CELTIC MONTHLY."

HERE'S a toast to stir the pulses
That are slumb'ring 'neath the plaid,
'Tis the bonnie "Celtic Monthly,"
That for long with us has stayed.

Like a stripling brown and healthy,
From the breezy Highland braes,
That oft heard his mother lilting
Sweetly of the bygone days;

And has heard the aged and hoary
Tell of hero, clan, and field,
Tartan waving, cannon roaring,
Claymore dinting helm and shield;

That has seen the red-deer springing
From the corry in the ben,
And has heard the maidens singing
Round the sheiling in the glen;

Thus it comes with song and story
Over mountain, plain, and sea,
To remind us, like our fathers,
That we should be brave and free.

Here's to thee, thou Highland rover,
Welcome ever to our door,
May the years that lie behind thee
Yet be counted by the score.

And as Gaels who like a "drappie"
And would "wet the other eye,"
We shall drink a second bumper,
To the Editor, Mackay.

Canada. AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

APPRECIATIONS OF THE '*Celtic*' FROM DISTANT LANDS.—Mr. Nicol MacNeill, Argentine Republic, writes:—"Not only is the *Celtic Monthly* the only popular Highland magazine we have, but the intrinsic merits of the periodical are of a very high order."

LIEUT. IAN H. MACKAY SCOBIE, India, says:—"The *Celtic Monthly* is like a breath of Scotland and the Highlands."

Mr. JAMES SINCLAIR, SAN FRANCISCO, U.S.A.—Our friend sends us quite a flattering eulogium on the '*Celtic*.' "I am pleased to compliment you on the continued success of the *Celtic Monthly*, on its high standard of literary excellence, always improving with each number. It has now reached such perfection that its columns are often referred to here as authoritative on matters of controversy relating to Gaelic topics; and specially I wish to inform you of the delight experienced here by many Highland exiles in this far away land on the Pacific coast, on the perusal of its instructive articles, and particularly those in the grand and classic old Gaelic language. It has now lived longer than any former Highland magazine, and we hope it will live for ever."

Mr. MALCOLM MACLEOD, LOS ANGELES, U.S.A., sends us the programme of the Scottish Sports, and mentions that the Caledonian Club has now a membership of over 200, and is in a flourishing condition. He adds "With this I enclose 4/ M.O. for the *Celtic*, that excellent little journal which I enjoy so much, although I have not my mother tongue, as a Skye man should have."

THE DRESS, ARMS, AND ORNAMENTS OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

AT Castle Grant are various beautiful specimens of arms executed by the old smiths of the country, among which are guns with finely carved stocks, locks exquisitely engraved, and barrels inlaid with brass, silver, and gold, in the most elegant workmanship. Those who take pleasure in referring to foreign artists all objects of superior art found in the Highlands would have attributed these to Paris or Milan had not the name and place of the maker, engraved upon the lock, borne evidence of the native workman, "Guillielmus Smith, Ballechastail." This man was one of the

HEREDITARY FAMILY OF SMITHS

to the Lairds of Grant, who derived their name from their occupation, and resided for several generations at "Bailechaisteil,"—*i.e.*, the "Castle-town" of Strathspey—now Grant-town. Of old every castle of the chiefs of clans had their castle-town, or little village of black houses, which clustered under the shelter of the baronial fortress. Most of these are now obliterated with the ruin of the towers by which they were protected; but a few still remain, and may be recognized in Grant-town, Inveraray, Golspie, Cluny, and the castle-town of Braemar, which originally were the vassal hamlets of Castle-Grant, Inverara, Dun Robin, Taymouth, and the residences of the chiefs of Clan Chattan and the Earls of Mar. In all these dependent villages lived the artizans who supplied the wants and manufactures of the great domestic garrison to which they pertained. Weavers, tailors, broguers, and armourers, who, besides their ordinary arts of the forge, were, like the patriarchal craftsmen Bezaleel and Aholiab, expert in "all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works in gold, silver, and brass, and in cutting of stones and carving of timber."[1] Many of the mountain "towns," which are now obliterated round the ruined pile with which they rose and fell, are still remembered by the few old people who remain; and some of the descendants of their scattered artists are yet to be found in the neighbouring glens, and continued until the last century to practise the arts which had descended with their fathers for many generations. Among the most remarkable of these were the MacNabs of Barrchaistealan, for four hundred years hereditary armourers to the knights of Lochawe.

Eighty years since, the recollection of the old "black-town," or "Bailechaisteil," which clustered under the walls of "Caisteal Caolchuirn,"[2] was yet fresh in the memory of the aged people of Glen Urcha; and within sight of the ruined fortress there yet remained a few descendants of

DUNCAN MACNAB, THE ARMOURER,

and master of iron works to Sir Colin Campbell, "the black knight of Lochawe," when he built the tower of the castle which bore his arms, initials, and the date 1440.[3] From that period his descendants had remained armourers, jewellers, and cutlers to the Barons of Glen Urcha; and the last of their race who practised the hereditary arts of his family resided at Baran, near Dalmally, and manufactured with much elegance enamelled and jewelled brooches, dirks, and pistols of beautiful workmanship, chased and inlaid with silver and gold, and set with those fine Carn-gorm stones which in Argyllshire approach very nearly to the topaz, the garnet, and the emerald. MacNab was but the last of those artists who of old were to be found in every district round the dwelling of its lord; and his weapons, however elegant, were only such as had been in general use among the chieftains of the clans.

The splendour of the arms was equalled by the richness of dress. The hawking-gloves of the Lords of the Isles were jewelled like those of princes and prelates in other countries.

"Thuit làmh mo rùin air an fhraoch,
Chìte an Làmhainn seudach grinn!
'A dealradh fo og-dhearsaibh maidne thall
Mar dhrùchd iomadh datha s'a' mhagh,
'N deigh tuiteam do'n fhrassamhraidh, modhar, mall."

"The hand of my love fell on the heath,
Behold the glove of glistening gems!
Glimmering in the beams of the morning,
Like the many-coloured drops of the field
When the soft slow shower of summer is past."

Among persons of distinction the rest of the dress was conformable to this splendour. The doublet was of velvet, richly laced, or splendidly embroidered, with gold or silver, and slashed upon satin, silk, or lawn; the bands and ruffles were of point lace; the bonnet and helmet frequently plumed with white ostrich feathers,[4] and the plaid made of that rich

[1] Exod. xxxi. 3.

[2] The "*Kilchurn Castle*" of tourists. The residence of the Lords of Glen Urcha until the beginning of the eighteenth century.

[3] In 1820 the stone bearing these memorials was taken from the castle to the manse of Clachan Dysart by the minister of the parish, Dr. Joseph MacIntyre.

[4] Portrait of Lord Duffus, in possession of the Dowager Lady Caithness: of a Highland Chief, in possession of Glengarry; of John Lord Glen Urchy, 1708, in possession of Lord de Gray; and the miniature called Sir Donald Gbramsone, in possession of the Duc de Tarentum—also the Gaelic poem, Posadh Mhac Mhic Alasdair, by Ian Lòm, circiter an. 1640.

silk,[5] named from the city where it was fabricated "Barcelona."

THE CAPTAIN OF CLANRANALD IN 1745

was the last whose plaids were of this costly material; and for his use they were manufactured in Spain according to the patterns sent from Uist. All the decorations of full dress were in proportionate splendour. The buttons were of gold or silver, frequently wrought in filigree,[6] like those now called Spanish, and often set with jewels.[7] The brooches were of silver, or richly gilt, or even of gold, and set with stones. Those of Dunnolly, Ugadell, Glenlyon, and Lochbuie still exist, and in design and elegance may rival the same ornaments fabricated by the French and English goldsmiths in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. All the belts, and even the garters of the hose, were of gold or silver lace or embroidery; hence in Gaelic poetry the Clanranald were called—

"Raonullaich nan *òr chrios Taguch*."[8]

"The MacRanalds of *gold* pistol-*belts*."

The belts are sometimes decorated with silver plates, studs, and filigree ornaments—

"'S bha 'n sgian chaol ort o'na chairdich,
Air crios caol nam *ball arigod*."[9]

"And you had a slender dirk from the forge,
On the narrow *silver studded* belt."

An elegant and highly wrought belt of this kind, and of a date as early as the last crusade, has descended in the family of Clan Chattan, and is now in possession of the chief, MacPherson of Cluny.

While the arts of dress and arms were carried to this luxury, those of domestic elegance and internal decoration were not less advanced. Even the

HARPS OF THE BARDS

were enriched with "very much silver and jewels." Buchanan declares—"Multo argento exornent et gemmis." These were foreign jewels, properly so called; for he adds—"That the poorer minstrels used crystals"—"Tenuiores pro gemmis cristallum adhibent."[10] The wrest or key of the harp was decorated with equal elegance. As late as the year 1772 there was preserved at Armidall a beautiful specimen, which had belonged to the celebrated harper Rodric-dall-Moryson, by whom it was bequeathed to Sir James MacDonald of Sleit, "eighth chief of the Sliochd Uisdein," or Clan Donald North, who died in 1678. This interesting memorial of the last of the distinguished bards was finely ornamented with silver and gold, and a precious stone, and valued at more than eighty guineas."

The houses of the chiefs exhibited an internal splendour conformable to the elegance of their minstrels. The residence of Clanranald at Ormiglade, in Uist, was furnished with gilt mouldings, French silks, mirrors, and tapestry: and eighty years ago the tatters of gilded arras hanging upon the ruined walls of the Castle of Carnasrie, once the residence of the Bishops of Argyll and the Isles, could have been seen. The furniture of Invergarrie Castle, as it was left by Lord MacDonnel and Arross, exhibited equal splendour; and in the portrait of Alasdair-ruadh of Glengarrie, at Inverie, are still represented the high-backed gilded chairs, with green damask cushions, and the pier tables with slabs of rose antique, and frames richly carved and gilt in the French style of the time of Louis XIV.

Ormiglade was burned during the absence of its chief in 1745; and in the next year the

CASTLE OF INVERGARRIE,

with all its splendid furniture, pictures, arms, and other valuables not pillaged by the soldiers, was blown up and consumed by order of the Duke of Cumberland.[11]

In their retinues and household the chiefs partook of the general magnificence of the feudal ages. Those of the west coast and Isles had each a number of "biorlinns" or galleys, adorned with silk ensigns, and the blazoned shields of the gentlemen in his following

[5] The Glengarry portrait, and another of Alasdair Grant of Strath-Aimhne, at Broom Hill, Lanarkshire.

[6] Accounts in the Cluny charter chest, and various portraits.

[7] Martin's Western Isles, 209.

[8] Sar-Obair nam bard, I. p. 122, v. viii.

[9] Oran air La Chuirn-Bhuilg. From the recitation of Gillespie Stuart of the Clann-Ailein, in the head of Strath-Aimhne.

[10] That is, the native stones now called Carn-Gorm, because those which first obtained popular notice in the low country were brought from the Carn-Gorm range of mountains, between Braemar and Strathspey. They are, however, found in various places throughout the Highlands and Isles, and the finest are from Arran.

[11] The Castle of Invergarrie had been burned in 1715, but was repaired and rendered habitable by the manager of an iron company, which had established a furnace at Loch Oich for the advantage of the extensive woods.—Letters from the North, 1-259. In 1746, the castle being blown up, much of the walls were destroyed. At this demolition Lady Glengarrie and her children were awakened in the middle of a tempestuous night, when the ground was covered with snow, and, unclothed as they arose from their beds, were expelled from the castle in the midst of the storm, through which they walked bareheaded and barefooted, until, at the distance of three miles, they found shelter in the cottage of a poor tenant. While the castle was burning, the soldiers exploded barrels of gunpowder at the roots of the principal trees; and one venerable walnut, yet surviving in the garden, exhibits deep marks of the blast by which it was rent.

suspended along the gunwale of the vessel,[12] or painted upon the bulwark, according to the general usage of the Danes, Normans, and other nations during the middle ages.

Many of the households of the principal chiefs might have vied with the abundance and splendour which appears in the accounts of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster. Each "ceann-cinnidh" entertained a numerous retinue of followers; and, besides a bard, harper, piper, and jester, a "marischal-tighe," or chamberlain, distinguished by a white wand of office, a chaplain, henchman, and a numerous petty court of cadet gentlemen, who filled the place of the knights, esquires, and yeomen of the body in the great baronial retainance of the feudal ages. Wax-lights, French and Spanish wines, and brandy, were of ordinary and abundant use in the houses of the Hebridean lords. Ian Lòm notices the use of wax tapers in the residence of the chiefs of the Clan Donald North—

"Coinnlean geala de 'n cheir
'S iad an lasadh gu geur
Urlar farsuinn mu 'n eighte 'n t-òl."[13]

"*White wax tapers*
Burning brightly,
Through the wide hall
Resounding with the feast."

Niall MacMhuirich, bard of the Clanranald, celebrates the same luxury in the house of his chief at Ormiglade, in South Uist—

"Coinnlein céire gan losgadh;
Sàr cheann-feadhna 'toirt brosnachadh ceòil duibh."[14]

"The wax tapers gleaming;
The chiefs inciting to the song."

We have also the testimony of an historian of the Clan Donald that wax was the only light used in the house of its chief. Alexander, Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross, dining in Edinburgh with the Earl of Orkney, was asked by him "what light was wont to be burned in his presence?" MacDonald turned about, and seeing Lauchlan MacLean behind him, desired the Earl to enquire at that man standing. MacLean said "there was no other light but wax burned before MacDonald."[15]

Brandy and French wines were generally drunk in the houses of the Chiefs. Ian Lòm and Neil MacMhuirich bear testimony to their abundance in the houses of Dun Tullim and Ormiglade.

"Bhiodh do ghillean mu seach
A lionadh dibhe b'fhearr blas,
Fionn Spainnteach dearg ac agus beoir."[16]

"Thy retainers by turns
Filled out the best drink,
Red Spanish wine and ale."

"Nuair a chiaradh am feasgar,
Gum biodh *branndaidh* 'ga losgadh
Fion Frangach ga chosg leibh."[17]

"When evening came,
Burned *brandy* and *French wine*
Rejoiced the feast."

The wine, and even ale, was
DRUNK OUT OF GOLDEN CUPS.
Thus the bard celebrates the good cheer in the halls of ClanRanald.

"Gheibh' a d'bhaile ma fheasgar
Cùirn is cupaichean breaca,
Piosan òir air an dealtradh
'S cha b'ann falamh a gheibht' iad."[18]

"In thy halls at evening were seen
Horns and studded cups,
The golden, gleaming, brimming cups."

The bard MacMhathian describes the same splendour in the halls of the Earl of Seaforth—

"Bidh fion is beoir le sùbhachas
Air poisaibh bùidhe oir."[19]

"There is joyous wine and ale,
In yellow golden cups."

This splendour of the Hebridean chiefs will not surprise us, when we consider that their prince, the Lord of the Isles, possessed such power and importance, that he exercised the style and authority of "Rex Insularum,"[20] treated with the monarchs of England as a provincial sovereign, received subsidies for the maintenance of war, and was flattered by various governments with the royal compliment of "rich apparel, furs, and cloth of gold and silver," customary in the ceremonial donations presented to great peers and courtiers upon occasions of state.

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[12] Moladh Bhiorlinn Chlann-Raonuill. From the recitation of Allan Dall, bard to Glengarrie.

[13] Marbhrann do Shir Sheumas MacDhiomhnuill Sleibhte, Le Ian Lòm. Sar-Obair, I. 48, ver. 12.

[14] Oran do Mhac Mhic Ailein, le Niall MacMhuirich. Sar-Obair nam Bard, I. 65, ver. 6.

[15] History of the MacDonalds. M.S. Gregory Collections. Col. Reb. Afb.,,306.

[16] Marbhrann do Shir Seumas MacDonnuil, Sleibhte, le Ian Lòm. Sar-Obair, I. 48, ver. 13.

[17] Oran do MacMhic Ailein, le Niall MacMhuirich. Sar-Obair, I. 65, ver. 6.

[18] Marbhrann Mhic ic Ailean, killed in 1715 at Sherramuir. Sar-Obair, I. 66, ver. 9.

[19] Sar-Obair, &c., I. p. 76, v. 9.

[20] MacFarlane's Geographical Collections.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON, at their Meeting on 16th November, passed the following Resolution on the motion of Mr. A. M'K. Livingstone:—"The Gaelic Society of London views with indignation the tyrannical measures adopted by the Government to crush the Gaelic language in Ireland, and strongly protests against the disgraceful conduct of the Irish authorities in their administrative methods. It calls upon all Scottish Gaelic Societies to take immediate action in this matter, and meanwhile this Society tenders its sympathy and thanks to those Irish Gaels who still continue to use their native language at the cost of imprisonment and various other penalties."

STORIES OF HIGHLAND POACHERS.

The Witch of Ben-y-Gloe.

(Continued from page 20).

In the year 1773, two poachers set forth from the Braemar country in quest of deer; the weather had been lowering for some time, and when they arrived at Tarff Side, they were overtaken by a snow storm; it was not, however, severe, and when it cleared up, the wind being north, they soon got a parcel of deer out of the forest of Atholl; these made a long start, as they always do when the wind is in that quarter; thus the men had them quite away from the preserved part of the forest, aud in a situation where they were not likely to be interfered with.

After considerable manœuvering, which occupied the greater part of the day, they wounded a hind, and traced her a long distance by her blood-drops in the snow, In the meantime, as the day drew near a close, the wind rose, and the snow-blast returned with greater violence; and having been intent on following the traces of the wounded deer, they had wandered about till they were completely lost. In this condition they heaped up a few stones and turfs, and having their plaids, and some oat-cakes and whiskey with them, passed the night without any very serious inconvenience.

The dawn brought no alleviation to their anxiety; the winds howled, and the snow fell, so that no outline of mountain or landmark could be seen. It was now no longer a question of killing deer, but of saving their lives. The wind, which continued north, was their only guide, and by turning their back upon it, they avoided the brunt of the storm, and had hopes of reaching Glen Tilt or the Strath of the Tay. The snow had drifted in such masses, that they were unable to pursue any decided line, and it was so deep in all places where the wind had not acted upon it, that their advance was very slow and laborious.

The small stock of provisions which they took out with them was exhausted; the wind got more into the east—a change they were not aware of—so that in turning their backs upon it, they travelled towards the west instead of towards the south, as they fancied they were doing.

At length, when night was setting in, they saw a deep and unknown glen of joyless aspect before them; they descended into it, to avoid the bleak winds of the summits, and had proposed to put up a few stones and turfs for shelter during the dark hours. Whilst they were looking for a convenient spot, to their great relief they discovered a shieling, deserted, as they imagined, as buildings in such remote places usually are in the winter. What, then, was their surprise, when, upon approaching the door, it was at once opened, even without their knocking. A woman presented herself, of a wild and haggard aspect; told them she had been expecting them, and that their supper and beds were ready. Even so they found it—the pot was boiling, and bannocks and oat-cake were placed upon the table, and also two plates, for the expected guests. There was something so extraordinary about this old woman, that it operated as a sort of fascination, and the men's eyes were continually turned upon her. She had large features, long lank hair, and small grey eyes, deeply sunk, and conveying a striking expression of vice and cunning; she halted on one leg and chaunted a wild song, in an unknown language, while she was pouring out the kail.

Tired and exhausted as the men were, the whole thing appeared to their superstitious imaginations so much like witchcraft, that, although half famished, they could scarcely bring themselves to eat. Fear came upon them, when she waved her long sinewy arms, and darkly hinted that she had power over the winds and the storm, muttering at intervals some unintelligible sentences; then at once holding up a rope, with three knots tied in it: "If," quoth she, "I lowse the first, there shall blaw a fair wind, such as the deer stalker may wish; if I lowse the second, a stronger blast shall sweep o'er the hills; and if I lowse the third, sic a storm will break out, as neither man nor beast can thole; and the blast shall yowl down the corries and the glens, and the pines shall fa' crashin' into the torrents, and this bare arm shall guide the course o' the storm, as I sit on my throne of Cairn-Gower, on the tap of Ben-y-Gloe. Weel did ye ken my po'er, when the wind was cauld and deidly, and all was dimmed in snaw,—and ye see that ye was expectit here, and ye hae brought na venison; but if ye mean to thrive, ye maun place a fat hart, or a yeld hind in the braes of Atholl, by Fraser's cairn, at midnight, the first Monday in every month, while the season lasts, —the laird's ghaist will no meddle wi' it. If ye neglect this my bidding, foul will befall ye, and the fate of Walter of Rhuairm shall o'ertake ye; ye shall surely perish on the waste; the raven shall croak your dirge; and your banes shall be pickit by the eagle."

Awed, superstitious, and depressed as they were by fatigue, the poachers were not backward in giving the promise, though it is not very probable that they ever performed it.

They passed the night in deep sleep, and it was late before they rose from their beds of heather, when they asserted that their hostess had vanished.

The snow storm having ceased, they found their way into the track which led to Blair, and got into the Strath of the Tay. This is supposed to have been the last time that the Witch of Ben-y-gloe held converse with the mortal man; but those who were less given to superstition believed that the woman had been expecting her own friends, who were probably also poachers detained by the storm, and that she had made use of the above artifices in order to obtain venison.

CULLODEN.

THE pibroch was heard sounding far thro' the glen,
And fast to its summons were gathered our men,
With claymores and targes a hundred times ten,
To follow their chief and Prince Charlie.

Oh! sorrow and sadness around us then lay,
Oh! many tears fell in the dawn of that day,
When from their dear mountains our lads marched away
To fight for their chief and Prince Charlie.

I sighed when my love kissed me fondly that morn,
I felt that my heart from my bosom was torn,
Ah! little I thought he would never return
To tell of his chief and Prince Charlie.

Joy fled from our glen once so happy and fair,
And mothers and maidens no comfort found there,
They cried night and day in their grief and despair,
Ochone! for our chief and Prince Charlie.

No more shall the pibroch be heard in our glen,
No more shall be gathered our lads and our men,
No more shall they tread o'er the heather agen,
Or follow their chief and Prince Charlie.

Culloden! Culloden! around thee shall dwell
The silence of sorrow and love's dearest spell,
The heath shall be sacred to heroes who fell
For Scotland and Bonnie Prince Charlie.

THE WAYFARER.

LIKE a poor wayfarer, bereft of all,
I totter on my journey faint and worn;
Ofttimes I stumble, oftentimes I fall,
Clothed in sad garments, travel-stained and torn.

My path is strewn with the dead flowers of joy,
Which breathe faint fragrance from their petals pale;
Flowers that once bloomed, unknowing grief's alloy—
Untouched by scorching heat or wintry gale.

But now they lie, bestrewing all my way,
Dead, like the dead heart in my breast that lies;
For dead it seems, scarcely more live than they,
Still yearning, aching, as hope slowly dies.

Far in the west I see the sunset glow—
Crimson and gold, faint amethyst and blue;
Then slowly fade, and slowly, slowly go, [you!
Like the bright dreams that came and went—with

M. T. MACGREGOR.

ROLL OF THE PRINCIPAL HOUSEHOLDS OF THE CLANS.

THE following is a roll of the principal officers and attendants in the household of the great chiefs. Of these many were hereditary, and the greater number held lands by the tenure of their service. If not in all, in various instances, the heritable fees were conveyed by charter from the chiefs, of which Martin declares that he had seen some "fairly written upon good parchment." The last who maintained the full establishment of the old feudal retainance was Ian Breac, fifteenth chief of the "Siol Tormoid," or MacLeods of Harris, who died in 1649.

ARD GHILLEAN NA TIGHE.—Gentlemen of the House, answerable to the "gentlemen of the retainance" in the great feudal baronies of Europe. By an ordinance of the Privy Council, in 1616, those of the Island Lords were limited to the following numbers:—MacLean of Duart, who had become a Protestant, and was less doubtful to the government than the MacDonalds, *eight*. MacLeod of Harris and MacDonald of Ilantirum, *six* each. The inferior chieftains, Lochbui, Coll, and Mackinnon, *three* each. Record of the Privy Council, 26th July 1616. In the retinues of the high chiefs, the 'gentlemen of the household' were generally maintained as late as 1726.—Burt's Letters from the North. 8vo. Lond. 1820. II. 144.

AM BARD.—The bard. Generally hereditary, as in the family of MacGille-Riabhich, bards to the Clan Donald North, who, by the tenure of their office, held the land of Baille Mhic Gille-Riabhich in Trotternish.—Rep. Com. High. Soc. App. p. 47. And the MacMhuirichs, who, by the same tenure, held the farm of Staoiligarie, and four penny land of Drimisdale in South Uist.—Rep. Com. High. Soc. App. p. 275.

AN SEANACHAIDH or AN T-AOSDANA.—The historian and orator. At table he sat among the nobles and chiefs of families, and took place before doctors of physic. His office was to keep the Red Book or Clan Register, enter its records, genealogies, and family history; pronounce the addresses of ceremony in public convocations, and the birthday, inauguration, and funeral orations, at the christening, installation, and burial of the chief.—Martin's Western Isles, pp. 102, 115, 241. The remains of this feudal office, descending from the Saxons, Franks, and Germans, is still maintained in courts, in the person of the laureate, and the recitation of the birthday ode.

AN CLARSAIR.—The harper. Generally hereditary. Thus the farm formerly held by the harpers of the MacLeans of Torloisk, in Mull, still retains the name of their tenure — "Fàinne-mòr-nan-Clàrsair" — the circle or inclosure—*i.e.*, field of the harpers. In Castle Lochlan is still shown the harper's gallery; and in the ruins of Dun Tullim, "the harper's window." — Gunn's Hist. Harp., p. 47.

AM MARISCHAL-TIGHE.—The seneschal. In every great household there were two, the principal of whom was well versed in the genealogies and precedences of all the clans, and at table he assigned to each guest his place, by touching the appointed seat with his white wand of office.—Martin's Isles, 108. The marischal-tighe of the Lord of the Isles was a gentleman of family. In 1463, the office was held by Ewin, son to MacLean, ceanntighe or cadet chief to the MacLeans of Ardgour.—Register of the Great Seal, VI. 67.

AM FEAR SPORAIN.—The treasurer. This officer had an "hereditary right to his office, and had a town-land for his service. Some of these rights I have seen fairly written on good parchment."—Martin's Western Isles, p. 108.

AM FEAR BRATAICH.—The standard-bearer. Hereditary. Some of the families who held this office are yet in existence, as that of Fraser of Boblainie, standard-bearers to the Lords of Lovat, chiefs of the Clan Fraser, and who by their service held the farm of Boblainie in the Aird; and the MacPhersons in Balnagoan, standard-bearers to Cluny MacPherson, chief of the Clan Chattan. The head of this family who bore the clan standard in 1745 was named "Paul na Bratach," Paul of the Standard, and in 1840 his nearest representatives were Angus M'Pherson in Drimnagask and his son Archibald, who served with his chief in the Forty-second regiment, and carried the original clan standard of 1745 at the festival given by the district of Badenoch to the Duke of Gordon in 1835.

AM PIOBAIRE.—The piper. Hereditary, as in the family of MacRimmon, for many generations pipers to the MacLeods of Harris, and the MacNeils, who held the same place under the MacLeans of Duart.

AN GILLE MÒR; also called the "GALLOGLACH." The sword or armour-bearer—whose office was to carry the "clogaid" or helmet, and the "claidh-da-laimh" or two-handed sword for the chief. He attended the person of his master night and day, was chosen for his strength and courage, and received a double allowance of provisions.—Martin, p. 104.

The HENCHMAN.—A page in continual attendance upon his master, who stood behind his chair at meals fully armed, and, if the peace of the occasion was doubtful, with his pistols loaded. Instances of the armed attendance of this follower as late as 1726 are given by Captain Burt.—Letters from the North, II. 143. The service of the henchman was common to most, if not all the nations of Europe in the middle ages. His Anglo-Saxon name has been derived from various and unsatisfactory sources. Skinner refers it to "*hine*," a servant, and "*man*," and Spellman supposes it from "*hengst*," a horse, and "*man*." But all male attendants were called "serving-men," and the office of the henchman was in no respect characterised by an equestrian service. Whatever was the etymology, however, the name signified a page or immediate attendant on the person of his master. Hence it is defined by Palsgrave—"Paige d'honnevr, enfant d'honnevr"; and in great households where there were many, they had a master called "Meyster of the Henchmen, esever des paiges d'honnevr."—L'eclaircissement de la Lang Françoyse. Fol. Lond. 1530. B. III., ff. 39, b. 47, b. In England, the service of henchman was continued at least as late as the sixteenth century; for at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, Henry VIII. was attended by nine of these officers, splendidly attired.—Hall. Chron. 4to. Lond. 1809, p. 609.

AN LUCHD-TIGHE.—The body-guard. These were all young gentlemen, chosen from the finest youths of the clan, and each had one or more attendants of his own, according to his capacity. They were all well trained in the use of the sword, the target, and the bow, in wrestling, swimming, leaping, and dancing; and those of the sea-coast and Isles, in the sounding and navigation of the north and west, and the management of the biorlinns or galleys. The luchd-tighe always attended the chief when he went abroad; and, when his residence was in an island of a lake, they had a barrack and guard-house on the mainland for keeping the access to the castle. Those of the Lords of the Isles are noticed by Martin in his description of the Castle of Finlagan, which was situated on an island in a lake of the same name in Isla. "His guards de corps, called luchd-teach, kept guard on the loch side nearest to the isle. The walls of their houses are still to be seen there."—Western Isles, pp. 103, 240.

AM FEAR-FARDAICHE,—The quartermaster. His service was to provide lodgings for all attendants, both at home and abroad. He held no lands by his service, but had a duty off the hides of all the cows killed at the principal festivals, or in a creach or foray.—Martin, p. 103.

AN CUPAIRE.—The cup-bearer. Of this office there were several individuals, according to the importance of the household. The principal first tasted the contents of the cup before it was carried round the board. His office was hereditary, and by its service he held land granted in charter from the chief. Martin, pp. 106, 108.

AN GOCHDMUEN.—The gok-man, *i. e.* cockman or warder. From "cuk" or cock, a watchman.—Blind Minst., Wallace, XI. 1001. Martin's West. Isl. pp. 91. 103. Statist. Acc. Scot. 8vo. Edin. 1794. X. 375.

AM FORSAIR.—The forester. He held by his service a croft and grazing in the forest, and was entitled to claim the hunting dress and weapons of the chief when he returned home from hunting.—Martin. p. 107. This right, like many ancient feudal perquisites in other countries, was only a scale of value, and was compounded by a fee in meal or money.

AN GILLE-CAS-FLIUCH.—A follower answerable in rank to the "yeoman" of an esquire or knight in the services of other countries. His duty was to carry the chief over the fords when he travelled on foot.

AN GILLIE-COMHREANG.—The guide. A follower of the same rank, who at dangerous precipices led the chief's horse by a long rein.

AN GILLE-TRUS-AN-AIRNEIS.—The baggage man, who had charge of the sumpter-horses.

AN GILLIE CHLARSAIRE.—The harper's servant. As in other countries of the middle ages, the ministrel was attended by a lad who carried his harp.

"'San dorus chòlaich e Bard aosda
'S e'g aomadh air fuigheall luirge;
* * * * *
—Air a chulaobh, a'giulan a chlàrsaich,
Bha ògan ànrach, athach."—*Sean Dana*, p. 144.

"Before the gate a grey and aged bard
Lean'd upon his staff.
* * * * *
Behind, bearing his harp,
There was a sad and gentle youth.

GILLE 'PHIOBAIRE.—The piper's servant, who carried the pipes, presented them to the piper when he was to play, and received them when he had concluded his performance —Letters from the North, II. p. 144. This attendant was only attached to the pipers of the first rank, such as the MacRimmons, pipers to the Macleods of Harris; neither must these be confounded with performers of inferior class. The first were persons of liberal education, composers, and often poets of the highest merit, who held colleges of pipe music, and bore the same comparison to an ordinary piper, as now exists between Puzzi and a regimental trumpeter. Of the rank of the superior pipers and composers, estimation may be formed by those capable of reading the beautiful compositions of the Piobar-dall, John Mackay. Sar-Obair nam Bard. Vol. I. pp. 96, 99.

AN CLEASAICHE.—The fool, or jester. The last instance, in the Highlands, of this extraordinary appendage to the retinue of the great, once common to all Europe, was in the household of Ian Breac, chief of the MacLeods of Harris.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Annual General Meeting was held in Edinburgh on 16th November, Mr. L. M. Mackay, President, in the Chair. There was a large attendance. The Secretary's Report showed that the past Session had been a most successful one, the Society being now established on such a firm basis that the interest of its invested funds would alone, apart from membership subscriptions, provide a Bursary of £20 per annum, meet all charitable disbursements, and cover the usual general expenses. Mr. James R. Mackay, C.A., Treasurer, reported that the Society's funds amounted to £1494, all well invested. Both officials were heartily thanked for their valuable services. The following Office-Bearers were then elected:—President, John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow (who had acted as Honorary Secretary since he started the Society sixteen years ago); Vice-Presidents, Provost A. Y. Mackay, Grangemouth, John Mackay, S.S.C., and L. M. Mackay, Edinburgh; and William Mackay, Writer, George Mackay, and A. L. Mackay, Glasgow; Secretary, David N. Mackay, Writer, 141 Bath Street; Edinburgh Secretary, Chas. G. Mackay, C.A., York Place; Treasurer, Jas. R. Mackay, C.A., 219 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow; Assistant Treasurer, William Mackay, 30 Roseburn Street, Edinburgh; Educational Secretary, William Mackay, Writer, 35 Bath Street, Glasgow; also 24 Councillors. **The Annual Social Gathering** will take place in the Queen's Rooms, Glasgow, on Friday, 26th January, Lord Reay, G.C.I.E., G.C.S.I., D.C.L., Chief of the Clan, in the Chair. A Dinner in honour of the Chief will be held in one of the principal hotels on the afternoon of the same day, at which a large gathering of clansfolk and friends from all parts of the kingdom is expected. Those who intend taking part in this interesting Re-union of the Clan are requested to communicate with the President or Secretary at above addresses, as soon as possible. The Mackays intend sparing no effort or expense in making this Festival in honour of their distinguished Chief a memorable one in the history of the Society.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following spirited song in praise of the 42nd Highlanders or "Black Watch," was composed towards the close of the eighteenth century, by the Rev. Robert Macgregor, a native of Perthshire, at one time Schoolmaster in Dull, and afterwards minister in Skye. Mr. Macgregor was born in 1767, and was licenced to preach in 1798. He was inducted into the pastoral charge of the parish of Kilmuir, Skye, in 1822, where he died in 1846. His son was also minister of Kilmuir, and latterly in the West Church, Inverness. The author of this song composed several other songs of considerable merit, while his son contributed largely to "Cuairtear nan Gleann" and "The Gael," over such signatures as "Sgiathanach" and "Alasdair Ruadh."

It is said that the song now submitted formed the basis of the well-known song, "The Garb of Old Gaul," usually attributed to Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Erskine, Bart., M.P. Colonel Stewart of Garth in his "Sketches of the Highlanders," 1820, says—The words of "The Garb of Old Gaul" were originally composed in Gaelic, and the officers had all assisted in translating it."

The Gaelic words now submitted, appeared in Turner's Collection of Gaelic Poetry, 1813, where the author is described as "Maighstir-sgoil an Dul, Apuinn a Mheinnearaich."

ANNETTA C. WHYTE.

BUAIDH LEIS NA SEOID.

(Success to the Lads.)

Key G. *Marcato.*

: s_l., l_l	d : d., l_l	d : d., r	m : m., s	m
Faigheadh	cliù o gach	rann-fhear, Gu	ceolmhor's gu	binn,
: r., m	d : d., r	d : m., r	d : m., f	s
An	Dubh-Fhreiceadan	Gaidhealach, A	dh'àraich na	glinn—
: m., f	s : s., l	s : f., m	f : m., r	s
Cuimir,	fuasgailteach,	fìnealt,' Is	slàinteil 'sa	chom;
: s., m	d : d., r	m : s., m	r : r., m	r
Fearail,	ceannsgalach,	cruadalach,	treun agus	trom;

Coda to each Verse:

: d., l_l	s_l : s_l., l_l	d ‖
Gu'n robh	buaidh leis na	seòid!

'S gu'n robh buaidh leis na seōid
Ghuineach, gharg, agus bheo,
Chaidh do bhuillsgein nam Frangach
Mar ghaoith dol 's a cheō;
Is nach d' fheuch fhathast cūl
Do neach riabh nach robh leō,
Oir cha striochd sliochd nan Garbh-chrioch
Is annta an deō,
Gu'n robh buaidh leis na seōid!

'Smath thig breacan-an-fhēilidh
Gu leir do na suinn
Osain gheārr air na calbannaibh
Dōmhail, geal criunn;
Agus iteagan dorch
Air slios gorm-uidheam cheann,
Sud an t-ēideadh 's a bhlàr
Achur nuaimhdean na'n deann.
Gu'n roch buaidh leis na seōid!

'Sceart a labhras iad cānain
Na h-Alba o chian,
Mar a bha i aig Fionn
Is aig Oisein gu dian
Cha do ghluais chum na tuasaid,
'S a chaoidh iad cha ghluais
Gun am bolg-fheadan mheur-thollach
Fuaimneach 'nan cluais.
Gu'n robh buaidh leis na seōid!

'S iomadh deuchainn a fhuair
Na fir ardanach bhras',
O'n nach geileadh dhiu lamh
'S o' nach tionndadh dhiu cas
'S o' nach feudadh gu'n caochladh
An dualchas no'n cleachd
Leis an d' fhagadh gun samhladh
An sinnsir 's a ghleachd.
Gu'n robh buaidh leis na seōid!

Mar a bhlāth-mhaduinn shamhraidh
Iad ciuin ann an sith;
Ach mar gheamhradh nam beann aca
Searbh ann an strith;
Sgaitheach, gruamach a luithreadh
Nam naimhdean le feirg,
Gu'n cas-ruagadh 's ga'n sguabadh
A araichibh dearg.
Gu'n robh bruaidh leis na seōid!

CHIEFTAINSHIP AND THE CLANS.

By Wm. J. Thomas.

(Continued from page 19.)

GRADUALLY the Chief learned to employ his social position as a means to affluence and sovereign power. Relying on the fidelity of his immediate retainers and secure in the loyalty of the servile classes dependent upon him, he had nothing to overcome save the prejudices of the tribe, which alone constituted a formidable rival. Each day, therefore, saw the lessening of the authority of the tribe; each day marked the curtailment of its legislative powers. It had thus become a short step to imperial rule, and once firmly seated in such exalted state, engirt with the emblems of law and sacred majesty, it was far from likely to find that the quondam chief would endeavour to subvert, as much as possible,

THE TANIST'S ANCIENT RIGHT

to the succession, and substitute instead a royalty, hereditary only in the direct line of descent.

His attempts, however, to control the succession, and thereby undermine the most valuable right of the tribe or tribes who owned his sway, proved in the majority of cases, abortive, and the resulting failure by effecting a reaction, created an unquenchable animosity between the aristocratic and democratic factions, which finally led as in Greece, Rome, or ancient Scandinavia, to the overthrow of the absolute monarchies, and the reintroduction of the popular methods of government.

Especially among such races of Europe or America, whose savagery may be said to have been equalled by their strong animal-love of liberty, royalty—in the modern acceptation of the term—had little chance of continued popularity or even of existing for any length of time. But where the elective right was not rigidly enforced, the "Tyranny" that had once decorated the annals of Greece and Rome, and for a brief space had influenced their politics, was certain to display all its Tarquinian or Pisistratian characteristics anew. Its development in Gaul, for example, followed the same path as its predecessors in other countries had done. Tolerated doubtless while it was a sort of novelty, it was too apt by its very excesses to raise the

REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT OF THE CELTS

if they saw their common rights violated, their cherished traditions forgotten or ignored. Hence the aristocratic type of government was not such as could commend itself to the eyes of the people at large, or influence to any appreciable extent the customs, legislative procedure or social institutions engendered by long-standing usage. Its nature was too evanescent to leave a permanent mark, too arbitrary in principle to evoke universal regard or approbation, while often its tenure was purely local, founded on the feeble understructure of the local hierarchy and landed aristocracy.

The non-elective monarchy, therefore, among the Gauls who preferred independence to subjection, was rendered temporary and insecure; so much so, that when Cæsar arrived, he found the system of government in many places similar to that of his own country, and that the once extensive Gaulish monarchies had crumbled away, vanished into the shadows of the past

> "Like an unsubstantial pageant faded
> Leave not a rack behind."

And absolutism had perished with their fall.

With some tribes as the Suessiones, Sequani, Atrebates, Eburones, Carnutes, Senones or Nitiobriges, the monarchy kept tenacious hold, but the rule was invariably made subservient to the will and authority of

THE JURIDICAL BODY

in the tribe. Other tribes, again, of more avowed republican principles, had an annually-elected magistrate who occupied the regal chair and fulfilled the duties of a Pontiff-King. *The appointment, however, of this supreme magistrate, it is to be noted, partook of a religious rather than secular nature. At the solemn conclave in Gaul, which met within the confines of the Carnutes, he was chosen by the Druids and styled "Vergobret"; by the Mexicans, "Chihua-Cohuatl"; by the Zapotecs, "Weyetao"; chosen by the Sioux Indians in their sacred grove; by the Italians in the Arician grove; and finally by the ancient Irish at the Feast of Tara, where the prehistoric "Ardrigh" was annually elected.

Tracing back the history of this individual into times still more remote and barbarous, we find that originally his selection was solely in accordance with the world-wide superstitions of the agricultural Neolithic races by whom he was honoured as of divine birth, to become the annual corn-victim and thereby ensure the fertility of the soil. Such is the earliest known type of

THE NEOLITHIC CHIEFTAIN.

During his short tenure of office, he was given full licence to act as he pleased, and everywhere was bound to receive the homage and respect

* It was also customary among the Neolithic Fir-Bolgs of Ireland to elect such a magistrate with plenipotentiary powers, and the office was evidently held only for the space of one year. They were said to be the first who introduced this magistracy—"Primi [qui] regium magistratum in Hibernia instituerant." (O' Flah. 'Ogygia.' pp. 172.

due to one whose self-sacrifice at the ensuing orgiastic, agricultural Beltane festival, was to supply his people with a tutelary deity. His body and blood would, as a sacrament, serve to fertilise the lands of his tribe, while his guardian-spirit would continue to watch over the welfare of the community, and promote the increase of the flocks and herds. This species of

HUMAN SACRIFICE,

practised all over the world, remained in Britain long after the custom had died out elsewhere. To a late date it remained with the Irish as well as with the Scotch and Welsh Highlanders; nor had it disappeared entirely from the English Village Communities, although time had brought about a distinct change in the custom. "The Irish had no proper king," is the brief statement in the Adventures of Columba's Clerics, "but what the clans used to do was to kill their sovereign" (Rev. Celt. xxvi). Afterwards we find that the dethronement of the annually-elected king was considered sufficient punishment for causing the infertility of the soil, and consequent famine. "For a year after that was he in the kingship of Tara, and no grass came through ground nor leaf through trees, nor grain into corn. Then the men of Ireland rejected him from his kingship, because he was thus a false prince."—Mag. Mucrime § 66 (Rev. Celt. xiii.) In like manner

KING SAUL

would doubtless have met the same fate at the hands of the Israelites had he not offered up his seven sons as a sacrifice to avert the famine in the land (2 Sam. xxxi. 9).

Such then, in brief is the origin of the Vergobret's office—an office which, founded on the "bés-atharda" or patriarchal usages of the pre-Aryan races, saw the downfall of many an Aryan form of government, and survived even the disastrous effects of the French Revolution.

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT IS THE CORRECT HIGHLAND DRESS?

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
U.S.A., *18th October, 1905.*

DEAR SIR,—Some time ago I wrote to the *People's Journal* seeking information from the best authorities as to the correct Highland costume. The *Journal* kindly offered a prize for the best answer to the queries asked. This was intended to settle many controversies and arguments here on this much disputed question. In one of the papers sent me, I notice that the prize was awarded to your friend, Mr. Henry Whyte (*Fionn*) whose answer (published in our September issue—*Ed.*), covered most of the points in dispute, but the description was of armed Highlanders of the 17th century, whereas my question was—how should a Highland *civilian* gentleman (*not military*) in these *modern days* be attired when in *full Highland Costume*? The point about which I was most particular remained unanswered, viz., the style of jacket, tunic, or doublet, should it be open at front, or buttoned up to the throat? I maintain that the buttoned up form is military, and should not be used by a civilian. Also the style of plaid. Is it not the case that the short shoulder plaid is more correct, and more in keeping with the style that was originally worn, than the ordinary long plaid, with the sweeping tails flying from the shoulder, which is a later innovation, and not considered correct dress for a gentleman. What are the ornaments or adornments suitable to be worn at the present time? Are not many of them obsolete, such as pistols, powder-horn, and claymore for instance? They are not required now. I think it is the case that the present day Highland civilian gentleman, when attired in the garb of the Gael, dresses simply with kilt and short plaid of his proper tartan, sporran, open velvet or other cloth doublet and vest, *broad bonnet* (not Glengarry) with perhaps dirk, sgian dubh, and buckled shoes. Is it not a fact that competitions for the "best dressed Highlander" are dying out, and that where such are held only professional competitors who are attired with the usual parapharnelia, take part? Of course I may be wrong in all these matters, and if so, I would like to be corrected, as I am a seeker after information. I would be pleased if you mention these things to *Fionn*, who perhaps may give a short reply through the columns of the *Celtic* or a personal letter. Now that the days of clan feuds and warfare are over, I want to know what is proper Highland Dress? With best wishes for the continued success of your magazine, I am, etc.,

JAMES SINCLAIR.

A SONG OF LOVE.

O! SILENT star that shines above,
And calmly sheds thy tender beams,
Tell me if there is aught of love
Abiding in thy golden dreams?
O! silvery stream that speeds along,
With merry laugh and joyous glee,
If there is love within thy song
O! speak, O! whisper it to me.
O! whisper it to me.

Had every gentle stream a voice,
And every distant star a tongue,
One song of love would be their choice,
And would for evermore be sung;
My heart is like this murmuring stream,
Or yon bright, silent star above,
And this alone its constant theme,
For thee! for thee! is all its love,
For thee is all its love.

No more shall golden dreams be mine,
And bring me sunny days of bliss,
No more shall hope and joy entwine
Around my heart their happiness;
Farewell! farewell! and when we part
O! let the past from memory fade,
With tears I ask, where'er thou art,
Forget the lonely gipsy maid,
The lonely gipsy maid.

P. W. J. MACKENZIE, J.P.

The Celtic Monthly:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

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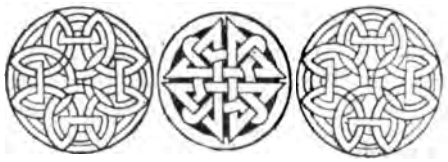

P. W. J. MACKENZIE, J.P.,
President, Dover and East Kent Scottish Society.

THE subject of the following sketch was born at Birmingham on April 6th, 1852. He is a son of the late Rev. Dr. Mackenzie who was Chaplain to the late Duchess of Gordon, and latterly, for 27 years, Presbyterian Minister in Birmingham. His mother was the fourth daughter of Dr. Christie of Huntly, who was Physician to the Duchess of Gordon. He is also a brother of the late Sir Alexander Mackenzie, K.C.S.I., Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. Mr. Mackenzie was intended for the Medical Profession, but ill health in early life compelled him to give up his studies, so he entered commercial life. He is sole proprietor of the firm of Souter, Mackenzie & Co., "Crystal" Mineral Water Manufacturer, and has large factories in Dover, Folkestone, and Deal. In 1892 he entered the Dover Town Council for the Pier Ward, and for 12 years was most punctual at all council and committee meetings, being ever active in promoting a forward policy for the town of his adoption.

In the same year (1892) Mr. Mackenzie, having been for two years Vice-President of the Dover and East Kent Scottish Society, was elected President, succeeding Col. T. B. Stewart, who had gone on foreign service. He has been unanimously re-elected every year. Under his guidance the Society has prospered greatly, and the membership has been doubled. He is held in the greatest esteem by the committee and members, who admire his tact, energy, and real good-heartedness, and are ever ready to acknowledge that his greatest sympathies are bound up with the welfare of the Society. The committee meetings are unfailing sources of real pleasure when he takes the presidential chair, which is almost always. They are no dry formal business meetings, mixed with a little wrangling, like some committees', but are always bright, united and happy; the business is put through with despatch, the Hon. Secretary's books are shut up, the piano is opened and the President knows when to call for "the Auld Scotch Sangs in the braid old Scottish tongue"; then is the time to see him really happy, surrounded by his faithful brither Scots, who, though in exile, are anything but unhappy.

At the Annual Dinner on St. Andrew's day, he always presides over a large and most distinguished company, and this festival (now the 19th) becomes more and more a notable institution in Dover, not only for Scotsmen, but for many of our English friends who come as our guests. At the recent Festival held on 30th November, over which Mr. Mackenzie presided, no fewer than 116 gentlemen sat down to dinner, after which the evening was devoted to music and oratory, the whole proceedings proving most enjoyable to all present.

Mr. Mackenzie has been for several years a Guardian of the Poor. He was founder of the Kent and Sussex Mineral Water Manufacturers' Association, and Director of the National Union of Mineral Water Manufacturers. Altogether, he leads a most busy life, but still finds time for recreation and the company of his chosen friends. Mr. Mackenzie is married and has four sons and one daughter. The eldest son got his commission on the field in South Africa, and is now serving his King and country in India. Long may our worthy President live to enjoy the love of his family, and the esteem of his many friends, both Scottish and English!

Dover, THOMAS WATSON,

EALIE MARTIN.

A Story of a Skye Clearance.

By Chas. Mackinnon, Transvaal.

(*Continued from page 23.*)

XI.

Martin's croft rose in gentle ascent from the house where it stood by the roadside to the heathy uplands demarked from it by a drystone dyke. Ere quite reaching the dyke the incline of the ground dropped at one corner into a small plateau. Half round this bit of level curved a natural rampart of rock and loose boulders transforming part of it into a recess secluded from the observation of the denizen quarter of the township.

In this recess, shortly after seven, Ealie sat on a low stool milking a solitary cow. She was attired in a "wrapper" of common print; to the eye none other could have been in such perfect keeping with her occupation and surroundings. The sleeves, tucked up almost to the elbows, displayed arms white and with a suggestion of plumpness, and fascinating in their mould. Her face was in exquisite colour. Stray whisps of hair floated pertinaciously about her ears and neck as she bent over her work. She was softly crooning a haunting Gaelic melody.

The dyke behind her was leapt by someone. Footsteps sounded in the rushes.

Ealie affected not to hear. Inwardly she was in a flutter.

By chance or design the milking ended at that same moment. She undid the gyve that held the cow, and with a pressure of fingers intimated to the animal that she was free to go. When Ealie rose up Norman Mackintosh was standing beside her.

"Oh Ealie! How can I show you my gratitude for coming?"

He was pulsing somewhat, for his walk had been a hurried one; and the excitement of the long yearned for meeting was unbalancing.

"I didn't come," Ealie said in half serious, half mock repudiation of what he implied. "I had to be here in any case."

"That is all I wanted."

"But I *had* to be here, no matter whether anybody wanted it or not."

"Well, well;—never mind. You *are* here and that's the main thing."

His arm was round her. Decorum bade her free herself, and she tried to do so, but without any great exertion of energy. Their faces were close together. From the pail at their feet the strong, rich savour of new warm milk ascended to their nostrils, blending itself subtly with the sensations of the moment, so that in after days that odour was indissolubly intermingled with the scene in the recollection of both.

"Ealie, do you love me?"

Ealie dropped her eyes. After a pause she acknowledged, with great shyness, that she did.

"And you will remain true to me, Ealie?"

Like a ray of sunshine darting through a mist, a perception of their relative positions came to Ealie.

"That question ought to be mine to ask if—if you love me. Do you?

"With all my heart and soul, love. I am yours till death: I swear it. And you are mine, love. Say again that you are mine."

His embrace became closer.

"But Ealie, dear, things are against us just now—very much against us, I fear."

Although she devined the answer, she inquired, in what way?

"My father, I know, will never permit our union," he replied. "But we won't let that disturb us. If he proves recalcitrant and casts us off, we'll go into the world together and battle for our livelihood. Are you prepared to do that, Ealie?

Ealie affirmed that with him she was ready to face whatever fortune might have in store.

There's more—and worse. It's almost a certainty that I am going to this war."

The girl involuntarily clung a little closer to him."

"I don't know when the call may come:—any moment. It cannot be evaded even had I the wish. So we can do nothing in the face of it, except be faithful to each other until I come back."

"Oh Norman . . . Until you come back."

Ealie sobbed a little on his shoulder.

He raised her face and kissed her passionately,

"Ealie," he continued after a while, "I have brought my mother's ring. I place it on your finger so. But that's while we are here. When I go you will wear it next your heart. Its pressure will always remind you of me: you cannot guess what pleasure it will give me to know that I am never far absent from your thoughts.

"Oh Norman?"

"As for me I can hardly require a symbol of that nature: my love for you is imperishable."

"But so is mine. I would rather, much rather, you took back the ring if you have any doubt of it," she murmured.

Norman laughed. He felt he could afford it in the confident security of his happiness.

"Now that you mention it, I shall certainly

take a ring. Not the ring I gave? that is irreclaimable. A ring of these dear tresses I must divest you of in exchange."

At length, Ealie said that she must go. "Father may be wondering."

Darkness had by this time gradually crept on. Norman took up the milk pail and the two walked slowly down in the direction of the house.

"Here I must bid you good night, my own," he said when he had drawn near it.

They embraced once more.

"Oh, my love," Ealie whispered, I have a feeling, an uneasy premonition that something direful is about to happen."

Norman, in truth, was not without a similar presentiment. This he concealed, however, and cheerily strove to allay her forebodings.

"Nothing very bad can happen, dear. We are each other's; always remember that. Let the world go hang."

XII.

Instead of taking the high road, Norman turned back the way that they had come.

Again he found himself on the spot where Ealie and he had just plighted their troth. He surrendered to an impulse to pause on it, for the fact seemed to invest the place with a sweet fragrance in his mind.

As he stood, his head slowly dropped upon his breast. Thoughts innumerable crowded in upon him and occupied him in fairy speculations.

He imagined himself away in a far land, through death stricken campaigns. His thoughts dipped but lightly on this, for his prospect in that aspect did not deter him much. It was when before his eyes (as he fancied) rose up the scenes that might, nay infallibly must, be enacted here, in his absence, that he had a throe of despair. The people would be turned out of their homes without ruth—Martin with the others, and—and also Ealie. At the thought of it he writhed.

Whither would they go? To America without doubt. There she would be lost to him entirely, for in that vast region how could he hope to trace her? But even while the question framed itself he felt invigoratingly resolute that nothing would be too arduous for him to undertake with that purpose.

And supposing she was eventually discovered? How could he have the effrontery to approach her or her people after the treatment meted out to them by his? It was very natural that she, like all of them, should then be incurably embittered against his father, and, reflectively, against himself. Their sufferings, their losses, the heartbreak of eviction from their native land, would have, by that time, unforgivably branded themselves on the utmost fibres of their being.

His thoughts projected a step further, and conjured up another possibility of ghastly shape—Could Ealie retain her faith in him and her love, amid all their vicissitudes? Would she take it that their sufferings had been inflicted unknown to him and without his approval? The probability, of course, ran strongly in favour of her doing so.

But if not?

In the poignancy of fancied disillusionment would she not abjure and cast off all thought of him for ever? To stamp finally on her renunciation, might she not even give herself in wedlock to another? The thought wrung him to the soul.

No, he decided—events must not be suffered to flow in that direction. His personal piece of mind demanded that much, without regard to ulterior consideration. He could not rejoin his regiment, leaving such possibilities behind. The dread of it would haunt him always like a curse, and make life one unceasing torture.

In these musings he became all suddenly aware he was not alone. He raised his eyes and looked round in a careless, casual way—he could see nothing, hear nothing, but he had a sentience nigh to feeling of some human presence.

He continued peering. By and bye, when his eyes had accommodated themselves to the darkness, he perceived a figure sitting in a niche among the rocks some distance off.

He scanned it closely, maintaining at the same time a pretence of never having noticed it. By its outlines he became convinced, so far as the obscurity made conviction possible, that it was Ealie's father.

Norman conjectured that he had been seated there for long. His attitude, in fact, gave ground for certainty that he had been a silent witness of all that had passed between Ealie and himself.

Norman was not disturbed. He had a little natural embarrassment as to how to act. Would it be politic to step over and accost, and brazen out the whole matter with Martin, then and there?

Ahead of such a course he saw the immoveable mess of unexplainable difficulties that he had just been thinking over. The prospect was one he really felt in no position to encounter; it unnerved him.

A moment's reflection decided him against it. He was not prepared. His position, he excused himself, was peculiar and did not lend itself to a clear and lucid definition that would strike the plain, blunt common sense of Martin.

He would think it over on his pillow, there-

fore, until his ideas settled down and clarified, and he was enabled to make the best of his situation to Martin without betraying his father's design. To-morrow he would come all primed; to-morrow he would avow to her father his love and honourable intentions towards Ealie, regardless of the consequences.

So he turned away, affecting not to have observed the solitary watcher, who maintained his position in the recess, still and silent as a cathedral effigy.

(To be continued).

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

"THE SEEKERS OF SHILOH."

"The Sceptre shall not depart from Judah . . until Shiloh come."

By Zion was gleaming the Roman sword,
And Herod the stranger was Judah's lord,
Then—foretold by her seers of deathless fame,
As the glory departed, her Shiloh came.

In a stable that body of God had birth,
Whose Godhood and Manhood linked Heaven to Earth,
And thither Wise Men from the Orient far
Come, led by the gleam of a golden star.

These seekers of Shiloh pursued each night,
O'er death-haunted deserts, the mystical light,
Till it stayed at—not Athens' nor Rome's mighty halls,
Nor the City of Priests, but—Bethlehem's stalls.

Forgot were their tears, their partings with home,
The floods they had forded, the foemen o'ercome,
Forgotten the wearisome wilds they had trod,
As they knelt by the manger that cradled their God.

They gazed on the Child, but they spoke not for joy,
They plighted their souls to the Kingly Boy,
They gave Him their myrrh, and their incense and gold,
They gave Him the love that their lips had not told.

And so to the rafters the incense-clouds rose,
They prais'd Him who'd pitied the world and its woes,
'Twas Shiloh, the long-promised Shiloh, they knew,
In whom all the dreams of the world come true.

* * * *

Once more the dear carols of Christmas are sung,
But with tremulous lips and with faltering tongue,
For voices that joined us in Yule-tides of yore,
In chanting our carols now join us no more.

Yet what tho' the faces of vanished years
Are shining no more, and we sing through our tears!
If loved ones are over Death's desert and tide,
Our Shiloh we find by our own fireside.

Miraculous lamps may not glow in the sky,
Nor angels be seen by the carnal eye,
Yet spirit lips sing us a heavenly bar,
And the Volume of God is our Christmas star.

Oh! ours be the courage that filled each breast,
As over the Orient plains they pressed,
And ours be the meed, when we've run our race,
To kneel 'neath the shining of Shiloh's face.

Island of Coll. Rev. DUGALD M'ECHERN, B.D.

HOW THE MACKAYS HELD STRALSUND.

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF LORD REAY'S REGIMENT IN THE GREAT THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

A GREAT struggle was at hand. Tidings brought to King Christian that Stralsund, one of the free cities of the Hanseatic League had been besieged by the Imperialists, under Marshal Arnheim. It had remained neutral during the war, pursuing those habits of peaceful industry which had secured it so many privileges from the Dukes of Pomerania; but its noble harbour, and its vicinity to the coasts of Sweden and Denmark, made its possession of great importance to the conqueror. Wallenstein, then the generalissimo of the Emperor, had declared he would sweep the shores, and also the waters of the Baltic; and in pursuance of this plan resolved to seize Stralsund. He sent an officer requesting the burghers to receive an Imperial garrison, which they declined; he then asked for permission to march his army through the city, but the burgomaster was too wary, and this also was refused; then the gates were closed, and cannon loaded—the city stood upon its defence, and Marshal Arnheim was commanded to begin the siege at once. The burghers of Stralsund thereupon sent a message to the King of Denmark, humbly begging for his assistance. This he at once promised, for he knew if Stralsund fell into the hands of the Imperialists, the free navigation of the Baltic would be lost, and the Danish islands, as it were, at the mercy of the conqueror. He selected Lord Reay's Regiment for the hazardous duty, "having had sufficient proof of its former service . . . so that before others they were trusted on this occasion." Orders were given that they should at once proceed to Stralsund. Lieutenant-Colonel Seton having returned from Holland, was instructed to take shipping direct from Funen, with the three companies which had been left in that island; while the four companies which were stationed in Laaland were to march to Elsinore and embark there. Lieutenant-Colonel Seton, with the three companies, must have entered Stralsund on the 24th or 25th of May; for Munro, who arrived with the other four companies on the 28th, says, we were "no sooner drawne up in the Market place, but presently we were sent to watch at *Franckendore*, to relieve the other Division that had watched three days and three nights uncome off, that being the weakest

part of the whole Towne, and the onely poste pursued by the enemy, which our Lievetenant-Colonell made choice of, being the most dangerous, for his Countries credit."

For the space of six weeks their duty in defending the town was hard and unremitting. During this time, "neither officer nor souldier was suffered to come off his watch, neither to dine or suppe, but their meate was carried unto them, to their poste." And Munro says, that in these six weeks his "clothes came never off, except it had been to change a suite or linnings"—[linens]. The town's people, too, were very surly and inhospitable, or as Munro expresses it, "ungrateful and unthankful"; and this added considerably to the discomfort of the soldiers.

Day after day, and night after night, the Highlanders were kept at their posts without any respite. They had to keep double watch, and their position was being constantly assailed by the enemy. The Franken-gate, which was their especial charge, was at the weakest part of the city wall, and the enemy, as a matter of course, directed most of their efforts to carry that point. Attempts were made by the Highlanders to strengthen their position; but they had to work, so to speak, with spade in one hand, and pike or musket in the other, for the Imperialists were constantly on the alert to attack them at any moment. Many of the defenders were killed, and many more wounded. "When cannons are roaring and bullets are flying, he that would have honour must not feare dying: many rose in the morning, went not to bed at night, and many supped at night, sought no breakfast in the morning." So writes Munro, and then he adds "some had their heads separated from their bodies by the Cannon, as happened to one Lievetenant and thirteen Souldiers, that had their fourteen heads shot from them by one Cannon bullet at once. Who doubts of this, he may go and see the reliques of their braines to this day [1636, about eight years after the siege], sticking on the walles, under the Port of *Franckendore* in *Trailesound*."

Wallenstein was so annoyed that the siege should last so long that on the 26th of June he arrived in the camp for the purpose of conducting the operations himself. He examined the walls, and swore "he would take the place in three nights, though it were hanging with Iron chaines, betwixt the earth and the heavens." "But," as the historian writes, "forgetting to take God on his side, he was disappointed by Him who disposeth of all things."

Between ten and eleven o'clock that night the assault was made, and the post guarded by Mackay's Regiment,* being, as I have already mentioned, the enemy's efforts were directed chiefly against it. But it was known that Wallenstein was in camp, and the Highlanders were prepared for more than an ordinary attack on their position. The sentries were doubled, and posts strengthened; and when the enemy advanced, "above a thousand strong, with a shoute of *sa, sa, sa, sa, sa, sa!*" the sentry gave fire, the defenders were at once called to arms, and after a severe struggle of an hour and a half, the assailants were repulsed. But they had reliefs at hand, and were at once succeeded by a storming party of equal numbers, and these again by others, and so on until morning, when day breaking, a last and desperate effort was made to force the gate. They got within the outworks, but were beaten "backe againe with greate losse, with swords and pikes and butts of muskets, so that" they were "forced to retire, having lost above a thousand men," while the Highlanders lost "neare two hundred, besides those who were hurt." The moat was filled with the dead bodies of the enemy up to the banks. The works were ruined and could not be repaired, which caused the next night's watch to be the more dangerous."

The defence was conducted by Major Munro, who was severely wounded; and he tells us that, "during the time of this hot conflict, none that was whole went off at the coming of the reliefe, but continued in the fight assisting their Camerades, so long as their strength served." He remained till "wearied and grown stiff with" his wounds, he was assisted off. The number of Highland officers killed and wounded was very heavy.

The Regiment was badly treated. They asked for assistance, but although nearly all the force of the enemy was directed against their position, no support was sent them. But just before the last assault was made, Colonel Fritz, who had recently arrived in Stralsund from Sweden, went to the help of the Highlanders "with foure score musketiers." Colonel Fritz was killed, and also his Major, who was named Semple; and his Lieutenant-Colonel, MacDougall, was taken prisoner, and was missing for six months.

It is reported of Wallenstein, that he was so eager to get into the town, that, when his wounded officers retired, he ordered them to be shot, branding them as cowards for leaving

* The Mackay Regiment (1,000 strong), was raised by Donald Mackay, afterwards first Lord Reay, chief of the Clan, principally among his own clansmen in Strathnaver, and took an active part, on the Protestant side, in the Thirty Years' War on the Continent.

their places so long as they could stand.†

Munro very drily remarks on the shouts, "Sa sa, sa sa, sa sa!" made by the Imperialists, when entering on an engagement—"Shouting like *Turkes*, as if crying would terrifie resolute Souldiers: No truely . . . seeing we were more overjoyed by their coming than any wise terrified; and we received them with Volees of Cannon and Musket in their teeth, which faire and wellcome was hard of digestion unto some of them. . . . True courage consists not in words . . . but in the strength of the Valiant Arme, and not in the Tongue. . . . It may well be said of them as the *Proverbe* is, that the dogges did barke more than they did bite."

The following day Lieut.-Colonel Seton visited the wounded Major at his lodgings, and gave him particulars of the loss the Regiment had sustained. So few men were left that were really fit for service that Munro advised that they should all be put into the Colonel's company, so as to form one strong company in the meantime, and when the recruits came from Scotland, the companies should then be formed anew. When night came, the enemy made another furious assault, and the Highlanders had for a time to abandon their outworks and retire to the ravelin; but as soon as the morning light shone, led by their officers, and armed —some "with corslets, head-pieces, with half-pikes, morgan sternes, and swords," they rushed out "Pell mell amongst the enemies, and chased them quite out of the workes againe, and retiring with credit, maintained still the Triangle or Raveline." The loss of life was again great on both sides.

Wallenstein, finding he could not take the city so easily as he imagined, sent a trumpeter to know if the defenders would treat with him upon terms. Lieut.-Colonel Seton (in the absence of Colonel Holke, the governor of the city), was glad of the offer, and an armistice of fourteen days was agreed upon to draw up the terms of a treaty, and to give time to ascertain the King of Denmark's views on the subject. The treaty was just ready for signature when orders came to Lieut.-Colonel Seton not to sign it, as troops were in readiness to come with all haste for his relief. "Whereupon my Lord *Spynie*, a *Scots* Noble man, with his Regiment, with sufficient provisions of money and Ammunition, were sent unto the Towne, and being entered, the treaty was rejected, and made voide."

Shortly after this an arrangement was entered into by the Kings of Denmark and Sweden, by which the defence of Stralsund was undertaken by the latter. Sir Alexander Leslie, "an expert and valorous Scots commander," was appointed governor, with some Swedish troops; and the forces employed by the King of Denmark were ordered to be withdrawn from the garrison, and Swedish troops employed in their place.

Leslie had no sooner taken the command than he resolved to attack the besiegers, and drive them from their works. Desirous of conferring "credit on his owne Nation alone," he "made choice of *Spynie's* Regiment, being their first service, to "make the outfall," and "the remainder of Mackay's Regiment to second them for making good of their retreate." They fell upon the enemy's works, forced them to retire, and drove them back to the main body of their army. But, overpowered by numbers, they, in their turn, were obliged "to retire with the losse of some brave Cavaliers." To make their retreat good, Captain Mackenzie advanced "with the old *Scottish* blades" of Mackay's Regiment. He succeeded in driving off the enemy, and then covering Spynie's men, till they had arrived within their own works, he, still facing the foe, gradually retired to his own position. But the loss of the Highlanders was again considerable, for they had thirty men killed.

† On the occasion of the last assault, when the Highlanders' ammunition was exhausted, they repelled the desperate attack in this strange fashion:—A certain number of men stood on the walls with baskets of sand, which they threw in the eyes of the advancing Austrians, while other Mackays attacked them with clubbed muskets and pikes. In this gallant fashion they successfully repelled the assault.

I WEARY FOR THEE.

COME again, Gordon, Oh! why did we part?
Love has brought sadness and sorrow to me,
Gone is all joy from my poor, lonely heart,
Come again, Gordon, I weary for thee,
I weary for thee.

In the hushed moments of slow-passing night,
Ever in dreamings thy vision I see.
Thou art my life's only beauty and light,
Come again, Gordon, I weary for thee,
I weary for thee.

Cold blows the wind o'er the snow-covered hills,
Moaning and wailing in winter's wild glee,
Deeper love's dirge that my sad bosom fills,
Come again, Gordon, I weary for thee,
I weary for thee.

Oh! if in battle my Gordon should fall,
Death would be welcome, thrice welcome, to me,
With my last breath love would still fondly call—
Come again, Gordon, I weary for thee,
I weary for thee.

HISTORY OF ARGYLLSHIRE.

(THE London Argyllshire Association offered medals and prizes for competition among the various burgh schools for the best essay on the "History of Argyllshire." The following interesting paper by Mr. Neil Morgan, Campbeltown Grammer School, was awarded the first prize medal).

The history of Argyllshire is a subject that well deserves the study and attention, not only of the people of Argyllshire, but of all the Scottish race, for in Argyllshire it was that Scottish history began. In these latter days, when men are becoming more and more cosmopolitan, and when patriotism is in some danger of losing its force as a factor in men's lives, it may be well for Scotsmen to turn to the history of Argyllshire, and see how important a part that rock-bound county played in the early history of their motherland.

At the dawn of history in Scotland, when Agricola and his mail-clad legions carried the Roman eagles right up to the Grampians, Argyllshire was not absolutely unknown, and, indeed, Tacitus relates that Agricola posted troops "in that part of it which lies opposite Ireland." Ptolemy, the Greek geographer, also mentions Argyllshire, and more especially Kintyre, but it was not until the beginning of the sixth century that Argyllshire began to play that part in Scotland's history that was afterwards to make her famous in the annals of the land.

In the year 502, Fergus, Lorn, and Angus, the sons of Erc, crossed from Ireland and landed at Dunaverty, in Kintyre. In a short time their people, the Dalriads had over-run all Argyllshire, Fergus occupied Kintyre and built strongholds at Tarbert and Dunaverty, while Lorn and Angus occupied Lorn and Islay respectively. These Dalriads or Dalrudinians soon became so powerful that they held the supreme authority over all Scotland, and traces of their occupation still remain in the place-names of Kintyre, Dalaruan, the name of a district in Campbeltown, being the modern form of the old name of Fergus's capital; Tirfergus, the name of a farm near Campbeltown, meaning the land of Fergus.

The Dalriadic Scots were Christians before their departure from Ireland, and some years after their arrival in Kintyre, St. Kiaran came from Ireland and erected a church at Kilkerran. He afterwards became the patron saint of the district, and his name is a prominent one in local tradition. In 565, in the reign of Connal, grandson of Fergus, St. Columba came from Ireland and was given Iona as a missionary centre from which to convert the wild Pictish tribes of the mainland. During the reign of Connal, the Scots were continually at war with the Picts. In these wars the Scots were usually the victors, and they extended their boundaries greatly under their next king, Aidan. This Aidan was perhaps the most enterprising of the Dalriadic kings. He reigned for more than thirty years, and was buried in Campbeltown in 606.

The reigns of the kings who came after Aidan are comparatively unimportant, and no event of great importance happened in the history of Argyllshire until 642. In that year the Britons of Strathclyde killed the Dalriadic monarch and his kingdom became subject to them, and remained under their sway for more than thirty years. At last, in 676, Fearchar, head of the house of Lorn, took up arms on behalf of the Scots, and they regained their independence. After this a period of wild disorder followed. Selvach was the nominal ruler, but Argyllshire was harassed by internal war, and by the attacks of the neighbouring barbarian tribes, and it was not until 729 that Dalriada was again united under the sway of Eocha III., a descendant of Fergus. Eocha was succeeded by Muredac, but in 741, the Picts completely defeated the Dalraids and laid waste their territory.

Between 742 and 843, when Kenneth M'Alpin came to the throne of the Scots and the Picts, there was a period of strife and confusion, and it cannot be definitely stated whether Dalriada was ruled by Scots or by the Picts who had ravaged it. About this time the Danes began to attack Dalriada but they were repulsed by M'Alpine, who became so powerful that he was able to make his son Kenneth king both of the Picts and Scots. Kenneth removed the capital from Campbeltown to Fort Teviot, and Argyllshire was attacked again and again by the Norsemen. In the 9th century a Viking became first Lord of the Isles, but in 1125 the kingdom of the Lord of the Isles was divided, and Somerled became Prince of Argyllshire.

Somerled had his headquarters at Saddell, and the tombs of his warriors are still to be seen there. He was killed in a rebellion against the Scottish king in 1164 and was succeeded by Ronald, who built Saddell Monastery. In 1263 Haco, king of Norway, and ally of the Lord of the Isles in his rebellion against King Alexander, tried to seize Arran and Kintyre, but he was defeated at Largs, and Alexander was acknowledged by the Lord of the Isles.

During the Scottish War of Independence Bruce found secure hiding in Kintyre, and at

Bannockburn the Kintyre men fought so bravely that they got the credit of turning the tide of battle. On this occasion the Kintyre men were led by the Lord of the Isles, one of whose descendants rebelled during the 15th century and was almost successful in overturning the royal power. In this century Argyllshire was in a state bordering on anarchy, for the jealousy and rivalry of contending parties were then at fever heat. James IV. endeavoured to settle the disputes of the different parties by holding a Parliament at Campbeltown, but he was openly defied by the Macdonalds, so he transferred most of their lands to the Earl of Argyll.

For many years after this Argyllshire enjoyed a period of comparative peace and quiet, but it can hardly have been very prosperous, because the long continued internal wars had depopulated the district, and much land had gone out of cultivation. During the reign of Charles I., when the persecution of the Covenanters was going on in Scotland, the Earl of Argyll took the side of the persecuted people, and many of them found refuge in Argyllshire. Montrose had taken up arms on behalf of Charles during the Civil War, and he attacked and defeated Argyll—who was for the Parliament—at Inverlochy in 1645. However, in 1647, Argyll and General Leslie joined forces and attacked Macdonald, the Lord of the Isles, who was on the Royalist side. They defeated him at Rhunahaorine, near Killean, and drove him to Dunaverty Castle, where he and his forces were besieged for some months and finally massacred by Leslie's orders, between two and three hundred men being put to the sword. When Argyll was charged with treason this was one of the charges brought against him, and he was beheaded in 1661. His son was not more fortunate, for he, too, was charged with treason, but escaped to Holland. He returned, however, in 1685, and landed at Campbeltown, where he published a declaration of war against the Stuart King. He then gathered his clansmen together and prepared for the rebellion that was to take place simultaneously with that of Monmouth in England. He crossed into Dumbartonshire, intending to march to Glasgow, but was captured at Inchinnan, on the Cart, and brought to Edinburgh, where he was beheaded.

Thus Argyll's rebellion was a failure, but yet it began the Revolution which was afterwards to win such a signal triumph in the expulsion of the Stuarts in 1688. This rebellion seems to have been almost the last war-like effort on the part of the men of Argyllshire, for, although some Argyllshire men did take part in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, yet the county, as a whole, was not much affected by the national enthusiasm for the exiled Stuarts.

Towards the end of the 17th century the people seem to have turned from war to peaceful arts, and indeed in the "piping times of peace" Argyllshire made rapid progress in agriculture and commerce. Cattle browsed peacefully in fields that once had heard the clang of battle, and had once been dyed by the blood of many slain; fishing skiffs sheltered in the bays where once the fierce Norse sea-kings had moored their pirate fleets; and peace and plenty reigned in the straths and glens that once had echoed the shrill slogan of the clans in wild foray or plunder raid.

In 1700 Campbeltown was made a Royal Burgh, and this may be taken as evidence that the southern part of Argyllshire was becoming more important than it had been for many years. Agriculture and fishing were the staple industries of the people, but soon the county became over-populated, and many families emigrated in the earlier years of the nineteenth century. During the Napoleonic wars many Argyllshire men fought for their country, both as sailors and soldiers. Many also fought in the American War of Independence, and in the Mahratta Wars. The Argyllshire men, too, have made names for themselves in the world of commerce, and one of our great shipping companies, the British India Steam Navigation Company, is to-day a monument to their energy and perseverance.

Thus Argyllshire has emerged through the ages from the darkness of heathendom and barbarism into the light of civilisation, and is still one of the most important counties in the country, which owed so much to it in the early days "when the Scottish Monarchy had there its origin, amid wild waves and wilder times."

FORT-AUGUSTUS, AND THE CUMMINGS.

COMYN, CUMMING—What a world of story and romance that name brings up out of the depths of the far past! A powerful and almost royal race was that of Comyn; producing competitors for the Crown of Scotland, and Lords of Lochaber and Badenoch long before the Macdonalds, Gordons, and Morays spread their wings over the Mid-Highlands. Driven at length, by the adherents of the Bruce, from the many castles and strongholds that they built—the ruins of

which are now their only monuments in places where they once held sway—the last Comyn Lord (says tradition) sat down broken-hearted, on a hill overlooking the village of Fort-Augustus, to die. That hill is still known as "Suidhe Chuimean"—"Comyn's Seat"; and the Gaelic name of Fort-Augustus is still "Cillechuimean"—"Comyn's burial place."

A branch of this old warlike race took root on the banks of the Findhorn, and with the single word "courage" as its motto, kept its hold of the soil, producing from time to time men and women, physically and mentally, strong, noble, and beautiful. The village of Fort-Augustus is strangely associated with one of the most noble latter-day members of that family. Rouealyn Gordon Cumming, the famous hunter, on his return from Africa, made Fort-Augustus his home, and there built a museum in which the trophies of his prowess were exhibited. The writer, at that time a seven-year-old boy at school in Fort-Augustus, has very vivid recollections of a negro boy Rouealyn brought home with him from South Africa, and sent to our school. This was the first "Darky" any of our youngsters had seen, and some time elapsed before we felt secure sitting beside him. Who knew what evil might not lurk under that black skin!

Our recollections of the great hunter himself are no less vivid; for he was no stranger in the farm-houses and cottages of Fort-Augustus. At that time he took hold of our boyish fancy as the embodiment of strength, valour and greatness, and when we saw him in after years, we found that our estimate of him was not a childish exaggeration. Physically, we would call Rouealyn Gordon Cumming the best specimen of Highland manhood the nineteenth century produced. A great heart too, in which there was room for all the old men and women of the village. His was the power of making all men his own; especially those outside of the circle to which he himself by birth belonged. Social distinctions were as nothing to him, and he trod over class barriers with the stride of a giant. His liberality to the poor—not in subscriptions that were advertised—came spontaneously from his heart, and he had no patience with those whose alms were prefaced by inquiry into the character of the recipient. One day, driving from Forres to Inverness, he gave a lift to a well-known minister who was going in the same direction. On the way they met an old footsore beggar woman. Rouealyn drew up and gave her a sovereign. The minister remonstrated with him for his indiscriminate liberality, remarking, that as he did not know the woman it might be money thrown away. Half the amount given would surely have been enough, he said. "I have no smaller coin" was the answer, "but if you have a half-sovereign, I will call her back." The half-sovereign was produced, and the woman called back. "Here," said Rouealyn, "is ten shillings more from Mr. ——: you know poverty never appeals to a minister in vain." A sunstroke he had while a cavalry officer in India accounts for some strange freaks ascribed to him, but those we pass over, for the large heart was always sound.

It was on his record as a big game hunter and naturalist, that Rouealyn Gordon Cumming's world-wide fame rested. Second to none of those daring adventurous spirits that no hardship or danger could daunt in their pursuit of sport, his achievements were, at that time. unparalleled. His book on big game hunting in Africa is fascinating reading, and no wonder present day sportsmen lay it down with a sigh for the days when such achievements were possible. The literary talent was a family heritage, with which not only he, but his gifted sister, Miss Gordon Cumming, has charmed many readers, It was in the heart of the Dark Continent that Rouealyn met Livingstone, and one can imagine how the two famous Scots would be drawn together; and that the great hunter may have learned something from the great missionary which stood him in good stead when he entered the "Valley of the Shadow of Death."

Rouealyn, on his return to his native land, spent what remained to him of life between his museum at Fort-Augustus, and roaming over the Highlands with rifle and rod, clad in the garb that none could wear with greater grace. A couch of heather on the lee side of a rock, or the shelter of a shepherd's sheiling, with the plain fare therein, was enough for him. Islesmen tell of his daring as a cragsman in pursuit of rare birds, and proud were they who held the rope when he was lowered from the tops of the lofty cliffs at the base of which thundered the great rollers of the Atlantic.

But at length the iron constitution gave way, and the herculean form succumbed to the hardships and exposures of the hunter life, and with the faith of a child he breathed his last at Fort-Augustus.

Farewell, Rouealyn—farewell, thou personification, in latter days, of the fearless and large-hearted of old. Farewell, thou beloved of the poor and infirm, and the pride of those in whom lingered the old spirit of the Gael, in the districts over which thou were wont to roam.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

Fort Qu-Appelle,
N.W.T., Canada.

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.

DECEMBER, 1905.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Subscribers are reminded that the Contribution (4s. post free), for the new volume is now overdue, the October issue commencing Volume XIV. 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.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CELTIC."

Volume XIII. of the *Celtic Monthly* can be had, tastefully bound in cloth, gilt title, for 5s., post free. Many of our readers, in addition to subscribing for the monthly parts, now order bound copies for their libraries, as they found that the portrait plates in the serial issues were somewhat disfigured by the fold in the Magazine. In the hope that more of our readers may be induced to order the bound volume, which contains only perfect parts, we have decided this year to reduce the price of the complete volume to 5s., post free to any part of the globe. At this cheap price, readers who are in the habit of binding the monthly parts will find it more satisfactory to order instead an attractively bound copy from our office. We can also supply the back volumes from Vol. V. to date at the same low rate, 5s. per vol. To be had from Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

To the favourite Gaelic Singer, Roderick MacLeod.

SMEORAOH NAN GLEANN.

Sweet songster of the glens, the mystic call
Of crystal mountain streams is in thy voice;
As high and clear the full notes rise and fall
As showers of golden melody, our hearts rejoice.
With thee we wander through the bluebell strath,
Moved by the sighs of love, to moonlit dells:
Again to feel the rapture of the secret path,
Where magic cast its spell, and fairy fancy dwells.
So wings thy song,
So sweet and strong,
Smeòrach nan Gleann.

Forgotten, 'neath the glamour of thy song, thou honey
The present scenes: with thee we fly to chase [mouth
The brown stag on the hill, or feel the fragrant south
Wind, still and quiet, to list thee praise sweet Peggy's grace,
Or, martial ardours stir the breast, as clear and shrill
The Piobaireachd sounds, to follow forth the fighting men;
Again the "Fiery Cross," hand-borne from hill to hill,
Is flashing by, and light steps press the heather in the glen.
So rings thy song
So sweet and strong,
Smeòrach nan Gleann.

God bless thy thrilling tones! thou mavis of the glens,
And keep thy pure true font of Gaelic song;
Thou bringest golden dreams to dwellers in the city dens,
Of myrtle airs, and honied clover, where the wild bees throng.
"Mo dhachaidh! O mo dhachaidh!"† runs from heart to heart,
Land of the steep grey crags and misty-flowing burns;
Till tears, long hushed to slumber, new-awakened start
To life: and all the exile's yearning for the heather-land returns.
So clings thy song,
So sweet and strong,
Smeòrach nan Gleann.

ALICE C. MACDONELL of Keppoch.

* The Mavis of the Glen. † My Home.

OLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.

Full arrangements have now been made for the Annual Social Gathering of the Clan and friends, which takes place in the Queen's Rooms, Glasgow, on Friday, 26th January, the Right Hon. Lord Reay, G.C.I.E., G.C.S.I., D.C.L., Chief of the Clan, in the Chair. An attractive programme, giving full particulars of the Soiree, Concert, and Assembly, has just been issued, the artistes being of the front rank, including Messrs. Roderick and John Macleod, who have no superiors as exponents of Gaelic song. Many ladies and gentlemen of the Clan and others interested, from all parts of the Kingdom, have already intimated their intention of being present, and an attendance of about one thousand persons is expected. Tickets can now be had—Soiree and Concert: Adults 1/6 each, Juveniles 1/; Assembly (admitting Lady and Gentleman), 2/6. Should any of our readers wish to be present, tickets can be had on application to the President of the Society, Mr. John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow, at above prices. It is intended to entertain Lord Reay to dinner on the afternoon of the Gathering, and those desirous of attending should communicate with the President at above address.

THE SHERIFF'S SUPPER PARTY.

A Tale of Love and Lobster.

By Mavor Allan.

I.

It was certainly an "ill-faured like beast," to use Janet Fordyce's mental exordium, as she contemplated the great black thing sprawling in an ample creel its ungainly proportions across a corner of her spotlessly clean kitchen floor.

"He is a splendidly heavy fellow and fresh from the trap" was the triumphant announcement of her master, the Sheriff, who had himself invaded Janet's kitchen, bearing in his train the worthy Gaelic fisherman in possession of the trophy of admiration, "and the very thing to complete the menu of our little supper, Janet," he supplemented with a boyish flush.

He was a small, dapper man, growing grey and inclining to stoutness, but that blush betrayed he had not yet outlived 'youth's young dream.' Janet, who to tell the truth, had never seen a live lobster in her life before, was nevertheless possessed of as far-seeing faculties as her fifty years and her sex warranted. She sent her master a swift, searching look. She had been quick to note his rising colour and anxious demeanour, and her lips contracted ever so little. "Pit it doon," she addressed the fisherman severely. The man was an Islander, and Janet's Scotch was as unintelligible to him as was his volley of Gaelic to Janet which came in response to her command. "Haud yer tongue!" she broke out sharply; "pit the animal frae yer creel, an' gang yer ways." It was evident Janet's temper was not of the smoothest that morning.

"He is telling you to get ready a pan of water to put on this giant to boil" mildly interpreted the Sheriff, who still hovered in the kitchen doorway, gloating over his recent purchase.

"Guid sakes! an' the puir creetur no deid!" ejaculated Janet with an air of outraged humanity. The Sheriff laughed.

"Seems you haven't cooked many shell-fish in your time, Janet," said he pleasantly. "All right, my man," he addressed the latter in Gaelic, "you can leave it down, as she says. She'll see after it by-and-bye, no doubt."

But upon the man's departure the Sheriff himself tarried in the lobster's vicinity "fussin' aboot" as would have been the expression of Janet, who long ere now had made a swift summary of her master's character, contained in three words, which, to say the least, were very comprehensive, and were culled from Janet's own vocabulary, viz.:—"A futery auld maid."

Janet hailed from the country in the Lowlands, and had but lately come north to undertake the duties of housekeeper to the Sheriff of Sigg.

Now Sigg is not a big place, but the Sheriff of Sigg is a "big" man, and Janet's position was one of some importance, though the household consisted only of the Sheriff, herself, and the parlour-maid, Crissy. Janet had come to Sigg armed with recommendations sufficient to satisfy the most arbitrary of Sheriffs. Superior family, comely looks, excellent culinary powers, all of which qualities the Sheriff had already proved to his own comfort.

In more ways than one, also, Janet merited his approval. She was less dogmatic than his late comptroller-in-chief, who, after worrying everyone around her for indefinite years, had at last "worried herself into her grave," as said the gossips. The Sheriff dearly loved his own way; but he was a timid man, and it usually came about that the worthy housekeeper's will was the stronger of the two. Janet's deferential, undemonstrative demeanour was therefore delightful to the master inured to this byegone tyranny. He never would have dared propose the "little supper" in question to the defunct Mary. For it was by no means after the manner of the "dinners" formerly given in the Sheriff's dining room, with Mary's sanction and under Mary's strict surveillance. It was an altogether informal, unprecedented banquet, emananating from the Sheriff's own brain, and which Mary would have dismissed as quite "improper."

The secret of the matter lay in a nutshell. The Sheriff, for the first time in his forty-two years, was in love, and it came about in this wise. This memorable autumn the shootings of Sigg had been rented by Jonathan Clarke, Esq., of Boston City, U.S.A.; so said the *Highland News* in a special column under the heading of "Society Gossip." But it had not detailed how the chief attraction to the select few who formed the rich American's party was the presence of the said Jonathan's sole child and heiress, Mina, a lovely brunette, still in her teens.

The poor Sheriff, like many another, fell captive to Miss Mina's manifold attractions: but whereas his rivals had severally put their fortunes to the test and quitted Sigg and the fair prize thereof with bitter disappointment, the Sheriff's fate still hung in the balance. Now, at the eleventh hour, his heart trembled betwixt hope and despair, for before daybreak on the morrow the mail packet would bear Mina and Mina's father to the mainland, and what mattered it whither beyond? for already then an arm of the wide Atlantic would roll between them.

The bashful suitor felt the last moment indeed had come. Hence his happy inspiration of the little supper. The Clarkes' shooting box was some two miles or more from the quay; the Sheriff's house lay within a quarter of that distance. The American's establishment would naturally be in some bustle and discomfort with the departure of so important a retinue of servants. What more simple than that the Sheriff should offer his hospitality to the millionaire and his daughter? "Just a bite with me before you go on board," as he expressed it in his diffident invitation.

And they were coming!

In his mind's eye the Sheriff pictured that recherché supper with no prim hostess (for the nonce) chaperoning his movements. He could see pretty Mina flitting about in his bachelor's drawing-room, discovering here and there some art treasure, or laughing at some flagrant eccentricity in her frankly unmerciful but delightful way. Perhaps he might even ask her to play on his mother's piano, which doubtless she would tell him was sadly out of tune. Surely there would come some opportunity of making her understand it was she alone had it in her power to keep everything of his in tune henceforth. And then—and then when they walked down together to the steamer in the beautiful moonlight, the parting might not be so hard a thing after all if it left him with Mina's longed-for promise that this should not be adieu, but au-revoir.

How great an issue depended on the success of his little supper!

The Sheriff lingered in the kitchen doorway with no ostensible reason for so doing; but in reality with a sneaking desire to learn that those supper preparations were progressing favourably, for as ill-luck would have it an untoward thing had happened to upset his arrangements. Hitherto his "state" dinners had owed their prestige to the fact that they had been prepared by Mistress Kate, "the wife at the bakery," as Mary had been wont to style that worthy matron. She had been south, and had undergone a course of training which rendered her versed in divers wonderful arts beyond Mary's accomplishment, and was ever ready to preside over festivities of the *elite* of the island. But now, of all times, Mistress Kate was not available. Her brother, a brave old fisherman, lay dead down in South Uist, and not all the suppers in Christendom would have recalled Mistress Kate from the solemn wake going on from day to day in the crowded, candle-lit death chamber.

Involuntarily the Sheriff thought of her as he stood there, his eyes reverting from Janet to the lobster, and *vice versa*.

"If only Mistress Kate had been here," he exclaimed aloud.

From her standpoint on the hearthrug, Janet sniffed audibly.

"I'm thinking I can serve up ony supper as weel as Mistress Kate!" she said.

In her heat she omitted the "sir," about which she was usually so punctilious in her speech to her master. Janet possessed an innate reverence for "the law," and though at times she was apt inwardly to condemn the Sheriff as being "a bit budie wi' no muckle dignity," he was frequently elevated to "yer honor" in her address.

The Sheriff flushed. He was quite conscious of having both wounded Janet's vanity and fallen a trifle in her esteem.

"O! I don't doubt it, Janet," he hastened to say pleasantly, "and of course you have Crissy to help you."

"An' 'deed, sir, I've no sich thing," returned Janet, but partly mollified, "there's nae coontin' upo' lassies, sir, wha are feckless besoms whatever, let alane whan there's onything speecial wantit aff them."

"Why—what?" asked the poor Sheriff. How many more unlooked for difficulties were to be sprung in his path?

"Och weel, she's just gaen an' hurtit her han', cuttin' hersel' a piece. I've aye tellt her, sir, she wad dae it, haudin' the loaf o' a leevel i' her left han' an cuttin' in tillt wi' her recht. An' noo she's dane it!" broke off Janet, triumphantly.

"Poor girl! poor girl!" exclaimed the Sheriff, in his pity for Crissy's mishap, forgetting its immediate significance to his supper. "I hope you sent her to the doctor with it, Janet?"

"Ay, I packed her aff to the doctor at aince, sir, an' noo she's awa' tae her bed a while. I dinna wonner she's sick like. An' gin she's no' able tae coom doon the nicht, I maun just wait mysel'."

Having relieved herself of her grievance, Janet bustled about hopefully. Nothing delighted her soul so much as to be unduly busy. But the Sheriff was not so full of assurance.

"I don't see how you are going to manage, Janet," he said feebly, "is there no one you could get to help you?"

Janet bridled again.

"I'm fur nae mair lassies i' ma wey" quoth she, "no that I'm kennin' whaur ane wad cam' frae,'; she added.

"I'm afraid it's impossible for you to do everything Janet," murmured the master. The supper must be given up! And a carefully worded message to Jonathan Clarke that, "owing to domestic arrangements," etc., etc., flashed through the lover's mind. Then suddenly

the memory of Mina's face blotted it out, and his heart throbbed rebelliously. Was ever courtship hampered by such petty details?

"I jalouse ye're no wantin' the supper pit aff, sir?" Janet's voice broke in upon his reverie, with acrid severity.

"Heaven forbid!" he answered in a breath.

"Then, sir, gin ye'll jist leave it a' tae me, ye sall hae yer supper, nae fears," said Janet. She grudged every minute of the precious time this parley was taking up. A smile illumined the Sheriff's face.

"You're a wonderful woman, Janet," he said, "and I believe you." He put in his head at the doorway again to give a parting injunction; "you'd better put on that chap to boil now, Janet." This was the one item on which Janet felt her knowledge at fault, so she condescended to a query.

"Hoo dae ye like it served, sir, gin I may spier?"

"O! jist as it is—exactly as it is," was the reassuring reply. "Don't bother to make a salad of it. I like to see the shell. Boil it first of all, then separate the body from the tail, break off the great claws and crack them at the joints, arrange 'em all in the dish, and garnish with parsley—that's all." It was evident the Sheriff was well versed on this score.

Janet received his information in silence, and not without some awe. For the instant she fancied herself a prisoner in the dock, and the Sheriff from the Judge's bench, passing sentence that she was forthwith "to be hanged and quartered." She collected her nerves with a little gasp of relief. The Sheriff had taken his departure. She was alone with the lobster.

II.

A calm September gloaming, between nine and ten, is a witching hour in the Hebrides. The sun has set and disappeared behind the edge of stony, heath-clad hills. The great sea lies like a fish-pond, and the light, almost clear as noonday, illumines the bay's long curve of shore.

Such was the scene which Mina Clarke looked upon from the Sheriff's drawing-room window that night. "It was altogether too lovely to be shut out of view," she protested, and the Sheriff, only too eager to do her bidding, had lifted the blind and allowed the mystic light to stream in anew. It put to shame the rose-shaded lamp on the escritoire at the other end of the room, where Jonathan Clarke was busily writing some communication in answer to a business letter, which had arrived by the steamer an hour or two earlier.

"Must positively be answered to-night, my dear Sheriff," he apologised. "Means a loss of over forty thousand dollars to me if this doesn't reach London in time for me to wire to New York before Friday. You must scold Mina for bringing me here to do it. She would give me no peace at home. Declared we were late for supper as it is."

"Not at all—not at all!" reiterated the Sheriff, who had invited his guests for nine o'clock, and was now well aware it was exactly twenty minutes after that time. It was unreasonable to expect Janet to be punctual when he knew her to be single-handed; for he had learnt poor Crissy's arm had swollen too frightfully to allow of her rising. What did a few minutes more or less matter when it gave him the bliss of standing close by Mina's side and gazing upon her imperial beauty in this halcyon light?

She wore a travelling gown of cloth, perfectly plain and unassuming, but its colour was of a soft, delicate grey, and the rigid linen of the white collar at her throat was enhanced by being fastened by a single luminous diamond, which only rivalled, but did not surpass, the sparkling brightness of Mina's dark eyes. Sumptuously as he had often beheld her attired at the head of her father's dinner-table, it seemed to him she had never looked so fair and majestic a maiden as now.

Involuntarily he sighed. How was it to be hoped a poor Sheriff could aspire to this regal queen of wealth and beauty?

Miss Mina detected that sigh with the prompt, outspoken naïveté which made her manner so irresistible. "Prythee why so sad, Sir Sheriff?" she demanded.

He blushed like a boy. He murmured some incoherent apology about the force of a bad habit.

"Fie, sir!" reproved Mina. "It would have been much prettier to declare you sighed because this is to be our last supper together! But no, you men now-a-days are so prosaic you reserve all your poetic fancies for your cigars and your wine!

"I would tell you the truth, if I may," whispered the Sheriff. . . . What he would have said further is not to be recorded, for at this juncture the drawing-room door was opened.

"Supper is on the table, yer Honour," announced Janet. Poor Janet! She had undergone a hard day's work, divided between waiting on the prostrate Crissy and preparations for that most important meal, now served.

No wonder there was just that little triumphant ring in her voice, conscious as she was of the faultlessly arranged table in the dining-room below; the perfection of the boiled salmon, the roast fowls, the ham, the game pie,

the cherry tart, the cakes, custards, jellies, and fruits—not to mention the lobster—alas! for did ever lobster grace such an immaculate table in so wonderful and appalling a guise?

III.

To tell the truth that unworthy fish had caused Janet more concern than all the other dishes put together. To begin with, he had given her a chase twice round the kitchen floor ere he had allowed himself to be caught, while she had barely escaped more than one vicious bite whilst consigning him to the boiling pot, and then it had taken all her strength, overcome as she was by certain nervous qualms of conscience, to tie down the lid securely. But her distress culminated when at length the lobster issued from the pot satisfactorily "biled deid," to use Janet's own comment, "but the Lord preserve us! as reid's bluid!"

Janet sat down and fairly stared at the lobster in dismay. She had done something amiss in the cooking of it, that was certain.

"The puir brite's bluid had cam' through an' dyed the shell, mebbe. . . . The Sheriff said he likit tae see the shell, an' it was tae be servit exactly as it was." So Janet soliloquised. For five minutes she sat regarding her prey helplessly. "I'll gang up and spier at Crissy," she said aloud.

As Fate would have it, Crissy lay fast asleep with the tears still wet upon her cheeks. Poor lass! sleep had brought relief from her pain at last. Janet could not find it in her motherly heart to wake her.

Then as Janet slowly and thoughtfully descended the staircase, a sudden happy inspiration came to her. She re-entered the kitchen briskly, and bringing forth the housemaid's box, began selecting from its contents with a quiet smile of satisfaction on her comely face. "Nae doot it's the usual wey, though he micht hae tellt me—but hoots! men buddies dinna ken a' thing—an' it's the wan wey *I* ken," she murmured.

IV.

The Sheriff had come downstairs with Mina on his arm in a whirl of delirious excitement; somehow her playful words, coquettish though they were, had raised an excellent throb of hope in his bosom, and did he not detect a little gleam of girlish pleasure in Mina's own lovely eyes as they fell on the tastefully-spread board while she prettily accepted the chair her host placed for her on his right? Her father also, having penned that important missive to his broker, was he not surely smiling benignly on them both as he seated himself opposite? The Sheriff said grace standing. Then a dire thing happened.

As he took his seat, his glance swept the table and remained rivetted on one of the dishes exactly before him, while a low exclamation, which sounded remarkably like "What the dickens?" escaped his lips.

There lay the lobster, recumbent in its bed of parsley, shining with a terrible blackness, claws and tail rearing like ebony satellites around the huge body. It was an awful moment. The Sheriff was conscious he did not flush, but that he turned deadly pale.

"Janet" he spoke then, "there's something wrong here. Take this away."

"O! but sir"—Janet ventured to expostulate on the strength of her achievement.

"Take it away" repeated the Sheriff.

His voice was the voice of the Law. Janet obeyed indignantly, but with trepidation. Whereupon the Sheriff began to divide the salmon, chatting unconcernedly meanwhile, as if totally indifferent to the untoward incident. He had perfected that trick of good breeding at the Bar. But from Mina's womanly heart he sought sympathy later on.

Perhaps it was Mina herself who provoked it. In fact that audacious damsel felt she owed a grudge against Janet for interrupting what promised to be an exceedingly interesting *tete à tete* with her host in the drawing-room window previous to supper. Perhaps Mina had a lurking desire to learn what confession the Sheriff was then on the point of making.

"What a wonderful housekeeper you have in Janet," said Mina.

The clocks had struck midnight. For the last five minutes she and he had been walking together in silence up and down the deserted quay. It was all very quiet, very beautiful, and to the Sheriff, intensely sad. The moon had come out and thrown a silver haze over the placid bay. The dark hills loomed purple above it, and cast their fantastic reflections upon it. Alongside the jetty was the fateful little steamer, on whose deck Jonathan Clark now stood, haranguing the captain. The bustle of departure would not begin yet for some four or five hours, but Mina preferred to come on board early and go to her berth at once. Up till this moment the Sheriff had been racking his brains how to lead towards that momentous question on his lips. He was far too earnest and nervous about its issue to plunge into it recklessly. Yet, now that Mina had given him a cue, it was scarcely grateful or reasonable to shew the irritation the Sheriff undoubtedly did.

"Are you laughing at me Miss Mina?" he demanded. "To give Janet her due, until to-

night I prided myself she was a person in a hundred."

"And has she not done her best to-night to prove that beyond doubt?" asked Mina, who was bent on mischief.

The Sheriff indulged in an exclamation of amusement.

"Well! considering she was responsible for the supper," he said, then broke off impatiently. Why was he wasting the precious moments thus? He could not expect Jonathan Clarke to remain on that deck much longer.

"O!" said Mina, demurely, "I think the supper was just too nice for anything."

"Especially the *unboiled* lobster," said the Sheriff, drily; but a flush of pleasure had flooded his cheek.

Mina laughed a sweet bewitching, musical laugh that stormed the Sheriff's heart anew.

"O!" she cried, "but it *was* boiled! Did you think it wasn't?"

"Then what the deuce was the matter with it?" asked he. He had a conviction, somehow, he had been fooled. Mina laughed again.

"That's what I wanted to know, though I had my suspicion," was her placid reply, "so I waylaid Janet, whom I could see was sore on the subject. The secret is very simple—Do you know, poor Janet had no idea a lobster turned red with boiling? indeed, never connected *your* lobster with the kind one sees in the shops, for, to quote her own words, 'you never ca'd the beast by its name.' She said you told her to serve it *exactly* as it was when it came in alive. Now guess what she did?"

"O! how can I guess?" groaned the sheriff.

Here was a humiliatiug final! All his domestic concerns laid bare to this piquante *demoiselle*, to whom the economy of keeping a cook-housekeeper only suggested a very amusing and novel arrangement. Here was good-bye to love and heiress both; for in the Sheriff's honest heart, love had weighed heaviest in the scale, and the exit of Mina meant the ending of all romance in his life.

"You can't guess?" Mina was saying, "then I won't tease you—I'll tell you right away. She—*blackleaded* it!"

"What? gasped the Sheriff.

To lend force to her words, Miss Mina had put one daintily gloved little hand upon his arm in her child-like, captivating way, and was looking in his eyes with merriment brimming over in her own. Her lover's breath came fast. It was not at the absurdity of the intelligence which Mina's lovely lips imparted, it was the fascination of Mina's nearness, the hope that rose within him involuntarily before the spell of Mina's unfathomable glance.

"She put blacklead on it, body and tail, and claws and all, and polished it with brushes like they do stoves," repeated Mina with that quaint naiveté, which simply scattered the Sheriff's sedate caution to the winds.

"Mina!" he cried, his voice divided betwixt laughter and anxiety, and clutching her little hand in his own big palm said, "won't you promise to come back and protect me from black-leaded lobsters in future?"

Then more coherently, and very eloquently, the Sheriff went on to plead what it was exactly that he desired of Miss Mina, until there was left no room for doubt in that maiden's mind. But when at length the wooer's confidence failed somewhat, and he began to depreciate his own unworthiness, because his listener had not yet uttered one word of encouragement or rebuke, Mina forgot her shyness in a sudden, sweet surrender.

"I was not just certain before whether my answer ought to be yes or no," she said demurely, "but I'm quite sure now—for the lobster decided me."

And, in the happy moonlight, she lifted up her lips to be kissed.

THE END.

WHEN THE CLANS ENJOY THEIR OWN AGAIN.

(AIR: "*Prince Charlie's Welcome to Skye.*")

There is plenty in the land,
If its lords would understand
Their duty to the people in the glens where they were born:
There is barley for the "bree,"
There are herring in the sea,
There are peats upon the moor, there is grass for hoof and horn,
There are kail-yards for the kail,
There is milk to fill the pail,
And farms and crofts and pastures in the shadows of the Ben.
And as true as dark grows light,
When the morning follows night,
The Clans shall enjoy their own again!

In the happy days of old,
Ere the cruel greed of gold
Drove justice from the hearts of traders in the soil,
There was earth to dig and plough,
There was forage for the cow,
And meal and malt and raiment for the sons of honest toil;
And it's coming yet ere long,
When the right shall "ding" the wrong,
And our rulers learn that cattle are of less account than men;
And the struggle shall be won,
And justice shall be done,
And the Clans *shall* enjoy their own again!

C. MACKAY.

FAILTE DO'N BHLIADHN' UIR.

Translated from the Gaelic of NEIL MACLEOD.
Clarsach an Doire, page 29. Second Edition.

All hail the day that yearly brings
To Highland bosoms joy and cheer,
And gathers round the festal board
Their kith and kin from far and near;
Though from the glens we're distant far,
Yet still while life a bosom thrills,
The toast that first shall drain our quoichs,
Is "Here's unto the Highland hills."

Though distant far from their green braes
Where city's clouds the azure screen,
Where greets the eye no deer on scaur,
Nor crystal streamlet's silv'ry sheen;
Where through no glens the martial strain
Of kilted piper boldly swells,
We'll send around one flowing quoich,
To Scotia's bonnie Highland hills.

Sweet land of melody and song,
Of stalwart hereos bold and brave,
Thy sons on foreign shores now throng,
Exiled beyond the ocean wave;
But though their hearths are mouldering cold,
Yet for thy strand each bosom swells,
And warm their hearts with love still glow
For Scotia's bonnie Highland hills.

Fair fa' thy sons both far and near,
Where'er through life their footsteps bend,
May fortune's gifts and blessings rare
Upon each one in showers descend;
Soon, soon we'll part so once again,
Ere stranger's touch one bosom chills,
With glee we'll drain a flowing quoich,
To Scotia's bonnie Highland hills.

DUNCAN LIVINGSTONE.

Ohio, U.S.A.

THE M'ROBBIES.—Sir,—Mr. Frank Adam, in "What is my Tartan?" assigns this Sept to the Macfarlans, whereas there is better reason to believe they belong to the Drummonds. Shearer's "Antiquities of Strathearn," refers to a battle between the Drummonds and Murrays, at Monivaird, at which the M'Robbies of Balloch struck in and decided the day in favour of the Drummonds. Now, the Balloch indicated, is clearly that one hard by Castle Drummond, and not the Balloch at the south end of Loch Lomond, which Mr. Frank Adams seems to have in his mind, and which even Buchanan of Auchmar, his authority, may have had in mind. A similar error seems to have crept into the "Martial Achievements of the Robertsons of Struan," wherein the M'Robbies are assigned to the Clan Donnachaidh. Now, the Balloch in Strathearn is situated in a district anciently called Struin—a part of which still is called Strowan, so the author in this case seems to have supposed the M'Robbies connected with the Struan in Athole.

Glen Devon. K. MATHESON.

THE SKYE GATHERING, which took place in the St. Andrew's Halls, on 1st December, under the chairmanship of Major Kenneth L. MacDonald, of Skirinish, proved a splendid success, the great hall being completely filled with an enthusiastic audience. The Chairman's address was one of the most interesting we have heard at a Highland social gathering this season.

CHIEFTAINSHIP AND THE CLANS.

BY WM. J. THOMAS.

(Continued from page 39.)

AMONG the primitive tribes of Britain and Ireland previous to the Celtic immigration, an influential chief was usually chosen, and his functions closely corresponded to those of the Vergobret. He was, in truth, but the judge or Pontiff-Chief—(or 'Peace-Chief,' as called in America)—of a large tribe which was essentially agricultural, in contra-distinction to the incoming Aryan, whose energies, when not taxed by intermittent wars, were employed in the pastoral pursuits, so typical of an unsettled, nomadic race.

At first there was, doubtless, little restraint upon his actions, for by receiving at his election the appearance of divinity, along with the sacred emblems of authority and rank attached to the office, he could show at will the absolute irresponsibility and freedom from interference, necessary to inspire in his subordinates a sense of the

"DIVINE RIGHT" TO GOVERN

which he held as direct representative of the ruler of the universe, or of the ancestral gods of the community. And when, at a later period, he was stripped of his semi-divine qualities, he was, despite the curb put upon his authority, enabled at least to preserve the shadowy symbols of his former glory.

In the average tribe there were thus two separate chiefs; one, the Pontiff-Chief, who represented in his person the religious faction, the other the War-Chief, representing the war party. To quote Homer—

> "The rule
> Of many is not well. One must be chief
> In war, and one the king."—(Il. II. 52).

The duties devolving on such a Pontiff-Chief were, as might be expected, of a religious and non-political nature, calculated to co-exist solely with the strong religious sentiments of the tribe, but powerless to cope with the all-engrossing questions of war and social progress, which increased in proportion to the accelerated development of civilisation. Through the office, therefore, proving inimical to both these elements, and by its continual neglect of the secular needs of the hour,

THE TRIBAL WAR-CHIEF

availed himself of the opportunity, and gradually superseded his rival by centring in himself the powers which of right belonged to the Pontiff-Chief alone. With the function of the office he partially absorbed the titles and privileges also, thereby the more readily to

secure a firmer hold on the allegiance of his tribe by henceforth playing the rôle of a chief with divine attributes, and of divine origin. Hence the chief, as now representing partly the religious and partly the political faction in the tribe or state, eventually succeeded in assimilating to himself the priestly functions which the superstitious customs of the tribe tolerated, or in reducing his rival's authority to impotency by making it subservient to the will of the tribe as centred in himself, the leader.

As demonstrating forcibly the amalgamation in Britain of the religious and secular, the War-Chief adopted the various symbols of the other's sacerdotal authority. Chief among these we find the adoption on solemn occasions of the robes which every priestly sect had perforce to wear, and which were scrupulously set apart from

THE DRESS OF THE TRIBESMEN

at large; so that while the Druidic sect were clothed in long-flowing white robes, the people dressed differently in the ordinary

"BERRBROC" OR "LENDA CUMASCDAI"

of the Irish Neoliths, and in the "*Feile-mòr*" of the primitive inhabitants of Alba; while again, the Britons of Central and Southern England retained the Aryan dress, since Celtic ideas preponderated and Neolithic influence was in these parts at a minimum. This particular dress, apart from its antiquity and world-wide prevalence, had the exceptional advantage of adapting itself—(more so than the Aryan form of dress, as worn by all the Celtic immigrant tribes)—to the dexterity and ingenuity of a people who united a strength of originality with a deftness in blending colours, so as to produce all those differentiations in a tartan which could distinguish the members of one tribe or village-community from another; while, in addition, there were other minor accessories pertaining to the dress of the natives made to symbolise the tribal guardian-deities or totems which the pre-historic tribes of Great Britain professed to worship and revere.

On the other hand, the

COSTUME OF THE CELTIC CHIEF

closely imitated that of the Arch-Druid, and thereby prematurely revealed the violation of equality in the tribe. It was always worn long, because as with Jews or Mexicans, length indicated rank. The fineness and whiteness of its texture symbolised his power, the purity of the colour especially according with the ancients' ideas of religious authority and influence. Thus the Egyptian kings had the same royal apparel of white as the priests of the temples, and wore, besides, what was called the "White Crown" corresponding to that of the Romans (Tac. Ann. VI. 37), and to the "llautu" of the Incas of Peru. Similarly Roman monarchs, like the Vestal virgins or the Salian priests of the agricultural-god Mars, wore the white "trabea," and wielded also an ivory sceptre; the royal apparel of the Assyrian or Israelitish kings was the same as the priests (Eccles. IX. 8), and was white (Esther VIII. 15); the Irish chief, like his Druids, clothed in white and received, as custom demanded, a white wand from the chief of the nobility of his district or tribe (Keating's Hist.); and lastly, the Highland chief of the olden time was, at his election, engirt "in a spotless robe of white, and holding a white peeled wand," presented by a Scottish Druid (Carmin. Gadel).

The apparent union, however, of the religious and secular did not necessarily make the leader or War-Chief more absolute in his dealings with his tribe, or more solicitous in regard to any new prerogative—"the Right Divine to govern wrong." The Celtic as well as the Teutonic was a War-Chief rather than a priest, and his power, therefore, depended but little on Druidic influence. It was only, indeed, where an attempt was made to establish a monarchy in opposition to the wishes of the tribe that hierarchical influence was called in, and as it had succeeded in the making of the first of the Jewish, Indian, Hungarian, or Russian monarchs, so was it successful in the Scottish Highlands at the '45. In all cases the results proved identical, and the well-meant efforts of the patriot or the tribe had to be subservient to the commands of the religious time-server.

When the Celtic tribes reached the shores of Britain,

THE DRUIDS

as a compact body had probably ceased to flourish to the same extent as they evidently had once done in the island. For with the gradual absorption and disappearance of the aboriginal race and its agricultural superstitions, their power began to wane, and was afterwards effectually broken and disintegrated by the invading forces. Nor does the institution of the Druids seem to have been able to stem the impenetrable barriers of the Celtic tribal system, namely, combination, organisation, and centralization—three leading features in the structure of ancient tribal society which amalgamated all ranks and classes together in one common bond, and three such as the majority of Highland Societies nowadays could copy with advantage in an age of combines, trusts, or syndicates, and when the interests of the individual have slowly to give place to those of the grouped commune.

As regards a title, a religious one that savoured too much of priestly rule did not fall in very well with true Aryan ideas, for in those far-off days, when civilisation did not possess a "balance of power" to restrain the unavoidable migration of life from East to West in Europe, the race spent little time on self-culture, and less on the development of a national religion. On coming, therefore, into any new district, they straightway

ADOPTED THE LOCAL GODS

from the inhabitants preceding them, and at the same time imbibed a large mass of floating legendary lore that was, if anything, non-Aryan in character and composition. Virtually the Aryan chief had as little to do with the superstitions that swayed the minds of his tribe as the augur or divine had to do with the leadership. Both offices were distinct, and a wide gulf existed between them. It is only when we come to the pre-Celtic races of Ireland that the inevitable exception shows itself, and we meet again with the Oriental. There the chief of the Dagdas has the same attributes, the same duties to fulfil, as the ordinary Eastern potentate. Besides being responsible for the welfare of his subjects as lord of good harvests, he alone was considered qualified to take the auspices, preside at all national festivals, perform the proper rites and ceremonies, and offer up the sacrifices, as prophet, priest, and king, acceptable to the deities of the tribe. He alone could approach a deity and make petitions on behalf of those he represented, while he was also considered as holding a near affinity with the god. In this case, the monarchical title of "Servant of the Sun," which could neither be hereditary nor retained for any length of time, was not out of place, and thus each Dagda chief, as representing an agricultural tribe, bore the same title of "MacGreire," analogous to that of the Egyptian, Indian, Peruvian, or Mongolian Emperors.

Another peculiarity was what may be styled the

TOTEM, OR BANNER-NAME—

a name which preceded the advent of heraldry, and was employed by the chief to signify the sacred right he possessed of summoning the tribal assembly, or when he wished, the undertaking of some war-like expedition or other. The reason is obvious. With ancient civilisation, flags (as understood in the modern sense), did not exist, and as regards the Egyptian, Assyrian, or Mexican inscriptions, they are noted by their absence. With the Jews, however, there would appear to have been at least two kinds, *first*, the "oth," the religious symbol and totem-banner of each Jewish tribe (Is. XI. 10), and which at all times "stood about the tabernacle in the east side, toward the rising of the sun" (Num. II. 2); *secondly*, there was the more important "nês" (= "that which shines") which it is quite clear, was sometimes the name of the leader, as implied in the title Yahwè-nissi (Exod. XVII. 15). The monarchs of Egypt had likewise, as representing the divine Horus, the 'Ka' or banner (lit. "spirit") name; the Roman kings had the "vexillum" or imperial totem-standard, generally fixed on the Janiculum, and in addition had on public occasions, fire carried before them as their particular badge,—the meaning of which late survival was early lost, and thus caused Marcus Antoninus attempt to father it on the Persians. Finally, among the Fir-Bolgic Neoliths of Scotland we find the "Deò-Ghréine," the

SYMBOL OF THE CHIEF

alone, and necessitating the observance of the same superstitious practices and religious rites. By the high-chief or Ard-Righ alone could this symbol be appropriated, but, of course, sub-chiefs could content themselves with some less conspicuous ensign as representing the head of their respective clans or septs.

"Bha bratach aig gach triath dha féin."
(Fing. iv. 367)

The name itself, like that of the non-Aryan "Fir-Bolgs," appears indeed to be nothing else than a mere Celtic translation of a Neolithic original, and, as with other oriental nations, distinguished only important personages. Doubtless Macpherson must have been in a very poetic frame of mind when he coined or borrowed the name "Deò-Ghréine" from some (now lost) passage of the Iliad, and graced the wife of a mediæval Scottish Druid with the title! Even the name of her "honourable" husband *Cruthgheal* is redolent of the memory of that peculiar people of "light and darkness,"

"Who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost isles."

(To be continued.)

HANDSOME GIFT BY DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.—The Duke of Sutherland who is an Alderman of the Staffordshire County Council, and the Duchess of Sutherland, have offered to the Council their stately home, Trentham Hall, for the purpose of higher education in Staffordshire. The munificence of the gift exceeds anything recorded in the history of any County Council. The gift would benefit the county for all time.

THE ANNUAL SOCIAL GATHERING OF THE CLAN MACKINNON takes place in the Waterloo Rooms, on Friday, 9th February, Rev. Hector Mackinnon, M.A., in the chair. The absence of the popular Chief and his lady will be greatly felt on this occasion, but they are sending at this festive season an interesting remembrance to each member of the Society, which we are sure they will value very highly.

THE FUNERAL OF THE CHIEF OF THE CAMERONS.—The remains of Donald Cameron of Lochiel, twenty-fourth chief of the Clan Cameron, were enterred, amid universal expressions of sympathy and sorrow, in St. Andrews's Churchyard, Fort-William. The funeral was probably one of the largest ever witnessed in the Highlands. Between ten and eleven o'clock the cortege left the ancestral home, where previously service was conducted in presence of Lady Margaret Cameron, the family, and guests. Preceded by a piper playing a lament, the coffin was borne on the shoulders of eight estate shepherds and deer stalkers through the avenue to the entrance gate, where it was placed in an open hearse, escorted from Achnacarry by the Lochaber Squadron of Lovat Scouts, under command of Major A. W. M'Donald, D.S.O. The funeral procession consisted of a long train of carriages, which extended to about a mile. The twelve miles drive was accomplished in comparatively fine weather, although snow had fallen during the preceding night, and the hills, with their white pall and enshrouding mist, seemed to deepen the gloom which prevailed throughout Lachaber at the passing of its Chief. The pall-bearers were all chiefs or chieftains, their names being Lord Lovat, Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, Sir Reginald MacLeod of Macleod, Macdonald of Glenaladale, and MacLean of Ardgour.

The representation from the Clan Cameron Society, which occupied a place of honour in the procession, comprised Mr. A. Cameron Corbett, M.P.; Mr. P. Cameron, Corriechoille; Mr. D. Cameron Swan, London; Mr. Peter Cameron, Alexandria; and Major John Cameron, Fort-William. As the cortege again moved off the pipers played "Lord Lovat's Lament," and "Lochaber no more" as the place of interment was approached.

Borne shoulder-high from the hearse to St. Andrew's Church, the polished oak coffin, covered with the late Chief's plaid, bonnet with eagle's feathers, and claymore, was placed in the chancel, and around it was a magnificent display of floral wreaths.

After the body had been committed to the grave the general public were afforded an opportunity of passing round and viewing the coffin. During the progress of the funeral, business was entirely suspended in Fort-William, and the different bells were tolled at intervals. All along the route of the sorrowful pageant groups of the tenantry had assembled to witness the obsequies, and not a few touching scenes were to be noted.

WHAT IS THE CORRECT HIGHLAND DRESS?

104 Cheapside Street,
Glasgow, 9th December 1905.

DEAR SIR,—I think Mr. Sinclair's letter is good and timely. There can be no doubt that powder horns, pistols, and heavy belt are entirely obsolete and should not be worn by a Highland civilian gentleman who desires to be considered well dressed. Another point I should like to call attention to is the practice of having armorial bearings on the silver ornaments, and a silver crest on the bonnet. It should be understood that such ensigns are the private property of the parties to whom, or to whose ancestors, they have been granted by the Lyon King, and in former times the right to bear arms was most jealously guarded. Payment of the gun tax does not confer the right to shoot over another man's preserves, neither does payment of the annual inland revenue license enable an individual or association to bear a coat of arms; and surely no person of taste will display a crest to which he is not entitled, The tartan and badge of the clan or family are the distinguishing marks of the clansman and can be appropriately worn. Many members of the Stewart Society make use of the oak leaves and acorns, the old family badge, and have it engraved on their silver ornaments; while the cadets of the various branches of the House of Stewart naturally bear the arms to which they are entitled.

I entirely agree with Mr. Sinclair that the present day Highland gentleman should dress as simply as possible, and without any unnecessary trappings, which add nothing to the dignity of the garb of the Gael, I am, etc.,

JOHN A. STEWART.

GLENCOE.

Wail of the wind down the dark, dead night,
Sigh and the sob of a hideous dream;
Shriek of the blast on Bidean's black height,
Howl of the dog, and lament of the stream.

Cheer in the cup, and the bread of the brave;
Song and the kiss of a noble, blind trust;
Morn and the mountains, and God and the grave;
Hell and the Furies, and kings and their lust.

Red on the white, and the babe to the snow;
Mothers gone mad from the kindness of kin;
Death on the mountain and murder below,
Blood on the rock, and a corpse at the linn.

Woe and the wailing of pines to the night;
Day and the tribute of tears from the skies;
Dim-eyed, the sun sheds a tremulous light;
Kerchief and cloud have the hills for their eyes.

Wail of the wind from the deeps to the height;
Sob and the sigh of the years as they go;
Never shall sun or the splendour of night
Conquer the grief and the gloom of Glencoe.

Glasgow. M. W. MACMILLAN.

CLAN LINDSAY SOCIETY.—The Western Section of the Clan Lindsay held its Annual "At Home" in the Windsor Hotel on the 21st December. Dr. and Mrs. John Lindsay acted as host and hostess. About 130 clansmen and their friends were present, among them being Professor Glaister, Bailie Lindsay, Partick, Messrs. John Lindsay, Town-Clerk Depute, A. M. Lindsay, M.A., and John Mackay, Editor *Celtic Monthly*; Drs. Glaister, Wm. Macdonald, James Alexander, and Grant-Strang; Messrs. R. J. Lindsay, W.S., general secretary, and H. J. G. Lindsay, local secretary. Dr. Lindsay, speaking for the committee, specially welcomed those belonging to other clans and the representatives of other surnames. The Clan Lindsay could meet them all with a clear conscience. The early Lindsays had not been distinguished for meekness, but they had settled their differences with their neighbours on the short credit system, and cherished no hereditary animosities. They had early acquired a reputation for "lightsomeness." It behooved them to convince their friends by the evening's proceedings that they were still the "lichtsome Lindsays." An enjoyable evening was spent with music and dancing under the genial guidance of Mr. Robert Lindsay, Balcarres, Bearsden.

CEOL NAN GAIDHEAL (Songs of the Gael) is the title of a most artistic little volume of Gaelic songs and music, which has just been published by Mr. Angus Macintyre of Messrs. Bryce & Murray. It measures exactly 3½ by 2½ inches, is bound in various silk tartans, and is suitable for carrying in the waistcoat pocket. The little work contains no fewer than 37 popular Gaelic songs, with English translations, and music in both notations. It is published at the very small price of 1/6, post free.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following beautiful song was composed by Mary Macleod, the Skye Poetess, better known as "Mairi, nighean Alasdair Ruaidh," who flourished during the sixteenth century, and who died at the great age of 103.

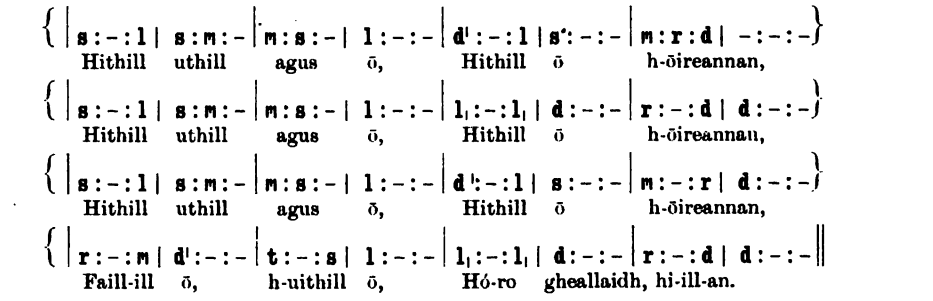
The song is in praise of John Macleod, second of Bernera and first of Contullich, known among his own countrymen as "Iain Taotear," he having been Tutor or Guardian to Norman XIX. of Macleod. He was an advocate of the Scottish Bar. It was on the occasion of his presenting her with a snuff-mull that she invoked the Muse and composed this song. A varient of the air is given in Rev. Patrick Macdonald's Collection, 1781.

ANNETTA C. WHYTE.

HITHILL UTHILL AGUS O.

Key E. *Moderato, with marked time.*

Chorus



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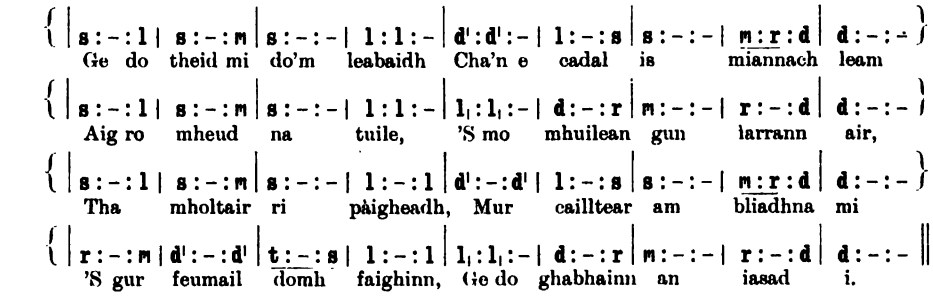

Tha mo chion air a' chlachair,
Rinn m' aigne-sa riarachadh
Fear mór, a bheòil mheachair,
Ge tosdach, gur briathrach thu;
Gu'm faighinn air m' fhacal
Na caisteil ged dh' iarrainn iad;
Cheart aindeoin mo stāta,
Gun chàraich sud fiachan orm.

Ged a thuirt mi ruit clachair,
Air m' f hacal cha b' fhior dhomh e,
Gur rioghail do shloinneadh
'S gur soilleir ri iarraidh e,
Fior Leòdach ùr gasda,
Foinnidh beachdail, glic fialaidh thu,
De shliochd nam fear flathail,
Bu mhath an ceann chliaranach.

'Nuair a theid thu do'n f hireach,
'S ro mhath chinneas an f hiadhach leat,
Le d' lothain chon ghleusda,
Ann ad dhéigh 'nuair thrialladh thu.
Sin, is cuilbhear caol cinnteach,
Cruaidh, direach, gun f hiaradh ann;
Bu tu sealgair na h-eilid,
A choilich, 's na liath-chirce.

Tha mo chion air an Ruairidh,
Gur luaineach mu d' sgeula mi,
Fior bhoinne geal suairc' thu
Am beil uaisle na peacaige
Air an d' f hàs an cùl dualach
'S e na chuachagan teud-bhuidhe
Sin a's urla glan, suairce,
Cha bu tuairisgeul breugach e.

Slan iomradh dhut Iain
Gu mu rathail a dh' eireas dut,
'S tu mac' an deagh athar,
Bha gu mathasach mearghrachail,
Bha gu furbhailteach, daonnachdach,
Faoilteachail, deireachail,
Sàr cheannard air "trùp" thu,
Na 'n cuirte leat feum orra.

Gur àluinn am marcach
Air each an glaic diollaid thu,
'S tu cumail do phearsa
Ann an cleachdadh, mar dh' iarrainn dut
Thigeadh sud ann ad laimh-sa
Lann Spainteach, ghorm, dheas-f hada
A's paidhir mhath "phiostal"
Air crios nam ball sniomhanach.

JOHN MACKAY,
Editor, "Celtic Monthly."

The Celtic Monthly:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 4. Vol. XIV.] *JANUARY, 1906.* [**Price Threepence.**

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.

Presentation to
Mr. JOHN MACKAY, Editor, "Celtic Monthly."

THE recent social gathering of the Clan Mackay is likely to be long remembered as a "red-letter day" in the history of this Society. It is not every day that Lord Reay, the honoured Chief of the Mackays, holds court among his clansmen, and one need not be surprised to learn that among the large company who welcomed the Chief in the Queen's Rooms, there should be clansmen from all parts of the Kingdom. There was also another circumstance which contributed to make this re-union of more than ordinary interest. Mr. John Mackay, Editor of the "Celtic Monthly," who founded the Society seventeen years ago, and has since acted as hon.-secretary, was to become the recipient, by the hands of his Chief, of a very handsome gift from his fellow clansmen. In November last, Mr. Mackay, owing to the growing pressure of business duties, resigned the secretaryship, and was enthusiastically elected president of the flourishing society which he called into existence.

Judging by the various functions which took place on this eventful day, it is evident that the Mackays resolved to celebrate the occasion in no ordinary fashion. At 5 p.m. a large party of ladies and gentlemen representing the clan and various kindred societies, met at the Grand Hotel to take part in a dinner in "Honour of Lord Reay." The president occupied the chair, and was supported by the Chief and many notable clansmen. Principal J. Yule Mackay, Dundee University College, in an eloquent speech, proposed the health of the Chief, and his Lordship's response was worthy of his great reputation as an orator and a thinker.

At 7 p.m. the dinner party proceeded to the Queen's Rooms, where they found a gathering of seven hundred Mackays and their friends assembled to give a hearty welcome to the head of the clan. Lord Reay presided, and delivered an address on clan and general Highland topics, which kept the audience keenly interested for half an hour. He strongly advocated the right of the Highlander to live on his native soil, and where land suitable for cultivation was available, he considered it ought to be utilised to retain the population at home. All sporting or grazing interests were subordinate to this great national purpose. The noble speaker touched a keynote which found an immediate response in the hearts of his audience; and the newspapers have since carried his views to every corner of the Highlands, where they will be quite as warmly applauded.

Thereafter, Lord Reay commented upon the valuable services which the president had rendered to the society for many years, referred to his many contributions to Celtic literature, and to his success in business as partner in the oldest firm of flour merchants in Glasgow. As an acknowledgment of his untiring efforts on behalf of the society, Lord Reay presented Mr. Mackay with a beautiful Illuminated Address and several valuable articles of solid silver plate, suitably inscribed. The president, in accepting the gifts and thanking the Chief and clansmen, said that he had always considered the work of the Mackay Society as a recreation to which he could always return with never failing pleasure, and to him its greatest delight, as it was also the real secret of the society's phenomenal success, was the very cordial and friendly relations which had ever existed between his fellow office-bearers and himself. Among them he had made friendships which would probably endure for life, and his connection as secretary of the Mackay Society would ever remain a happy memory. And if there was one feature more than another which lent a special value to these handsome gifts, it was that he had received them from the hands of his honoured Chief.

A musical programme followed, and at 11 o'clock a dance took place, which was attended by seventy couples. And thus ended a memorable occasion in the history of the Clan Mackay, occupying nearly a "round of the clock."!

EALIE MARTIN.

A Story of a Skye Clearance.

by Chas. Mackinnon, Transvaal.

(*Continued from page 44.*)

XIII.

Major MacKintosh was stretched in a low leathern armchair by the fire, one leg flung across the other. A litter of papers occupied the floor beside him. An open pamphlet lay face downwards on his knee, while another was being read by him with much attention.

The subject was so engrossing on which the pile of literature beside him had accumulated, that he neither looked up when Norman entered, nor spoke.

The latter sat opposite him, also without speaking. His mind was chaotic with thoughts altogether outside the orbit of his father's. Fancies of many colours floated across his mental vision, indefinite and unsubstantial as gossamer streamers, and lulled him presently into reverie.

Silence reigned—an all pervading silence broken only by an occasional rustle as the Major turned a leaf. The tick of the clock on the mantle-piece grew strident in the hush.

A glowing cave was in the centre of the fire. An interval went by, and it fell in with a noise which, in the stillness, was comparable to a crash. At the same time the Major laid by the pamphlet he was reading and allowed the other to slide down from his knee.

Norman did not disturb the state of restful calm to which he had abandoned himself. The outer fringe of his perception, however, became alive to a certain pointedness and uncordiality in his father's manner. It communicated to him a prescience of something disagreeable.

"Where have you been?" the Major demanded on a sudden.

The young man maintained his serenity and answered in a desultory sort of way: "For a stroll."

"Where?"

Norman felt a back-drag to actuality, and was resentful. He did not yield entire attention, however, and replied:

"Among the uplands, there."

"Not to Glencorrie?"

"In that direction."

"I thought so."

Norman brushed aside the stale remnant of his hazy musings. He could no longer remain unheeding.

"It strikes me you visit Glencorrie with uncommon frequency, these days," the Major presently added, with acerbity.

"Anything to excite remark in that?"

"You've hit it there. Remark *is* being excited. I wish you to cease from giving any further occasion for it."

"I don't quite understand."

"Don't talk like that. What houses do you visit?"

"None whatever. The only door I've crossed in Glencorrie is Ewen Martin's."

"Exactly. Your visits to Glencorrie are simply visits to Ewen Martin."

"Put it that way, if you like."

"What takes you there?"

The direct and simple question was a poser. Multitudes of plausible answers might be conceived on reflection. *Extempore* there were none to hand worth putting into words. Norman, after a futile fumble, gave it up.

"Upon my word, I hardly know," he rejoined," and a remote suggestion of the sardonic tinctured his inflection. "What do you suppose?"

"It matters nothing what I suppose. The place is seething with comment and innuendo, and your name is being constantly coupled with that of the girl, there. If you don't beware, you may find yourself immeshed in a compromising tangle over it. I must request you not to go near the place again."

"I am already immeshed, if you call it so: I love the girl."

The Major surveyed his son with a stare of cool pity.

"You know your station and responsibilities: you know what she is. In common sense drop idiotic talk like that," he said.

"But I do love her," Norman iterated with a suppressed throb of fervour. "I love her genuinely—with all my soul. No one could possibly love more."

"I insist on your keeping away from that place in future," the Major said determinedly. I know—we all know—where rubbishy sentiment of that kind usually finds end."

Norman scented a gratuitous insinuation; but he ignored it. His temper at the moment loathed disputation. He kept cool and imperturbed, and repeated unyieldingly that he loved the girl.

"And I mean to make her mine the moment things are straight. I told her so to-night. We are betrothed, in fact."

The Major made a movement that spoke ineffable disgust. He interjected on the affinity some people had to asses.

After the first impact, however, he did not suffer the announcement to disquiet him much. He was convinced, from Norman's rational way of talk, that nothing serious menaced. The young man had a passing fancy, no doubt; he was of just the age when a pretty face will

queen it over all practical considerations with his kind. Action, change of scene, a little rubbing with the world was the infallible remedial compound for his malady.

"Hang it all! is it only now the silly is going through his calf love: and here?" he questioned himself in a reflective pause.

"But he must have seen girls in plenty before now, and infinitely more attractive. What the deuce . . .?" The Major had a momentary douche of misgiving. In an instant his optimism swam to the top again.

"He has none of the symptoms of a man in love. He fancies it, that's all. Hang it! a youth must take to something to keep instagnant in a place like this, It's only natural."

His thoughts sped forth in a new direction and, aloud, he said:

"In any event you will find it prudent to give a wide lee to Glencorrie in the meantime. Maclaw has issued the notices of removal. To-night's post will place them in the people's hands. You will find yourself, therefore, in a hornet's nest—mobbed as like as not—if you show yourself over there. Things will be hot enough without that."

Norman had not a word. Although he had not been positively informed, he had guessed that active steps were on the eve of being taken in this hateful matter. He had been hardening himself in advance for the announcement. Now that it was ossified into actual fact he was held down in a stony impotence.

What could he do? He had already cast about in every conceivable direction for means to ward off the impending calamity. He had racked his brain until he fevered to devise a way whereby, if they could not be shielded from eviction, Ealie and her father might at least be preserved from expatriation. Thus far he was beaten.

And now, like a caged animal behind the bars, his thoughts ran round and round, seeking anew a solution to the insoluble difficulty. Some proposals, vague and formless, presented themselves as, in other guise, they had ofttimes done before. In forlorn hope he seized and examined them in succession but to toss them by. In the end he found himself precisely where he had started. His heated mind relinquishing the search, subsided, effortless and limp.

In the meanwhile his outward demeanour had not changed.

"I rejoice I shall be absent when they go," he said in a preternaturally even voice. "I would sooner dispossess myself than these people. But there . . . what's the use of wrangling over the matter once again?"

A knock pealed on the outer door as he was speaking.

"Postman," both exclaimed simultaneously.

After a time the mail was brought in. The Major, making a sweep aside of the papers on the floor, motioned that it should be set down on that spot.

Conspicuous among the letters and papers, showed the buff envelope of a telegram. The Major snatched it up and, inclining it to the light, read out the inscription, "Lieutenant Mackintosh, Glencorry."

He tossed it to Norman, who ripped it open, the drab paper inside was unfolded, and he read:

"*Regiment ordered active service instantly. Report yourself Headquarters, Friday, noon.*"

"Friday, noon," he cried, aghast. "To-day is—is—?"

"Wednesday."

"It's absurd. It can't mean that."

He read it a second time. The words could not be twisted to a meaning other than the obvious.

The Major held out his hand for it.

"It means that you must leave here at half-past six to-morrow morning," the latter said, unmoved after perusing it.

Norman sat back, all relaxed.

"What on earth do they mean?" he gulped, rebelliously. "It's impossible to report myself on Friday."

"It can be rendered possible only by posting off to-morrow, as I say."

"But that also is impossible."

"How so?" The Major's voice took up the abrupt military note of a former day. To him it were unpardonable to weigh or question orders, to lag or dally in obedience were criminal, and to demur, as his son gave symptoms of doing, ———!

"What makes it impossible?"

"I go," Norman said in impotent abandon to the irresistible decree of his fate.

"As if any other course could be dreamed of, indeed!"

And the Major rose to issue orders for all necessary packing to be taken in hand that moment. Sandy Tulloch was directrd to be at the door betimes on the morning following, in order to drive Norman to Broadbost.

XIV.

Thursday showed dull and sombre, with frequent shedding of dead rain. Listlessness and apathy seemed to fill the air infectingly.

At Craigan House the routine of activities proceeded at a slumbrous pace.

The Major moped indoors. He had been up early to speed Norman; and the unwonted morning exercise exacted penalty in constant

fits of yawning and a disgust and weariness that embraced all things.

The departure of his son, now that it was an accomplished fact, made itself felt at points and in ways which he could not have anticipated. It left a perceptible vacuum in the household; and this, acting on the minds of the occupants. diffused an exaggerated sense of loneliness and solitude which brooded over and about the place permeatingly.

In another respect the day was marked with importance in the Major's calendar. He had taken definitely the step he had pondered over for long and toyed with—toyed, despite the immobile surface he had presented on the matter towards his son. This morning the village of Glencorrie was doubtless in a dumb panic over the portentuous missives delivered on the foregone night.

His mind continued to recur to the matter with self unconfessed uneasiness. The weight of the undertaking touched him now with a pressure he had never before experienced.

At the start the project had only been half-heartedly entertained by him. The uncombative opposition of Norman had piqued him to push ahead, if merely for the sake of overbearing it. He now felt that, unconsciously, he had reckoned on the presence of his son all the time, as a whet, so speaking, against any promptings towards desistance. The son was gone. With him had gone the pungency of opposition, feeble though his had been.

The clash of argument having to be foregone left things flaccid and without flavour.

At all events the rubicon was crossed. To draw back now under any circumstances was not to be thought of. He felt, with a steeling of the nerves, that he would sooner perish. He must, therefore, pursue the path he had chalked out unflinchingly, unswervingly to the end.

* * * * *

Sandy, in his own domain, missed not less the elixir that seemed suddenly vanished from the day. He had been early astir. In the wan light of dawn he had driven with Norman to Broadbost.

To Sandy the drive was memorable. The occasion had been laden with mute melancholy—a melancholy intensified by the obvious efforts made on all hands to suppress and banish it.

Norman had sat silent in the trap: and in silence both watched the weird and solemn hills emerging from the lonely vigils into the ghostly grey of dawn, and slowly vivifying into colour. A sabbath hush pervaded the daybreak. broken only by the haunting cry of solitary moorfowl afar off in the dim recesses of the corries.

Sandy, now apathetically fulfilling the round of his accustomed work, found his thoughts constantly reverting to the absent Norman. Again and again his hand would steel unconsciously to his pocket and press it, as though a piece of the young man's personality or some relic of him were reposing there.

And this, in some degree, was actually the case.

The devoted and untiring solicitude of Sandy was in connection with a letter which Norman had entrusted him to deliver to Ealie. "By no hand but your own, mind."

"And most particular on that point he was," Sandy murmured retrospectively, not without a tincture of self gratulation at the exclusiveness of the trust committed to him.

By a natural transition he thought of Ealie Martin for whom the missive was intended.

Norman had of course kept silence with him as to their relations. Sandy, however, possessed his share of shrewdness, and his unexpressed deductions did not greatly err.

How to deliver the letter was the problem at this moment puzzling him.

"Give it to-day, if it's not impossible: to no one but herself, mind. Swear," the impulsive Norman had imperiously insisted.

And Sandy swore.

"And let no one see you do it."

The commission had seemed simple enough at the time. With this condition as to secrecy, however, features other than simple began to unrobe themselves when Sandy belaboured his ingenuity for a way in which to execute it.

For a long time he occupied himself in elaborating schemes, subtle enough, some of them, to have circumvented a posse of attendants, supposing Ealie to have been imprisoned in some moated grange like the heroines of old romance. Perhaps it was their appositeness to such a conjuncture that unfitted them for the existent circumstances. At all events none was without flaw in some respect; in the upshot Sandy disgustedly tossed them all aside with expressions of 'hurricanes and thunder.'

"I'll call on Ewen Martin on *ceilidh* in the ordinary way," he decided: "if the chance comes the letter will be passed to Ealie; if not, it must wait."

As this resolve simmered in his mind a modification of it was suggested to this extent:

"I'll go after nightfall."

By and by, another amendment introduced itself. A persuasive thought floated in to him that, instead of taking the open highway, he would be more circumspect to go by that route which Norman had made use of the night before —of which latter fact Sandy was, of course, in ignorance.

(*To be continued.*)

HIGHLAND SECOND SIGHT

In its relation to recent Scientific Discoveries.

[MARCONI'S recent discoveries in wireless telegraphy have astonished the world. To have suggested such a possibility a few years ago, would have satisfied your friends that it was time you were being looked after, it seemed such a ridiculous idea. We now accept it as a scientific fact that two persons situated thousands of miles apart can send messages to each other without a connecting wire. This suggests a somewhat startling question—what relationship has this discovery to what for hundreds of years has been described as Highland superstition? What is Second Sight? The power given to certain individuals to see events before they happen, or while they happen, although at long distances. That in the Highlands and elsewhere there were, and are such persons is a fact that has been proved beyond all doubt; the recorded evidence on the subject for the past two centuries is most extensive and conclusive. Now, it seems an easy step from sending a message by air waves, to seeing incidents by scientific means. No one would be greatly surprised if such a discovery were announced to-morrow. It seems probable that what the public in their ignorance described as Highland superstition was, after all, only the anticipation of the elucidation of a great scientific fact. Why should it not be possible for certain individuals to possess special powers or gifts not shared by their fellows? It looks very like as if science, after all, will not be the enemy of the so-called superstitions of the Highlanders, but the agent which will prove that in general they could be explained in a perfectly rational way. The following dissertation on Second Sight, and instances of its occurrence, were recorded two centuries ago, and now we are better able to understand them in the light of modern scientific discoveries.—EDITOR].

THE Second Sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that sees it for that end; the vision makes such a lively impression upon the Seers, that they neither see nor think of anything else, except the vision, as long as it continues: and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them.

At the sight of a vision, the eye-lids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are by, when the persons happen to see a vision, and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others near.

There is one in Sky, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision, the inner part of his eyelids turn so far upwards, that after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employs others to draw them down, which he finds to be the much easier way.

This faculty of the Second Sight does not lineally descend in a family, as some imagine, for I know several parents who are endowed with it, but their children not, *et vice versa:* neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And after a strict inquiry, I could never learn from any among them, that this faculty was communicable any way whatsoever.

The Seer knows neither the object, time, nor place of a vision, before it appears; and the same object is often seen by different persons, living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstance of an object, is by observation; for several persons of judgment, without this faculty, are more capable to judge of the design of a vision, than a novice that is a Seer. If an object appears in the day or night, it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

If an object is seen early in a morning (which is not frequent) it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards. If at noon, it will commonly be accomplished that very day. If in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night: the latter always in accomplishment, by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision is seen.

When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death: the time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is not seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer; and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shewn me, when the persons of whom the observations then made enjoyed perfect health.

If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried at the time of the apparition.

If two or three women are seen at once standing near a man's left hand, she that is next him will undoubtedly be his wife first, and so on, whether all three, or the man be single or married at the time of the vision or not; of which there are several late instances among those of my acquaintance. It is an ordinary thing for them to see a man that is to come to the house shortly after; and if he is not of the

Seer's acquaintance, yet he gives a lively description of his stature, complexion, habit, &c., that upon his arrival he answers the character given him in all respects.

If the person so appearing be one of the Seer's acquaintance, he will tell his name, as well as other particulars; and he can tell by his countenance whether he comes in a good or bad humour.

I have been seen thus myself by Seers of both sexes at some hundred miles distance; some that saw me in this manner, had never seen me personally, and it happened according to their visions, without any previous design of mine to go to those places, my coming there being purely accidental.

To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arm or breast, is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those persons; of which there are several fresh instances.

To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death quickly after.

When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the Second Sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and comes near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people, having a corps which they carry along with them; and after such visions the Seers come in sweating, and describe the people that appeared: if there be any of their acquaintance among them, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers, but they know nothing concerning the corps.

There is a way of foretelling death by a cry that they call *Taisk*, which some call a *Wraith* in the lowland.

They hear a loud cry without doors, exactly resembling the voice of some particular person, whose death is foretold by it. The last instance given me of this kind was in the village Rigg, in the isle of Sky.

Children, horses, and cows, see the Second Sight, as well as aged men and women.

That horses see it, is likewise plain from their violent and sudden starting, when the rider or Seer in company with him sees a vision of any kind, night or day. It is observable of the horse, that he will not go forward that way, until he be led about at some distance from the common road, and then he is in a sweat.

(The following instances, all relating to the clan Macdonald, will doubtless prove of more than clan interest.—ED.)

CAPTAIN MACDONALD

of Castletown (allowed by all his acquaintance to be a person of consummate integrity), informed me that a Knoydart-man being on board of a vessel at anchor in the Sound of the island Oransay, went under night out of the cabin to deck, and being missed by his company, some of them went to call him down; but not finding him, concluded he had dropt from the ship's side; when day came on they got a long line furnished with hooks (from a tenant's house close by the shore), which having cast from the ship's side, some of the hooks got hold of his cloaths, so that they got the corps taken up. The owner of the long line told Captain MacDonald, that for a quarter of a year before that accident happened, he himself and his domestics, on every calm night, would hear lamentable cries at the shore where the corps were landed; and not only so, but the long lines that took up the corps, being hung on a pin in his house, all of them would hear an odd gingling of the hooks before and after going to bed, and that without any person, dog or cat touching them; and at other times, with fire light, see the long lines covered over with lucid globules, such as are seen drop from oars rowing under night.

CHRISTIAN MACDONALD

relates, that when she lived with her aunt at Uinish, being then between ten and twelve years of age, as she was coming out of the house, in the dusk of the evening, she saw at the door a gathering of people about a coffin, which so startled her, that she returned to the house, clapping her hands with great cries, and told the company within what she had seen. About a quarter of a year thereafter, her aunt sickened, of which she died, and then the declarant had the opportunity really to see the scene which before had put her into so much fright and confusion.

ALEXANDER MACDONALD,

son to Alexander Macdonald of Gearry-Dhonil, in Bein-Bicula, a good sensible, modest young man, told me, that as he had been on a jaunt in Arasaig, as he came out of his quarters under night, he saw a throng company carrying a coffin, directing their way where he stood; so that in some concern he returned with full speed to the house. I inquired, how long this sight continued? He told me, it lasted until he turned his back, to make his retreat from what he had never seen before; and says he no sooner entered the house, than he told it to all present. In two days thereafter, young Balfinlay sickened, and in three days more was interred, being carried to the churchyard on the same step of the way, when he saw the Second Sight but five days before its completion.

The above Alexander declared farther, that a young child, his brother, being sickly for some time, he saw a little corpse stretched to a dale, that was at his own bed-foot several times;

and that, when the child died, the same dale was employed to his coffin.

JOHN MACDONALD.

"The fourth instance I had, to my great grief, from one John Macdonald, a servant of Lauchlan MacLean of Coll, who was then newly returned from Holland, having the charge of a captain. This gentleman came one afternoon abroad to his pastime in the fields, and this John MacDonald meets him, and seeth his clothes shining like the skins of fishes, and his periwig all wet, though indeed the day was very fair; whereupon he told privately, even then, to one of Coll's gentlemen, that he feared he should be drowned: this gentleman was Charles MacLean, who gave me account of it. The event followed about a year thereafter; for the Laird of Coll was drowned in the water of Lochy in Lochaber. I examined both Charles MacLean and John MacDonald, and found that the prediction was as he told me; and the said John MacDonald could produce no other warrant, than that he found such signs frequently before, to forego the like events. This man, indeed, was known to have many visions of this kind, but he was none of the strictest life.

"The fifth instance is strange, and yet of certain truth, and known to the whole inhabitants of the island of Eigg, lying in the latitude of 56 *d.* 20 *m.* north; longitude 14 degrees. There was a tenant in this island, that was a native, a follower of the Captain of Clanranald, that lived in a town called Kildonan, in the year of God, 1685, who told publicly to the whole inhabitants, upon the Lord's day, after divine service, by Father O'Rein, then priest of that place, that they should all flit out of that isle, and plant themselves somewhere else, because that people of strange and different habits and arms were to come to the isle, and to use all acts of hostility, as killing, burning, tirling, and deforcing of women; finally, to discharge all that the hands of an enemy could do, but what they were, or whence they came, he could not tell. At the first there was no regard had to his words, but frequently thereafter he begged of them to notice what he said, otherwise they should repent it when they could not help it, which took such an impression upon some of his near acquaintance, as that severals of them transported themselves and their families, even then, some to the isle of Cannay, some to the isle of Rum, fourteen days before the enemy came thither, under the command of one Major Ferguson and Captain Pottinger, whilst there was no word of their coming, or any fear of them conceived. In the month of June, 1689, this man fell sick, and Father O'Rein came to see him, in order to give him the benefit of absolution and extreme unction, attended with several inhabitants of the isle, who, in the first place, narrowly questioned him before his friends, and begged of him to recant his former folly, and his vain prediction; to whom he answered, that they should find very shortly the truth of what he had spoken, and so he died. And within fourteen or fifteen days thereafter, I was witness (being then a prisoner with Captain Pottinger) to the truth of what he did foretell; and being before-hand well instructed of all that he said, I did admire to see it particularly verified; especially that of the different habits and arms, some being clad with red coats, some with white coats and grenadier caps, some armed with sword and pike, and some with sword and musket."

ALEXANDER MACDONALD,

alias MacRanald, Vic. Uiston (a person of known courage and honour), coming from Slate to my father's house, in the year 1747, we accidentally fell upon the subject of the Second Sight, which induced him to give us the following account. About five o'clock at night, he and half a dozen more, all honest tenants, came into the change-house of Kilmore in Slate, about a pistol-shot from the kirk, to take a moderate refreshment, it being in the month of December, then cold frosty weather; about an hour after coming in, he accidentally went to the door, which fronted the kirk-yard, and saw, to his great surprise, the whole kirk-yard was covered over with men: not only so, but heard the confused murmur of their speech, yet not so as to distinguish word by word, or to understand any part thereof; the moon was so bright, that he discerned a crowd about the place of burial distinctly, belonging to the family of MacDonald, and the rest of the company dispersed in twos and threes over the whole churchyard. After he had sufficiently satisfied his curiosity, he went in to the change-house, and told the company what he had seen, who immediately sprang to the door, and had the same sight for the space of ten minutes, and then it gradually vanished from their sight, they being ten in number. The wife of the house, her daughter and servant, are still in life, who were of the number that saw this vision; and, it is observable, that a month thereafter, the old Lady MacDonald was buried in the very spot where they imagined to have seen the throng of the people.

KINGSBOROUGH, ISLE OF SKYE.

"In the end of the year 1744, fourteen persons saw a large vessel coming in below Kingsborough, in the dusk of the evening, and drop anchor in the entrance of Loch Snisort,

a very uncommon harbour, which surprised us all. This sight we had till night deprived us of it; but next morning there was no vessel to be found, so that we all agreed it to be the Second Sight, which was soon accomplished; for Captain Ferguson being in search of the young Pretender, with the Furnace sloop of war, anchored exactly in the dusk of the evening, in that unusual place above-mentioned, half a mile below the house of Kingsborough.

ALEXANDER MACDONALD

of Kingsborough (when living in the possession of Aird, in the remote end of Trotternish), dreamed that he saw an old reverend man come to him, desiring him to get out of bed, and get his servants together, and make haste to save his corns, as his own whole cattle, and his tenants' cattle also, had got out of the fold, and were in the middle of a large field behind the house; he awaked and told his wife, with whom he consulted whether he would rise or not; and she telling him it was but a dream, and not worth noticing, advising him to lie still, which he obeyed; but no sooner fell asleep, than the former old man appeared to him and seemed angry, by telling Mr. MacDonald (then of Aird) he the old man was very idle, in acquainting him of the loss he would or had by this time sustained by his cattle, and seemed not to heed what he said, and so went off. Mr. MacDonald awaking the second time, told this to his wife, and would be at rising in any event, but she would not allow him, and ridiculed him for noticing the folly of a confused dream; so that, after attempting to get up, he was, at his wife's persuasion, prevailed upon to lie down again; and falling asleep, it being now near break of day, the old gentleman appeared to him the third time, with a frowning countenance, and told him he might now lie still, for that the cattle were now surfeited of his corn, were lying in it; and that it was for his welfare that he came to acquaint him so often, as he was his granduncle by the father; and so went off. He awakening in about an hour thereafter, arose and went out, and actually found his own and his tenants' cattle lying in his corn, after being tired of eating thereof; which corn, after being comprised, the loss amounted to eight bolls of meal.

"POEMS AND SONGS ON HOME AND ABROAD," by Mrs. E. Colville, is the title of a delightful volume, published at the *Kilmarnock Standard* Office. The authoress resides under the "Southern Star," but she has not forgotten her native Scotland, as many of the poems treat of Scottish subjects. She is evidently an admirer of the Highlands, for its history and romance occupy a fair share of the work. It extends to 276 pages, is illustrated, and can be had from the publishers at above address.

LACHLAN GORACH.

A HIGHLAND LOVE STORY.

IT was on one of those fine May mornings when the distant mountains seem to come near and whisper to the heart of the Gael as he returns to them after years of exile "Come back to us, come! We may seem stern and cold to others, but you know us. We nursed you, and long to take you in our lap again. Come, there is a couch of heather always kept fresh and fragrant for you!" I started from the inn at which I put up the previous evening to visit my old friend Donald Gow, the schoolmaster of Glencioran. It was my first and last visit to that glen, but its vivid beauty still haunts me. The rays of the morning sun were like spears flashing through the gaps and passes of the eastern mountains, and the mists were slowly retreating up the gloomy corries and dark defiles of the west, beyond which stood out clear against the sky peaks crowned with snow. Tags of the disappearing mist hung here and there to the tasselled birches and blue-bonneted pines. The dew-drops sparkled like diamonds on the heather, fern-fronds, and grass, and the air was fragrant with the scent of flowers. The woods were ringing with the morning song of birds, and the notes of the lark came tumbling one over the other in a cataract of music from the sky.

As I made my way up the glen I met a Highlander, of whom I made inquiries about the place I was bound for. His looks, manner, and speech had something uncommon about them, and I determined to find out who he was. A hearty welcome awaited me at Donald Gow's, and after an hour's chat about other days, I told him that I met a man wearing a broad blue bonnet and tartan plaid as I came up the glen, who had roused my curiosity.

"Describe him more fully," said Donald.

"Well," I replied, "in addition to the blue bonnet and tartan plaid (for which you know I have a weakness) I may say that the individual I met was above the average height, middle aged, had brown wavy hair streaked with grey, an aquiline nose, and beard a shade lighter than his hair, that covered his chin and mouth. His eyes I cannot very well describe, for while I spoke to him they seemed to reflect every shadow and light that glided over the mountains around us. He was so light-footed that when he left me he seemed to tread on air. His answers to my questions were clear, and he spoke the Gaelic with the fluency of a native and the correctness of a scholar."

"That will do," said Donald, "you met Lachlan Gorach. When I came here as schoolmaster," continued Donald, "Lachlan was the

handsomest young man in the glen. He was a long way above his fellows in intellect and education, and a bard of no mean kind. He had been to the University of Edinburgh, for his father, a well-to-do farmer, wanted him to study for some profession. The city, however, did not hold Lachlan very long, for, as he told me himself, the mountains were all the time calling him back. He and I became fast friends soon after I came here, and many an enjoyable evening we spent together. His imagination at times led him into those fields of mystery into which bards delight to roam, and in which at times they get lost. He made me the critic of his poetical compositions, which were usually in the Gaelic language, and I now regret that I did not copy them."

"But there came a time (as come it will in the lives of nearly all young men) when a pair of pretty eyes cast their spell on Lachlan. For a time all went well, but when the subject of marriage was broached, the lady rejected him. I may here tell you that there is a streak of insanity in the family to which Lachlan belongs, that has been showing itself now and again for some generations, and that this was the obstacle the lady would not face. From that time I noticed a change in Lachlan that gradually became more and more marked, until he became what he is to-day, "Lachlan Gorach" (insane Lachlan). One evening before his mind had quite given way, he called on me and gave me a sheet of paper on which he had written some verses, and I hoped that this might be a sign of returning reason. But I am sorry to say I was disappointed. I think I have that paper still."

Then Donald went to his desk, and after a good deal of rummaging, said he could not find the original, "but here," he added, "is an English translation I made of it, with which, poor as it is, you must for the present be satisfied. It is as follows:—

'"Twas not in the silver moonlight—
When on grassy knowes appear
Luring sylphs that shun the sunlight—
That I met at first my dear,
But in yonder glade of bracken
Haunted by the timid fawn,
Coming, as the moon had broken,
Up the pathway of the dawn.

Graceful, tall,—o'er moss and whortle—
Up the dewy glade she came,
Clothed in robes of snowy lustre,
That the earth refused to stain;
And her eyes I could not fathom,
Wistful, tender, calm, profound,
Blue as yonder depths of azure
Showing through the riven cloud.

And she looked on me with pity,
Saying "I shall be to thee
What thy first love, weak and pretty,
Would not, could not ever be;
She shall soon be frail and wrinkled,
And her heart be still and cold,
At the font of morning sprinkled,
While I never shall be old.

You have long your eyes been straining
Shores beyond your ken to see;
Some day we shall there go sailing
If you leave the helm to me,
And when here the cot and mansion
Shall with music cease to ring,
There, with ancient bard and harper,
You, and I, of love shall sing.'

"That is Lachlain Gorach's last song," said Donald, "and he thinks himself compensated tenfold for the loss of his first love by this creature of his imagination; and who knows but he is. He often visits the spot mentioned in the song, the Glade of Bracken, and a charming spot it is. It is a little glen, the floor of which is carpeted with moss, grass, and patches of whortleberry and bracken; and the slopes on either side are covered with birch. The first rays of the morning sun flash into it through a deep narrow gap in the eastern mountains."

Two years after my visit to Glencioran I had a letter from Donald, to which was attached the following postscript:—"Lachlan Gorach called here yesterday afternoon. He said it was to bid me good-bye; adding 'We start to-morrow.' Then away he went light as a bird. To-day he was found dead in the Glade of Bracken. The bark, with the fair form at the helm, has set sail for the Land of Love and Song, bearing him away."

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

N. W. Territory, Canada.

GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

HARK! from the hillside the pibroch sounds clearly,
Calling the Clansmen from mountain and glen;
Gather, ye heroes, and fight for your Charlie—
True to their Prince are our brave Highlandmen.
Chorus—Bright gleams each glittering blade,
Target and belted plaid;
Forward through glen and glade—
Scotland for Charlie!

Clad in your tartans, the hue o' the heather,
Follow your Chieftain with hope beating high:
March by Glenaladale proudly together,
Gird on the broadsword, to conquer or die.
Chorus.

March to Glenfinnan, ye brave sons of Moidart,
Hark! their wild war-notes are borne on the breeze;
Men of Clanranald, of Morar, and Knoydart,
"Ceud failte do'n Phrionnsa," he's come o'er the seas.
Chorus.

Gallant Lochiel, your fame is undying,
Gather, Glengarry, the trusted and true:
Clan Chattan the fearless, our standard is flying,
The claymore is mighty although we are few.
Chorus—Bright gleams each glittering blade,
Target and belted plaid;
Forward through glen and glade—
Scotland for Charlie!

SEORAS DUBH.

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.

JANUARY, 1906.

CONTENTS.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN MACKAY, C.E. J.P., Hereford.—On the eve of going to press we have learned the sad news that the "Grand Old Man of the Mackay Clan" has passed away. He was probably the most representative Highlander of his generation, and his death will be lamented not only in the Highlands, but wherever Highlanders are to be found. Next month we will give a sketch of his successful career.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

JAS. H. ALLAN, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.—Many thanks for copy of the *Weekly Press*, which came duly to hand, and for remittance for new subscriber. Mackinnon's "Collection of Highland Bagpipe Music" has been sent, and will be found an excellent work.

D. SCOTT CHISHOLM, NEW YORK, U.S.A.—It is indeed an agreeable surprise to hear from you. Your old club-fellows in the Glasgow Cowal Shinty Club have still a pleasant recollection of their centre forward in many a hard fought contest, and will be delighted to learn that you have not forgotten your Highland nationality in a distant land. We all hope the pipe band you have started will prove a great success, and that your wish that the Comanachd Association's trophy will come our way this year, may come true! We are doing our utmost to secure it. We have passed on your donation to the club, with thanks.—*Slainte*!

DONALD M'LEOD, ELTHAM, N.Z.—A useful little volume "Scottish National Dances" gives practical hints on how to learn Highland dancing. It will doubtless serve your purpose.

ROUALEYN GORDON CUMMING.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with much interest Mr. Angus Mackintosh's paper in your Number for December, on "Fort-Augustus and Clan Cumming."

I shall, however, be glad if you will let your readers know that the correct spelling of my brother's name is Roualeyn. Even in our own family we have no certainty as to the origin or meaning of the name. I possess a precious lock of golden hair cut in his infancy, and marked in our father's writing as that of his beautiful child, Robh Ailean. Mr. Mackintosh speaks of his hunting achievements in South Africa as having been, *at that time*, unparalleled. I think all true sportsmen will allow that they are so still, seeing that in his day (he returned in 1848) breech-loaders were unknown, and the hunter was dependant on his own rapidity in muzzle-loading. Shot, bullets, wads, were largely home-made. Mr. Mackintosh refers to the sunstroke which so sadly affected his after-life, as having occurred in India. It was of much later date, when he lay on the scorching Veldt in all the agony of rheumatic fever, tended only by the quaint little Elf-like Bushman (not negro) who accompanied him on his return to Britain. As regards the fine old Gaelic name af Fort-Augustus, Kil or Cille Chuimean (the Cell or Church of the Cummings) I have always been told that it was so named in memory of Cumming the Fair, who, twelve hundred years ago, held the Bishopric of the Isles, as Seventh Bishop of Iona.

In my Auto-Biography, published by Messrs. Blackwood, under the name of *Memories*, there are many details concerning Roualeyn, and other members of the Clan, which would, I know, deeply interest many of his countrymen in far countries, but I deeply regret that the prohibition price at which it has been issued (20/ nett.) places it for the present quite beyond general circulation. I deeply regret that the portrait of Roualeyn therein given, totally fails to reproduce any suggestion of his calm majestic beauty, very clear pale complexion, and rich brown hair. He died when only 46 years of age, about four months after our brother John, who was likewise a very noted sportsman in Ceylon, when that Isle was chiefly covered with dense forest. John died at the early age of 39. In the following autumn our eldest brother, Sir Alexander Penrose (as keen a sportsman and fisherman as could been found in Scotland, and a wise and popular landlord), passed away, aged 50. These three brothers were called home within nine months of one another.

CONSTANCE F. GORDON CUMMING.

COLLEGE HOUSE,
CRIEFF, SCOTLAND.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME M'CLAUGHRY.—Dear Sir,—Perhaps some of your many and learned readers will be kind enough to aid me in discovering something of the origin and history of my name—M'Claughry. I have been told by an old Highlander that in the Gaelic the keystone of an arch was called sometimes "cloch righ"—the king stone, and that Mac Clochric was a fanciful appellation, and means "son of the king stone." To the best of my knowledge and belief a sept of that name anciently inhabited Galloway, or possibly the West Highlangs, and were transplanted into Ireland about 1640, after the O'Farrell rebellion. The traditions in my own family, with the emphatic declaration that their origin was in the Highlands, being responsible for such a belief. Many of the clan have translated the name and call themselves Kingstone.

CHARLES C. M'CLAUGHRY.

ATLANTA, GA., U.S.A.

JOHN, EARL OF MAR.

JOHN, EARL OF MAR.

By J. A. Lovat Fraser.

I.

It has always been the custom amongst historians to depreciate John Erskine, eleventh Earl of Mar. His motives in raising the standard for James the Third have been contrasted with the romantic and self-denying enthusiasm of many of his fellow Jacobites greatly to his discredit. He has been pictured as a scheming self-seeking politician, whose support of James the Third was due to unworthy motives. The present writer has never been quite sure that the common verdict was altogether fair. Mar was, like all men, a mixture of good and bad.

"And good and ill like vines entangled are,
So that their grapes may oft be plucked together."

So wrote Shelley, expressing a well-worn truth, and Mar's character had its favourable as well as its unfavourable aspects.

Mar was a born politician and man of affairs. Hampered though he was by many disadvantages, he attained by ability and perseverance a foremost place in the political world of Queen Anne's reign. Born in 1675 he was educated in Edinburgh and at the University of Leyden, to which so many young Scots found their way. His father left him, as the Master of Sinclair put it, "more debt than estate," and Mar by his skill and economy restored the family fortunes to a sound condition. His first venture in life was in a military direction, and he received the command of a regiment of foot. But his true bent was for politics, and he abandoned a soldier's career for a political life. Joining the Whig party, to which his father had belonged, he became in 1705, at the age of thirty, Secretary of State in the Scottish administration.

As Secretary of State Mar was an eager advocate of the union of the Parliaments of Scotland and England, and was largely instrumental in bringing it about. The publication of the Manuscripts of the Earl of Mar and Kellie by the Historical Manuscripts Commission in 1904 threw much interesting light on Mar's efforts on behalf of the union. If any one wants to get an idea of how that great achievement was carried out, he will find it in Mar's correspondence. He wrote regularly to

Sir David Nairne, the Under-Secretary for Scotland in London, and the reader can picture from the letters the excited scenes that took place during the debates in the Parliament House of Edinburgh. Mar, in describing the discussions, often refers to the bringing in of lights, and it is easy to conjure up the ancient hall, filled with angry men disputing in the dim glimmer of candles. Sometimes the sittings are so protracted that Mar, weary and faint with hunger, has to delay writing his letter till the next day.

The opponents of the Union resorted to all the obstructive tactics with which the modern Parliamentarian is familiar. "The opposers," wrote Mar to Sir David Nairne in November 1706, "were going on in their wonted course, every one of them speaking a dozen of times, always pretending to have new matter. But after they had all spoken oftener than the rules of the House allow, we made the Chancellor stand his ground and keep them to order by our supporting him, which cost some of us a great deal of wrangling and loud speaking."[1] The fine speeches that now fill us with admiration were regarded with indifference or contempt. The famous oration of Belhaven is summarily and slightingly described by Mar. "Belhaven," he writes, "made a long speech, and told us of a vision he fancied he saw, wherein he represented the Union to be very horrible, but this speech of his was made pretty ridiculous."[2]

We learn from Mar's letters how indefatigable he was in promoting the Union, and how valuable were his services. "I hope you will overcome all opposition," wrote one Thomas Fullarton from Cecil Street in the Strand. "There must of necessity be strugglings before the new birth, and the good and great labours of Hercules (were most of them of this nature and) were all attended with pain and difficulties. I have on all occasions observed how zealous and capable you that have the management of this affair are, and how impossible it had been for any other set of men without your concur re nce." When the Union was accomplished, we are not surprised to find Queen Anne herself thanking Mar for his labours. On the fourth of March 1707, Her Majesty sent a holograph letter to her Minister, in the course of which she says, "I can now in return tell you with great satisfaction that the treaty is concluded here, and I intend, an it please God, to give my assent to it on Thursday. The pains you have taken in bringing this great affair about deserves more thanks than I am able to express."[3]

II.

The next important event in the life of Marr comes upon us as a surprise. In 1713 he took a prominent part in trying to repeal that Union of the Parliaments, which he had been so active in promoting. For some years after the amalgamation of the nations, deep disappointment was felt with its results. Such ballads as "The Rose and the Thistle," with the refrain of "O were I Thistle again," expressed the popular feeling. The favourite inscription to be found on Scottish sword blades, between 1707 and 1745, were the words, "Prosperity to Scotland and No Union." Lord Belhaven had declared in his eloquent speech against the measure that he saw, in prophetic vision, the peers of Scotland, whose ancestors had raised tribute in England, walking in the Court of Requests, like so many English attorneys, laying aside their swords lest self-defence should be called murder. He saw, he said, the Scottish barons with their lips padlocked to avoid the penalties of unknown laws. Lord Marchmont had risen in reply and sneeringly said that he had been much struck by the noble lord's vision, but that he conceived the exposition might be given in a few words, "I awoke, and behold it was a dream." In spite, however, of Marchmont's sneer, Belhaven had proved too true a prophet. The Scots representatives found themselves ridiculed and despised. Their views were disregarded, for their numbers were so small that they were easily outvoted. They were greatly annoyed by two measures in particular, the abolition of the Scottish Privy Council in 1708, and the extension of the English law of treason to Scotland in 1709. The nobles, whose ancestors had commanded the allegiance of hundreds of vassels and often held their monarch at bay, found themselves jostled by city merchants at ministerial leveés. They came to look back with regret to the days when they sat as peers of the realm of Scotland in the Parliament House of Edinburgh. They protested against the way in which they were treated again and again, and always in vain. In 1712 the Scottish members of the House of Commons met together and expressed their "high resentment of the uncivil, haughty treatment they met with from the English."

Eventually the dissatisfaction of the Scots found vent in a resolution for the repeal of the Union. The proposed repeal was warmly

[1] Mar and Kellie MSS., p. 312.

[2] Ibid, p. 309.

[3] Mar and Kellie MSS., p. 382.

[1] Prince James Stuart, son of King James the Second, was known to the Jacobites as James the Third and to the Whigs as the Old Pretender.

supported by Mar, and we cannot justly blame him for his action. Harley, who was head of the administration, remonstrated with Lockhart, the ablest of the Scottish members of the House of Commons. "You will bring an old house about your ears," said Harley, "and the Queen will highly resent your conduct." The Scottish representatives were obdurate, and the motion was brought forward in the House of Lords by Lord Seafield, who, as Chancellor of Scotland, had signed the last adjournment of the Scottish Parliament with the well-known remark, "There is an end of an auld sang." A spirited debate took place, and in the end the resolution was rejected by a majority of four only.

III.

Shortly after the proposal to repeal the Union, Mar was appointed third Secretary of State in the British administration in addition to the two Secretaries of State already existing. His particular department was the supervision of Scotland. As a member of Harley's ministry Mar was associated with some of the most brilliant figures in English political history. Henry St. John was Secretary of State. Sir William Wyndham, who was one of the political heroes of Disraeli, was Secretary for War. Swift was the most valued supporter and adviser of the administration. It was not, however, a harmonious ministry. Harley and St. John were an ill-matched couple. St. John was a Tory, and at heart a Jacobite and a friend of the Stuarts. He was aristocratic, and of singularly distinguished manners and bearing. To his graceful mein and long descent he added scholarship and a brilliant gift of oratory. "I have found in this illustrious Englishman," said Voltaire, "all the erudition of his own country and all the politeness of ours." Years afterwards Lord Chesterfield, that master of elegance, pointed to him as the model of all the arts of manner and expression. Once when a conversation in the younger Pitt's presence turned on lost works, and one said he would prefer to restore the books of Livy, and another some of Tacitus, and another a Latin tragedy, Pitt decided for a speech of Bolingbroke.

Harley[1] represented a wholly different type. He was plain and plodding, and owed his rise chiefly to his knowledge of procedure and practice in the House of Commons. His family was Presbyterian and Whig, and he was regarded as "a new man." His manners are said to have been vulgar, and his connexions were "middle-class." It was remarked by Voltaire that when Harley was at the head of the English government, his younger brother was a factor at Aleppo. St. John was infinitely the more brilliant figure of the two, and was intensely restive under the leadership of Harley. When Harley was made Earl of Oxford, and Lord Treasurer in 1711, St. John's jealousy was extreme. Themistocles could not sleep for thinking of the victories of Miltiades, and St. John could not sleep for thinking of Harley's earldom and his white staff and his favour with the Queen. It is not surprising that in the end the differences between Harley and Bolingbroke broke up the administration to which they belonged.

(To be concluded.)

[1] For a full account of Robert Harley, see articles by the present writer in the issues of *The Antiquary* for January and February, 1903.

THE HIGHLANDS AFTER CULLODEN.*

By W. C. Mackenzie, F.S.A., Scot.

The Highlands vanish from the pages of nearly all our history books after the battle of Culloden, and after the exit of the central figure in the last of the Stuart risings. To be sure, the "Forty-five" is a striking episode, capable of picturesque treatment by the historian who deals mainly with political events. But to the sociologist, the fundamental changes which took place in the structure of Highland society as the direct outcome of Culloden, are of even greater interest than the rising itself. That these changes, or some of them, would have happened in the natural order of things cannot be doubted, but the process would have been slow. Culloden accelerated the process by an unknowable period. How easy it is to speculate upon "might have beens"! Who can say what results would have flowed from a successful "Forty-five"? And who can tell what the Highlands would be to-day had Culloden never been fought? For not only was it a battle which forever dissipated the hopes of the Stuarts, but it was a battle which paved the way for an economic upheaval in the North of Scotland.

Rightly to understand the significance of the

POST-CULLODEN CONDITIONS,

it is essential to have a clear grasp of the state of society which preceded the great rising. This, one fears, is frequently misunderstood. It is a common error to suppose that the pre-"Forty-five" era was one of Arcadian simplicity in the Highland glens, and that the clansmen lived in a state of ease and comfort under the fatherly care of their chiefs. This idea has been fostered by certain authors who have

* Lecture delivered before the Gaelic Society of London.

drawn upon tradition for their information, instead of studying the accounts of contemporary writers. The latter show clearly that the facts are far otherwise. For nothing is more certain than that the curse of feudalism had cast its blight over the Highlands, making petty tyrants of the superior grades, destroying the independence of the commons, and frequently rendering their means of livelihood precarious, insomuch that they were sometimes compelled to bleed their cattle to help in staving off the ravages of famine.

The whole structure of society was fundamentally unsound. Agriculture was despised and was relegated to the helots of the clan, who stayed at home to till the soil while their superiors went forth to fight their foes. Trade and commerce were held in low esteem; the only trade deemed honourable was that of war. In these circumstances, economic disaster was only averted by observing a comfortable code of ethics, which was equally opposed to the moral law and the law of the land. The strong oppressed the weak, and the weak took shelter with the strong, or became "broken men," amenable to no laws or clan discipline whatsoever. Food resources being inadequate to the wants of the community, had to be supplemented at the expense of rival clans, or, still better, at the expense of the peaceful and prosperous Sassunach. Cattle reiving was deemed an honourable occupation. To steal a stirk was a petty theft; to transfer a herd of cattle from your neighbour's borders to your own was a proper act of reciprocity. There was a good deal of casuistry in the Highland conception of morality. An illustration of this is afforded by an incident of the 17th century, when the chief of the Gunns was instigated by the Earl of Caithness to burn the Sandside corn-stalks. Gunn cheerfully undertook to slit the owner's throat, but indignantly refused to burn his corn, asserting that it was employment unbecoming a gentleman!

There is no doubt that economic conditions played an important part in the

CLAN FEUDS

and the numerous insurrections which bulk so largely in Highland history. It is true that that these provided an outlet for the pugnacity of the full-blooded gentry of the clan, whose chief occupations in life were fighting and hunting. But the larder for a profuse hospitality like theirs required periodical replenishment, and the lust of territory was stimulated by the necessity of making provision for a population whose number exceeded its resources. War and famine were two decimating factors which kept down the population. Had these factors been absent, the pressure of economic conditions must have been such as to drive the chiefs and their hangers-on into channels of industry long before Culloden was fought. From an economic standpoint, the inter-clan feuds had small effect upon the wealth of the Highlands, though its distribution was profoundly modified. What was taken from one clan enriched another, and thus the strong clans grew stronger and the weak grew weaker. Hence the agglomeration of power in the hands of a few clans, and their hegemony in peace and war. At one time this hegemony rested indisputably with the Macdonalds, but on the ruins of the Lordship of the Isles, other clans like the Campbells and the Mackenzies, rose to greatness. Insurrections like those under Montrose and Dundee in the 17th, and Mar in the 18th century, added to the wealth of the Highlands, and that consideration doubtless weighed with the chiefs who participated in them. For there was a great deal of spoil secured in those wars, and whatever happened, the safe deposit of booty in the hills was generally the first consideration. Again and again the fruits of victory were snatched from the hands of their commanders by the tendency of the Highlanders to return home with loot. It was this tendency that made Harlaw a drawn battle, and that nearly broke the heart of Montrose during his brilliant campaigns. The point is, that the wealth of the clans must have been augmented to no inconsiderable extent by these risings; and to the Highlanders, not the least satisfactory feature was, that this wealth was acquired at the expense of their hereditary Lowland foes. These periodical Stuart risings finally culminated in the "Forty-five," the greatest and least sordid of them all, for nothing can be clearer than the spirit of chivalry which induced the chiefs, after many misgivings, to draw the sword in what appeared to be a hopeless effort. This was primarily an affair of principle and sentiment, and the Highland blood which stained Drummossie Moor was the blood of men who, for the most part, were conscious of fighting for a great cause.

The Government of the day obviously had an extraordinary conception of

HIGHLAND CONDITIONS AND HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

Had it not been for Duncan Forbes of Culloden, who repaired their blunders and worked like a Titan for the Crown, the Hanoverian dynasty must inevitably have fallen. And, parenthetically, it may be said that the conduct of George II. and his Government towards the man who saved both, was shamefully ungrateful. Pre-eminently, Culloden stood for integrity and honesty on the one side, just as Lochiel did on the other. After the rising had been quelled, a

certain busybody told Culloden that a General Officer in the Royalist Army had said: "All the President's (*i.e.* Forbes's) services were not worth five shillings." "I thought," replied Culloden quietly, "that they were worth three Crowns"; an answer as witty as it was truthful. The Government appear to have altogether exaggerated the influence of the Roman Catholic priests in fomenting the rising.* It is true, of course, that the sympathies of the Catholics and the Episcopalians were with the Stuarts, but it is no less true that many of the common Highlanders who followed or were forced out by their chiefs, were nominally Presbyterians. At bottom, religion had relatively little to do with the rising, but it suited the Whigs and Presbyterians of the period to represent it as an undertaking primarily intended to restore absolutism and Popery. There were so many axes to grind in those days, that the student of history has to be on his guard in gauging the accuracy of contemporary accounts, apart from statements of fact.

A contemporary MS. in the Public Record Office which has never, I believe, been printed, describes with an air of intimate knowledge which carries conviction, the various units of a Highland clan, and the relations existing between them at the period of the "Forty five.' The document, which is dated 4th December, 1747, signed by A. Fletcher and W. Bland, and submitted by them to the Duke of Newcastle, the Principal Secretary of State, contains various suggestions for

DEALING WITH THE HIGHLANDS,

then in a state of prostration after the stunning blow on Culloden Moor. It is of course a strongly Whiggish and anti-Catholic report, but some of its recommendations are of much practical value. The gist of its proposals is as follows:—

1. To get rid of the chiefs who made the common people believe that they were their property. The people are called "poor unhappy creatures," and are said to be "the tools the chiefs make use of to aggrandize their Highland pride and to enable them to oppress their neighbours."

2. To purchase at the public expense such of the Highland estates, not already forfeited, as the chiefs were willing to sell.

3. To introduce into the Highlands, settlers from England or the Lowlands, among others the out-pensioners of Chelsea Hospital, and old and discharged soldiers from regiments serving in the Lowlands. These, it was suggested, would be specially useful in the most turbulent parts of the North. Leases to be given to settlers of as much land as they could cultivate and stock with cattle. Prominent among the proposed conditions of tenure were the following:—The settlers to be all Protestants and English-speakers, no one lacking a knowledge of English to be permitted to reside among them. The Highland dress not to be worn by the settlers or by any person connected with them. No one to be allowed to settle among them who had no visible means of livelihood by trade or manufacture, unless incapacitated by old age or infirmities. No tenant to have more land than he could cultivate, and sub-letting to be forbidden. Leases to be for nineteen years or for life, at the tenant's option. The number of parishes to be increased, and each to have a church and public school. Manufactures (especially that of linen) to be introduced, and fisheries to be encouraged.

(To be continued.)

*In a MS., a copy of which appears as an Appendix in my "History of the Outer Hebrides," I find the officer in command of a search party in South Uist reporting as follows:—I have got a list of the priests and am determined to lay hold of them or make them quit the country."

AN AULD SCOTS' SANG.

We rode beside the rushing burn, we heard the lintie sing;
The heather bells upon the brae, the harebell and the ling.
We rode the dapple, and the grey, with loose reins on the mane,
As we went by the mountain winds, no words between the twain;
Till up the starlight trembling drew, and the moon slid o'er the hills,
Where the sleeping waters and the reeds, hid shy and crooning bills.
So sweet you sang among the glens, through the long sweet summer eve;
But one old Scots' refrain you sang, my heart can never leave,
'Doun the burn, Davie lad, Doun the burn, Davie lad,
'Doun the burn, Davie lad, and I will follow thee.'

Thy waving hair was tinged with gold, thy blue eyes fringed with black:
The merry smile upon thy lips, no tender words did lack;
And you were King, and I was Queen, o'er hill, and glen, and dale,
When thou wert mine, and I was thine, till the light o' life should fail.
We raced the Garry's foamy wave, we rode a dream of love and joy,
We fled beside the silver Ness, and down the woods of far Glen Roy;
And, through the starlit nights you sang the sweet old Scottish songs,
In snatches from an o'erfilled heart, in clear notes, true and strong,
'Doun the burn, Davie lad, Doun the burn, Davie lad,
'Doun the burn, Davie lad, and I will follow thee.'

The years have passed, no more the glens, the slumbering loch, or shining moon,
Nor the brown burn hurtling 'mid the rocks, that sings for aye a sadder tune:
The merry lips are silent now, 'neath the heather down the brae,
And no more are seen by hill or dale the dapple or the grey;
Soft words of love since then have dropped, like ice upon my heart,
I could not thole their honied words, or give them e'en a part,
For I will follow thee, my lad, where thou sleepest still your lane,
And true love meets to part nae mair, with the sang you made your ain,
'Doun the burn, Davie lad, Doun the burn, Davie lad,
'Doun the burn, Davie lad, and I will follow thee.'

ALICE C. MACDONELL, of Keppoch.

THE CASE OF THE PET LAMB.

WINANS *v.* MACRAE.

[By CURLIANA DINGWALL.]

"There were two men in one city: the one rich and the other poor.
The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds.
But the poor man had nothing but one ewe lamb; which he had bought and nourished up; and it grew up together with him and with his children; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup."

II. Samuel, xii. chapter, 1, 2 and 3 verses.

ON a narrow green bank between the public highway and the sea at the upper end of Loch Duich stands the appropriately named hamlet of Cairngorm. Before the days of deer forests when the district was the home of those faithful feifs of the High Chief of Kintail, the big and wild Macraes, the neighbouring hills and glens maintained game and cattle, and the adjacent sea provided ample supplies of fish for the sustenance of the clansmen. But at the time of which I write even the more modern ewe and wedder had disappeared; the land had become a gigantic sanctuary for the red deer; while over its vast stretches of hill and dale only

ONE RICH AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE,

and his servile ghillies, had a legal right to roam. The few people left in the little hamlet had not even bits of garden ground attached to their dwellings. They were indeed the lawful occupiers of only the few square feet of ground upon which their wretched houses stood; so that when he stepped off the narrow public highway the cottar of Cairngorm became in the eyes of the law a trespasser, liable to be interdicted at the instance of the landlord or his sporting tenant.

Among the few remnants of the clan who still lingered in the old hamlet was a certain Murdo Macrae, who earned a precarious living by cobbling the village shoes, and by occasional employment on a big farm in the neighbourhood. In the dim twilight of a bleak spring evening, some twenty years ago, Murdo, wending his way homewards over the moorland, heard the feeble bleating of a lamb. The creature had lost its mother and was perishing. Undoubtedly it would have died of starvation that night had not Macrae, pitying the suffering animal, picked it up and carried it to his home at Cairngorm. By careful nursing and feeding in the warmth of his homely hearth, the animal recovered and soon became the pet of the household. It was the constant follower and companion of his children, and scampered with them in play around their humble home. This lamb became notorious.

The cottage was romantically situated overlooking the dark land locked and placid waters of the loch, while all around stood that grandest and wildest of highland mountain groups commonly known as the Five Sisters of Kintail. The public highway passes within a few feet of the back wall, while on the opposite side, and bounded by the unfenced road, lay the

DEER FORESTS OF MR. WINANS.

At that time these forests extended continuously under various proprietors from that particular spot to the Castle of Beaufort, at the head of the Beauly Firth. This vast stretch of country embraces an area of about 200,000 acres. It was a strange contiguity. On the one side of the road a few square feet—on the other 300 square miles of mountain, strath, and moor; the occupant of the one, a humble shoemaker—the tenant of the other, a proud millionaire. The last thing one would expect to occur between these two persons is a litigation over the rights and privileges of their respective possessions. Yet it so happened twenty years ago, and the English speaking world looked on in amazement and indignation. It was all over that symbol of innocence the little pet lamb, and it was in this wise. Between the public road as it passes the cottage and the lowest slope of the Morrich Hill, there is a strip of level ground on which the pasture is uncommonly sweet. In his gambols about the cottage, the lamb sometimes found its way on to this piece of ground, and now and again it nibbled at the grass. A zealous gamekeeper reported the trespass to his master, and thereupon the poor cobbler was summoned to the

SHERIFF COURT AT DINGWALL

in an action which prayed the court to interdict him from trespassing upon Mr. Winan's 300 square miles, by allowing his lamb to leave the road and eat the grass that ought to have fed his stags. It was an unequal contest, sugges-

tive of the scriptural battle between David and Goliath, and the parable of Nathan, partly quoted at the head of this article. The highest legal talent was employed on the side of the rich man, while the poor man had to rest content with such legal assistance as he was able to procure. The proof occupied several days, and so keen was the interest taken in the case that there sat on the bench by the side of the Sheriff ladies and gentlemen of the landlord class, among whom was the genial son of the proprietor of Kintail, then Mr., now Sir Allan Mackenzie, the popular laird of Glenmuick. It was an unusual spectacle in the little court house, and it is needless to say that, with the exception of the lawyers who represented Mr. Winans, all present manifested genuine sympathy with the persecuted cottar. To the great disappointment of the public, Mr. Winans declined to submit himself for examination in open court. His evidence was taken privately in London before a Commissioner appointed by the Sheriff, in the course of which he frankly and brutally stated that he cared nothing about the lamb, and that his chief object was to have the people evicted from their homes. It is due to the memory of the Landlord, the late Sir James Mackenzie, to say that he strongly resisted all efforts to have the people removed, and had successfully contested a law plea with Winans, the object of which was to compel Sir James to evict the people from Cairngorm.

The long proof was at last ended, the case was debated, and in a few days the Sheriff Substitute issued judgment in favour of Macrae, and thus in the first round right prevailed over might. An appeal was noted, the case was again debated, this time before the Sheriff Principal. By arrangement it took place in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, and the leading Scottish Newspapers fully reported the discussion. The decision of the Sheriff Substitute was reversed, judgment given in favour of the millionaire, and the second round ended in the victory of might over right. By this time public interest in the litigation became intense.

THE HIGHLAND LAIRDS

themselves openly expressed sympathy with Macrae, and well they might, for the land laws in virtue of which they held their estates were being stretched to the breaking point and placed in serious jeopardy. The third and final round was fought in the Court of Session, whither the case was taken on appeal. It resulted in a gratifying and conclusive victory for right, and one more proof of the spotless integrity of the Scottish Bench. The Judges were the present Lord Justice Clerk, and Lords Young, Craighill and Rutherford-Clark, who have since all passed off the Bench with the exception of the first named. The late Sheriff Comrie Thomson, and the present Lord Pearson, were Counsel for Winans, while Macrae was represented by a young Advocate, then Mr. Graham-Murray, now Lord Dunedin, the Lord President of the Court of Session, who was at the time rapidly rising into eminence at the Bar. Mr., now Professor Neil J. D. Kennedy, of Aberdeen, was Junior Counsel on the same side. The debate in the Second Division continued for two days, and, as already indicated, resulted in

A DECISIVE VICTORY

for the poor man, while Mr. Winans was found liable in all costs. I had the pleasure of listening to the two days' debate, and the still greater pleasure of hearing the final judgment delivered. Never can I forget the expression of contempt with which Lord Young in the course of his speech uttered these scornful words:—

> "If he wants to protect his 200,000 acres
> "from being invaded in that way—against
> "children toddling on to the grass at the
> "roadside, or against the gambols of a
> "lamb or a cat or a kitten—I say if he
> "wants to exclude those he must adopt
> "other means of doing so, for I decline to
> "be a party to the fencing of this man's
> "ground by means of an interdict of Her
> "Majesty's Judges."

All the Scotch and many of the English and American newspapers contained leading articles expressing the utmost satisfaction, and there never was a legal decision that commanded more universal approbation among all ranks and classes of the people.

To most persons Mr. Winans and his ways were contemptible and offensive: to some he was an interesting psychological study. They speculated on the motives of the man, who adding one great forest to another, continued to pay annually enormous rents to Highland proprietors, and retained in his service at the highest wages an army of gamekeepers and watchers, while over the wide acres of Kintail, which he held for a period of ten years, if not also over other forests of which he was lessee, he had never stalked a stag or fired a rifle. He might have been on rare occasions in the upper reaches of Glen Affric, but he never saw the dark recesses of Glen Lick, or climbed the Alpine slopes of Ben Attow. So it followed that the whole of that wild romantic region remained for ten long years a silent sanctuary of the eagle and the stag. It was said, and it seems highly probable, that this gigantic afforestment, and his apparent oppression of the people, arose not from any love of seclusion or misan-

thropical propensities, but from a malicious desire to bring the whole system of Highland land tenure into disrepute, not by any means in the interests of the crofters, but for the damage of the Highland lairds, with some of whom he had happened to quarrel.

Those who are old enough to remember the troubles which resulted in the passing of that

CHARTER OF CROFTING RIGHTS,

The Crofters' Holdings Act of 1886, will recollect how valuable the conduct of Mr. Winans had proved as an object lesson in the agitation which led up to the enactment of that beneficial piece of legislation. It is remarkable that within twelve months, almost to a day, of the date on which the Court of Session bowled over Mr. Winans, the Crofters' Act became the law of the land. To all which we may apply the riddle of the Old Testament:—

"Out of the eater came forth meat:
"Out of the strong came forth sweetness."

The little quadruped which was the unconscious cause of so much human commotion became the property of Sir Allan Mackenzie, and was exhibited at a Bazaar in Dingwall shortly after the case was decided. Crowds of people willingly paid for a sight of the lamb that had become so famous, and there never was an animal that caused so much noise in the world, or one that poured so much hard cash into the pockets of the lawyers.

Mr. Winans long ago passed out of Kintail, and shortly afterwards out of the world; but Macrae still sits in the old cottage on the green banks of Cairngorm.

HYMN TO ST. COLUMBA.

It is well known that St. Columba was a poet as well as a prince and a saint. Several poems attributed to him, including the following, are now in the Royal Library at Brussels. Regarding this hymn and the occasion of it, Dr. Skene says—(*Celtic Scotland*, Vol. II. p. 91), "On the highest point of Iona overlooking the expanse of the Western sea is the cairn called *Cùl ri Erin*, which marks the spot where St. Columba is said to have ascended for the purpose of ascertaining if he could discern from it the distant shores of his beloved Erin. Among the several poems attributed to Columba, there is one which so remarkably describes the scene from this spot, and the emotions it was calculated to excite in one of his temperament, that it is hardly possible to avoid the conclusion that it contains the genuine expression of his feelings." This hymn was transcribed and translated by the late Professor O'Curry, and also by Dr. Douglas Hyde. My readers will be pleased to have a translation from the pen of the gifted Sheriff Nicolson (1827-1893), which he contributed anonymously to *MacMillan's Magazine* in 1878.

FIONN.

COLUMCILLE FECIT.

Mellach lem bith ind Ucht Ailiuin,
For beind cairrge,
Conacind and ar meince
Feth na fairrci.

Conacind a tonda tromai
Nas ler lethan,
Amail canait ceol dia nathair
For seol bethad.

Conacind a tracht reidh rind glan
Ni dal duba,
Co closind guth na nén ningnadh,
Seol gu subai.

Co closind na tond tana
Fors na cairrci,
Co closind null ri taebh rilcci
Fuam na fairrge.

Conacind a helta ana
Os lir lindmar,
Conacind na mile mara
Mo ceeh ningnadh.

Conacind a traig sa tali
Ina réimim,
Comadh é mainm rún ro raidim
Cul fri Herind.

Conacind tisad congain cridhe
Ica fegad,
Co ro coinind m' ulcu ile
Annsa a reladh.

Con ro beannachainn in Coimdid,
Conicc huile,
Nemh co nimat graidh conglaine,
Tir, traigh, tuili.

Con ro scrutainn omne na lebar
Ba maith dom anmain,
Sel for slechtain ar nemh ninmain,
Sel for salmaibh.

Sel ic scrutain Flatha nime,
Naemda in cennach,
Sel for saethar nabad forracl
Ropadh mellach.

Sel ic buain duilisc do charraic,
Sel ic acladh,
Sel ic tabairt bidh do bochtaibh,
Sel i ccarcair.

In comairle is ferr fiad Dia
Dam nos tendai,
Ni reilge an Ri dianam gilla
Ni nom mella.

TRANSLATION.
By ALEX. NICOLSON, LL.D.

Sweet to me is Uchd Aluinn,[1]
On a peaked crag to be,
That I might often behold
The face of the boundless sea.

[1] Lovely Breast. The rocky heights on the South-west of Iona are called *Uchdachan* at this day.

To look on the heaving waves,
While in their father's ear
Music for ever they chant,
Hymning the world's career.

The level and star-bright strand
No sorrow it were to see
And to bear the wondrous birds,
Sailing on happily.

The thunder of crowding waves,
To hear on the rocky shore,
And down by the church to hear
The sounding surges roar.

To see the swift-flying flocks
Over the watery plain,
And, greatest of wonders all,
The monsters of the main.

To see the ebb and the flood
In power upon the sea,
And *Cùl-ri-Erin*,[2] there, I say,
My secret name would be.

And grey would come to my heart,
While gazing to her shore,
And all the many ills I've done
I weeping would deplore.

The Godhead then would I bless,
Him who doth all things keep,
Heaven with its orders bright untold
And earth and shore and deep.

I would search in all the books
That good to my soul would bring,
Now to beloved Heaven I'd kneel,
And now a psalm I'd sing.

Heaven's high one, the holy Chief,
My thoughts would now employ
Anon, to work without constraint
Would be to me a joy.

Dulse from the rocks I would pluck,
At times I'd fishing go,
At times I would feed the poor,
Now in the cell bend low.

Best counsel in the sight of God
To me there hath been given,
From error he shall keep me free,
My King, the Lord of Heaven!

[2] Back turned to Ireland.—Erin no more!

CHIEFTAINSHIP AND THE CLANS.

By Wm. J. Thomas.

(Continued from page 58.)

THE DEÒ-GHREINE

was thus the ordinary symbol employed for religious purposes by all primitive tribes of the Neolithic Age, and like the

BANNER OF INDRA

referred to by Kalidasa and Asvaghosha, was raised only at the agricultural festival which took place once a year. Its subsequent adoption by Celtic tribes in Scotland as an appanage of the ruling caste, reveals unmistakeably, by its developing along different lines, the presence of marked dissimilarities between the habits and customs of the nomadic Gaels and those of the preceding aborigines, the Neolithic race, represented in Britain by such tribes as the tin-workers of Cornwall, the Silures, Dagdas, and Fir-Bolgs, and, if we are to stand by circumstantial evidence alone and not Celtic theory, we must add also the Picts—with restrictions.

THE NEOLITHIC RACE

of Great Britain, into whose history we now propose to enter, was a race whose characteristics were as peculiar as they were varied. Belonging ethnologically to the same waves of population that swept over Europe and America from the tropical plains of India, they brought with them like customs, like superstitions and traditions, to which for ages they clung with a tenacity that bade defiance to time or space. One in race and one in language, they appear, nevertheless, at an early stage to have broken up into not less than three distinct species of dialect or branches of language, namely, the Eurasiatic branch, the east-European, and the west-European respectively—all, however, mutually agreeing when the consonantal or phonetic laws that govern the non-Aryan languages of India and Europe are taken into consideration. And yet, in such a study, it will invariably be found that there still remains a wide chasm separating them from the Semitic or Mongolian branches of language, while at the same time, to all appearances, the bond of connection uniting Neolith with Aryan becomes more solid on a closer examination of the customs, beliefs, and languages of the two races.

At a late period in their history they underwent the same vicissitudes in Europe as their allied brethren did in India and elsewhere. The sudden ingression of a barbaric and younger offshoot of the race rapidly began to assume preponderating influence, and eventually supplanted, to a limited extent, this previous race—in no case, however, sufficient to obliterate the traces of the older population. Nor is the reason very far to seek. With all barbarous powers, the

RIGHT OF EXTERMINATION,

which one would be inclined to suppose belongs properly to low and savage races, is a right that is seldom exercised until after a certain and well-defined stage of civilisation has been reached. It is only in exceptional circumstances that the barbarian employs the right; rarely, if ever, in primitive times recognising the advantage of its utility to racial needs. The Neolith thus escaped the sword of the savage Aryan only to be relegated to a humbler but safer position in the social scale, and as regards West Europe generally, the intrusion

of the younger race marks the rise of authentic Neolithic history. It is from this point that the science of

COMPARATIVE CELTOLOGY

or the evolution of the non-Aryan languages, customs, and laws in Neolithic Britain begins.

Into the racial characteristics which distinguished them from the Aryan we will not enter. They are already too well-known to need repetition, but yet too little understood to allow of the violent opinions indulged in by the ubiquitous race-theorist. Suffice it to say, therefore, that they were as a rule of a muscular build, short in stature, with long-flowing locks of either fiery-red or jet-black hair, and had altogether a complexion oriental in appearance, such as justified the ethnological description of the Gaelic or Sanscrit-speaking tribes. The Rig-Veda, for example, picturing the warlike god of the Hindoos as he who "chases away the

DARK-SKINNED DASYUS

and gives everything into the possession of the pious Aryan," makes a statement strangely similar to many of those in Irish or Gaelic legendary tales and ballads; and one which, without difficulty, could be applied to any typical Scottish or Irish Neolithic tribe:

"Laoch cliùthar Alnecma nan sliabh,
Ceann fineacha ciar nam Bolg."—(Temora II., 228).

From this peculiarity happens the frequent occurrence of names taken from the "Darkness," the "Mist," or the "Night," among which we may enumerate a few, such as Dub, Brandub, Ciar, Hi Dorchaide, Corca-Oidce, and Corca-Duibne.

Many of the customs, doubtless, of this dark-featured race were cruel and revolting, and yet it may be said with justice that civilisation at that period was, in Britain, not so unprogressive as is usually believed. Besides introducing into the country the majority of our domestic animals, they had already made some advance in their methods of tilling the soil, thereby becoming less and less dependent on the uncertain results of war or the chase. Their civilisation (as indeed with all primitive civilisations, whether in India or pre-dynastic Egypt), began first among the hilly regions before encroaching on the lowland plains, then occupied for the best part by a dense growth of forest stretching from one extremity of the country to the other, with scarcely a break. Restricted thus chiefly to the mountain-regions, the Neolith developed to perfection a

PECULIAR KIND OF AGRICULTURE

which admirably suited the upland slopes, not only of Great Britain but also of Europe, India, and Central America. Such were the famed *hill-terraces* that form a marked feature of many hill-slopes all the world over. The primitive plough used and found still in India and Africa goes under a variety of names, from the *mlega* or *mrega* (Waniassa); *mdsedse* and *msigiri* (Kiniassa); *Lúnd* (Suahili), to the more homely survivals of the ancient "*graff*" of Sussex or the non-Celtic *Caschrom* of the Highlands; and deducing from the history of these hill-terraces elsewhere, it is quite evident that the system of land-tenure known as Runrig was, in Neolithic Britain, the only one employed in regard to the annual distribution of land allotments, while the later manorial-system was first engendered through the presence of the new aristocratic and ruling caste—the invading Gaelic tribes.

In the Neolithic village-communities of Britain, the social state of the people materially differed from that of the Aryan. As among all agricultural communities, wealth consisted in the produce of the land, the amount of which chiefly depended on the numbers and skill of the labourers attached to the soil. To effectually ensure the increase of the tribal strength, the law of exogamy was rigidly enforced, and hence every woman who wished to marry out of the community had, without exception, to induce her wooer to enter within the pale of her tribe. On the other side we have the Aryan recognising the more civilised principle that the consumption and reproduction of the human species go to form tribal or national capital. Wealth with him depended on the size of his flocks and herds, and, as was to be expected, he sought to increase that wealth by selling every marriageable daughter to the highest bidder obtainable—the exchange value being a fixed amount of cattle as bride-price or consolatium. The difference in the results arrived at by both lay therefore in this, that whereas in the latter tribes there was a tendency to polygamy and the introduction of the Agnatic system, there was among the former a corresponding tendency to polyandry and the female line of descent. Concerning this undoubted strong feminine element, there is much noteworthy evidence in the history of ancient Ireland and Scotland, the names of women entering largely into the nomenclature of places, individuals and tribes. It was the common supposition that the old names for Ireland (*e.g.*, Eire, Fodhla, Banba, Elga, and, perhaps, *Scota*) were all taken from those of the queens of the Tuatha Dé Danann who ruled the island each year by turns. But whether we should consign the existence of these fair Dianas to the realms of fancy, or even whether the names themselves are of ultimate Celtic origin, is a point we shall not at present discuss.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE MRS. MACDONELL
OF KEPPOCH.

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THE LATE Mrs. MACDONELL OF KEPPOCH.

A Link with the historic past was severed by the death, in London, on 30th January, of this aged lady. Mrs. MacDonell, who had entered on her ninetieth year, was a great granddaughter of Keppoch of the '45, who was killed at Culloden at the head of his clan, and the widow of Angus MacDonell, great grandson of Alexander XVI. of Keppoch. Mrs. MacDonell was a daughter of John Macnab of Skerrobeg, Badenoch, and Seanaghart, Kintyre, a cadet of the Macnabs of Innishewan; while her mother was a daughter of Charlotte, youngest daughter of Keppoch of the '45, who fell at Culloden, who was called Charlotte in honour of Prince Charlie, she having been born while the Prince was guest at Keppoch.

Mrs. MacDonell was early left a widow with a large family, of whom six daughters survive her; her only son, Donald, who was a very talented artist, having died in Australia some years ago. Keppoch House, during Mrs. MacDonell's time, was famous for its hospitality and the genial kindness of its hostess. Clever and accomplished in many ways, she was in her Lochaber days a power and a blessing in the district, always ready to do her utmost for the poor in her vicinity. Among other things, she was a brilliant executant of old Highland music, many gems of which owe their preservation entirely to her.

After her husband's death she resided in a London suburb, far away from the Keppoch she loved, and after spending the extended evening of her life in the society of two of her accomplished daughters, she passed away fortified by the rites of the church, and surrounded by the relics and mementos of a glorious past.

The funeral took place in Lochaber—in Cille-Choireil, the ancient burying-place of the once famous, brave, chivalrous and historic family of Keppoch. There was a large and representative attendance at the obsequies, for the memory of Mrs. MacDonell is ever green in Lochaber.

Of the many floral tributes covering the coffin, one in particular attracted marked attention. It consisted of a large heart of white flowers with Japanese lilies and lily of the valley, with mauve orchids tied by a white ribbon on which was inscribed in gold letters "L' Assumption," the whole attached by a knot of MacDonald tartan ribbon and a sprig of heather. This beautiful souvenir was sent by the sisters of the Order of the Assumption, of which the deceased's daughter Frances is the mother-general in Europe. Accompanying it was a card with the words "Hommage de filiale

From Photo. by *W. Drummond Norie.*

Monument to Iain Lom, Cille-Choireil, Lochaber.

et reconnaiss ante affection. From her children of the Assumption." Among the other floral tributes were the following from the London Highlanders:—

"A mark of high esteem and deepest regret
For the loss of a true-souled Highland lady."
Donald C. Fraser.

"Sitheil gum bitheadh do chadal
Measg siol do dhàthaich an Lochabar."
Seumais M. Uatson.

Among the chief mourners were the two unmarried daughters of the deceased, Miss Josephine MacDonell, a brilliant exponent of the art of the pencil and brush, and Miss Alice C. MacDonell, the talented author of "Lays of the Heather," another daughter, Mrs. MacDonald of Ord, Skye; and Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Macdonald of Dunach, the latter, Mrs. Macdonald, being a daughter of the first; Mr. Alex. Maitland, grandson of the deceased. The Keppoch Clan, in general, were well represented. From Roy Bridge Chapel to Cille-Choireil the cortege wended its way, led by the veteran piper, John MacColl, Oban, playing at intervals "Cha till mi tuille," "Lochaber no more," and "Cumha Mhic Shimi." Mr. T. D. MacDonald, who was present, writes—"Along the side of the deep and rugged Spean, the sound of whose naturally turbulent waters seemed at the moment subdued to fitting harmony with the Pibroch's mournful strains, amidst the scenes where her memory always dwelt, to which her affection always clung with that devotion only felt beneath the folds of the tartan, she was borne shoulder-high by the stalwart sons of Lochaber. On lone Dùn Aingeal she was laid midst the ashes of her kindred, graves on every side, whose names were reminiscent of Lochaber's history, of its legend and of its song. There the Siol Dùghaill and Sliochd Iain Duibh are at everlasting peace. There lie the Bohuntins, Tulloch, Tullochchroms, Tir-na-drises, Inches, Inverlairs, and Crannachans, and lonely among them all, in a far-off corner, with the seeming modesty akin to greatness, stands a begrimed, weather-beaten, Celtic-carved memento, with the simple inscription—'Iain Lom, Bard na Ceapach.'"

FIONN.

A FAREWELL.

O, Mother darling! deep thy rest,
'Midst the heather hills thou loved'st so well:
The cross and crown above thy breast;
With thy loving children's aching, last farewell—
To the wailing, and the mourning,
Of the Piobaireachd's breaking knell!

ALICE C. MACDONELL of Keppoch.

EALIE MARTIN.

A STORY OF A SKYE CLEARANCE.

BY CHAS. MACKINNON, TRANSVAAL.

(*Continued from page 64.*)

XV.

Accordingly, the dark of that night found Sandy Tulloch at the door of Martin's house. No light showed at any point from within.

He gave a perfunctory rap, indicative of his being something of a stranger, but not sufficiently so to concede too much to ceremony. He entered without waiting invitation.

The interior, when he pushed open the inner door leading to the living room, was in cimmerian gloom. Silence, deep as death-silence, held sway. Sandy was disconcerted and brought abruptly to a stand in the doorway.

As his vision accommodated itself to the darkness he could perceive a faint and all but indistinguishable glimmer at the farther end of the room. At the same time he became aware that between him and the fireplace, from which this presumptively emanated, some person was seated. The firelight was so feeble and the silhouette, in consequence, so faint that it required an effort of the eyesight to discriminate it.

The figure stirred. The ash-smothered embers of the peat fire came into view and showed up dimly the cavity of the fireplace.

"Who's that?"

It was the voice of Ealie.

The tone betrayed that constraint which only a great weight of misery enforces. She had evidently been in a stooping attitude over the ghost of the fire; for although the light of it, if such it may be termed, had now a greater spread, she was not risen but merely sitting in an upright posture.

Sandy made himself known. The opportunity could not have been more suited for his purpose had the ordering of it been with himself.

He accordingly advanced, ostensibly to shake hands with her. As she was getting up he crumpled the letter into her palm.

"Whats' this?" she asked, and turned on him all strung and quivering: "are these more lawpapers you bring?"

"Hurricanes and thunder! keep quiet, lass. What do you mean?"

"What do *you* mean? What's this, I ask?"

"That's no business of mine," Sandy retorted, slightly nettled. Convinced by her manner that they were alone, he added: "If your own heart doesn't guess, hadn't you better read and learn?"

Ealie's heart *did* guess. She relaxed and

dropped, nerveless, into the chair.

"Oh Sandy!" she lamented in a parched, tearless voice that seemed as though it would welcome a breaking sob, "what is the meaning of it all?"

"Hoch!" Sandy replied contentedly," read the letter. The young fellow doubtless tells there what his meaning is."

"Not this: I mean the letters that came last night. Every house has received one."

Sandy was at sea. He confessed as much and asked what the purport of the letters was.

Ealie explained:

"Summonses of removal. Every soul has to quit the place at Martinmas."

Sandy was astounded and incredulous.

"Who sent them?"

"Mr. Maclaw—on the instructions of the proprietor, he says."

Sandy paced about in the darkness, befogged in every sense.

"The people are nigh crazed over it," Ealie added parenthetically. "There's not a house but has witnessed tears to-day."

Sandy suddenly asked where Ewen was, and elicited that he had gone to a certain neighbouring house.

"A number are gathered there to determine what to do," the girl said.

"Upon my soul, it beats all I've ever heard."

To a further question Ealie replied that most of the people were inclined to take themselves away when the time arrived. Protest was useless; resistance was against the law, and had, moreover, been already attempted in other districts with futile results.

"They are not finally settled, however. Dad says he will never agree; he's for resisting out-and-out. Brute force will only eject him, he swears."

Ealie seemed utterly crushed by the event. Sandy was appalled at it, even though it was scarcely possible for him to realise, at such short notice, all that it signified.

Suddenly a tongue of flame shot up in the fireplace and illumined the whole apartment for one brief second.

Ealie gave a cry of dismay and searched wildly in her lap. Her love letter was gone.

Unnoticed, it had dropped upon the embers where it had been gradually curling and browning until it was so tindery that when it became ignited it went off in one swift flare.

It was another blow added to the sum of Ealie's misery.

"Why did he write?" she cried in distraction; "why isn't he here himself? Is he ashamed of what his father is to do? Why did he not speak about it yesterday?"

"I'm certain he couldn't have known."

Sandy felt an arresting doubt immediately in chase of the assertion. His recollection flew back and fetched up certain tones and words and acts on the part of Norman which now took on a new significance. He wondered if Norman really did know, and to what extent he had concurred in the proposed proceedings. If he had opposed them, as the crofters were innocent of provocation, the whole iniquity devolved upon the Major's shoulders. For one man, surely, the load of it was excessive. With an instinct of loyalty Sandy refused to impute it in its entirety to the Major. To whom else, then, if not to him? Who . . .? Sandy's simple mind was in a maze.

"No; he can't have known," he repeated aloud, harking back to the starting point of his reflections, and emphasising the affirmation to root conviction in himself as well as to assure the girl. "He never uttered a word about it this morning when I drove him to the boat."

"To the boat! Is he gone?"

"The telegram came last night."

Ealie bowed her head upon her arms across her knees in an abandon of silent anguish.

Soon afterwards Sandy took leave. On the road he met Ewan Martin returning home.

"Have you come to spy how we take the lash?" Martin asked with bitterness.

"God forgive you the thought," Sandy answered, aggrieved and with a genuine sympathy impossible to doubt. "Hurricanes and thunder! I only heard of it some minutes since. I feel like a barque that gets the wind from all quarters at once."

"Is this put up by the young man, then?" Martin's voice turned stern as he put forth the surmise. "There was no whisper of it until *he* came on the scene."

You yourself have seen as much of him as any other. Would you hold him capable of such a deed?"

"How can *I* say. One of them must be; if one, why not the other? In any case that point has nothing to do with the position in which *we* are placed."

"What do you all mean to do?"

"I left them wrangling over that up there," Martin said, with an inclination of the head towards the quarter he had come from. "Whatever course they decide on there need be no speculation as to what *I* mean to do."

Martin moved away. His tones and demeanour were packed with a resolution that made it superfluous to ask explicit information as to his intentions.

He flung Sandy a 'good-night' after some paces had divided them.

XVI.

That summer waxed and waned. Autumn idled on with languid avis.

At Craigan House a letter came from Norman: only one. His regiment, when he wrote, had but recently landed on the Crimea, and he was brimming with the spirit of war. The actions already recently fought, and being then discussed, had inflamed his imagination; and he longed, with an ardent and supreme desire, for an opportunity to acquit himself with equal valor and dauntlessness.

Alas! the deeds of heroism which he related, did not, as he fondly anticipated, make the resound. Few travelled beyond the precincts of the field of action. Of the great majority the world has not, to this day, so much as heard.

The only drawback, he wound up, was the hopeless want of organisation in the commissariat and a deficiency of supplies. But these could not affect the final issue.

To this theme he confined himself. Home matters the letter had no allusion to of any kind. Question, reference, indirect mention even, of the turmoil which he must needs remember to have left in brew behind him was as purposely omitted as if censored by an alien hand.

Even the Major, martial enthusiast though he was, could not but mark this odd avoidance of matters intimate and touching home. It gravelled him somewhat: at what point he would have been puzzled to locate. Nevertheless the prodding of vexation, although operating but dully, was there.

In Glencorrie the potato beds, cleaned of weeds, spread out their green in vivid contrast with the adjoining crops. The corn attained its height and lit up the landscape with spaces of pale gold which rustled like an expanse of sheeting when the breeze swept over it.

Throughout the season no sporadic stormburst came to devastate and lay low the adoloscent crops. Everything matured with vigor in the peace of stilly days, with occasional showers of fine rain. The season was phenomenal in its mildness: it was one to fill with devotional rejoicings children of the soil who, in the intimacy of their occupation with weather changes, are prone to regard them as direct dispensations of God.

In Glencorrie, this autumn, the benificence of nature served only to increase the heartache of the people over their advancing departure. Zest for work was gone from them, its place being taken by indifference and world-weariness. They became languorous as people of tropical latitudes; like them, they seemed bereft of bone and marrow.

In the harvest, as they bound the corn, the thought that it was their last would oftentimes suddenly recur to some of them with an inexpressible pang. Women would run together and weep on one another's shoulder. The men, if they expressed impatience at these outbursts, had nevertheless themselves a tightening of the throat.

The last of November, the "term," was fixed for their quittance. A fortnight prior to this date a circular was issued to them by Maclaw, the Estate Solicitor.

The tenor of this document was that Major MacKintosh, in kindness, had chartered a vessel to convey to their destination such families as had decided to go to America. The ship would not be forward before the first of March. Until then, those who proposed to take passage in her might remain upon their holdings. To tenants who had made other arrangements this concession could not be extended. These latter were expected to have their holdings vacated at the "term," as originally fixed.

All had their minds made up to go to America excepting Ewen Martin. The latter from the outset, had peremptorily brushed aside the idea.

The term day passed. Nobody removed. The natural inference was that all had decided to leave for America on the first of March.

Major MacKintosh would have much liked to persuade himself that it was so; but with everything to support such a deduction a conviction preyed on him that Martin, for one, would prove obdurate. Martin had at various times exacerbated him in ways which few could have dreamed had that effect. It seemed to fit in with the natural order of things, therefore, that Martin should be the one to take up a thwarting attitude at this juncture also.

The Major talked the matter over with Maclaw.

The latter robustiously pooh-poohed the notion.

The Major's misgivings yielded. A moment later they renewed themselves with added formidableness.

"It's not a thing to be made light of, to my thinking," he objected, uneasily.

The man of law would still have dismissed the possibility as too remote to be accorded serious consideration.

"Nevertheless," he subjoined, "if you wish it, nothing is easier than to provide for the contingency. A warrant in suspense for his ejection on the first of March can be readily obtained."

The Major promptly recommended this to be done.

(To be continued.)

THE STRATHSPEY AND REEL.

[By CURLIANA DINGWALL.]

What need there be sae great a fraise,
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gie oor ain Strathspeys,
For half a hundred score o' them.
Tullochgorum.

THERE may be other lands as stern and wild as Caledonia — other regions in which mists may roll on mountain, and wave break on rocky shore, where heather may bloom and pine tree flourish and whose inhabitants may even speak in dialects of a Gaelic tongue. All these may be common attributes of other lands. But there is at least one thing, I am about to mention, which we can claim as the

EXCLUSIVE PROPERTY

of the Scottish Highlands. There was a time when Highland music consisted mainly of weird minor melodies of Ossanic origin, and the sombre life of that age found a suitable echo in the plaintive notes of the harp. But there came a time when the appearance of the great Highland bagpipe—an improvement of an older and more primitive instrument, marked an epoch in the history of the people. Their habitual gloom began to be varied by brighter gleams and their music enlivened by more stirring strains. One effect of the changes was the development, if not the birth, of that sparkling, rollicking rant which we know as the Strathspey and Reel, and which, as I have indicated, is like the Piobmhor itself, the heritage alone of the land beyond the Grampians. Elementary in its construction, invariable in its time, it is the product of a people deficient it may be in contemporary culture, untutored in the higher regions of musical art, yet withal intellectual and with much music in their souls. Eminently suitable to the conditions of life where the refinements of wealth and luxurious ease were as rare as the sand grouse on the heather hills, it caught the fancy of the Highland people, and fell on them as dew upon the tender herb. It has been so thoroughly assimilated by the Scottish Celt for so many generations that he requires no training in music to enable him to appreciate it. He can never hear its strains without a speeding of the blood in his veins, that often forces him to shout for joy. Its stirring major notes reflect him in his happy summer mood, as the old minor melodies represent him in the "winter of his discontent." It speaks to the Highlander in unmistakable tones of that rough and hoary land he loves so well, and wherever his lot is cast it calls forth bright visions of youth and home, and all that he loves best on earth.

I remember dining one autumn evening more than thirty years ago with the genial and courtly Dr. Kennedy in his little manse at Dingwall. Among the guests was a quiet old Highlander, whose name has passed out of my recollection, but of whose kindly face and sparkling eye my memory cherishes a vivid impression. He had emigrated to the Canadian West in early youth, and was then for the first time revisiting the scenes of his boyhood. In the drawing room there was

MUSIC AND SONG,

and throughout a course of "Italian trills," the old emigrant maintained his usual quiet unobtrusive demeanour. The classics passed over him as the idle wind. But, by and bye, there came the old familiar songs and music of his native land.

"And the Scotch blood leapt in a' his veins."

The sparkle of the old eye became brighter, and a smile of infinite pleasure lit up his wrinkled face. The climax came with "Tullochgorum." Springing to his feet he seized the doctor—the old friend of his youth—by the arm, forced him to the floor, cracked his thumbs and kicked his heels, and used all manner of blandishments to induce him to dance, but needless to say in vain. Yet, although he could not be persuaded to engage in a function which he had all his life denounced, he took no pains to conceal how thoroughly he relished and how deeply he sympathised with the enthusiasm of his old Celtic friend. I never witnessed a more convincing proof of the influence and power of the Highland reel on the true old Highland heart.

The name of the person who composed the first reel is lost in antiquity. Perhaps no single individual ever could lay claim to such an honour. Both reel and strathspey are probably gradual evolutions from

THE OLD CELTIC AIRS

that floated for ages through the Highland glens, assuming their present form when the developed bagpipe and violin made the people rise and dance like my old friend in the manse at Dingwall. The first players of whom we have any record were a family of Browns in the Mearns, and after them the Cummings of Castle Grant. It is generally assumed that the Strathspey originated in the district of that name, and probably the Cummings were the first to bring it into public notice. This was

about the middle of the seventeenth century, when the harp was disappearing by the passing away of Rory Dall, one of the last of the famous harpers. But we have really no reliable history on the subject until the middle of the eighteenth century when

NEIL GOW

arose as a brilliant musical star on the Highland horizon. Genial old John Skinner of "Tullochgorum" fame was born just six years before Neil, and one can infer from his protest against Italian lays in that immortal song that the strathspey was then fighting its way into popularity. Scott, than whom there never was a more accurate authority in ancient customs, describes the daughter of Donald Bain in "Waverley," a tale of the '45, as "the best dancer of a strathspey in the whole strath." Yet Dr. Johnson, who perambulated the Highlands as late as 1773 evidently saw none of it, for Boswell who records the singing of Gaelic songs, the playing of the bagpipe and even the spinnet, is silent about the strathspey. Had he witnessed this dance, assuredly he would have noted it as a phenomenon never seen at that time outwith the Highland border. So to Neil Gow, who died in 1807, is due the credit of having popularised both the dance and music. He was recognised as the most proficient exponent of Scottish music in his day. His genius displayed itself in the composition of many tunes which are still familiar favourites among Highland musicians, but still more in a particular style of bowing which seemed to breathe new life into the strathspey. His fame was undoubtedly enhanced by a remarkable individuality of character, a pawky humour, and a freedom of speech always untarnished by malice. Petted by the aristocracy, he never exhibited that fawning servility which was a characteristic of the age, and his manly independence might have suggested the theme of

"A man's a man for a' that."

Next year, on the 1st of March, there comes the centenary of his death. Surely Scotland will not allow it to pass without some fitting celebration to commemorate so eminent a Scot!

After the Gows, father and son, there was a succession of eminent composers and performers, among whom were Marshall, the butler at Gordon Castle, Fraser of Knockie, and Peter Baillie, all of whom have left their mark upon the music of the Scottish Highlands.

In our day the mantle of the Gows has fallen upon

JAMES SCOTT SKINNER

who by a musical education of a high order, and the patient study and practice of a life now growing old, devoted chiefly to the music of his native land, has well earned the title of "the Strathspey King" by which he is universally known. No living violinist can approach him in the playing of the Strathspey and Reel. It is doubtful if any man since the days of the Gows understood better the spirit of the music, and the message it speaks to the Highland heart. Like so many of his predecessors who have left their mark on Highland music, he was born in the East Country, within the Highland border, and not far from the slopes of the Grampian Hills, where he grew up under the subtle mystic influences of that mountain land. Active in mind and body, sparkling with wit and humour, pouring out his whole soul in music, he and his fiddle seem in a perennial condition of concert pitch.

THE SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS

lies partly in those constitutional qualities, and partly in his marvellous power of expression and skilful manipulation of the bow. He has developed a style which is all his own, and as far as can be judged from the description of contemporary writers, nearer to that of Neil Gow than any other of whom we have a record. He inherited his enthusiasm from his father, who, when he lost his left hand by accident, acquired by patient practice the power of fingering with his right, and bowing with the stump of his left. He is not only the most distinguished performer of Highland music in his day, but the composer also of a multitude of pastoral airs, laments, strathspeys and reels, many of which are destined to live, and to carry his name and fame into future generations. His life and work constitute a legacy of which the North of Scotland may well be proud, and so long as

HIGHLAND HEARTS RESPOND

to Highland airs the "Laird o' Drumblair" and "The Bonnie Lass o' Bon-Accord" will rank with the best similar productions of the masters of the past. No Highland home possessing the luxury of a pianoforte or violin should be without a copy of his last great publication "The Harp and Claymore," one of the best collections of Highland music given to the world. Long may he live in his picturesque cottage home at Monikie, and long may he be able to charm and warm the heart of Scot and clansman at home and abroad.

And now, my brother Gael, where'er ye be—lingering in the silent glen, labouring in the throbbing city, sweltering on the burning plain, or freezing on arctic snow—

FORGET NOT THE MUSIC

of your native land, love it as you love the Highland hills, and cherish it like the language lisped at your mother's knee.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MACLEANS.

ABOUT the year 1125 there was a dispute with regard to the boundaries of Kirkness and Lochore in Fife. King David I. appointed Constantine, Earl of Fife; Dugall, son of Mocche; and Muldonnith, son of Machedath, to settle the points in dispute. They were all skilled in law and well-fitted to perform the work to which they were appointed. As the first and third were judges it is likely that Dugall, the second on the list, was also a judge. As the names were written by English scribes—men who were not in the smallest degree controlled by Grimm's Laws when writing Gaelic words—it is difficult to determine what Mocche was really intended for. It may stand for Mog-ceor Mog-che; for Mochua, the name of an Irish Saint; or for Mochan, the name of a prominent man who lived in Kirkness about 1075. It might be for Macc-aedh, son of Fire, but Mac-aedh, Maceth, or Macheth does not seem to have been at any time a personal name. It is possible, but not at all probable, that it is the same name as Mac-he-dath, which evidently is an error for Macbetha or Macbeth. It is likely that Maeldonnith, Maoldimhuach or Muldowny, was a son of Macbeth, Thane of Falkland.

From the MS. of 1467 and MacFiorbis's *Book of Genealogies*, we get the following account of the origin of the Macleans:—

Old Dougall of Scone had a son named Rang. Rang had three sons; Circatha, from whom came the Clan Conchatha in Lennox; Cusidhe, from whom came the Clan Consithe in Fife; and Cuduilig, from whom came the Clan Conduilig in the islands of Mull. Cuduilig was Abbot of Lismoor, and had a son named Neil, father of Maolsruthain, father of Macrath. Gilleeoin, son of Macrath, was the progenitor of the Macleans. He was succeeded by his son Malise or Gillise. Malise was succeeded by his son Maolcaluim or Gillecaluim. Maolcaluim or Malcolm had three sons, Donald, Neil, and John. Donald married Rioghnach, daughter of Gamhail, Mormaor of Carrick, and had two sons, Malise and John, and two daughters, Beathag and Aithbric. Neil had two sons, Diarmad and Malcolm. John had two sons, Lachlan and Hector.

The foregoing genealogy is no doubt substantially correct. If there are errors in it the only way in which they can be corrected is by a MS. older than that of 1467, or by the statements of charters and other public documents. It would be sheer folly to try to correct an old MS. by traditions, which, as a general rule, are not nearly as old as they claim to be.

As Old Dugall of Scone must have been born about 1050, it is altogether probable that he was the same person as the old, just, and venerable Dugall of the time of David I., of course it cannot be proved that the Old Dugald who acted as arbiter for King David actually lived in Scone; it is certain, however, that he must have been a well-known man in Scone.

Rang is an old word, and indicates that the person to whom it was first applied as a descriptive epithet, was slightly bald. It has no connection with the name Fraing or Frank. Raing is the genitive case of Rang.

As Cuduilig was apparently a lay abbot, with a priest under him, it is likely that he would feel at liberty to acquire for his sons all the lands he could possibly get. He lived near Macdougall of Lorn and would no doubt be on friendly terms with that powerful chief. It is then as followers of the Lord of Lorn that we are to look for his sons and grandsons.

Cu means dog, and metaphysically grand fighter or hero and gnawer or moth. Cucatha means dog of battle, and is a good name for a warrior. Cusidhe or Cusithe, the i being short in both, may mean dog of the long pace, of the quick and fierce attack, or of the blast. Cusithe, with i long, may mean dog of peace, of the fairy, or of the hill. In the genealogy the word is given first as Sidhe and next as Sithe. Sith, peace, was frequently written Sioth, but it was never written Sidh. Again, whilst the dog has many excellent qualities he is very far from being a peacemaker. It is probable then that Cusidhe or Cusithe does not mean dog of peace. As Sidh or Sith is an old word for venison, it is possible that Sidhe means dog of venison, hunting dog or, as a man's name, provider of food.

Duilig, like Catha and Sidhe, is clearly a noun in the genitive case. Cuduilig or Cuduiligh may possibly mean dog of the foliage. Children were sometimes named after certain circumstances connected with their birth. If the first Cuduiligh happened to be born when the leaves were beginning to appear in their beauty on the trees. He may have received his name from that accidental circumstance. The difference in spelling between Cudiligh and Cuduilligh is a matter of little or no consequence. The word duille means the leaf of a tree and also the leaf of a book. According to the "Old Irish Glossaries," page 73, duil means book. It may be then that the real meaning of Cuduiligh, or rather Cuduili, is dog of the book or bookworm, a very suitable name for a boy who was intended for some position in the church. Rang may have been a man of good practical sense and have called his sons Dog of battle, Dog of Venison, and Dog of the leaf or book.

He was evidently a man of methodical habits.

Cuduilig is in the Beaton genealogy Cunduili. Macvuirich has Conndullaigh. In Mull the name has been Connduilli for at least three hundred years. Connduilli apparently means Conn of the leaf or book.

Gamhail seems to be an epithet and may have been used after the personal name of some man who was winter-like, cold or fierce. The only real Mormaor of Carrick whose daughter Donald Maclean could have married was Neil Kennedy, fourth Earl of Carrick and grandfather of Robert Bruce. There may, however, have been some other ruler in Carrick who was known as a Mormaor, and whose name was Gamhail.

The statement with regard to the children of John, Donald's son, is as follows:—Eoin diu da mhac maithe leis, Lochloinn agus Eachdhonn, which, omitting the word diu, means John had two good sons, Lachlan and Hector. Diu has been translated long after. To this translation there are two serious objections. In the first place, diu means day and possibly long time, but it cannot mean long after. In the second place, Malcolm's three sons, Donald, Neil, and John are given in the order of their birth. It is probable then that Donald and Neil had sons before John. But even if John was the first of the three brothers to have sons, it is utterly improbable that any genealogist in his senses would take notice of such an insignificant matter. It is a historic fact that John was known as Eoin Dub, Eoin Dubh, or Black John. It may be regarded as a certainty, then, that diu is simply a misreading for dub. The correct translation of the sentence is, John Dubh had two good sons, Lachlan and Hector. Lachlan was the first Maclean of Duart and Hector the first Maclean of Lochbuie.

In 1296 we find Gillemoire Mac-Gill-e-eoin or Gilmory Maclean and Malcolm Mac-Gill-e-eoin or Malcolm Maclean rendering homage to Edward I. of England. Gilmory lived in the county of Perth, evidently in the district of Lorn, which at the time mentioned formed a part of the county of Perth. Gilmory and Malcolm were undoubtedly brothers, sons of Malise, second chief of the Clan Gillean. As Gilmory lived in Lorn, the original home of the Clan Gillean, it may be regarded as certain that he was older than Malcolm and chief of the clan. In 1354 Iver Mac Tullach and John Mac Molmari or Maolmoire were the principal followers of John of Lorn. As Maolmoire and Gillemoire were the same name, and as the Macleans had their home in Lorn, there can be no reason for doubting that John Mac Maolmoire was the son of Gilmory Maclean. John had lawful sons, and one of them was to be given by John of Lorn as a hostage to the Lord of the Isles. If Maolmoire was older than Malcolm—and it is altogether probable that he was—it is quite likely that his descendants would not call themselves Macleans: they would become the Clann Mhic Maolmhoire or Morisons of Argyleshire. We know that the Morisons—not Morrisons—were bannermen to the Macleans of Duart, and that they carried the body of Hector Roy Maclean from the field of Harlaw to Iona. In the Ardgour MS. they are described as the "Clann Mhic Maolmhoire of Morvern." They are now generally known as the Clann Mhic Gillemhoire or Gillemoire. If there are any Macleans who consider it necessary that a chief should be descended from the eldest son of a chief, they had better depose Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean from the high position which he now so worthily occupies, and look for a chief among the Morisons.

The battle of Bannockburn was a blessing for Scotland and a benefit to the Stewarts, Macdonalds, Campbells, and some other clans. It was a disaster, however, to the Macdougalls of Lorn and their followers, they fought on the wrong side and suffered for their want of foresight. So far as patriotism is concerned, they were probably as patriotic by nature as some of the clans that were on the winning side.

(Rev.) A. Maclean Sinclair.

Prince Edward Island, Canada.

DEATH OF Mr. JOHN MACKAY, HEREFORD.

By the death of Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, which took place on 5th February, a true "Caraid nan Gaidheal" has passed away. A Highlander of the Highlanders, who spared no effort or expense to keep the Gaelic language alive, and the Gaelic-speaking people true to the noblest instincts and kindly customs of their race. He was a self-made man, who illustrated in his own career the ideal which he held up to others. He was too genuine a man to be vain, but by Highlanders at home and Highlanders dispersed throughout the world, he will be mourned as a friend to them all, and as a noble representative of their race, whose name has been long a household word among them.

Mr. Mackay died at his residence, Reay House, Hereford, on 5th Feby., in the 84th year of his age. He was born in Rogart, Sutherlandshire, on 25th October 1822. Educated at the Parish School, under the noted schoolmaster, Mr. Thomas Fraser, afterwards of Golspie, and subsequently of Elgin, he was well grounded in English, Latin, Greek, and

mathematics. In 1843, when 21 years of age, he left Scotland, and joined the staff of Mr. Thomas Brassey, the famous railway contractor. After a few weeks' employment at Gloucester, he was sent to France, where he remained until after the Revolution of 1848. He subsequently spent some years in Belgium. But it was in the West of England and in South Wales that he was destined to leave his mark, first as agent for Mr. Brassey, and thereafter on his own account. He there constructed many railways and other large public works. He also carried out extensive contracts in Jamaica and South Africa. Mr. Mackay retired from active business a few years ago. For the last three years his health was unsatisfactory. A few weeks ago he took to his bed, and he quietly and painlessly passed away. A Plate Portrait, and sketch of Mr. Mackay's career, will be found in the *Celtic Monthly* for December, 1892.

In Scotland Mr. Mackay has for the last forty years been well known as an enthusiastic Highlander and friend of the Highlands. He subscribed liberally to schemes for the benefit of the Highland people, and his facile and powerful pen was always at their service. He was especially interested in the promotion of education in the Highlands, and not only did he assist deserving lads from all parts of the Highlands to pass through the Universities, but he founded and endowed in his native parish the Educational Association of Rogart, the object of which is to help boys of parts to prepare for and go through a University career. We have in our possession a list of his benefactions to purely Highland educational objects, which shows that he spent over £8,000 in quite a few years. He estimated his outlay on Highland matters at about £1,000 per annum, and, as he once remarked to the writer, "the more I give the more I am blessed." Many men who now occupy good positions in all parts of the world owe their first start in life to the friendly interest of Mr. Mackay. He also took a practical interest in the crofters and fishermen of his native county, helping the former to reclaim land, make roads, and build houses, and the latter to acquire good and serviceable boats. Mr. Mackay was greatly interested in the Celtic languages, and the literature of Ireland, Wales, and the Highlands. He was at one time Chief of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, to whose transactions he largely contributed. At the time of his death he was Chief of the Gaelic Society of London. He was an ex-President of the Clan Mackay Society, which he greatly helped to establish, and in which he took a special interest.

No one perhaps gave the late Professor Blackie so much help in founding the Celtic Chair in Edinburgh University as Mr. Mackay did. For many years he was a warm friend of the versatile Professor, who thus sang of him :—

Who loves the Highlands? Not, with murtherous guns.
Who scour the moor, and chase the flying deer;
Who lure the speckled troutling from the mere,
And hook the strong-nosed salmon, where he runs,
Cleaving the adverse flood. These love their sport;
But thou, Mackay, dost love the stout-thewed men
Whose sweatful toil redeemed the stoney glen,
And filled wide Europe with the proud report
Of their high daring deeds; and thou didst stir
In fresh young hearts brave memory of their sires;
And mothers hailed in thee God's minister
To fan the slumbering flame of patriot fires.
Who loveth thus loves well, and nobly wise,
Weds earth to heaven with worth that never dies."

Mr. Mackay was on the Commission of the Peace for the city of Hereford since 1888. Mrs. Mackay, two sons, and two daughters survive him. His eldest son is Mr. J. C. Mackay, C.E., of Llanwye, Hampton Park, who, like his father, has also won fame and distinction as a civil engineer in this and other countries.

The funeral took place on a Thursday afternoon, when, as if the elements themselves were in sympathy with the mournful event, a boisterous wind and violent storm of hail and rain was followed by sunshine with brief showers of rain or snow. Despite the unsettled character of the weather, many Herefordians and a number of visitors from a distance attended to pay their last respects to the memory of the deceased. The body was contained in an inner shell enclosed in a panelled fumed-oak coffin, which had brass furniture and the following inscription on the breast-plate :— "John Mackay, born October 25th, 1822; died February 5th, 1906." It was almost covered with floral mementos in the hearse, and a carriage of other floral emblems followed.

Among the Highland Societies which sent floral wreaths were the Clan Mackay Society and the Gaelic Society, of which latter he was chief. Mr. John M'Kercher, Treasurer of the Society, selected the memento, which consisted of a Celtic cross of choice flowers and heather, and bore the following wording:—"Bho Comunn na Gàidhlig an Lunnainn le bròn agus mulad. Caidil gu ciùin ar Ceannard gaoil. Dh' fhalbh thu bhuainn a' ghaisgeach threun, ach mairidh gu buan rùn do chridhe agus obair do laimh airson nan Gaidheal agus do dhuthcha."

TRANSLATION.

"From the Gaelic Society of London, with grief and sorrow. Sleep on in perfect peace, our beloved chief. Brave and valiant man, thou art gone from us, but the desire of thy heart, and the work of thine hand, for the Gael and thy country, will endure for all time."

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.

FEBRUARY, 1906.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Subscribers are reminded that the Contribution (4s. post free), for the new volume is now overdue, the October issue commencing Volume XIV. 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.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CELTIC."

Volume XIII. of the *Celtic Monthly* can be had, tastefully bound in cloth, gilt title, for 5s., post free. Many of our readers, in addition to subscribing for the monthly parts, now order bound copies for their libraries, as they found that the portrait plates in the serial issues were somewhat disfigured by the fold in the Magazine. In the hope that more of our readers may be induced to order the bound volume, which contains only perfect parts, we have decided this year to reduce the price of the complete volume to 5s., post free to any part of the globe. At this cheap price, readers who are in the habit of binding the monthly parts will find it more satisfactory to order instead an attractively bound copy from our office. We can also supply the back volumes from Vol. V. to date at the same low rate, 5s. per vol. To be had from Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

"REMEMBER!"

The Late Major-General Sir HECTOR A. MACDONALD.

Above the grand old city broods the night,
And o'er one silent spot soft shadows creep
Where the great soldier sleeps his dreamless sleep
Heedless alike of wrong and cruel blight.
Rest, brave, true heart, sore wounded in life's fight;
Well may proud Scotland for her hero weep,
With tireless, loyal love, her vigil keep,
Waiting the hour that shall his foes requite.
Can man's poor justice serve when slander's breath
Smirches with Upas blot some glorious name?
Nay; 'tis the Lord Almighty, He who saith
"Vengeance is mine," can punish shame with shame,
Or from the Unknown call forth His angel, Death,
To smite with pallid hand or sword of flame.

JANET A. M'CULLOCH.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. B. F. BULLARD, SAVANNAH, Ga., U.S.A.—Thanks for remittance, which covers Subscription till end of present Volume in September. It is pleasing to learn that "the mere fact that the 'Monthly' comes *directly* from Scotland makes me love it." It is evidently true, as a popular poetess has it, that no matter where the race may wander, "the mountains claim their own."

Mr. LAMONT, QUINCY, MASS., U.S.A.—You will have received ere this the Volume ordered. Your request for a portrait of the Editor would be gratified in our last issue. Your high compliment to the *Celtic* is most gratifying to us. We take the liberty of quoting a sentence or two:—"Let me say one word in regard to the *Celtic*—it is a little treasure to anyone with the spark of Highland fire in his makeup. I just love it; and now, please, cannot you favour us with just a little more Gaelic in the coming year? It is good to read about Gaelic, but better to read the real live and original itself."

Mr. H. A. M'LEAN, INVERELL, NEW SOUTH WALES.—Subscription for Mr. Macleod duly received—many thanks. When you visit the old country, please call on us: we shall be only too delighted to meet in the body such an old correspondent. Only Part I. of M'Ian's Clan Plates has been published. We send two copies, as desired. The Plates, when framed, are worthy of a place in any room.

D. M'LENNAN, BARWON DOWNS, VICTORIA.—*Fionn* and Mr. Sinclair will be interested to learn that their contributions in *The Celtic* on the correct way in which the Highland dress should be worn has attracted so much attention among Highlanders in the Australian Colonies. We have sent you copies of the Rules of various Clan and District Societies here, which may be useful for your purpose.

WM. F. CHISHOLM, NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.—We have sent you Anderson's "Memoir of The Chisholm," and "Martial Music of the Clans," etc. Thanks for remittance. There are not many books treating of the Chisholms, but we fancy Colin Chisholm's "Traditions of the Chisholm Country," published in the Gaelic Society's Transactions, and other publications, would interest you. "Antiquarian Notes" also treats of the Chisholms and Strathglass.

J. A. LOVAT FRASER.

JOHN, EARL OF MAR.

By J. A. LOVAT FRASER.

(Continued from page 73.)

IV.

DURING the last years of Queen Anne's reign the minds of Harley and his colleagues were much exercised as to what would happen on the death of the childless monarch. St. John, who in 1712 became Viscount Bolingbroke, was a Jacobite and kept up a correspondence with the Court of the Stuarts. Mar followed his example and intrigued with James the Third. The editor of the *Mar and Kellie Manuscripts* says that, "Up to the last moment of his being in power he was firm to the Hanoverian interest." This is contrary to Mar's own clear admission in the paper which he left, entitled his *Legacie to His Son*, and which was edited by the Honourable Stuart Erskine for the Scottish History Society in 1896. In that paper Mar admits that he was in correspondence with the Stuart party long before the death of Queen Anne. Further he says of Campbell of Glendaruel, "he was of great use to me in the Highlands by uniting those gentlemen and preparing things for *the attempt I had in my head some years before it was put in execution* for restoring our King and thereby delivering our country from oppression."[1] Mar was thoroughly loyal to Queen Anne, but there can be no shadow of doubt that he wished to see her replaced not by the Elector of Hanover, but by her brother, James.

When Queen Anne died, nothing was done

[1] *Mar's Legacie* in Publications of Scottish History Society, Vol. xxvi., p. 173.

by the Jacobites to bring in James, and George the First mounted the throne. When the accession of the German Elector was an accomplished fact, Mar promptly set his sail to the wind that blew from Hanover. He was the only one of Queen Anne's ministers whom the Hanoverian representatives at the English Court did not visit, and, alarmed by this fact, he addressed a letter to George the First while still in Holland, expressing his loyalty. He asked the King to believe no assertions which impugned his fidelity and promised loyal service in the future. He also procured written expressions of loyalty from the Highland clans with whom he had great influence, and who were supposed to be intensely inimical to George's accession. His efforts to commend himself to the new monarch were not successful. The advisers of George had determined upon a policy which involved the proscription of the Tories. When Mar attended the monarch at Greenwich, expecting to receive a favourable reception, the King refused to receive the address of the clans on the ground that it had been drawn up at the Court of James the Third, and commanded him to surrender the seals of his office of Secretary of State, which were conferred on the Duke of Montrose. The indignation of Mar at the King's conduct was extreme, and he promptly took steps to show his resentment.

V.

On the second of August 1715 Mar set sail in disguise from Gravesend on board a collier, and landed at Elie on the Coast of Fife. He left England with the object of raising the standard of rebellion in his native country, and thus revenging himself upon George the First for his discourtesy. He spent some days in Fife, where the lairds were mostly Jacobites, and issued invitations to a great hunting match which was to be held on Deeside, where he had large estates. Those hunting matches were used by the Highland chiefs as pretexts for gathering together in arms, and Mar was successful in bringing together a large number of Jacobite leaders.

"There ye might see the noble Mar,
Wi' Athol, Huntly, and Traquair,
Seaforth, Kilsyth, and Auldabair,
And mony mae what reek again.
Then what are a' their Westland crews?
We'll gar the tailors tack again;
Can they forestan' the tartan trews
And auld Stuart's back again?"

On the 6th of September Mar took the final step which alienated him from King George for ever. He raised the standard of the Stuarts on Braemar, and about the same time Prince James was proclaimed as King James the Eighth of Scotland and Third of England in several of the eastern and northern towns of the country.

In adopting the course which he did, Mar reverted to the methods of an earlier age. To excite rebellion was no longer possible in England. English noblemen, who were dissatisfied with their monarch or government, no longer summoned their vassals to arms. It is true that a few of the north country gentry supported the Rising, when it was once initiated, but the English people as a whole had passed out of the stage in which rebellion could be used as a political weapon. In Scotland, however, it was still possible to appeal to the old instincts of the people. It is true that the bonds which united lord and vassal were slackening. The Court and the Closet were superseding the Camp and the Castle. Ambitious nobles aimed at advancement not by schemes of violence, but by the political methods of modern times. It was difficult, however, to get rid of the old leaven entirely. The Scottish aristocracy still cherished in the background of their minds the old turbulent spirit that had made the throne of the Stuarts a couch of thistles. Mar, indignant at the conduct of George the First, did as his ancestors would have done in the fourteen or fifteenth century, and called out his vassals.

VI.

To describe the Rising of 1715 is no part of the present writer's intention. Mar appealed to the popular dislike of the Union and not without success. On one side of the blue standard hoisted on Braemar were the Scottish arms wrought in gold. On the other were the thistle and the motto *Nemo me impune lacessit*, and underneath the words *No Union*. The Duke of Argyll, a brave and successful soldier, took command of the Scottish forces, and Mar found himself opposed in the field of war by one, whom he had often met in the halls of St. James's. The rising of Mar was doomed from the beginning. Mar was no soldier. He was

"Loud in debate and bold in peaceful council,
But of a slow inactive hand in war."

Napoleon once said that "in war a Man is everything." Mar was not the man to head a successful rebellion.

The most important engagement of the campaign was the battle of Sheriffmuir, near Dunblane, fought on Sunday, the thirteenth of November. It was indecisive, but the balance of advantage lay with the Duke of Argyll. The scene of the contest is now covered by a plantation. The gathering stone, protected by an iron framework, lies amidst trees. But it requires no great effort of the imagination to picture the contest. It was the fortune of the present writer to visit not long ago the spot on which the struggle took place. It was a day of

days for rain. Great clouds of mist enveloped the hill tops and floated up the valleys. Not a soul was to be seen. The ground was wet and spongy, and the writer was able to sympathise with those who, on a November day, had to fight a battle on that spot. The wet and boisterous season suited the scene and its associations, and the writer was glad, after inspecting the battle-ground, to take refuge from the rain in the little Sheriffmuir Inn, and solace himself with tea and oatcakes.

On the twenty-second of December, nearly four months after Mar had raised the standard of the Stuarts, James the Third came over to Scotland. But the young Prince brought no accession of strength to the insurgent forces. He was a very different man from his son Charles, who inherited through his mother the heroic blood of John Sobieski, King of Poland. It is true that James was no coward. The Maréschal de Boufflers tells us that he fought splendidly at the battle of Malplaquet. He had a majestic and lofty bearing. "His dignity of manners is remarkable," wrote the President de Brosses in 1740. "I never saw any Prince hold a great assembly so gracefully and so nobly." But he was melancholy and morbid. The genius of failure haunted his unhappy life.

"'S co lionmhor osna th' aig an righ,
'Us th' aig an neach is isle staid."

So run some lines on the monument of Dugald Buchanan at Strathyre.

"As often sighs the crowned king
As does the man of low degree."

James the Third had his full mead of disappointment and sorrows. His support of the rising was half-hearted and procrastinating. If he had been left alone he would probably never have joined Mar at all. But his ambitious mother continually reminded him of his right to the throne of his ancestors, and perpetually urged him to claim it. Spurred on by her, he came to Scotland only to see the failure of Mar's attempt. He left the kingdom of his forefathers with scarcely more honour than his father, James the Second, left England.

After the failure of the rising Mar went to France with James the Third. For a time he filled a prominent place in the mimic Court of the phantom King of Great Britain. From 1719 to 1724 he had with but few interruptions the principal direction of the affairs of James the Third. Though the service of that prince was but a pouring of water into a sieve, yet he conducted the affairs of the Jacobites with ability and, as far as can be ascertained, pleased his master as well as the majority of his party. In 1724 Mar was deprived of his office, and in March 1725, Colonel Hay, afterwards created Earl of Inverness by James the Third, became Secretary in his place. Mr. Stuart Erskine has suggested that his dismissal was the result of a plot between Hay and Atterbury, the exiled Bishop of Rochester, who hated Mar. After his retirement from office Mar settled in Paris, and remained there till 1729, when he went to Aix-la-Chapelle to drink the waters. In his latter days he is said to have made some attempt to obtain a pardon from the British government. In 1732 he died at Aix at the age of fifty-seven, a disappointed and broken man.

VII.

In forming an opinion about Mar it is important to remember that he was a politician and lived in the eighteenth century. And here the present writer may perhaps be permitted to say how entirely he endorses Macaulay's remark that the principal desideratum of a historian is a practical knowledge of politics. If this fact were kept in mind, much worthless history would not be written. The value of Sir Walter Scott as a historian, to take a single instance, was greatly increased by the fact that he was a keen politician, a friend and admirer of Canning, ready to canvass electors and harangue meetings, and an active local manager of the parliamentary interest of the Buccleuch family. Freeman laid stress on the elementary truth that history is past politics, and politics present history. No one can form an adequate judgment of a politician's temptations and disappointments, who has not had some actual experience of the kind. Nothing, for example, sours a man like ingratitude, and ingratitude is the besetting sin of politics. Defoe speaks of "that old maxim of politics" that "men might be made use of when they can serve us, without any real design to serve them." The politician, who has himself been rewarded for self-denying services with ingratitude, knows how to make allowance for others in similar circumstances.

If we are to take Mar at his own valuation, he was a politician of lofty motives. "To be of some use to my native country," he says in his *Legacie to his Son*, "and to be assisting to the release of it from the low and declining condition in which I found it was, has been my great passion and much at my heart, ever almost since I can remember anything; and however I may have been mistaken in my notions, a view towards that has always been the rule of my actions with regard to the public."[1] Whatever Mar's professions may have been, the real truth is that he was a politician no better and no worse than other men of his time. He was ambitious, shrewd, and subtle. He was ready, like so many others, to suit his

[1] *Mar's Legacie*, p. 162.

views to his interests—a characteristic which obtained for him amongst the Highlanders the nickname of "Iain crathach" or "Bobbing John." The Master of Sinclair said of Mar that he inherited from his mother "the hump he has got on his back and his dissolute maliciously meddling spirit." There is no sign of any physical deformity in any of the four or five portraits of Mar preserved at Alloa, and perhaps the mental characteristics ascribed to Mar are as much exaggerated as the physical ones. Swift, who was acquainted with him, said that "he seemed to be a gentleman of good sense and good nature." It is said that he married his second wife, Lady Frances Pierrepoint, sister of the famous Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, merely to strengthen his connection with the Whigs. If he did so, the wedding was a happy one. Mar himself wrote—"That marriage has proved a happy one to me. It gave me a virtuous woman of very good sense and admirable equal temper, that I had long loved and who has since been an agreeable companion and kind friend in my misfortunes; she looking always on our interests to be the same, and bearing our hard fate with a good heart and without repining."[1]

It is not suggested that Mar was a model politician, but he was no worse than Walpole or Bolingbroke. He is to be looked at from the point of view of his time, and not from that of the twentieth century. If he deserved punishment, he suffered it, for his career was a singularly unfortunate one. He was largely instrumental in carrying the Union, and he lived to vote for its repeal. He intrigued, like so many of his contemporaries, with the Stuarts during the reign of Queen Anne, and found at her death that he had, to use Lord Salisbury's phrase, put his money on the wrong horse. He became the minister of James the Third, and found his services rejected by an ungrateful master. His life was a failure, in spite of his "bobbings."

Mar had one curious hobby—he was deeply interested in architecture. It was he who started Gibb, the eminent architect, in business in London, and it was out of gratitude for his help that Gibb left his whole fortune to Mar's children. In a paper that Mar left, entitled a *Legacie to Scotland*, he sketched the Scottish Commonwealth as he thought it ought to be. Dealing with Edinburgh, he made elaborate suggestions for the improvement of the Scottish metropolis. It is interesting to observe that when the new town of Edinburgh was laid out, the architects consciously or unconsciously followed the lines laid down by Mar. He further urges in the same paper the making of a canal across Scotland—a project afterwards realised. "It is computed," he said, "that thirty thousand pounds sterling might do the work, but should it cost the double, it would be well bestowed and be soon repaid by the profit arising from the canal, if there were any trade in the country."[1] Judging from the papers which he left behind him, Mar had considerable ambitions for his native country, and if he had not been deprived of the opportunity of serving her so early in his career, he might have done something more to commemorate his name than raise the standard of revolt in 1715.

[1] *Mar's Legacie*, p. 177.

A CURIOUS OLD GAELIC PLAY.

THE following curious play has been sent us by Mr. Donald Beaton, Queensland, who says he heard it last at a *Ceilidh* in Dervaig, Isle of Mull, fifty-two years ago, and saw it acted at Arisaig, fifty-seven years ago. It is after the style of "Murachan is Mearachan" or the English rhyme, "The House that Jack Built." We are not aware that it has ever been in print before. Perhaps some of our readers can say if they ever saw it played.

CLEAS-CHLUICHE.

DH'FHALBH Dubhag-tòn-ri-teallaich do'n traighe a dh'iarraidh maoraich; cha'n fhac i tràigh no lìonadh riamh roimhe, 's 'nuair thàinig an lìonadh mu'n cuairt di shaoil i gu'n robh am bràth (deireadh an t-saoghail) air tighinn.

Dh'fhalbh Dubhag-tòn-ri-teallaich agus ràinig i Pocan-a'-bhaile-fhàsaich. "A bheil thu stigh a Phocain-a'-bhaile-fhàsaich, so am bràth air tighinn." "Cò chuala na chunnaic e?" arsa Pocan-a'-bhaile-fhāsaich. "Mise chuala 's a chunnaic e," arsa Dubhag-ton-ri-teallaich, "fo m' bhonnaibh a thainig e." An sin dh fhalbh Dubhag-ton-ri-teallaich agus Pocan-a'-bhaile-fhâsaich agus rainig iad Fàsach-a'-bhaile-fhionnaich. "A bheil thu stigh Fhàsaich-a-bhaile-fhionnaich so am bràth air tighinn." "Có chuala na chunnaic e," arsa Fasach-a'-bhaile-fhionnaich. "Mise chuala 'sa chunnaic e," arsa Dubhag-tòn-ri-teallaich, "fo'm bhonnaibh a thainig e." Dh' fhalbh Dubhag-tòn-ri-teallaich agus Pocan-a'-bhaile-fhàsaich agus Fàsach a'-bhaile-fhionnaich agus rainig iad Tierna Loch-odha. "Bheil thu stigh a Thìerna Loch-odha, so am brāth air tighinn." "Cò chuala no chunnaic e," arsa. Tierna-Loch-odha." "Mise chuala 'sa chunnaic e," arsa Dubhag-tòn-ri teallaich, fo 'm bhonnaibh a thainig e." Dh' fhalbh Dubhag-tòn-ri-teallaich agus Pocan -a'-bhaile-fhàsaich, agus Fàsach-a'-bhaile-fhionnaich,

[1] *Mar's Legacie*, p. 203.

agus Tierna Loch-odha agus ràinig iad Gobha-'bhaile-bhric. "Bheil thu stigh a Ghobha-'bhaile-bhric so am bràth air tighinn." "Cò chuala no chunnaic e?" arsa Gobha-'bhaile-bhric. "Mise chuala 'sa chunnaic e," arsa Dubhag-ton-ri-teallaich, "fo m' bhonnaibh a thàinig e." Dh' fhalbh Dubhag-tòn-ri-teallaich agus Pocan-a'-bhaile-fhàsaich agus Fàsach-a'-bhaile-fhionnaidh agus Tierna Loch-odha agus Gobha-'bhaile-bhric agus ràinig iad "Minidh agus Ceap. "Bheil thu stigh a Mhinidh agus a Cheip so am bràth-air tighinn?" "Cò chuala 'sa chunnaic e?" arsa Minidh agus Ceap. "Mise chuala 'sa chunnaic e," arsa Dubhag-ton-ri-teallich, "fo m' bhonnaibh a thàinig e." Dh' fhalbh Dubhag tòn-ri-teallaich agus Pocan-a'-bhaile-fhásaich agus Fàsach-a-bhaile-fhionnaich, Tierna Loch-odha, Gobha-'bhaile-bhric, Minidh agus Ceap agus rainig iad Daorad-am-sgailc. "Bheil thu stigh a Dhaorad-am-sgailc, so am bràth air tighinn?" "Cō chuala 's a chunnaic e?" arsa Doarad-am-sgailc. "Mise chuala 's a chunnaic e" arsa Dubhag-ton-ri-teallaich, fo m' bhonnaibh a thainig e." Dh'fhalbh-Dubhag-tòn-ri-teallaich agus Pocan-a'-bhaile-fhàsaich, Fàsach-a'-bhaile-fhionn-áich, Tierna Loch-odha, Gobha-bhaile-bhric, Minidh agus Ceap 's Daorad-am-sgailc agus ràinig iad am Fear-a-bha-san-t-sloc. "Bheil thu stigh Fhir-a'-bha-'san-t-sloc, "so am brath air tighinn?" "Cō chuala no chunnaic e?" ars' am Fear-a-bha-'san-t-sloc. "Mise chuala 'sa chunnaic e" arsa Dubhag-ton-ri-teallaich "fo m' bhonnaibh a thainige." Dh'fhalbh Dubhag-tōn-ri-teallaich, Pocan-a'-bhaile fhàsaich, Fàsach-a'-bhaile-fhionnaich, Tierna Loch-odha, Gobha-'bhaile-bhric, Minidh agus Ceap, Daorad-am-sgailc, am Fear-a-bha-'san-t-sloc agus rainig iad Tuthadair-na-h-àtha.

"Bheil thu stigh a Thuthadair-na-h-átha, so am bràth air tighinn?" "Co chuala na chunnaic e?" arsa Tuthadair-na-h-àtha. "Mise chuala 'sa chunnaic e," arsa Dubhag-tòn-ri-teallaich, "fo m' bhonnaibh a thainig e," Dh' fhalbh Dubhag-tòn-ri-teallaich agus Pocan a' bhaile-fhásaich, Fàsach-a'-bhaile-fhionnaich, Tierna Loch-odha, Gotha-'bhaile-bhric, Minidh agus Ceap, Daorad-am-sgailc, am Fear-a-bha-'san-t-sloc, agus Tuthadair-na-h-àtha agus ràinig iad Tuthadair-a'-mhuilinn. "Bheil thu stigh a Thuthadair-a'-mhuilinn, so am bràth air tighinn." "Co chuala no chunnaic e?" arsa Tuthadair a' mhuilinn. "Mise chuala 's a chunnaic e," arsa Dubhag-tòn-ri-teallaich, "fo m' bhonnaibh a tháinig e." Dh'fhalbh Dubhag-tòn-ri-teallaich agus Pocan-a'-bhaile-fhàsaich, Fàsach-a'-bhaile fhionnaich, Tierna Loch-odha, Gobha-bhaile-bhric, Minidh agus Ceap, Daorad-am-sgailc am Fear-a-bha'-san-t-sloc, Tuthadair-na-h-atha agus Tuthadair-a'-mhuilinn agus ràinig iad an Gearan-bacach-bàn. "Bheil thu stigh a Ghearain bhacaich, bhàin, so am bràth air tighinn." "Cò chu chuala no chunnaie e? ars' an Gearan bacach bàn. "Mise chuala 'sa chunnaic e," arsa Dubhag-ton-ri-teallaich, "fo m' bhonnaibh a thainig e." Dh' fhalbh Dubhag-tòn-ri-teallaich agus Pocan-a'-bhaile-fhasaich, Fàsach-a'-bhaile-fhionnaich, Tierna Loch-odha, Gobha-'bhaile-bhric, Minidh agus Ceap, Daorad-am-sgailc, am-Fear-a-bha-'san-t-sloc, Tuthadair-na-h-àtha, Tuthadair-a'-mhuilinn agus an Gearan bacach bān, 's chaidh iad uile gu léir a bhàthadh anns a' Bhràth.

C. BEATON.

Mackay, Queensland.

A GAELIC PUZZLE.

FIONN AND DUBHAN.

THESE two heroes were at mortal enmity with one another. On one occasion, as the story goes, when about to cross a ferry, each had fifteen men, while the ferry-boat could only carry fifteen in all. It was resolved that the thirty men should be seated in a row, and that every ninth man, counting from the first, should be put to death, until the number would be reduced by one-half, or to fifteen men. The ancient bard composed the poem hereafter quoted in which the distribution of the men and the number on either side were stated. It was so ingeniously framed that Fionn and Dubhan's men were arranged in the following order, the letter F representing Fionn's followers, and the letter D those who followed Dubhan, viz.:—

FFFF DDDDD FF D FFF
D F DD FF DDD F DD FF D

By counting these from the first F to the ninth man who was to be cut off, and in the same manner, every ninth man, it will be seen that all Dubhan's men fell under the lot of death, while Fionn's men escaped that doom. The same fatal order is likewise devised by the vowels a, e, i, o, u, in the following two lines, when the vowels are counted in the usual way, viz.:—a—1, e—2, i—3, o—4, u—5. The lines duly marked run as follows:—

4 5 2 13 1 1
"From number aid and art,
2 2 3 1 2 2 1
Never will fame depart."

It will seen that the figures over the vowels exactly denote the number of the F's and D's as having been so disastrous to the luckless men of Dubhan. The following is the Gaelic rhyme that indicates the arrangement of the men:—

4. Ceathrar fear fionn na 'n suidhe air thùs,
A' laoidheadh air mheamhair ni 'm bàs;
5. Coigear laoch dubha na 'n dàil,
De dhearbh luchd-cogaidh le Dubhan.

2. Dithis o Mhac Cumhail gu buaidh,
1. Is fear 'o Dhubhan dreach ruadh.
3. Triùir 'o Fhionn a's àillidh dreach
1. Is fear 'o Dhubhan diùramach;
1. Cha suidh Fionn 's a' Bhrùgh-bhan,
2. Gun dithis dubh air a leth-làimh,
2. Dithis eile 'n am fochair sin
De mhuinntir Fhinn a h-Alba;
3. Triùir dhubh 'o Dhubhan dil
1. Is aon fhear fionn 'n am fochair sin,
2. Dà chomhlaoch dubh na'n dàil,
2. Dithis 'o Fhionn, is fear 'o Dhubhan
1. 'S cha b' fhuilear dha fear eile.

A somewhat different rhyme, but giving the same results, will be found in the late J. F. Campbell's *Leabhar na Féinne*, page 86. The following may be taken as a free translation of the foregoing lines:—

The thirty warriors stand upon the shore,
4. And at their head we see Fingalians four,
5. Flanked on the left by five of Dubhan's band
2. With two Fingalians placed at their left hand;
1. Now one from Dubhan takes his place,
3. Then three Fingalians firm of pace.
1. Behold, the swarthy Dubhan takes his stand
1. With Fionn himself upon the strand,
2. Followed by two of Dubhan's warriors true,
2. While by their side we find Fingalians two;
3. And these are joined by three of Dubhan's corps,
1. Next a Fingalian stands upon the shore.
2. Two that to gallant Dubhan homage yields,
2. And two Fingalians each with bossy shield,
1. And last of all these takes his place
One of brave Dubhan's luckless race.

FIONN.

THE BAYNES OF TULLOCH, 1530-1762.

THE annual gathering of the Clan Mackay Society in Glasgow last month, may form a fitting text for this article. The old, but now almost forgotten family, which heads these notes, is a branch or sept of that clan, and a short record of their history may prove interesting to many of the name scattered throughout the Empire.

The Baynes of Tulloch, for over these two centuries, formed no inconsiderable section of the county families in Mid-Ross, and by their frequent inter-marriages with the dominant Mackenzies of Kintail, the Munros of Ferindonald, and the Chisholms of Erchless, of that period, the Baynes acquired, in addition to their original holding at Tulloch, much land over the Black-isle, as well as in Easter and Wester Ross, and branched off into families at Logie (Conon) Tarradale and Delny. The old books of Sasines and Retours, and the other rather vague entries in parish registers, during these 200 years, display no little learned Latin and indifferent Gaelic in their records of marriage contracts and other deeds, but are somewhat difficult to follow.

DUNCAN BAYNE I. of Tulloch, son of Alexander Bayne of Dingwall, had a charter by King James V., dated July, 1541 "to the lands of Culch, Bellefries, etc., in the Earldom of Ross, for the yearly payment of £18 4s, 4 bolls of bear and meal and 2 reekhens, to augument the rental by 20 shillings." Married a daughter of Hector Roy Mackenzie 1st of Gairloch. In 1553 purchased lands of Davochcarty from Munro of Milton—died before April 1559 leaving a son as successor, who was

ALEXANDER BAYNE II. of Tulloch, served heir to his father, 4th April 1559, by a first marriage had sons Duncan and Robert. Married (2) (contract dated May 1562) Agnes, daughter of Hugh 3rd Lord Lovat, and had issue Alexander Bayne, styled, younger of Tulloch. In July 1592, there is charter by Hugh, Lord Fraser of Lovat in favour of Alexander Bayne of Tulloch, Agnes Fraser his spouse, and Alexander their eldest lawful son of the lands of Rhindown. In 1582 there is a deed of resignation by this Alexander the younger, and in 1594 he granted a charter of the lands of Rhindown to Colin Mackenzie of Kintail; in 1607 there is a retour to this Alexander, styled as of Wester Logie "haeris Alexanderi Bayne de Tulloch gratris." Thus Wester Logie, now known as Conon, was acquired by the family as well as the lands of Delny, by another son. This Alexander Bayne grandson of Lovat, seems to have acquired some rights to the lands of Torridon, and in a dispute with Kintail appears to be the most fierce and savage of the family, for gathering a band of his kinsfolk and of the Munros he went with them to the public market held at Logie—a dispute having arisen with the Mackenzies two of them were suddenly struck down by the Baynes, and the historian of the Mackenzies states "that thus fell two of the best swordsmen of the north." The infurated Mackenzies soon gathered to the spot, overpowering the Baynes and their allies who had to flee north and east; most of the Baynes were killed and thirteen of the Munros before they reached the shelter of Foulis. Alexander Mor Bayne succeeded in eluding his pursuers, taking refuge in a kiln, and when night came on made his way to his kinsfolk the Lovats. Lord Lovat at once dispatched a responsible member of the Clan Fraser to report the affair at the court (the king being then in Falkland). The Mackenzie courier, however, arrived first, and the Council were taking steps to prosecute the Baynes; the Mackenzies in the interval, however, visited and burnt the barns and stockyards of the Baynes then at Lemlair. Kintail and Tulloch, the heads of the families, were then ordered to keep the peace towards each other, which appears to be faithfully done afterwards. In the history of the Gairloch family, it appears a son of Tulloch about 1611 accompanied a younger son of Gairloch on a expedition to Skye, and in a quarrel with one of the MacLeods of Raasay were both killed at that island; four of the Mackenzies and the crew got away with their vessel taking the body of Bayne with them, which they buried at Lochcarron—Alexander II. of Tulloch married a third time.—A daughter Janet, married Chisholm of Comar, and several charters appear to be granted between the families during the 50 years following 1590. He was succeeded by his oldest son,

DUNCAN BAYNE III. of Tulloch, whose first charter appears to be dated 1600 and several other deeds in following years, in which much Latin is expended. He married (1) Elspet MacLeod, eldest daughter and co-heir of the wild Torquil Connach MacLeod, of the Lewis—with whom he had a large family—besides the heir John. The second son Ronald in 1626 was witness to the will of the redoubtable Sir Rorie Mackenzie of Coigach, Tutor of Kintail, who then almost reigned in Ross-shire—he was brother to the first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail; being a favourite of, he was knighted by King James. He built Castle Leod, in Strathpeffer, was buried at Dingwall, and was the first

of the Cromartie family, who still hold his lands. Duncan III. married (2) Isabella widow of the heir of Gairloch, a daughter of Mackenzie of Fairburn—he died about 1626, and was succeeded by his son,

JOHN BAYNE IV., Laird of Tulloch—he married Elizabeth, daughter of Roderick Mackenzie 1st of Redcastle, a grand-daughter of Kenneth X. of Kintail. Her mother was a daughter of Robert Mhor Munro, of Foulis—the IV. Laird of Tulloch was three times Provost of Dingwall—his valued rental there, was £909 6s. 8d. Scots. He had issue Duncan Bayne, younger of Tulloch, who married Katherine, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie of Kilcoy. He died while heir apparent, with issue. John was succeeded by his grandson,

SIR DONALD BAYNE, Knight, as V. of Tulloch; sasine to his lands dated 1669—married 1670| Annabella, daughter of John Mackenzie of Applecross, was knighted 1680, was Councillor M.P. for Dingwall 1681-2, Ross-shire 1685-6; in 1709 was Provost of Dingwall, had a numerous issue of sons and daughters. His eldest son Duncan John, was Councillor M.P. for Dingwall, 1702-7—married 1708 to Margaret youngest daughter and co-heir of Sir Rorie Mackenzie of Findon Knight, he died before 1710 leaving a daughter and heiress named Margaret, who married George Mackenzie 2nd of Allangrange, contract dated April 1731. Sir Donald's daughter Annabella married to Mackenzie Tolley of the Letterewe branch—Provost of Dingwall. She was shot in her window in 1740 during an election riot on the street, and the watch she wore is now within reach of the writer of these notes. Alex. Mackenzie Tolly was the progenitor of the Mackenzies of Portmore, Muirton, and others. Sir Donald was living in 1714 although succeeded by his eldest living son.

KENNETH BAYNE VI. of Tulloch, who had sasine to the lands in 1710 and 1712; married 1718 Isabel, daughter of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Scatwell, Bart., died without issue 1719, and was succeeded by his cousin who became

KENNETH BAYNE VII., Laird of Tulloch, purchasing the right from his brother John, sons of Roderick Bayne, Tutor of Tulloch in Drynie; sasines in his favour dated August 1719. He is mentioned in the Journals of the House of Lords, November 1724. He married Annie Bayne—died 1733, succeeded by

KENNETH BAYNE VIII., Laird of Tulloch, of whom little is known, but that on January 1762, he sold Tulloch to his cousin Henry, son of William Davidson and Jean Bayne, for a sum of about £11,000.

The Barony of Tulloch thus fell into the family of its present owner. It was held by his grandfather, the ever-popular Laird of Tulloch, born in 1800, died Lord Lieutenant of the County in 1882. In many ways the old connection between Tulloch and the Mackay Country has been kept up; looking over the Presbytery and Session Records, one finds that about 1690 an erring daughter of the house, Margaret Bayne, defied the local Church Court and its censures — taking refuge more than once in the Reay Country beyond the jurisdiction of the Dingwall Kirk Sessions—and about 1830, the Lord Reay of that day, was the zealous Trustee of the first Duncan of Tulloch, who, from his earliest years and during his long reign over the Estate as Laird, was always somewhat fettered by his abounding hospitality—if not extravagance.

The old family name has long ceased to be represented in any Ross-shire possessions. A generation or two ago it kept its County connection by Dr. Ronald Bayne being made Chaplain of the then Seaforth Regiment. His grandson, Dr. Peter Bayne, was the successor as Editor of the "Witness," and the Biographer of Hugh Miller. Another Knight of the name, who claimed kin, was the late Sir James Bain, Lord Provost of Glasgow, besides other claimants of such kinship, but from the ill-kept and often perverted records of the period, no one can now carry the connection back to the first Tulloch Baynes of 1541.

A. B.

Gilgarran, Cumberland.

THE LATE CAPTAIN STEWART OF FASNACLOICH, APPIN.—The funeral took place at Appin on 16th February of the late Captain John Campbell Stewart of Fasnacloich, the representative of one of the oldest Highland families. The Captain was a cadet of the house of the Stewarts of Appin, whose family held the lands of Fasnacloich for generations, and he was the last but one of the Stewarts of Appin to hold land in the parish of Appin. He was born in 1832, and succeeded his father in 1844. He served in the 72nd Regiment (the Duke of Albany's Own Highlanders) during the Crimean War, was present at the capture of Kertch, and at the siege and fall of Sebastopol, for which he received a medal and clasp, Turkish medal, and 5th class of the Order of the Medjidie. He also served through the Indian Mutiny, and was at the capture of the fortress of Kotah and the action on the Burnass River, for which he received a medal and clasp. He retired from the Army in 1867. He farmed a large tract of his own estate of Fasnacloich until the property was sold to Mr. Tom Bullough about four years ago, when he took up his residence at Hollymont, Oban, where he died. He is survived by two sons and three daughters.

MACDONALD OF LARGIE.—A marriage is arranged between John Ronald Moreton Macdonald of Largie, and Daisy, twin daughter of the late Brigadier-General Eyre Macdonnell Stewart Crabbe, C.B., late Grenadier Guards, of Glen Eyre, Southampton, and 54 Cromwell Road, London.

THE BUCHANAN SOCIETY.—The annual general meeting of this society was held in the Windsor Hotel, Mr. A. W. Gray Buchanan of Parkhill, Polmont, occupying the chair in the unavoidable absence of Mr. James Buchanan, Maxwell Park, the preses. In all, ten new applicants for membership came forward and were duly elected. The grants for relief and education awarded during 1905 were confirmed, as well as the bursaries and scholarships still current. A number of applications for relief were dealt with, and grants awarded in addition to existing pensions enrolled. Directors for 1906-7 were appointed. The annual dinner of the society was held in the hotel in the evening—Mr A. W. Gray Buchanan in the chair. Mr. Gordon Mitchell, minister of the parish of Killearn, was present as the Society's guest, and proposed the toast of the evening, "The Memory of George Buchanan," in an interesting speech.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

I AM indebted for the following ancient song and interesting note to my friend Mr. Archibald Brown, Greenock, Author of the "Memorials of Argyllshire."

FIONN.

LAMENT FOR MACNAUGHTON OF DUN-DA-RAMH.

CAOIDH MHIC NEACHDAIN AN DUIN LE A LEANNAN, NIGHEAN MHIC-AN-RIABHAICH, OIGHRE ARDCHANGLAIS.

Key F. *Slowly.*

:m., s	l : r : m	r : —:l., se	l : t : d'	t.s : —
Tha an	oidhche nochd	fuar, Och mo	thruaigh 's gur	fad' i,
O the	night is so	cold, All alone	I am	weeping,

:d'., t	l : m : s	l : — : s., m	m : r : d	r.r.: — ‖
Ged tha	càch nan sior	shuain,'S beag mo	luadhs' air a'	chadal.
While the world is	asleep,	Lonely	watch I am	keeping.

Cha'n e giorrad mo rùim
Na cuinge mo leapa
Ach oig-f hear a' chuil dùinn,
'Sior chur truim' air m' aigne.

Bruadar chunnaic mi 'n raoir
Thusa 'ghaoil a bhi agam;
Ann an leapa chaoin chùbhr'
'S thu 'bhi lùbt' ann am achlais.

Ach 'n uair 'thionndaidh mi null
Bha do rum-sa falamh,
Dheadh Mhic Neachdain an Dùin,
Bho thùr nam baideal.

B'f hada 'dh'aithnichinn do chùl,
Direadh stùc a' chreachainn;
Le d'bhreacan 's le d' chù
Le do lùgh'r cheum gaisgich.

Le d' chuilbhear caol ùr
Nach diùltadh sradaig;
'S math thig dag dhuit fo d' sgiath,
'S claidhheamh liath-ghorm sgaiteach.

Leam bu mhìllse do phòg
Na mil òg o'n bheachunn,
Na ùbhlan nan craobh
Leam bu chùbhraidh t-anail.

'N cuala sibhse bean riamh
'Chaill a ciall m'a leannan,
'S mar aithris mi breug,
'S mise f héin a bhean ud.

Na'm biodh fios aig mo gràdh
Mar a tha mi 'g acain,
Cha chumadh airgiod na òr,
E gun seòladh dhachaidh.

'S iomad bàt' agus long,
Tha air thonn dol thairis,
Eadar Libhte nan long
Agus fonn Mhic Cailein.

An té thug 'uamsa m' f hear f héin
'S mi gu geur ga acain,
Ni 'm faicear orr' bréid
Latha Féill 'sa' chlachan.

Na idir do chlann
Dol gu teampull baistidh,
Ach 'gan cur fo lic f huair
'S iad gu buan fo d' chasan.

Leaca lighidh fo d' bhonn
'S talamh toll fo d' chasan,
Boinne snidhe fliuch fuar
Tigh'n mu bhruaich do leapa.

Tha an oidhche nochd fuar,
Och mo thruaigh 's gur fad i;
Ged tha na càch na'n sior shuain,
'S beag mo luadh-s' air a'chadal.

The subjects of this romantic song were descended from two noble families on the upper reaches on the banks of Lochfyne in Cowal, about the beginning of last century, viz., the MacNaughtons of Dundarave, and the Campbells of Ardkinglass. A short sketch of these families, leading to the event which gave rise to the song, may not be out of place.

The MacNaughtons were one of the five families "on record" in Argyllshire before the death of Alexander III. in 1285. Their possessions extended over the upper part of Lochawe, Glenara, Glenshire, and Glenfyne. Their strongholds were Castle Fraoch-Eilean on Lochawe, Castle Dubh-loch in Glenshira, and the more modern castle of Dundarave on Lochfyne. Above the entrance to the castle is inscribed the following legend:—"I · Man Behold · The · End · Be · Nocht · Vyser · Nor · The · Hiestest · I · Hoip · In · God · 1598."

As the Campbells extended their power in Argyllshire, the MacNaughtons were encroached upon till reduced to their last stronghold of Dundarave. In the Scots Acts of Parliament this old family is often referred to from the 16th to the 18th century. In 1587 the MacNachtanes are named among the "Broken men in the Hielands." In 1643 Malcolme MacNachtane of Dundarave is one of the "committee for warr appointed in the shyre of Argyll." In 1648 Alexander MacNachtane is "commissioner of warr and defence." In 1649 Malcolm MacNachtane is appointed for the defence of the kingdom. In 1661 Alexander MacNaughtan is one of those appointed for raising an annuity to King Charles II. In the same year he gives evidence in the trial of the Marquis of Argyll of the depredations committed by the Campbells upon their neighbours, and in the year 1700 John MacNaughtan, the subject of this song, is "on record."

The other family was that of the Campbells of Ardkinglass. The head of this house was also known to the natives as "Macanriach" which was a contraction of Mac-Iain-Achariabhaich. Achariabhach, at Lochfinehead, was the original seat of this branch of the Argyle family. In 1574 James Campbell is on record. In 1584 he is named in the act anent waping-shawing. In the same year he is named among "the broken men." In 1643 James Campbell of Ardkinglas is one of the commissioners in Argyle to raise the loan and tax. In 1647 he is on the "commission of warr;" in 1648 on "warr and defence." In 1661 he is sued by the Lamonts, the Duke of Hamilton in Arran, and the MacDougalls of Dunollie for depreda-

tions committed. In 1662 he is declared a fugitive. In 1685 he is summoned to Edinburgh and confined in prison during the invasion of the Earl of Argyll. After the Revolution his son, Sir Colin Campbell of Ardkinglas, is received into favour, he is at the Parliament held in Edinburgh in 1696, and was commissioner for Argyll in 1698, 1700 and 1701. Sir Colin seems to have been succeeded by his son, Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglas, who had three daughters, but no male heirs. The younger daughter became engaged to John MacNaughton of Dundarave. On the wedding night, after the ceremony, the young bride was removed out of the way, and the bedding took place in a dark room. As the case with Laban and Jacob, "Macanriach" put the eldest daughter in bed with MacNaughton, who did not discover the mistake till next morning, when both he and his bride were so disgusted at the trick that they slipped away in a boat next day and left the country, and it is supposed that they returned, and ultimately settled in the north of Ireland.† After their disappearance, the *derelict* raised "this wail." However, in course of time, she had an heir to MacNaughtan, and as there was no prospect of the elopers returning, Macinriach seized the estate and Castle of Dundarave for young MacNaughtan, but in a few years afterwards Sir James Livingstone, son of the Earl of Callander, married this lady, and Sir James Campbell entailed the estate of Ardkinglass (including Dundarave) on Sir James and Lady Livingstone and their descendants, on condition of their assuming the name and arms of Campbell of Ardkinglass, but in carrying out this arrangement, young MacNaughtan was an obstacle in the way, and traditions says the boy was drowned in the river Kinglass, near Cairndow Inn. At all events he disappeared, and neither he nor any of his race have occupied the ancient castle and estate.

In 1720 Sir James and Lady Livingstone had a daughter named Mary, who married the Hon. James Callander of Craigforth, of whom are descended the present family of Ardkinglass. Lord Archibald Campbell is married to one of the daughters.

† *Note.*—In 1878 a meeting of the Clan MacNaughtan was held in the Literary Institute, Edinburgh, when a Committee reported that they had made an investigation regarding the chieftainship, and had unanimously resolved that Sir Francis Edmund MacNaughtan, Bart., of Dunderove, Antrim, lineal descendant of the ancient line, should be held the chief.

FIONN.

CHIEFTAINSHIP AND THE CLANS.

BY WM. J. THOMAS.

(Continued from page 78.)

MEANWHILE, before leaving the question of the non-Aryan matriarchate in Britain, we shall cite just one instance of a tribe whose name evidently points to its once wide prevalence. We refer to the large and important Neolithic tribe of the Fir Bolg which was divided into three subtribes, "not of the Gael, namely, the Gabhraidhe of Suca in Connacht, the Uí Tairsidh in Crích Uabh Failghe, and the Gaileoin of Leinster" (Keating's Hist). Such was the great and warlike tribe occupying the larger half of the central and western parts of Ireland and, in addition, the northern and western parts of Scotland, and whose prowess was so considerable as to justify the fierce enmity of all the leading Gaelic tribes and clans of Scotland and Ireland. Such was the great dusky-featured tribe whose fierce and bellicose chiefs, who had heard often enough and grown accustomed to the Celtic

> "trumpets clangour from afar
> And all the dreadful harmony of war,"

had by their continued resistance helped to stem for centuries the gradual encroachments of the advancing Aryan, and were enabled, before being finally overcome and absorbed, to leave behind a variable amount of their oriental language, customs, and traditions.

Many of their customs and beliefs have survived the lapse of centuries, but their language has disappeared, entombed in the at present inscrutable names of topographical landmarks, or else embedded in the mass of old Gaelic manuscripts which have never yet been sufficiently examined on scientific lines to allow of probing into the dead non-Aryan language of the past in Great Britain. Such exceptional words as *cimb* silver; *ond* (O'Clery *onn*) stone; *gaoth* sea; *lon* big; *on* water; *lupait* pig; show plainly their non-Aryan character, partly through their inability to conform to Indo-European phonetic laws, and partly through having no known corresponding equivalent in any Aryan language. On the other hand, when we leave Aryan soil and restrict ourselves to the non-Aryan languages of India, we find a large number of these unexplained terms still used (dialectal variations included) in the common speech of to-day. *Cimb*, for instance, flourishes in the majority of the languages of central and southern India, and would apparently demand an old Indian type *KMBN, meaning "*iron*"; *ond* is peculiar to east India, more especially to north-east Bengal (*e.g.*, Bodo, Dhimál and Káchári); *lon*, *gaoth* and *on* find their numerous counterparts both in the central and southern provinces; while *lupait* ranges over a large area, only limited towards the north by the Aryan languages, and disappearing gradually towards the east as the Himalayas are approached.

Is fad an éigh gu Lochadha, and we fear we

*Perhaps we had better explain the terms we shall have frequent occasion to employ. By '*sub-Neolithic village-communities*' we mean villages or tribal holdings compounded of two elements,—Neolithic (Fir-Bolgs, etc.), and Celtic; by '*sub-Neolithic influence*' we refer to the mass of customs and superstitions (*e.g.* relating to various styles of dress, totem-dances and totem-gods, phallic worship, ophiolatry, village laws, and innumerable others), all which, during the prevalence of the dual type of village were taken over bodily by the Celts, just as in the later Anglo-Celtic village-communities, the Saxon element borrowed locally much from the Celtic in the shape of Celtic custom and superstition which go to form religions.

have already departed, through a tedious digression, from our dusky Fir Bolgs who preferred the rule of the gentler sex to that of the patriarchy. Comparing them now, with the ancient Arabs, Suahilis and Kaffirs, we may notice certain strong resemblances which show a unity in customary law that cannot be explained as the result of accident or caprice. First it is observable that as with the Fir Bolgs, all show the same marked tendency to polyandry; secondly, clans and tribes are invariably called after the females; and lastly, taking the linguistic evidence into account, the Arabic "batu," the Kaffir "isiszwe" and the Suahili "mji," have all the primary meaning of "belly', and the secondary of "tribe." Ignoring, therefore, the opinions of old Irish scribes and their modern descendants, we would add to these examples drawn from other lands, the British Neolithic tribe of the Fir Bolg, and the theory, if at all tenable would, we think, prove the indubitable existence of a once universal matriarchate in Britain also, since such a system of nomenclature points to the mother as being not only the begetter, but the political chief of the tribe or clan as well.

The influence of the Neolithic tribes was, in this way, much too powerful not to make some lasting impression on Celtic institutions, causing them to differ materially from Continental usage; while the Celts in turn handed on many of these curious customs to their Teutonic friends the enemy, who through their love of conservatism and reluctance to part with old ordinances have succeeded in giving Britain that insularity and backwardness for which it is notorious,—

> "An island in its manners, far disjoin'd
> From the whole world of rationals beside."

At a period ante-dating by several centuries the advent of the Christian era, and down to as late as the sixth century A.D., the powerful Fir-Bolgs had dominated Ireland and Scotland. In many respects we have shown them to have differed from the Aryan tribes as represented in Western Europe by the Celts, not alone in physical or linguistic characteristics, but even in the ordinary social sphere of the tribal constructional system. Where then the tribal system really presented features distinct from those common elsewhere, there appeared corresponding dissimilarities between the structure of the purely Neolithic free village-communities of the sister countries and that of the subsequent overgrowth—the amalgamated but servile Celto-FirBolgic communities.

Taking as broad a view of the first class by a comparison with those which are still to be met with all over the world except in West Aryan territories, there are so many traits in common, such a uniformity in the village customs and in administrative methods of procedure as to lead one to the natural conclusion of the omnipresence of the race before other intrusive races began to obtain the mastery, and substitute for the free communities slavery in its worst form. Slavery, therefore, as regards the Neoliths, was concomitant with the appearance of the Aryans. It was founded upon inequality, not inferiority; the fruits of war and oppression, not of peace and contentment.

At this stage of our inquiry, however, we consider it indispensable that the average reader should avoid the popular but erroneous belief in the hypothesized heathenism of the folks of that early period. That the belief is the offspring of ignorance is only too evident since many writers have already confused them with the spiritual dwellers in the land of the dead,

THE FAIRIES,

whose history disseminated in all lands, points to the early Neolithic Age as surely as the needle to the pole. The Neoliths are not the fairies. Neither are the fairies the product of the imaginative faculty attributed to the Celts, but merely belong to a large class of superstitions handed down from the early Neolithic to the sub-Neolithic Age.* The communities are thus, as we said, ancient; not so ancient as to be barbaric or mythical, but sufficiently so to indicate the last decaying relics of a slowly degrading and now lost civilisation in Great Britain. Only too well do they exemplify the general law of civilisation, that each one—no matter to what stage of artificiality it attains—must, after completing the successive cycles of evolution, finally relapse into the primitive condition from which it arose, the downward tendency being regulated by the degree of variation in external or internal influences, locality, and circumstance.

(To be continued.)

MACRAES OF GLENSHIEL, Ross-shire.

Sir,—I am desirous to ascertain some facts regarding my ancestors in the old country, and it is possible some of your Ross-shire readers may be able to assist me. The following notes may supply a clue to identify them: in or about 1774 my great-great-grandfather, Roderick MacRae, emigrated from Glenshiel in Ross-shire to North Carolina, and settled near Fayetteville. His brothers fought at the battle of Sheriffmuir and one or two were killed. Other two brothers accompanied him to America. Our records state that they were sons of Rev. Alex. MacRae; they may have been grandsons. Any information on this subject will be greatly appreciated by Yours truly,

N. Carolina, U.S.A. H. MacRae.

Place Names of Argylishire, by H. C. Gillies, M.D.—We are pleased to announce that this most useful work, the labour of many years, will be published immediately at the small price of 6/6. Orders should be sent to the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow.

MAJOR WILLIAM LACHLAN FORBES.

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MAJOR WILLIAM LACHLAN FORBES.

The second son of General Sir John Forbes, G.C.B., of Inverernan, Strathdon, Aberdeenshire, Major William Lachlan Forbes was educated at Clifton College and the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. He joined the 106th Foot as Second Lieutenant in 1878, transferred soon after to the 7th Royal Fusiliers, he, like his father, first saw active service in Afghanistan, in the war of 1878-80, when he, with the Royal Fusiliers, assisted in the defence of Kandahar until its relief by Sir Frederick Roberts, and was present at the final battle of the 1st of September, as Orderly Officer to the late Brigadier-General Daubeney, C.B., whom he accompanied in the same capacity when he was sent out in command of a force to visit the battle-field of Maiwand.

In the Burmese Campaign of 1886-7, he was on the Staff of the late General Sir William Lockhart, as Assistant Brigade Commissariat Officer, and from 1890 to 1895 acted as Adjutant of the 1st Vol. Batt. Gordon Highlanders.

Major Forbes was the 1st Adjutant of the Southern Rhodesian Volunteers, but left Rhodesia in September 1899 to join the Imperial Light Horse at Maritzburg. Severely wounded at Elandslaagte on the 21st October, he was invalided to England.

In November 1890, he was appointed to the Remount Department and sent to America, whence he embarked at New Orleans in charge of a shipload of horses for South Africa.

Not the least interesting of his experiences during the war was the taking up of a large convoy of horses to meet General French at Vryburg, when, with the help of his cousin, Captain Vansittart, late 7th Dragoon Guards, and the late Lieut. Kimber, of the Imperial Yeomanry, who had volunteered to accompany him, 700 horses were successfully swam over the Blood River with a loss of only six drowned, the Boers having burnt the bridge, and the river at the time being in high flood.

Proceeding next to Zululand, his work afforded him an excellent opportunity of seeing that country and its fine native race, but after a few months he was placed in charge of the important Remount Depot at Durban, where sometimes three ship-loads of horses or mules would be unloaded in a single day.

As a reward for his work in South Africa, Captain Forbes was promoted to Major in the Reserve of Officers, and he holds the Afghan, Burmese, and South African (2) Medals, in addition to nine Clasps.

His varied interests have caused him to travel much, and while he has been on several occasions an interested attendant at French and German Manœuvres, he has also watched the training of troops in Austria, Belgium, and Hungary.

Deeply interested in all that concerns the Highlanders and the history of the Highlands, he takes an active interest in the "Lonach Highland and Friendly Society" which was instituted by his grandfather in 1823 for the mutual benefit of the people of Strathdon and neighbouring districts, and for the preservation of the Highland dress, and of which his father is not only the president, but is the oldest and only surviving original member, and of which he himself is one of the oldest vice-presidents. Devoted as he is to the Highlanders, he sees with great regret the increasing depopulation of the Highland glens, but hopes that some scheme may be introduced before it is too late, which by holding out a prospect of remunerative employment shall induce the people to remain on the land.

Major Lachlan Forbes lately succeeded Major Lindsay Forbes as Secretary of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society which, with its headquarters in Edinburgh, and branches in Aberdeen, Dundee, and Glasgow, is at the present moment one of the most active and flourishing Societies in Scotland.

EALIE MARTIN.

A STORY OF A SKYE CLEARANCE.

BY CHAS. MACKINNON, TRANSVAAL.

(*Continued from page 84.*)

XVII.

DAWN of the first of March showed a towering black barque sitting on the waters of Loch Crennan. The crew, in ones and twos, could be descried moving about the decks and aswing the riggings in performance of their work. From land, they had in their activity a resemblance to marionettes, which was not lessened when presently a party took to rope-heaving, and, in the process, lowered a boat. Into it a couple swung themselves and rowed for shore.

The additional interval of three months had been a grateful respite to the people of Glencorrie. But no respite could avail to lessen the bitter travail of expatriation now that the hour was come.

They had been early awatch. Their preparations were already made. Boxes packed and corded stood in their desolate, disfurnished homes. The anguish that had been outpoured in the work was now over; sorrow was exhausted and its fountains sealed.

The men forthwith commenced to remove their chattels to the shore.

After breakfast-hour a party of these were overtaken by Major Mackintosh who had ridden in to see how matters were progressing. On a bank of turf by the roadside they were resting their boxes. The Major pulled up beside them.

"It's very hard to go, men," he said: "if avoidance of it were possible, believe me, I would never have taken this step."

No one made comment, and he presently went on:

"After all, it is as much for your good as for mine. Scope awaits you in America which is absent here. Fertile land is illimitable there, and as much of it is yours as you can handle. Moreover, land becomes your property, your own personal property, in that country, as absolutely as these acres of barren moorland are mine. You will be your own landlords and master—subject to no one's will. It is not unlikely, indeed, that you may have tenents on your own estates when the country developes," he jocularly wound up.

The men made no response. They resumed their loads in silence and plodded on.

The Major felt as though he had received a cuff. His facial muscles tautened, the lower part of his countenance taking on the rigidity of an iron mask owing to the clench of his teeth behind his moustache. He rode away.

But a wrath smouldered beneath his exterior which proved impossible to be repressed.

He had not ridden far when the horse stumbled slightly over a loose stone in a rut.

This false step, insignificant in itself, acted as a spark to the explosiveness of the rider's temper. All suddenly his accumulated rage unleashed itself. He dug and pounded his heels into the horse's ribs until the tortured brute squirmed and reared. Then, for a minute or more, he lashed out with blind brutality that made the animal, now maddened beyond endurance, leap and caracole in wild affright.

His violence was as sudden in cessation as in outburst; and the horse scared and aquiver, he soothed along at a walking pace.

Venom against the departing people now filled his mind to the exclusion of all else. As he ambled along he fell to laying out ways in which to harass them in the brief interval of overlordship that yet remained to him.

His rancour was inwardly coiling and recoiling upon itself like some imprisoned adder, when presently he espied, moving haltingly down a bye-path that debouched upon the road near to where he stood, an old decrepid woman with a little girl leading her by the hand. The pair, the personification, so it seemed, of youth and age, belonged, of course, to those against whom the Major had just registered his fiery vow.

With an indefined intention of making a beginning in the matter, he stood until the twain had won the road.

The dame was dim in sight. She paused tremulously when she noticed the figure, moveless as an equestrain statue, in front of her.

The little girl, with a visible shrinking from him that added fuel to the Major's enmity, talked whisperingly into the elder's ear—informing her, apparently, who the horseman was.

"Good morning, old wife," he addressed her. "I hope you'll enjoy America. It seems hardly worth while *your* going there, though."

She looked up, and said quietly, that she expected soon to be starting for another country, "the country which all of us are bound to go to, be it soon or late."

"I must say, I hope you'll enjoy that, also."

The old woman drew the girl closer as if requiring additional support and spoke again:

"You will be there before me, Major MacKintosh, little as you reck it. The day of reckoning is already here, and closing in on you. *Mo thruaigh; mo thruaigh!* May the good God have pity on us all!"

The Major had an icy thrill. His tanned face slightly paled as he stared at her with superstitious awe. Next moment he came to his normal self and shook off the nervousness; but with it vanished all his relish for further tauntings.

He cantered away, his feelings perturbed to a degree that chagrined him. By a peculiar transition he thought of his own son ; he thought of the regimental officers, and the officers, the *gentlemen*, with whom he himself used to mess in former days ; and a great revulsion of shame took possession of him over the unspeakable conduct into which his passion had betrayed him.

All attractiveness was now reft from his retributive designs. A fell loathing for the people and all connected with them towered up in mastery of him. With a sensation of sickness he decided to go home and leave whatever supervision the embarkation required to Maclaw who, in persuance of his promise, would shortly arrive to see his work wound up in all form.

XVIII.

With a bodyguard of some half dozen hirelings Mr. Maclaw shortly afterwards put in appearance.

By this time the people had most of their belongings transported to the seaside whence it was being boated to the vessel.

The dwellings were vacated. Outside its own, however, each family lingered on and on, postponing to the pitiful limit the moment for tearing themselves away. Tears were falling from many eyes. Women clung to each other and rocked themselves with subdued lamentations. Not less deeply, if without display, were stirred the emotions of the men.

More than once, when a movement shorewards was initiated, freshets of tears broke out anew. The more imminent their departure drew the more tenacious seemed to grow their attachment to the remnant of their homes.

Such extremity of sorrow was not without the germs of danger, nor was Maclaw without prescience of the fact. A slumbering apprehension troubled him lest the people, turning in their last desperation to bay, might break out in an ebullition of rage that would wreak itself in a manner none could predicate.

He would not, however, he resolved, meet such a contingency half way. It would be best dealt with by allowing it no chance to incubate. To this end the drastic was the most efficacious method, and must therefore necessarily be adopted.

With these considerations in mind, he resolved to put a prompt finish to the work without ruth or hesitation.

He accordingly led his myrmidons to the nearest house. It was almost on the outskirts of the township, and was evacuated. The late tenants consisting of an old mother, the son and two daughters were standing by.

"Has all your stuff been sent to the beach?" Maclaw interrogated them.

They replied in the affirmative.

"Why don't you follow then? What keeps you here?" he roughly questioned.

Without waiting a response he entered the house. Nothing was inside but the hearth in the centre of the floor with the pyre of a peat fire expiring in its ashes.

"You had better go," he advised, emerging. "This and every other house are to be burnt."

He turned and directed one of his following to set the thatch alight.

Nothing could have been more effectual in making the family group fly away. To watch their home in flames was more than they could bear. They were not out of earshot, however, when the crackling of the smoking thatch made itself audible ; and they wept aloud.

The plume of smoke rising from the building drew the attention of the other villagers. The spectacle snapped asunder the final filament of attachment that had been binding them to home. One and all hurried to the seashore in dread least they should be enforced spectators of their homes in flames.

This, nevertheless, was what few were able to escape. All the deserted houses in turn were systematically set fire to by Maclaw and his willing assistants.

The smoke, as the volumes of it ascended, was visible to the poor emigrants on board the vessel. The strong acrid smell of it, even, was wafted down to where they stood disconsolate about the deck. In the last view, mistily seen by swimming eyes, which they had of Glencorrie it was receding behind a momentarily increasing blur of smoke, and of snowflakes that now began to float out of the welkin and drift downwards in wheeling silent circles.

XIX.

Meanwhile, what of Ewen Martin who had spurned all idea of removing? Had he recanted? Was he gone? Was he among the human freightage that the emigrant ship was bearing to American shores?

These questions presented themselves to Maclaw. He was full of perturbed curiosity as to what answer would be forthcoming.

Outwardly he was careful to betray no concern upon the point. Martin's house, although he was ettling to be at it, was not suffered to make any deflection in the burning route. Not until three hours later did they reach it in its turn.

Desolate and silent was the aspect of the place as they drew near. The door was shut. There was no sign of life in evidence.

Maclaw knocked a thundering knock that sent reverberations through the house and pre-

cincts. It elicited instant response in a coil and clamour of continuous barking from a collie dog inside.

The suddenness and ferocity of this outcry swept back the party with a rush from the door round which they were in cluster. Although numerically strong they were individually in alarm. Each being bent on placing a respectable radius between himself and the point of danger they fell into an unpremeditated semi-circle round the door.

The barking continued; stopped short, to admonition seemingly; then broke out anew. By and by the door was unfastened on the inside. The besiegers had hardly placed themselves in attitudes to run when it was flung back until it kicked the wall. Ewen Martin himself stood in the entrance.

"Good morning, Mr. Martin," Maclaw greeted him across the zone of safety.

"What's up?" Martin asked.

"That's precisely what *we're* here to ascertain. What are you going to do?"

"Nothing."

"You're not going to America then?"

"Certainly not."

"May I ask where you *are* going?"

"You may, undoubtedly. Thus far I am not aware that I am going anywhere."

"Come, come, Mr. Martin. That style of talk won't do. You know it won't."

The fitful ululation of the dog inside made it evident that he was tied. The party began to recover boldness in the knowledge of the fact and drew closer in.

Martin reverted to his original query.

"Now, look here," Maclaw made answer in accents which implied that the matter could brook no further trifling: "with the others you got legal warning to remove at term day. You have not done so. What is your explanation?"

"None. My position is plain. I'm here; and here I have as much right to be as Major Mackintosh over yonder. Here therefore I'll remain."

Maclaw looked round at his following as though mutely bidding them mark the crassness of the man.

"Take heed," the latter replied with all his impressiveness. "You flout the law: all of us are witnesses. Even you must be aware that, in that fact, you make yourself liable to indictment for contempt of Court."

He produced a document from his pocket as he spoke, and, unfolding it, proceeded:

"Apart altogether from that—and don't you underrate its seriousness—the law empowers us, failing your voluntary removal, to eject you now at any time. This is the warrant. If you desire to hear it I shall read."

Martin made a fierce gesture of dissent.

"I don't like to be hard, Ewen Martin," the lawyer went on in slightly altered tone, "but I must do my duty. The main item of that is to have you quit this place to-day."

"That I will not do."

"There is absolutely no alternative."

"None is wanted."

"Well; I've spoken. We have a number of houses still to burn: they will take us, perhaps, an hour. That interval you can have for clearing out with whatever you may wish to take. If you're still here when we come back nothing remains for us but to burn the house above your head."

"Since you worship law and duty go your length."

"Is your daughter with you?" Maclaw inquired.

"My daughter is with me."

"I'm sorry. Her presence makes more painful our duty. I only wish for her sake that she were somewhere else."

He returned the missive to his pocket and with his retinue moved away.

"One hour," he flung back remindingly.

Martin re-entered the house. To Ealie inside the conversation had been audible. She was bowed upon the dresser weeping silently.

Fate against them seemed in pitiless conspiracy. It was a strange coincidence, she reflected, that the misfortunes heaping themselves in quick succession upon the household and now about to overwhelm it, should have taken their beginning on the day on which she had first set eyes on Norman Mackintosh. The sudden perception of it at this time filled her with fatalistic foreboding and alarm.

Norman had never written. To a considerable extent he had passed out of her existence now. That brief confessional of love in which both had outpoured themselves had drifted fadingly away with the flight of time until it seemed the unreality of a dream.

But Ealie attributed no blame to Norman. The fault, in her estimation, was her own entirely. He had given her a key wherewith to keep open the fairyland, the castle of enchantment into which love had transported them; but that key (his letter) she had stupidly allowed to be burnt without knowing a word of its contents.

What moments of unutterable mortification the loss of it had caused to her, and what she would have parted with for its recovery none but she herself could conceive.

Her love survived; but now it was modified by the stern realities with which she and her

father had been brought face to face. In the light of events she recognised that the divisions between him and her, formidable enough then, were at this time well nigh insuperable. She was content, therefore, to resign all dreams upon the matter to the regions of the "might have been."

"What shall we do, dad?" she asked seating herself beside her father and taking his hand.

"For my part I will not stir: let them throw me out if they will. But for you, my lass . . . it were better—yes, it were much better you were away. Pack up a few things and set out for auntie's at Glendrum. You can't walk these twenty miles to-day, so you will stay the night at MacEachern's inn on the other side of Broadbost."

"And you, dad?"

"My place is here."

"Mine is by your side, then. Whatever ills are coming I shall bear my share."

"Nonsense, child. You'd only hamper me."

"Do you *wish* me to desert you?"

"It will be best for both of us."

"I won't go. That's all."

"You mean all right, lass—no doubt, no doubt. But I know better. I insist upon your going."

"Don't, dad; I'm determined to stay."

Martin commanded her.

"I refuse to obey you: I *will* remain," she said.

The contention continued, making a circle from entreaty to insistence and command once more. Ealie was firm. No manner of urging or appeal could uproot her resolve.

In the sequel, Martin was forced to acquiesce in her remaining. The prospect filled him with undefined apprehension and unhappiness.

(*To be continued.*)

HIGHLAND SURNAMES.

At the last monthly meeting of the Cowal Society, Glasgow, Mr. Henry Whyte, "Fionn," read an interesting paper on the above subject. After some introductory remarks regarding the difficulty of dealing with the subject thoroughly, he went on to refer to the fact that surnames in Scotland were first of all territorial, such as Douglas, Murray, and many others, and just as these heads of houses were called by the names of their respective estates, their tenants were called after the farms they rented, and so they found such names as Hillocks, Bloomfield, Sandilands, Greenfield, etc. The abuse of this style of speech and writing was carried so far that petty lairds and farmers often signed their letters and other documents by their property or their farm names. In 1672 an Act was passed making such a style of signature illegal. Despite that fact the practice continued. These territorial surnames arising from farm-names gave rise to others, such as Lairds, Tenants, Grieves, Shepherds, and Shearers. Then there followed in the train of these, people who as tradesmen were employed by them, and each trade gave a surname to those engaged in it, and so they had such surnames as Butcher, Skinner, Cooper, Millwright, Carpenter, Smith, Turner, Wright, etc. Quite a number of Lowland surnames, as well as Highland ones, arose from personal peculiarities, such as Cruickshanks, Littlejohn, Meiklejohn, John Small, John Stout. The Clan Campbell doubtless owed their surname to "cam," wry, and "beul," mouth—"Cambeul," wrymouth, while the Camerons owed it to "cam" and "sròn," wry nose. The Gaelic equivalent of Cruickshank was "Camachas." They were found in Perthshire last century, says Colonel Stewart of Garth. Surnames were not common in Scotland till about the fourteenth century, and in the Highlands they made their appearance later; indeed, down to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the old system prevailed in the Highlands and Islands. Among the Celts a very large proportion of the surnames were patronymics. The Scottish Highlanders formed the majority of their surnames by prefixing "Mac," son, to the Christian name of males, and "nic" (nighean mhic) daughter of, to female names, for in Gaelic they had no such monstrosity as Mary "Mac" Donald—Mary, the "son" of Donald. The form "nic" would be found in old Scottish documents till within recent centuries. Their Irish cousins used both "Mac" and "O." The Manx people did much as they did in the Highlands, they spoke of "Màiri Thòmais," which they rendered in English Mary Thomas—that was, Mary, the daughter of Thomas. The Welsh used "Mab," now cut down to "Ap," meaning "son of." This contraction gave rise to some new surnames, for David Ap Hugh got corrupted to David Pugh. Robert Ap Richard gave them that common Welsh surname, Pritchard. In like manner Ap Rhys gave in time Pryce. In the Scottish Lowlands, instead of prefixing "Mac" or "Ap" like the Gaelic or the Welsh, they put the "mac" at the other end, and so they got Donald-son, for MacDonald, and David-son for Ap David, and Hewi-son for Ap Hugh. The lecturer then treated of Highland personal names which had become surnames by prefixing "Mac," and others which had been arrived at by other processes. He referred to a number of such names as Macqueen, Macrae, MacVurich, Macphee, MacGillivray, giving their origin and meaning. He also referred at length to names of ecclesiastical origin, like "Mac-an-Aba," Macnab, MacVicar, Mactaggart, and Dewar, etc., and then dealt with Saint names with the prefix "Gille," as "Gilleathain," servant of St. John; "Gillechriosd," Gilchrist, Gillies; "Gill-Iosa," etc. He also referred to names derived from Scripture, like Andrew, Mark, Paul, Luke. Norse names were also common in the Hebrides. From trades such as "saor" and "gobhain," they got such surnames as MacIntyre or Wright, and Gow or MacGown.

An interesting discussion followed the paper, which was evidently much enjoyed, as it dealt with a phase of Highland history seldom touched upon.

Clan Grant.—This Clan had their annual "At Home" in Glasgow, on 22nd March, under the presidency of Mr. James Grant, who hails from Glen Urquhart. The Grants have contributed not a little to Celtic literature. James Grant of Corrymony, who died in 1835, was the author of "The Origin of the Gael." Mrs. Grant of Laggan was the gifted authoress of "Letters from the Mountains" and "Superstitions of the Highlanders." Elizabeth Grant composed "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch," and James Grant, the novelist, only died in 1887.

"CHA SHEAS A BHREUG ACH AIR A LETH-CHOIS."

THA daoine do'n bheachd mar is tric nach 'eil fior ghliocas r'a f haotainn ach ann am briathran nan daoine mòra a dh'fhàs ainmeil airson meud an gliocais. Tha sinn ro ullamh gu bhi gabhail seachad air iomadh ni glic a chaidh a chantuinn ann an gnàth-f hacail ar dùthcha. Oir cha'n e mac-meanma a mhàin a rinn an seann-f hacal. Is ann a tha 'n seann-fhacal air a chur ri chéile, agus air a ghiùlan a nuas bhò ghlùn gu glùn, mar thoradh air a' bheachd gheur a ghabh an t-seann mhuinntir air cor an duine anns an t-saoghal. Anns a' ghnàth-f hacal chi sinn gliocas saoghalta air a chur ann an cruth maireannach; ann an cruth a tha cho freagarrach, nàdurra 's gu'n dean e greim làidir air inntinn an t-sluaigh, gus a bhi dhaibh mar sheòladh agus mar riaghailtstiùiridh.

Agus is cinnteach gur ann tre eòlas air neo-sheasmhachd na bréige ri am an dearbhaidh a thòisich am facal so "cha sheas a' bhréug ach air a leth-chois." Bha muinntir eile cho fad an aghaidh na brèige agus gu'n d'thubhairt iad nach robh casan idir aice air an seasadh i. Dar rireadh is gann nach f haoidte 'chantuinn gu bheil so ceart cuideachd. Ach tha e coltach gu'm bu mhiann leis a' Ghàidheal a bhi eagnuidh anns an ni so, na'm b' urrain e. Bha e 'cur iongnaidh air gu 'n robh a' bhreug air uairibh mar gu'm biodh i a faotainn taice fo a bonn, agus a deanamh seòrsa de sheasamh. Ach an uair a bheachdaich e na bu dlùithe, ciod e a fhuair e a mach, ach gur ann a bha i 'na seasamh air a leth-chois.

A nis cha'n e mhàin gu bheil so a nochdadh dhuinn ciod e cho geur 's a ghabhadh ar sìnnsir beachd air a leithid sud, ach tha e mar an ceudna a sealltuinn ciod e cho cothromach 's a thagh iad am briathran. Tha aon nì sònraichte r'a f haicinn ann an seann-f hacail nan Gàidheal, agus is e sin mar a tha an seadh air a chur an céill mar is trice ann an cainnt bhrìghmhoir, bhlasda. Ann ar linn féin an diugh tha muinntir a cur mór-mheas air neach d'an urrainn sgrìobhadh air mhodh taitneach. Gu h-àraidh anns a' Bhèurla tha daoine a deanamh strì chruaidh, a dh'f heuchainn cò 's feàrr a gheibh éisdeachd agus aire an t-sluaigh. Is ann le dian-chleachdadh a dh'f hàsas na sgriobhaichean ealanta. Le 'bhi a sgrìobhadh gun tàmh tha iad a faotainn comas air leth thairis air briathran samhlachail, agus air gach alt agus innleachd a bhuinneas do dhréuchd an fhir-sgriobhaidh. Ach a dh' aindeoin an cuid cleachdaidh agus an saothair, cha'n urrainn dhaibh a dhol seachad air eagnuidheachd na Gàilig ann am briathran snasmhor. Cha'n urrainn dhaibh dealbh na's firinniche a tharruing, mar gu'm b'eadh; no iomhaigh na 's dìlse 'chur ann am briathran. B'àbhaist d'an Ollamh Maciain (Johnson) a bhi cantuinn nach b'urrainn litreachas a bhith far nach robh leabhraichean. Ach nan robh esan mion-eòlach air cinnt nan Gaidheal, bhiodh e ann an caochladh beachd a tilleadh as a' Ghaidhealtachd ann an 1773. Chitheadh e nach robh anns a' bheachd a bh' aige ach claon-bhreith a dh'éirich 'n a inntinn fèin. Oir cha'n 'eil cosamhlachd no alt-briathran e gheibhear ann an sgrìobhaidhean nan sgoilearan nach f haighear mar an ceudna ann an sgèulachan agus ann an seann-fhacail nam bodach Gàidhealach.

Faodaidh gu bheil an Gàidheal buailteach air taobh a bhi aige ri 'mhuinntir fein; agus faodaidh gu'n teid aig an sgriobhaiche Ghaidhealach air ciall ùr f haotainn ann an gràthf hacal—ciall air nach do smuainich an fheadhain a labhair am facal an toiseach. Ach tha sinn an dùil, nach 'eil sinn a dol thairis air crioch na còrach, an uair a their sinn gu bheil an seann-f hacal so, "cha sheas a' bhreug ach air a leth-chois," a sealltuinn gu'n robh meas aig ar n-athraichean air an f hirinn. Co b'urrainn dearbhadh na bu shoilleire air so fhaotainn, na an dòigh sgaiteach anns an do leig iad ris laigse agus lethscod na brèige. Dh' iarradhmaid a bhi 'saoilsinn gu maith de ar sinnsir; ach cha 'n 'eil e eu-coltach nach robh breugairean eadhon am measg nan seann Ghàidheal. Mar a dh'éirich do gach cinneach eile, dubh no geal, fo'n ghrèin, tha e ro-choltach gu'n do thoisich "an Gàidheal glas" air car beag a chur anns an f hirinn gu math tràth. Agus co 's urrainn àicheadh nach biodh sgiolmag bhreige cho iomasglach an uair ud, 's a tha i ann ar linn fein. Ciod e an t-iongnadh ged a chluinneamaid gu 'n robh a' bhreug ann an cleachdadh, far an "rachadh neart air cheart," agus far an robh "a' bhiasd a's mò a 'g itheadh na beisde is lugha." Ach air an laimh eile cha do chuireadh an f hìrinn gu buileach fo na casan. Tha seann-f hacail eile fathast air chuimhne a tha 'nochdadh so. "Dearbhaidh an f hìrinn i fein"; "Cho fior ri tulusgan na fìrinn; "Cha dùinear beul na fìrinn."

Mar sin cha'n 'eil e farasd' a chantuinn ciod e cho sean 's a dh'f haodas an gnàth-f hacal so a bhi. Ach tha sinn a creidsinn nach b'ann gun eòlas air nàdur agus air torraidhean na brèige a bha iadsan a thubhairt air tùs e. Fèumaidh mar an ceudna gu 'n do mhothaich iad gu bhoil tuilleadh is aon seòrsa ann do na breugan: Tha seòrsa ann air nach 'eil dath na breige féin. Is iad sin an seòrsa aig nach 'eil casan idir air an seas iad. Faodaidh gur ann dhiu o a tha mòran de na tuaireasgeulan a bhios cuid de na bodaich Ghaidhealach ag innse do

'n òigridh tìmchìoll a' ghealbhain anns na h-oidhcheanan fada geamhraidh. Ach ged a tha litir na h-uirsgeul breugach, gidheadh tha an spiorad aice fìrinneach. Is an air an aobhar sin a chumair an sgèulachd idir air chuimhne. Cha'n 'eil i air a ciallachadh airson an car a thoirt a neach sam bith. Cha'n 'eil ceilg fo a fàlluing. Is ann a tha i feumail gus macmeanma na h-intinn a neartuchadh, gus pailteas bhriathran a bhuileachadh air an fhear-innse, agus mar sin gus a bhi 'dùsgadh suas ann am measg na tuath neo-fhòghlumaite cuid de an tàlanntan litreachais, a bhiodh gu bràth 'n an cadal, mar a bhith an uirsgeul, le a duain agus le a h-iongnaidhean.

Tha seòrsa eile de bhreig ann a tha ro-cholach ris an firinn. Is ann le a leithid sin a nochdas am breugadair ciod e cho sgileil 's a tha e. Is fior am facal a thubhairt gu 'm feumadh am brèugadar deadh chuimhne 'bhi aige. Agus cha 'n e sin a mhàin a dh'feumadh e, ach deadh, thùr, airson fios a bhi aige c' àit an stadadh e. Tha daoine, eadhon na daoine glice, ro-bhuailteach air a bhi air am mealladh le a leithid so, a chionn 's nach 'eil an amharus air a dhùsgadh. Oir tha measarachd na brèige 'g a fàgail cho fìor-cholach ris an fhírinn. Dh'fhaoidte 'chantuinn gu 'm faigh breug mar so air uairibh seasamh cas a tha iongantach. Gidheadh is ann air a leth-chois a tha i 'n a seasamh. Tha i ullamh air aomadh, agus cha 'n 'eil cultaice aice ri crathadh an dearbhaidh. Cha 'n 'eil a neart a comh-sheasamh ach ann an coltas a mhàin. Feumaidh i cuideachadh bho 'n taobh a mach, agus tuilleadh taic gus a deanamh bunaiteach. Is minic a théid breug ùr ìnnse gus a bhi a cumail suas na seann bhréige. Agus gle thric thèid iomadach breug a dhealbh, agus a chàradh druim ri druim, a dh'fheuchainn an teid aca air seasamh ann an taic a chéile. Ach an déigh gach innleachd cha 'n 'eil an treud air fad ach bacach agus ciurramach. Cha dìrich iad an dromannan agus cha tog iad an cinn. Tha iad cho crùbach agus nach gluais iad as an aon ionad, mur a faigh iad cuideachadh lapach bho an companaich (eadhon breugan ùra) a tha 'cheart cho uireasbhuidheach riu fèin, gus an cumail suas. Is mòr an t-eadar-dhealachadh, ann an seasamh no ann an siubhal, a tha eadar iad fein agus an fhìrinn. Cha 'n 'eil ise ann an eiseamail luchd-còmhnadh. Oir aice fèin tha casan luatha foghainteach, anns nach 'eil laigse no crùbaiche. Tha a rithist an treas seòrsa ann mu 'n d' thubhairt Sir Walter Scott, gur iad gnè is cunnartaiche a th' ann. Is iad sin an fheadhain aig am bheil 'an dara leth 'n am firinn. Cha 'n 'eil iad idir cho anfhann r 'an càirdean a chaidh ainmeachadh a cheana. Tha iad anabarrach doirbh an tilgeil far am buinn, a chionn gu bheil iad 'n an seasamh ann an taic na fírinn. Tha iad cosmhuil ris an eadhainn uaine, a dh'iathas gu dlùth timchioll air an daraig. Ged a tha iad lag annta féin, tha iad làidir do bhrigh an cuideachda. Ged nach 'eil càirdeas aig an fhírinn ris a' bhréig, gidheadh is iongantach mar a ghabhas a' bhreug fasgadh fo sgéith na fírinn. Cia lion breug de 'n t-seòrsa so a tha 'dol an cleachdadh gach latha, mar gu 'm b'ann gun fhios, gun aoidh gun fhaireachadh! Bheir bàigh r' a dhùthaich air an fhear-eachdraidh gu 'n cuir e dath taitneach air na laithean a dh'fhalbh, agus air gniomharan a shìnnsir fèin. Bheir eud airson a chuideacha, no eadhon airson a rioghachd air an fhear-stàta, gu 'n ceil a nì sam bith a mheiticheadh 'aobhar. Is minic a chuireas neach, mar gu 'm b' ann gun fhios da, fiaradh beag anns an fhirinn, air eagail a bhi 'leigeil ris laigs' a charaid. Is iomadh breug thròcaireach a chaidh a dhealbh air sgàth teas-ghràidh. Is lionmhor breug a ni gach duine dha féin mar an ceudna. Faodaidh gu bheil nithibh faoine ann am beatha na muinntir aimidich, a gheibh maitheanas ann an sealladh nan daoine glice. Faodaidh gu bheil iomadh fàiling thairis air an sgaoil Tròcair gu caoimhneil a sgiathan, agus air an gabh Gràdh seachad. Ach tha 'n Fhìrinn cho ceart agus nach fuiling i cuideachda na bréige; cho neo-maitheach 's nach gabh i thairis air fiaradh bho shlighe a' cheartais; agus cho fiorghlan 's nach giùlain i sgaineal air a h-ainm, no smal air a trusgan.

SGEIR-AN-OIR.

SOME LEWIS STORIES.

THE SPECTRE STAG.

MURDOCH M'AULAY was not only a good stalker, boatman, and right-hand man, but he was altogether quite a character. Born in Harris, he believed there was no such a country in the world, and he rather looked down on the Lews. His family had been foresters for generations under the McLeods, and afterwards under the Dunmore family, who came in after the McLeods. He was fond of old stocks; and, if the truth must be spoken, had no sort of reverence, respect, or love for any but the old stock. He looked upon all purchasers of Highland property as men who had acquired their property unjustly; and I believe he would at any time readily have joined in any raid to turn them out again. I can understand it, for the bodies one sees now in possession of some of the old Highland properties are not loveable specimens of humanity, and seem utterly out of their places when attempting to do Highlander. In addition to these peculiarities, he was a great relator of stories, and he always prefaced them by saying—"A man once told me, but I

don't believe him," though he firmly did, and a great deal more too.

We were stalking together in Carneval, over Loch Lewid, one very fine day, and he pointed out to me a very small island on it, which had been the scene of a very queer story. There was a man who many years ago used to stalk this hill very much, and he was a very bad man, and never cared what day he went out. He was stalking once, and it was on the Sunday, and he had inveigled out with him a friend not quite so bad as himself—one who for worlds would not have shot a stag on the Sabbath himself, but who, at the same time, would not have had the slightest objection to partake of one shot on that holy day. They had been a long weary way, and, at last, very tired, sat down to have a wee bit luncheon and a dram, and a smoke, by the side of Loch Langavat, opposite a small island not very far out. To their surprise, in the middle of their smoke, they both saw a large, full royal lying down comfortably on the island, which they must have been blind not to have perceived before. The bad man took his rifle, loaded it, and swam away for the island, never losing sight of his stag; when, lo! on his landing, and getting to the spot on which he had seen it, it was gone. He swam to shore very savage, and abused his friend for his bad watching—when he positively declared he had never seen the beast move, and there it was still, and he pointed to it lying in exactly the same attitude and spot in which it was first seen. The bad man then re-swam to the island with exactly the same success as the first time; and returned the second time more savage than ever with his friend, who, however, again pointed out to him this singular stag in the same spot. Nowise daunted, this desperate man swore he would not be foiled, and prepared for the third time to return to the island. His friend in vain implored him not to try any more, that the beast was "no canny," and that evil would come of this third attempt: but no—wilful man must have his way, and this man swore a frightful oath that he would have that stag, or that stag should have him. Accordingly he swam out the third time; and, as he reached the island, his friend saw the stag rise, and walk quietly on towards the place where the stalker would land—viz.: the far-off side of the island—till he disappeared over the crest of the hill. Long did that man wait for his bad friend, but he never returned.

"And what became of him, M'Aulay?"

"I do not know, I do not believe the story; but he was a very bad man." He believed every word of it.

THE DEER-STALKER AND THE MONSTER.

He had another story of Glenvicadale, the first Glen in Harris, just after you pass the stream that runs up it, and which gives it its name. This is a very pretty little brook, which, when there is much water in it, is a very rattling stream. Many a pleasant day have I passed by its banks, catching brown and small sea-trout. At its head, about two miles up the glen, is a diminutive loch—you might almost call it a pond, so surrounded is it everywhere with sedge that the water is not to be got at for it. Out of this small lochie, said to be unfathomable, runs the river—and it is this spot that is the scene of one of M'Aulay's traditions.

About a mile above this loch—which was once supposed to be much larger—is a very large rock, in which is a great cavern, with a natural wall so running across in front of it, that a few bars of wood and planks could at any time convert it into a comfortable temporary abode for a night or so. In former days, when deer-stalkers were not so particular about their accommodation, many an old chief of those parts made this cavern his resting place. Once upon a time, then, a tired deer-stalker betook himself, with his two deer-hounds, to this shelter for the night. In those days the deer-hound was always the faithful companion of the deer-stalker; and sorry indeed am I that the custom was ever given up, for the deer-hound is a noble beast—and when really made the companion of man, for whom of all dogs he is the most fitted from his sagacity and attachment, is the best. Besides, bringing the stag to bay with two good hounds is the best part of deer-stalking. Well, after, of course, eating and drinking, our stalker and his hounds were sitting by the fire, winking and dozing as bipeds and quadrupeds generally do after a hard day's walking—a tremendous knocking at the door was heard. I suppose, had he lived in our times, our tenant of the cavern would have sung, "Who's that knocking at the door, Miss Dinah?" But he was not up to this, so, like a bold forester as he was, he opened the door—when, lo! before it stood an enormous monster, armed, of course, with a big club, who demanded who dared intrude thus and take possession of his castle? My stalker, being a man of quick impulse and presence of mind, answered not, but set his hounds at the monster. Accustomed to stags' antlers, they cared little for an unarmed head, and at the monster they went, who did not act up to the savagery of his appearance, but fairly turned tail and fled at an awful pace in the direction of the wee bit lochie. Into this he jumped with a terrible bound and demoniac yell, the hounds fastening on him as he sprang. Long did the master wait for the appearance of his faithful dogs. But nothing was ever seen or heard of monster or hounds. It is supposed

to be unfathomable, this loch, and occasionally in the calmest of weather to be most violently agitated, and to froth black. This is the effect of the monster and the hounds struggling every now and then to lose their hold and come to the surface, which they can't, of course. It is full of fish, which never are to be captured. Such was M'Aulay's story, which he said he did not believe, either. I dispelled the charm, as far as catching fish went, by getting a little coble to it one day, when I got the most frightful midging I ever in my days, even in the Lews, experienced, and caught only a sea-trout or two; but did not ever try it again, for the simple reason that the game was not worth the candle.

A STIFF YARN.

But there was another story of that stout henchman that beat them all. He was stalking in the park one day, before we took the Aline shooting, with a former tenant. They had never been able to spy any stag that they thought worth shooting; and, towards the afternoon, they sat down to luncheon rather disconsolate. While discussing this meal, they were all of a sudden astonished by a little old man in a grey coat joining them unawares, his approach not having been perceived. He sat down a little way from them, looking wistfully at the bread and cheese. They took him for one of the park shepherds, though wondering at not knowing him by sight even. With true Highland hospitality, they tendered him of their fare, of which he greedily and gratefully, but silently, partook. Whisky, to their very great astonishment indeed, he refused. After the usual pipe they resumed their stalking, never noticing the disappearance of their little old friend in the grey coat; but he was gone, and nobody saw him go. Very shortly afterwards they found a stag with a very odd, queer head, and, apparently, a good body—just the sort of beast to set a stalker's heart on fire. At him they went with a will; and, after a long, hard stalk, got up to him and killed him. They found him to be a very old stag indeed, with a head denoting great age, and a very large, but thin body. M'Aulay never remembered seeing this head before, and such a forester as he was could not have ever seen this head and not remember it. But, at any rate, there he was, and a very curious beast, well worth the trouble he had given. They bled him, they gralloched him, and in his stomach they found the bread and cheese!!!

THE POACHER STALKED.

Murdoch M'Aulay was a wonderful stalker, and rather a wag about it, as the following story will prove. For some time before shootings and forests became what they are now—so dear that none but very rich gentlemen and cotton lords, *et hoc genus omne*, can look at them, both Harris and Lewis were much neglected, and there was a great deal of quiet poaching of deer going on. There was one—I won't mention his name, for he was a great friend of mine, though now dead, and recollections may be unpleasant, and so we will call him Donald—who was a very good stalker; and, his farm or holding being near where deer lived, and he fond of venison, sometimes helped himself to some. One day he had set his heart upon a particularly fine stag, which he was getting up to well. It happened, though rather unluckily for him, that Murdoch M'Aulay was stalking the identical same beast, and, during the operation, he descried our friend Donald and his similar pursuit. A thought struck Murdoch—to drop stalking the stag, and stalk Donald instead. He instantly put his thought in practice, and very successfully. Donald had just got to his stone, or lump, or knoll, handy for a shot at his prey, and was taking his last anxious peer over its top to ascertain his stag's exact position, and, for that purpose, had done what all stalkers do—laid his rifle cannily by his side, convenient to his right hand. Alongside this spot ran a sort of burn or watercourse, at this time all but dry, into which M'Aulay had wormed himself, and while Donald was making his last observations, quietly lifting his hand he abstracted the rifle, and retreated down the burn again. Satisfied with his position and that of the stag, our stalker felt for his weapon, when, to his horror, it responded not to his touch, and, lo! it was gone; and, after a few seconds of great suspense, a deep, sepulchral voice sounded from the depths of the earth, "Donald, whare's your rifle?" Horrified, Donald sprang to his feet, regardless of deer, or anything but that he was bewitched, and ran for his life, never stopping till he reached his own cabin-door.

CLAN FRASER.—We have just received an interesting note from the hon. secretary of the Clan Fraser Society (Edinburgh branch), giving particulars of that organisation, and inviting clansmen in the Eastern district to connect themselves with it. The annual gathering of the branch was marked by success in every feature. Incidentally he makes note of the fact that holders of sept names will be equally welcome as members, and for the benefit of the uninitiated gives some of the septs, including Sims, Simes, Simpsons, and others all of them Fraser names from the fact that they were followers of Lord Lovat, or "Morar Sim," as his Gaelic speaking clansmen called him. The present chief of the Frasers is at the head of the Society, and the hon. president is Sir Thomas R. Fraser, LL.D., Mr. Neil Fraser, hon. Secretary, 27 Viewforth, Edinburgh, will be glad to communicate with intending members.

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.

MARCH, 1906.

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A NEW SCOTTISH VIOLINIST.—In the Queen's Hall, London, on 6th April, at 8 p.m., Mr. Reena Russell Graham, a gifted young Scottish Violinist, who has just completed her studies under Sevick at Prague, will make her first appearance in London at an Orchestral Concert. We trust that many of our readers will attend, and by their presence and support, lend a helping hand to their gifted young countrywoman. The Strathnaver Fairy Circle, of which Mr. James Mead Sutherland is the energetic President, are taking a practical interest in the success of the Concert. With a plaidie of Sutherland tartan sheltering her, Miss Graham's future is secured.

MACCULLOCHS OF PARK, ROSS-SHIRE.—Sir,—I want to get to know something about a family who lived in Ross-shire in olden times, called "MacCulloch of Park." Park is near Strathpeffer, and a battle was fought there about 1490. The Laird of Park was in existence in 1680, as on the 1st December of that year his oldest daughter married the Rev. Mr. Farquhar-MacRa; bnt I have failed to ascertain what has become of the family, or in fact anything about them, except that they owned Park at that time, and intermarried with my people. Could you find a corner in the *Celtic* sometime, to insert this query regarding them? If so, I would be very much obliged —Yours faithfully,

J. M.-G.

Newark-on-Trent.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.—We trust our readers will keep in remembrance the Great Scottish Concert, to be held in the Queen's Hall, London, W., on Empire Day. Full particulars will be found in our advertising pages

KINTYRE CLUB.

Mr. JOHN MACKAY, Editor, *The Celtic Monthly*, has just been re-elected President of this influential Society for another year. The Club, which was established in Glasgow eighty years ago, has probably the largest membership of any Highland Society in this City, and its funds, which are devoted to charitable and educational objects, amount to over £5,000.

It is interesting to add that the Junior Kintyre Club, whose objects are principally literary and social, have also conferred an honour upon Mr. Mackay by electing him to the office of Honorary President for the coming Session.

These marks of respect come from the natives of his mother's birth-place, Kintyre. When it is further mentioned that the Clan Mackay Society, which so well represents Sutherland, his father's native County, have also recently elected the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly* as President, it cannot be said, in his case, that a man is without honour in his own country. That these high compliments have been conferred upon Mr. Mackay by the people of both his father's and mother's native districts, is perhaps the best evidence of the high esteem in which he is held by Highlanders generally.

He is Ex-President of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow, of which he was one of the founders, Vice-President of the County of Sutherland Association, and for some fifteen years has been unanimously elected to the Presidency of the Glasgow Cowal Shinty Club, the game of camanachd being one in which from boyhood he has taken a very keen interest.

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THE CLAN MACLEOD.*

By Hugh Macleod, Writer, Glasgow.

"Tog orm mo phiob is theid mi dhachaidh."

On former occasions, and in this hall, I considered the early rise and fall of Christianity in the Western Isles. In relation to this subject I traced the more notable incidents in connection with the Siol Colla or the Clan Donald. I also made mention of the important part they and their subsequent powerful rivals the Siol Duibhne—the Campbells—played in the history, not only of the Hebrides, but of the whole of Scotland. I also made frequent reference to the luckless Clan Grigor, and I devoted a whole evening to consideration of the Clan Cameron, and particularly to my ideal of a Highland Chief, Ewen Cameron of Lochiel. Last year, you may remember, I dealt with the dark drama of the '45 and the subsequent events which ended in a low and sordid tragedy. On this occasion I may, perhaps, be excused if I come nearer home and for a time engage your attention in the elucidation of a few of the incidents in the history of my own clan, which are of interest to the public outside its members. This is the more excusable because some of the Clan Macleod played an important part in the making of the history, not only of the Highland people, but of Scotland and the Empire. It may be that as a clan this clan was not in the forefront as a martial race; it may be that no chief of the Macleods ranks as a darling of the people as does "the Gentle Lochiel," Clanranald, or Cluny Macpherson, but it possessed distinguished soldiers, and as for eminent teachers, poets, and pipers, without vain-glory I may say the Clan is *facile princeps*. It is to a branch of this Clan that we look for the Augustus and the Maecenas of the Celtic Race. It is to the Chiefs of this Clan that we look back for the patrons of art, of poetry and of music, and when we do look back through the mist of ages, where but in Dunvegan's towers do we find the Chief holding high court with his jesters, his harpers, his poets and poetesses, and his company of hereditary pipers. It is there we find frolic, fun, good cheer, merriment, nay, even revelry, without vulgarity, and culture without ostentation. No reference, then, to the more prominent figures in this clan would be complete unless we go back to its foundation and endeavour to ascertain its origin and its relation to early Celtic history.

Well, then, who was the common ancestor, the Eponymus, of this race? When do we first find him stepping out of chaos, out of the region of myth and tradition into the daylight of reality and fact? At once I say it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to determine. In the case before us, as well as in the case of most of the clans, we are invited to go to the genealogists of our own people, to the writings of Irish Seanachies, to what is popular tradition in the clan, and to the place names and personal names of the clan itself. We cannot rely on any one of these by itself. We must take them all together, and then perhaps by collating each, by discounting a great mass on account of partiality, treating tradition in a like manner, and comparing both with personal and place names, we may arrive at something approximating truth. Certain it is that in the case of the MacLeods this is the only manner in which we can come at all near the mark. I do not stop to consider the origin and derivation of the name Leod itself, but to state that the popularly accepted meaning of it is "Ljotr" or Ljot-ulf, which in Norse is Ugly Wolf, who was said to be a Norwegian Chief, and who lived in the island known to us as Lewis. Further, I will not enter into the question whether Leoghas gave the name to the clan, or whether the Leod who gave its present name to the race also gave the name to the island. But adopting the course above stated let us see what we arrive at.

Beginning, then, with one of the earliest of modern writers or constructors of genealogies, viz.:—Sir George Mackenzie, First Earl of Cromartie. He, in a work entitled *The Genealogies of the Mackenzies*, written in 1669, informs us that Harald the son of Godfrey Don, who usurped the Kingdom of Mann and the Isles in 1249, and was arrested by the King of Norway, was succeeded by Leodus, his only son, who married Adama, daughter of Farquhar, Earl of Ross, and had by her Torquil and Tormod, who founded the families of Lewis and Harris. Again, in a MS. history of the Rosses of Balnagown, it is stated that three sons of the King of Denmark called Gwine, Loid, and Leandres came out of Denmark and landed in the North of Scotland. Loid conquered the Lewis, of whom M'Loid is descended. Then again in Douglas' *Baronage* we find the common and popular derivation of this Clan given. Olave the Black, King of Mann, who died in 1237, and whose second wife was Christina, daughter of Ferguhard, Earl of Ross, is said to have had three sons—as Harald is said to have had—and that one of these, Leod, is the undoubted progenitor of the clan. None of these derivations can be accepted as authentic, no more than that given by the fertile imagination of the Irish Seanachie who doesn't stoop to begin in the twelfth or thirteenth century, but goes back to Fergus Leith Derg, son of Nemedh, who led a colony of Nemedians from Ireland to

* Lecture delivered to Highlanders in Glasgow.

Scotland some 2,500 years B.C.! and whose grandson bears the Norwegian name of Arailt or Harald; but Skene says this Harald was centuries before the Norwegians made their appearance in the Isles.

Now, making all due allowances for exaggeration in the matter of time, it is at least true that after the first Norse invasion and prior to the thirteenth century, we come across several Haralds and Olaus or Olaves, but it is significant that in one genealogy we have Ealaga the Fair given as the mother of the progenitor of the Macleods, and she was the daughter of Harald the Fair, and if my assumption on a cursory examination of the Saga be correct, we have here the Harald to whom I am to introduce you. He is to be found in the Icelandic Saga of Egil Shallagrimmseson.

In this Saga you will find what, on the whole, may be taken as an authentic account of this Harald, if my surmise be right, who came to the throne in 860, and became sole King of Norway in 870. He was an able and powerful ruler. But while he was strong in arms and wise in counsel, he was jealous and suspicious and easily led to wrath. Hence it came that much of what he did in consolidating his throne and extending his dominions was looked upon by his subjects as savouring of tyranny and cruelty, and caused many of the best of them to leave Norway and seek freedom in Iceland, and it may be the Orkneys. To him at least we are indebted for one of the most interesting accounts we have of the doings of the Norsemen in far Iceland. The translator of the *Egla*, published in 1893, says: "We see men at their banquets; mighty drinkings they held, with curious manners and rules. There are feasts at harvest at Yule-tide; they exchange visits at each others' houses; hospitality is universal; weddings there are, and burials. Of their halls—the arrangement thereof, their order of sitting, their armour hanging ready above the warriors—we can from scenes in this *Egla* form a complete idea. We witness their amusements; their trials of strength and even their games are detailed." I mention this Saga in detail, because a genealogy which Skene reckoned mythical may after all have a foundation or substratum of truth. This Harald and his descendants were resolute rovers and fighters, and nothing is more certain than that they found their way to the Western Isles, and may have been the Haralds so often referred to as the progenitors of the Clan MacLeod.

Yet and again if we were to accept Liot or Liotr as the origin of the word Leod, we have at once the founder of the race ready at hand, long anterior to the middle of the 13th century. In the Saga of Olaf Tryggrasonar and in the Orkneyinga Saga there was a great Earl Rognvald, and he had a son Earl Einarr, and he governed Orkney a long time and died of sickness. And he had, amongst others, a son Earl Thorfinn. His sons were five: Amfin, Havard, Liotr, Shuli, and Lodver. Amfin married Ragnhilda. She contrived the death of her husband, and married Havard his brother. They were not long together before Ragnhilda incited the Earl's sister's son to kill Havard, and she would then marry him, Einarr, who would then become Earl over the islands. Einarr did this, but Ragnhilda would not marry him. She then sent for another sister's son of Earl Havard, Einarr, the Hard Chopped. Ragnhilda requested him to avenge the Earl's death, and offered him the same as she offered the other, but when Einnar killed his relation, Ragnhilda would not marry him. Then she married Liotr, and he became Earl over the islands, and a great chieftain and a great warrior. In a fierce battle he defeated his brother Shuli, and subjected under him the whole of Katanes. The last battle he had was with the Scottish Earl called Margbiodr, and Liotr had more than a half less of an army, but he advanced so boldly that he got the victory, receiving, however, such wounds as brought him to his end. He and his brother Lodver, who succeeded him, were entombed in Hofu, in Katanes. Now, is it probable that this Liot or Lodver is the direct ancestor of Leod, and is the Eponymus of the clan.

The pedigree which Skene favours is that which brings Leod first into light in the 13th century—say about 1230, and makes him son of Gilliemuire, son of Raice, son of Olbair Snoice, son of Gilliemuire, whose mother was Ealga of the Fair Locks, daughter of Harold, King of Lochlan or Norway. This you see would made Leod sixth in descent from the Harold I have taken, and who from the Saga I have mentioned was surnamed the Fair, and who died about 933 A.D., and would bring Leod earlier than the 13th century so much favoured. Thus, it would appear that the Macleods are Celtic in the male line, and through Ealga—Norse in the female, just exactly the opposite of what is popular belief and what is Skene's opinion.

Alex. Cameron in that interesting little work, "History and Traditions of the Isle of Skye," gives the Douglas origin of the clan (viz., Olave the Black) and in proof of this and of the relationship to the Clan Donald, he founds upon a term of courtesy used in a charter granted by Donald, grandson of Somerled, King of the Isles, to Lord John Bissett, dated at Dingwall, on 19th January 1245, wherein the witnesses are said to be Macleod de Lewis et Macleod de

Harrisse, his "most beloved cousins and counsellors," this latter being the phrase used in all documents emanating from Kings and in all reference by Kings to their subjects of nobility. In this connection may I recall to you King Richard II. when he is being deposed by Bollingbroke:—

BOLLINGBROKE—"Name it, fair cousin."
KING RICHARD—"Fair Cousin, I am greater than a King;
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject
I have a King here to my flatterer
Being so great I have no need to beg."

From this charter then it would appear that the two powerful branches of the family must have been separated and in positions of great importance at the very time that Skene places the emergence of the Eponymus, viz.; the middle of the 13th century.

Whoever supplied Douglas for his "Baronage" with the account there given of the rise of the clan, merely gave what was popular tradition in the clan. For we find Mairi, nighean Alastair Ruaidh the earliest, and the most original of our singers in Gaelic, thus:—

Sliochd Ollaghair nan lann
Thogadh sroilltean ri crann,
'N uair a thoisich iad ann
Cha bu lionsgaradh gann,
Fir a b' fhirinnich bann
Priseil an dream
Rioghail gu'n chall còrach.

She thus, you observe, gives the race Royal birth and that from Ollaghair or Olaus. So likewise Scott—

"'Nor deem," said stout Dunvegan's Kight,
'That thou shalt brave alone the fight
By saints of isle and mainland both
By Woden wild (my grandsires' oath)
Old Torquil will not be to lack
With twice a thousand at his back,
Torquils rude thought and stubborn will
Smack of the wild Norwegian still,
Nor will I barter freedom's cause
For England's wealth or Rome's applause.'"

A writer, in quite a recent publication, says the Macleods are descended from the Royal line of the Norwegian Kings of Man, going back to the 12th century, and that their history is as stormy and replete with thrilling incident as the most exacting reader of fiction could desire, and in a short genealogical tree he finds the root of the race in Leod, son of Olave the *Red* King of Man and the Isles. Mark that Olave is *Red* this time. But Mr. Mackenzie, author of "A History of the Outer Isles," favours the *Black* Olave as the father of Leod.

One of the most treasured relics in Dunvegan Castle is what is known as Rory Mor's Cup, and I mention this here as prefacing this remark that it seems almost impossible now to ascertain anything with certainty regarding the early history of any race or clan. For here we have the famous cup, out of which Sir Walter Scott had a drink, fully described by him and as having this description and mark the date. Ufo, the son of John, the son of Magnus, Prince of Man, the grandson of Liahia Macgryneil, trusts in the Lord Jesus that their works (*i.e.*—his own and those of his ancestors) will obtain mercy. O'Neil Oimi made this in the year of God, nine hundred and ninety-three. Now, one would infer from that something of the remote period of the birth of the clan, and one would think that Sir Walter would make no mistake as to the true meaning of the legend on the cup. Yet this is what Skene says:—The true reading is—"Katherine MacRannal, wife of John MacGuire, Lord of Fermannagh, 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." One seems astounded at the reading of the inscription, but one is absolutely amazed at the difference in the two dates. Scott's 993 and Skene's 1493. I have introduced the foregoing for another purpose, viz., to relieve the monotony of genealogical trees and dates, the relish for which is confined only to a few, and I am not one of these.

In whatever way we accept the situation we must, I think, declare the Macleods to be Norse from either side, and Hebrideans at that, and not mainlanders as Skene would have it. I referred to personal names. Now, from the first dawn of writing in the Highlands, and to this day, we have in every Macleod family of any size the Torquils and Tormods—undoubtedly Norse names. Tradition also asserts that the MacLeods were Norse on the male side, and, as I have stated, that would seem to be supported by the foregoing fact, for it is undoubtedly the case that in every Highland household the males, or father's parentage, receive the honour as regards names, at any rate. Then I said in addition one might consider the relevancy of place names. Now, here is the outstanding fact that the Torquils issued out of Lewis, and the Tormods out of Harris and Skye; and in both countries you find almost every place name to be of Norse derivation.

(To be continued.)

A MARRIAGE has been arranged and will shortly take place between Colonel Alan John Colquhoun, C.B., D.L., Glenloin, Arrochar, and 1 Royal Terrace, Edinburgh, and Miss Anna MacRae, second daughter of the late Mr. Duncan MacRae, D.L., Kames Castle, Isle of Bute, and of Mrs. MacRae, Barnlongart, Otter Ferry, Argyll.

THE HIGHLANDS AFTER CULLODEN.

By W. C. MACKENZIE, F.S.A., Scot.

(Continued from page 75.)

A FURTHER proposal was that Commissioners should be appointed from time to time, invested with authority to survey the land, grant leases, sue defaulting tenants, and suggest improvements; a record of their proceedings to be kept for the information of the King. A military force to be stationed in the Highlands for some years, for the protection of the settlers, and at each military station a village community to be formed, with a school for English and a school for technical instruction in raising, dressing, and spinning flax, and on the coast, for improving the fisheries.

The concluding remarks of this MS. are not without interest. "It would (it says) be improper to conclude without observing, that the common Highlanders are a sagacious cunning people, are frugal and love money, do not want natural courage. It is their poverty and slavery that engages them in thefts, and their chief motive to rebell is the hopes of plunder: for we see that as soon as they are freed from poverty, and that slavish dependance on their Chiefs, by being inlisted in his Majesty's Service in the Highland regiments, no private men in the army are more sober and regular in their quarters, more obedient to their officers, and observant of orders, or more faithful when employed as safeguards, or behave better in the day of action than they do; and where any of them reside or are employed in other places of Britain, remote from their barbarous Highlands, or in any of the plantations, none succeed better or meet with more encouragement; so that it is a great pity that this natural genius of theirs, that might by proper care be improved to the advantage of Britain, should, by the misfortune of their unhappy situation and miserable education, be perverted to the destruction of themselves and their country."

It will be seen that some of the suggestions of the MS. were admirable in their way, and certain of them were in later years gradually adopted. But we hear nothing further about the introduction of Sessenach settlers to swamp the natives, though, in fairness, it must be admitted that what the framers of the document professed to have in view, was a leavening of the community with law-abiding strangers, to lead the Highland commoners into paths of industry and progress. Of course, the objections to the Gaelic language and the Highland dress are easily intelligible. It had always been a cardinal article of faith in the South that Gaelic was the foe of progress, encouraging the spirit of separate nationality, and raising an insurmountable barrier between the Highlanders and the Lowlanders. For the same reason, but particularly as an emblem of rebellion, the Highland dress was under taboo.

We find very similar sentiments in the MS. published a few years ago by Mr. Andrew Lang, giving a description of the Highlands in 1750. The writer of that MS., also a strong Whig and Presbyterian, paints a woeful picture of the tyranny of the chiefs, and the slavery of the commons. Of course, we must not take these descriptions too literally. We must consider not merely the standpoint of the writers, but also the standpoint of those whom they wrote about. Slavery may be a relative term. The Lowland and Whig observers of the eighteenth century, in their antagonism towards the Tory Chiefs, were apt to write with a somewhat warped judgment. It is no doubt perfectly correct that the power of the Chiefs was absolute, and that their rule was frequently tyrannical, and, from the Lowland standpoint, disgraceful. But the Whig observers did not look below the surface. They could not understand or appreciate the clan feeling which made the people submit without a murmur to oppression, just as an obedient son, while resenting the authority of others, submits, as a matter of duty, to the harshest treatment by an overbearing father. Judged by modern and more democratic standards, this unquestioning submission is pathetic, though not unintelligible. By a seeming paradox, the contradictory statements concerning the social conditions of the Highland people at the middle of the eighteenth century are thus capable of reconciliation. Those who tell us that they were a down-trodden people are perfectly right, and those who tell us that they were a happy and contented people may also be not far from the truth. There are tribes and nations at the present day who are sunk in poverty and ignorance, and yet are happy and contented with their lot, because they have known no other. And there are those who gravely argue that, such being the case, the truest kindness is to leave them in that state, on the principle that "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." I do not suppose, however, that any of us will seek to apply that argument to the Highlands after Culloden, else it may be pertinently asked whether the Gaelic Society of London, mainly composed as it is of intelligent descendants of regenerated Highlanders, would to-day be in existence!

The writer of Mr. Lang's MS. emphasised the misery of the people so freely as to confuse sociology with ethnology. In describing Caithness, he says that half of the people were of a low dwarfish stature whom a stranger would

hardly believe to be natives of Great Britain. An army of them, he goes on to say, would not be valued or feared. Of course we know very well that there are undersized people scattered throughout the Highlands and Isles, especially on the coast, the descendants, as every body now admits, of a race distinct both from the Celts and the Norsemen. They are the Pets, or pigmies as tradition calls them, and it is significant that these dwarfish people of the 1750 MS. bordered on the Petland or, as it is erroneously called, the Pentland Firth. But our author, if you please, unhesitatingly attributes their small stature to the state of starvation and oppression in which they lived. He does not, however, explain why their neighbours, who were equally oppressed, should nevertheless be tall strong men.

I have no space to devote to the series of suggestions he makes for the social and economic reformation of the Highlands. Broadly speaking, they are on similar lines to those of the 1747 MS., and the proposals of Duncan Forbes to the Duke of Argyll. The Government had an admirable opportunity of conferring real and lasting economic benefits upon the Highlands by a judicious selection from these various recommendations, but its chief concern was the removal of disaffection, not by the introduction of improvements, but by repression unaccompanied by reform. They wounded the Highlanders and left the wounds to heal or fester as circumstances might determine.

We know what actually happened. The outward and visible signs of the Government's attitude were the Acts passed for the disarming of the Highlands, and the abolition of the national dress. By these measures it was fondly hoped to crush the spirit of rebellion effectively and permanently. The blow struck at the Highland dress was an insidious attempt to destroy racial sentiment, which was recognised as a powerful element of cohesion. Tartan and treason were linked together like cause and effect, and strong efforts were made to carry out the puerile Act, which provided for stringent penalties against stubborn offenders. The Highlanders resented the Act, and evaded it with an ingenuity which baffled the Crown. Then a wave of re-action set in. The romantic character of Prince Charlie's attempt to win a crown, the chivalrous conduct of his Highland supporters, and the story of Flora Macdonald's heroism, all combined to open the sluices of public opinion in Edinburgh and elsewhere to a flood of harmless Jacobite sentiment. Tartan plaids and gowns became all the rage, even bed and window curtains and pincushions were made of tartan. The Whigs retaliated by dressing up the public hangman in tartan, and thus gave the finishing blow to the craze. It was not, however, until 1782 that at the instance of the Duke of Montrose, and largely through the efforts of the Highland and Gaelic Societies of London, the obnoxious Act, which had become an obsolete irritant, was repealed.

The blow which struck at the very roots of feudalism in the Highlands was the abolition of heritable jurisdictions, by an Act passed in March 1747. This Act applied to the whole of Scotland, but it operated with peculiar force in the Highlands, where the administration of justice was a scandal. These hereditary jurisdictions, secured by the Act of Union, carried with them large emoluments and extensive power which were not relinquished without a struggle, the compensation awarded to the holders by the Government amounting to over £150,000 in satisfaction of claims aggregating nearly £600,000. The appointment of Sheriffs properly equipped with legal knowledge, and imbued with a genuine desire to administer justice, was a long step in advance. No longer were the people at the mercy of the caprices of their Chiefs, or their ignorant and occasionally vindictive bailies, who sometimes applied Jeddart justice by hanging men and trying them afterwards. Under the new jurisdiction the people were no longer haunted by the fear of the pit and gallows, to which, under the old system, they were liable to be dragged at the will of tyrannical superiors.

This, then, was a notable reform which followed in the train of the Culloden disaster. It is very frequently stated that Culloden gave the finishing blow to the Clan system. That is incorrect, the fact being that a foreign appendage, alien to the spirit of clanship, was removed, while the essential features of the system remained intact. Now, it is not possible for any one, from the evidence available, to go back to the beginnings of the Clan system, and state as historical facts the precise conditions which prevailed. Dr. Skene in his "Celtic Scotland," has dealt very fully with the inception of tribalism in the Highlands, and General Stewart's "Sketches" give pictures of Clan life, for which it is regrettable that he did not quote his authorities. Skene is dogmatic, as his researches and critical acuteness perhaps entitled him to be, though here again the citation of authorities is scanty on those points which are obscure. But, though direct evidence on the beginnings of the clan system is meagre, the inductive evidence is cumulatively convincing in support of Skene's general thesis. It is abundantly clear in any case that the system originally rested upon a purely patriarchal basis, and that feudalism, which enormously increased

the power of the chiefs, and correspondingly diminished the influence of the commons, was an alien graft upon the system, which produced a crop of evils, culminating in the complete subjection of the clansmen to their hereditary heads. This feudal graft was finally lopped off after Culloden, but the main stem remained. That is to say, clannishness, the family idea, the patriarchal shadow which was always present with the feudal substance, was unaffected by the events of 1746. Indeed, it would be easy to show that those events really paved the way for a system of clanship purged of feudalism which, with modern adaptations, might have approached the supposed original system more nearly than had been the case for centuries. What, after all, was the clan system, properly stated, but the family system? Can it be seriously contended that, under the changed conditions, it was impossible for a renovated patriarchism to rise, Phœnix-like, from the ashes of Celtic feudalism? I think not. Rather was an unique opportunity lost of offering to the world a sociological model of families bound more closely together by common misfortune and common interest, instead of a memory in which romance and misery are strangely blended.

(To be continued.)

IORRAM AN TIR-OHEIN.

Eisdibh riumsa mar dh' éisd sibh ri ar n-athair
Seinn òran ar dachaidh anns na laithean a bha,
Eisdibh riumsa is seinnidh uile mar aon-fear,
Oran an iomar an am turn nan raimh.
'S bòidheach na lóin, 's tha choille liath ro ăluinn
Ach 's fograich sinn fad bho thir ar n-àitrich.

O' bhothan aonrach ' an eilean cheòthach
Tha beann gar dealachadh is dìthreabh cuain,
Ach tha 'n fhuil fhathasd làidir 's an oridhe
Gàidhealach
'S an aisling chì sinn Innse-gall * nu thuath.
'S bòidheach na lóin, &c.

Tìr ar sinnsear a chaoidh cha choisich sinn
'S gu bràth cha chruinnich sin fo 'n 'bhratach bhàn',
A chaoidh cha 'n fhaic sinn gath-gealaich
soillearachadh,
Na clachan cuimhne fo 'n laidh na flath.
'S bòidheach no lóin, &c.

'Nuair bha ar sinnsear 'an càs is cruadal,
'Cosnadh an fhearainn 'sa daingneachadh an dùn,
Cha d' fhaisnich aon an siol a bhi'n am fuadain,
'S'n ceann cinnidh an dìmeas na treudaich chaora.
'S bóidheach na lòin, &c.

Thig la a bhuaireas cia mor an cuideachadh
An claidheamh-mor, sgaiteach 'n laimh nan seoid thug
buaidh,
Tha na gaisgich treun a sheasamh dlùth is bunaiteach
'Nam fograich dhòlasach an iar a' chuain.
'S boidheach na lóin 's tha choille liath ro ăluinn
Ach 's fograich sinn fad bho thir ar nàitrich.

G. MURRAY CAMPBELL.

Chichester.

* Innse-gall, Hebrides.

BRAISTE LATHURNA.

SAIRD.—'Mhòrag, a Mhòrag théid mi gu
Dunolla leat,
'Mhòrag, a Mhòrag, 's chi tha
'Ghealach ùr ann.

Thug iad a Ghlinn Dochairt i
Na robairnich mhòr shiùbhlach,
Cha chumadh feachd Righ Raibeart riu
Grad phapadh bho na Dùbh-Ghoill.
'Mhòrag, a Mhòrag, etc.

Bha Alasdair Choir'-Lathurn' ann,
'S b'e'n ceatharn' 'an cheann sùist' e
Ba mhath gu stialladh gearran e
Le claidheamh an fhaor dhùbhailt'.
'Mhòrag, a Mhòrag, etc.

An Caimheulach's Kirkpatrick
Cha stadadh iad gu cùnntas,
Is De-la-Haye, cha'n fhanadh e
Bha fadail air 's an duth'ch ud.
'Mhòrag, a Mhòrag, etc.

Baran-donn 's an shradadh e
'S e'n gearran rinn air diùlaidh,
Thug e mach am bealach air
'S an gradaig 's ann bha cùl riu.
'Mhòrag, a Mhòrag
Thèid mi gu Dunolla leat,
'Mhòrag a Mhòrag
'S chi thu' ghealach ùr ann.

DUGHALL MAC DHUGHAILL,
Bard a' Chinne.

York.

NOTES.

The above verses are supposed to have been sung by an old Clansman to his grand-daughter Morag, on the occasion of the return of the Clan victorious from Glen Dochart, with the Brooch of Bruce in their possession. Mòrag is a favourite name in MacDougall families.

When Bruce was defeated by the MacDougalls at Dal-Righ, the first rest he took was in some goat-herd's hut, where he was well entertained with goat's milk to quench his thirst, and goats' skins to make him comfortable while he slept; while the old goat-herd kept sentry, that none of the MacDougalls would surprise him while having his well earned rest. When he turned out next morning he was literally covered with goat's hair, and while shaking and rubbing it off his clothes, he vowed that if he once got crowned King of Scotland, among the first Acts of Parliament that he would pass would be one to protect goats, encourage and improve the breeds and breeding of them, and that the statute price of a goat would be one half-crown, so that everyone, however poor, could buy a few of them. Duncan Bàn MacIntyre, the poet, refers to this incident in "Oran nam Balgairean":—

"Cha'n fhaigh gille tuarasdal
Ach buachaille nan caorach."
Ho hù o, &c.

"Dh' fhalbh na gobhair phriseil,
Bu Righ a dh' òrdaich saor iad."
Ho hu o, &c.

The small *lochan* or lake near Tyndrum is also associated with Bruce. Tradition says that in their flight some of his followers threw their arms into the lake, hence it is called in Gaelic "Lochan-nan-arm," the Lake of Arms or Weapons. I have known men who told me that they had seen several spear-heads and battle-axes which had been got out of the lake.

D. MAC D.

CHIEFTAINSHIP AND THE CLANS.

By Wm. J. Thomas.

(Continued from page 100.)

For brevity's sake we shall at present only summarise the social state of the people. Within the village there existed a

COMMUNITY OF OWNERSHIP

which, though scarcely favourable to individualism, did not destroy the civic right to appropriation. Though professedly recognising an absolute equality, it abstained from meddling with the tribesmen's rights and liberties, or checking individual enterprise, but when those privileges entrenched on the rights of others, the community at once protected the weaker at the expense of the stronger. It was a Board of Control which overseered the distribution of all land-allotments at the Beltane season, and parcelled them out in equal shares; saw to the observance of the laws, or rather, hereditary customs, and in short, proceeded on much the same lines as a modern Parliament would if State-collectivism were to overrule individualism. All were interested in its transactions, and decided its enactments, and as each was a member of the same matriarchal tribe, each, both male and female, had, as tribal freeholders the right to vote in the assembly corresponding to the Irish "Mithal Tuatha."

Apart from the agricultural class which reckoned its most numerous adherents there were certain other offices or trades distinct from the rest, the specialisation of which precluded communism. In the Neolithic Age they were free and therefore elective; in the sub-Neolithic enslaved, and the

SLAVERY WAS MADE HEREDITARY.

Such officials as the smith, the bard, the chartered accountant, the priest, the headman, and many others, had their several duties assigned them, and although they might be exempt from taking part in the annual co-aration, each was bound to receive a land-allotment for his services to the community, along with a fixed portion of the produce. To receive it, of course, proof of relationship with the tribal sept or community was necessary; its indisputableness was a *sine qua non*. The division of labour and the right to labour were thus early recognised to be as beneficial to the community at large as it was to the individual, and the harmony of both reacted on the prosperity of the whole.

Accordingly the application of the principle of specialisation of labour in the free community placed the individualistic element at a safe distance from nonentity. Its position was justified, its influence limitless. And despite the existence of a wide-spread apparent communism, we may with comparative safety affirm that private property had everywhere prevailed before any form of social communism arose; that, in truth, only owing to external pressure did private property or individualism merge into the communism from which it was again to crystallise out.

THE OLD BEEHIVE-DWELLINGS OR "CLACHANS"

of West Ireland and Scotland may be taken as illustrative of the tendency. Of these there are two distinct types—the one individualistic, the other communistic; the former have all the appearance of the syndyasmistic family-right to appropriation, the latter have not. Briefly said, the existence of the one depends on the family-unit, and the other on the commune. Hence it is not difficult to equate them with analogies of the same kind found in India or North Africa; with the mounds and enclosures of Ohio and the Gulf States or with the communistic circular huts, forty to fifty feet in diameter, built by the Mandans of Upper Missouri, or the famous "Mound-Builders." The examples enumerated closely tally with the description given by O'Flaherty in his Chronological Description of West Connaught as "a kind of building of stones laid upon one another which are brought to a roof without any manner of mortar to cement them, some of which cabins will hold forty men on their floor; so ancient that no body knows how long ago they were made." Considering, therefore, the monomorphic character of them all, and the fact that the American communism belongs to the 'Historic Period,' much more recent than the Age of the supposed savage individualistic 'Cliff-Dwellers,' it is perhaps not illogical to presume that in the British example, the individualistic type of 'clochan' is older than the communistic; that private property existed before social communism.

The Neolithic village-communities had thus early conceived the idea of private property before community of ownership began to strangle it. They were composed of a body of tribesmen related to each other by the ties of blood and language. The labour enjoined on all was in its nature, agricultural, not like the Celtic,—pastoral.

"TO REAP AND TO PLOUGH,

to sow and to mow" was a sacred duty that demanded the concentration of every energy, and could not be shirked or neglected. Consequently the conception of a pastoral ditty as pourtrayed in Macdonald's 'Oran an t-Samhraidh' was possible for the Aryan, not for the Neolith.

"Brùchdadh barraich troimh gheugan,
Am mios ceutach a' Mhàigh;
Am mios breac-laoghach, buailteach,
Bainneach, buadhach gu dàir."

Doubtless, too, on many occasions when the keen commercial rivalry of neighbouring communities broke down the otherwise strong claim of consanguinity, the clansman-villager would gather round the sacred totem-banner of his village, and after the completion of certain procrastinative religious ceremonies which distinguish Neolith from Aryan, he would issue forth to battle and there would engage in deeds of derring-do such as an Agamemnon might have failed to emulate. Yet for him a career of conquest was useless and undesirable. His chief or headman was he who was fittest to lead, but the position was exclusively an honorary one, and carried with it no power or emoluments. He might return victorious from the field, but he returned only to surrender every vestige which might savour of inequality. Like the early Roman chief or headman before the Aryan aristocratic element changed the character of the autochthonous race, his position was insecure as a warrior, but dependent on his agricultural skill. He belonged to the old class of agriculturists long since passed away,

"Who held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war, then with unwearied hand
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plough."

Meanwhile the ingressive Celtic element was slowly forcing its way into the heart of Neolithic territory. In England it does not appear to have aroused any serious opposition, but in the highlands of Wales and Scotland and in central Ireland, it met with the same difficulties as the Saxon experienced later in those same districts.

THE CELTIC CONQUEST,

nevertheless, lasting as it became, owed no part of its success to any feeling of unity among the Celtic tribes. Like the Saxon conquest, it was a tribal, not a national one, and the victors in both cases held the palm through no superiority in race or methods of warfare, but mainly through the retention of the reserves of population. In the incessant warfare the Celts quickly obtained a distinct advantage over their opponents, for by holding a great space of territory in England they were enabled to restrain a population no longer free from joining its allied brethren in the west and north. The resulting consequence was only too inevitable. The consumption of the Neolithic species finally over balanced its reproduction and the race had to begin its retreat from the fertile plains of England, the eastern parts of Ireland and the Lowlands of Scotland.

It was otherwise in the more mountainous regions of the country. There the Neolithic tribes struggled longer for independence, and led by amazonian Fir Bolg chieftainesses who could teach even a Cuchullin the art of warfare, they were able, temporarily at least, to escape the chains of slavery and the dictates of a barbarian foe. In this case forcible possession on the part of the Celtic invaders was impossible, effectively thwarted by the long-continued resistance of the mountaineers. A compromise between the two races was the only expedient, and the compromise resulted in the introduction of the dual village-community. Wherever, accordingly, the dual village existed, it implied a corresponding dualism in the race, which in turn demanded a dualism of language, of chiefs and village-headmen. And as regards West Europe generally, the rise of the dual village-communities marks the beginning of the sub-Neolithic period.

Perhaps no better example of these

DUAL VILLAGE-COMMUNITIES

in the sub-Neolithic period can be found than those over which ruled the Brythonic Pictish chief united to untameable Fir Bolg princesses. Excluding his own immediate followers, the Pictish manorial lord governed in the majority of cases a large non-Aryan element with which he could claim absolutely no affinity. Yet the influence of the non-Aryan undercurrent was strong enough to make Pictish custom diverge considerably from its true Aryan path, while frequently the peculiarity of the chief's position was the outcome not of conquest but the application of the Fir Bolgic law of exogamy. Of the Picts, however, we shall say no more. Until the Irish invasion they took a large share in the making of Scottish history, but at no time was their civilisation of so high an order as to justify the belief in the extermination of the non-Aryan population in their midst as Keating's History would fain suggest.

The want of the reserves of population, as we have said, decided the day against the Neolithic race in the Scottish Highlands, and the tide of

PICTISH INVASION

overwhelmed them in its flood. Their subsequent history is a tale of the long struggle of agricultural labour from a state of servitude, from a state of being compelled to support an idle and unproductive military caste to a basis of equality and free labour.

"Last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history." The landing of the Irish tribes on Scottish shores closes the British record of the most interesting race that have peopled or ever will people the globe. Nursed in the bosom of Antiquity, it grew up to hold

aloft the bright torch of civilisation and illumine the darker lands of Asia, Europe, and America. It showed to the world that savagery was not the natural state of Man. And when fate foredoomed its fall, the torch slipped from its dying hands, only to be caught up in turn by the Aryan and made to burn the brighter. Surely, then, the instinct is real, too deepseated and ancient to be explicable to a modern, which bids Man mourn for the golden ages that have closed round his history,

"And grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is passed away."

(To be continued.)

LONDON CAITHNESS ASSOCIATION.—The Jubilee Dinner of the London Caithness Association took place on 7th March, under the presidency of Lord Reay, Chief of the Clan Mackay, at the Holborn Restaurant. Among the company present, who numbered upwards of 100 ladies and gentlemen, were the Archdeacon of London, Mr. D. Hepburn (president of the Caledonian Society of London), Dr. Annie C. Sutherland, Miss C. Fitter, M.D.; Sir John Gunn, and the Hon. C. Home Sinclair. The toast of the London Caithness Association was proposed by the chairman.

"MY SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS," by Hugh Miller, new Edition, edited by W. M. Mackenzie, M.A., F.S.A. (Scot.), Morton, 3/6.—Mr. Mackenzie is rendering good service to literature by bringing the works of Hugh Miller once more before a half-forgotful public. His recent "Critical Study" of Miller's life and teaching received well merited praise from leading critics, and now he has edited a new issue of Miller's most famous work, the "Schools and Schoolmasters." In an introduction of unusual merit he sketches briefly the main features of the life of his famous townsman, and enables any reader who may not know what manner of man the laurel-crowned stonemason was, to begin the perusal of his most popular work with some notion of its perspective. Few autobiographical volumes have the charm of this one. Many are records of meetings with famous contemporaries. Many contain an *apologia* for the seeming inconsistencies of their author. In this one the reader finds a uniquely wholehearted account of the little things that make its writer's life worth living, and its events worth recording. This edition by Mr. Mackenzie, in its illustrations, interest and cheapness, is unsurpassed. Copies of the book should form part of every consignment of school prizes for many years to come, and it should also find its place in the library of every Scotsman. We have long held the opinion that a book of well-chosen extracts from the miscellaneous writings of Hugh Miller is many years overdue, and we learn with pleasure that Mr. Mackenzie will shortly issue such a selection in a compact volume.

THE FAMILY OF RORISON.—Sir,—I am anxious to learn something of the name of Rorison—its origin, history, clan connection, armorials, etc. I can trace very little regarding the family on this side the Atlantic, but doubtless there are readers of the *Celtic* in the old land who can supply some information on the subject. Any facts relating to the Rorisons will be appreciated by—Yours truly,

JAMES SINCLAIR.

San Francisco, U.S.A.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. G. MACKIE, London.—THE CLAN MACKAY.—The subject of forming "branches" of the Clan Mackay Society in London and elsewhere has been more than once seriously considered by the Council, but the experience of other societies which formed branches has been invariably unfortunate. The Mackinnons certainly have a very successful branch in London, but the majority of the members are also members of the parent body. Our policy has always been to have the one powerful organisation, but if there is a sufficient number of members in any town to justify holding meetings there, and a desire is expressed that meetings should be held, the Council would gladly, we are confident, give effect to this request. At present the monthly meetings are held alternately in Edinburgh and Glasgow; an occasional meeting or social gathering in London could be quite easily arranged, and would probably result in a large accession to the membership of the Clan in the metropolis. The matter might be considered by our London clansmen during the summer, and a meeting arranged for the beginning of next winter.

F. FOLLIETT, MIDDLESEX.—Thanks for the cutting regarding Dr. Meachen's comments on the Highland dress, which we reprint below. He is perfectly correct; there is no dress so healthy, comfortable and picturesque for a boy than the philabeg. The fact that it is now so popular in the Academies and High Schools here, and is worn by more boys of Lowland than Highland descent, is a recognition that its advantages are generally appreciated. The Lowlander has been educated in some things since the rising of 1745, when the wearing of the Highland dress and tartans was proscribed under a severe penalty. The "barbarous costume" of a few generations ago is fast becoming the fashionable garb of the youth of the present generation. It also looks now as if the fact has been at last recognised that the Highlander has even a right to live in his native land, and that his claims to the soil deserve more consideration than those of deer or sheep. It is quite possible when the Gaels have settled down in the old straths, and are flourishing there, that their ancient love for the profession of arms may revive, and that, as they did in 1760 to 1814, they may again give to the military service 100,000 men, the finest fighting material in the world. No one dares now sneer at the "Celtic Fringe!"

HYGIENIC GARB.—A PLEA FOR THE KILT.—A lecture in connection with the Institute of Hygiene, London, was given recently by Dr. G. Norman Meachen, his subject being the skin and clothing. Strongly recommending good woollen clothing as a skin covering, Dr. Meachen went on to speak of the exposure of the knees of children, and said that it is not only a cruel infliction but a positive danger to the child to clothe the thigh in thin pants and short knickers, and leave the structures about the knee joint to bear the vicissitudes of the weather. In this matter we are far behind our northern compatriots, who value the bare leg for mountaineering and sturdy tramps across the hill tracts, but taking the precaution of providing the lower parts of the body and the thigh with the kilt of many plies of tartan. Such a garment is an ideal leg covering, giving freedom, while insuring warmth to encourage a healthy blood supply to the knee and leg. If grown men were subjected to the torture which our children have become accustomed uncomplainingly to endure, there would be a revolution in this respect, and the rational, though primitive costume of the Scot, would become universal for clothing the young of both sexes.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following is one of the best known songs of Duncan Bàn MacIntyre, the Hunter Bard of Glenorchy. Duncan was born at Druimliaghart, Glenorchy, in March 1724. He was six years in the Breadalbane Fencibles, holding the rank of sergeant. When the regiment was broken up in 1799, Duncan became one of the City-Guard of Edinburgh. In September 1802, when 78 years of age, he visited his favourite mountain, Ben Dorain, and composed the song, which he called his "Last Farewell to the Hills." It has been rendered into English by Thomas Pattison, by Principal Shairp of St. Andrews, and by Robert Buchanan. The following is Pattison's rendering of the last verse of this song:—

Then wild heath forests, fare-you-well,
Ye wonderful bright hills;
Farewell sweet spring and grassy dell—
Farewell the running rills,—
Farewell vast deserts, mountains grand,
With peaks the clouds that sever;
Scenes of past pleasures pure and bland—
Farewell, farewell for ever!

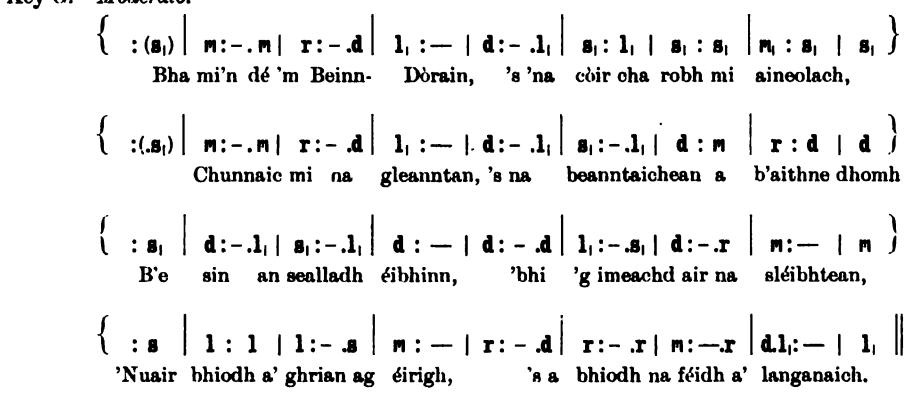
"Duncan Bàn of the songs" died in Edinburgh in May 1812, aged 88 years. He was buried in Greyfriar's Churchyard, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory by his admirers. The first edition of his poems was published in 1768. His spouse, "Màiri bhàn òg," to whom he composed one of the finest love songs in the Gaelic language, sleeps beside the Bard.

FIONN.

CEAD-DEIREANNACH NAM BEANN.

(The Last Farewell to the Hills.)

Key G. *Moderato.*



'S aobhach a' ghreidh uallach,
'Nuair ghluiseadh iad gu farumach;
'S na h-éildean air an fhuaran,
Bu chuanar na laoigh bhallach ann;
Na maoisleichean 's na ruadh-bhuic,
Na coilich-dhubha 's ruadha,
'S e'n ceòl 'bu bhinne 'chualas
'Nuair chluinnt 'am fuaim 's a' chamhanaich.

'S togarach a dh'fhalbhainn
Gu sealgaireachd nam bealaichean,
'Dol moch a dhìreadh garbhlaich
'S gu'm b' anmoch 'tighinn gu baile mi;
An t-uisge glan 's am fàile
'Th'air mullach nam beann àrda,
Chuidich e gu fàs mi:
'S e 'rinn domh slàinte 's fallaineachd.

Fhuair mi greis 'am àrach
Air àiridhean a b'aithne dhomh,
Ri cluiche 's mire 's mànran,
'S 'bhi 'n caoimhneas blàth nan caileagan;
Bu chùis 'an aghaidh nàduir
Gu'm maireadh sin an dràsd' ann,
'S e 'b éigin 'bhi 'g am fàgail
'Nuair thàinig tràth dhuinn dealachadh.

Mo shoraidh leis na frithean,
O, 's mìorbhuilteach na beannan iad,
Le biolair' uaine 's fior-uisg',
Deoch uasal riomhach cheanalta;
Na blàran a tha priseil,
'S na fàsaichean 'tha lìonmhor,
O, 's ait a leig mi dhìom iad:
Gu bràth mo mhìle beannachd leo!

REV. GEORGE HENDERSON, M.A., PH.D.

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REV. GEORGE HENDERSON, M.A., Ph.D.

ON the recommendation of Professor Kuno Meyer, Dr. Henderson, at present minister of Eddrachillis, Sutherlandshire, has been appointed lecturer on Celtic Languages and Literature at the Glasgow University. The subject will be one of those qualifying for the degree of Master of Arts, and the appointment is to be for a period of five years. Dr. Henderson, who is a native of Inverness-shire, studied in Raining's School, Inverness, and afterwards at Edinburgh University, where he graduated as M.A. He held the Sir I. Mac-Pherson scholarship in Celtic languages and literature for three years. He also held the examinership in Celtic, and was first medallist in Professor Mason's class. He was also a medallist twice in moral philosophy. He held a medal in Celtic, and a prize for Gaelic essay writing and another for Gaelic poetry. He travelled and studied in Wales and in many parts of Ireland, where in several districts his knowledge of Gaelic stood him in good stead. At Oxford he was admitted as an honorary scholar of Jesus College, and held the Bachelor of Letters degree of that University. Philosophy he studied at the Universities of Berlin, Vienna, and Leipzig. Among Dr. Henderson's writings we may mention "Dain Iain Ghobha"—the poems of John Morison, of Harris, with a memoir; "Leabhar nan Gleann"—containing transliteration of one-half of the Fearnaig Gaelic MS., 1688, into modern Gaelic; "The Gaelic Dialects of Scotland" contributed to "Celtische Zeitscrift," and designed to form a grammar of the Gaelic language on a phonetic basis; and "Memoirs of a Highland Gentleman," being reminiscences of Evander Maciver of Scourie. Dr. Henderson has also collected material for what he calls "A Supplement-Gaelic Lexicon," and has contributed valuable papers to the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness." He is at present contributing a series of articles on "The Fionn Saga" to the "Celtic Review." Principal Story, who has taken a warm interest in the appointment, made the following reference thereto in his address at the recent graduation ceremony:—"Every man interested in that vast domain of science and learning—comparative philology—every man who tries to trace the developments, the various relations of the speech of the great Indo-European family, will not be ungrateful for the opportunity of visiting the realm of old Romance, whose portal is opened to us by a knowledge of the language and literature of the Celt; and not a realm of old Romance merely, but both in Wales and Scotland, a healthy region of an actually living literature and of fresh and fascinating research.

"An appointment full of promise of future progress has been made to the M'Callum Celtic Lectureship, and the studies under it (as in the case of the classic languages) are held to qualify for a degree, so that even those who reckon time wasted which is not directed to that goal, may learn something of the characteristics of the language and traditions that still linger in the Highland glens—may come to recognise their delicacy and refinement of feeling, their sensitiveness to spiritual influences, the spirit of awe and reverence with which they realise the unseen, the glamour of their poetic sympathy. The Celtic race, especially that branch of it which has peopled our own stormy North, has been in many a field the champion of the lost cause, and has clung to it only the more loyally the more hopeless it became. Their language, however, is not lost, nor will it be, if we do our part in preserving its great inheritance of legend, of tradition, of poesy, of memories dear to the heart, and instinct with the genius of a brave, true-hearted people."

EALIE MARTIN.

A Story of a Skye Clearance.

by Chas. Mackinnon, Transvaal.

(*Continued from page 105.*)

XX.

Overhead the dingy clouds closed in. Snowflakes, drifting downward waveringly at first, now settled into a thick and steady fall that lent a suggestion of fatness to the atmosphere. The small gusts of wind were increasing in frequency and force.

Punctual to his undertaking, the lawyer hied back to Martin's house at the expiry of the stipulated time.

The door was closed as formerly. There was no visible evidence of actual or impending departure on the part of the inmates.

The work which his office had imposed on him was really little to the taste of Maclaw; less so the snow and the searching wind which now began to take part in the affair. Unaccustomed to exposure, he ruefully prognosticated to himself various ailments from the inclemency of the weather. This dread made him the more fractious.

His temper was now further rasped when he found that Martin had not stirred. More unflinchingly than ever he resolved to carry out his work with thoroughness and efficiency.

Martin answered his summons as before. Ealie stood behind him.

"Are you ready to go, now?" Maclaw inquired with impatient asperity which he made no effort to conceal.

"No: I already told you I do not mean to move."

"So be it. I told *you* what my intentions were in that event."

Martin flew into a passion.

"Now I warn you, Maclaw, I warn you," he cried as one goaded unendurably: "don't you attempt to lay hands on anything of mine. You'll regret it, if you do. I'll make you reckon for it, be it soon or late; and it will be tenfold, rest assured."

"Have your reckoning with him who orders this," Maclaw returned quietly and indomitably. "As for me and these, we only do our duty—and you know it."

"Duty!" Martin vituperated with a world of scorn; "if you and your pack had a grain of common manhood, nothing would have induced you to put hand to this vile and dirty work."

Resentment smouldered darkly among the men. It infected Maclaw.

"Enough of talk," the latter said. "You have already received more forbearance than you merit. The honest warning I gave, and the opportunity to go, you have recklessly disdained. Our instructions are peremptory, and I cannot temporise any further."

"Maclaw, with set face and lips compressed, turned and directed his men to set alight the thatch.

Martin stood rigid, refusing to realize or understand the order given and being executed.

Then, instantaneously at half a dozen different points he saw the flame spring up. In a few seconds the roof was crackling and in blaze, throwing upward a column of smoke made denser by the moisture which the thickly falling snow was imparting to the thatch.

Martin pulled himself together from his inaction. Casting off all reason and control, he flung himself upon Maclaw and clutched him by the throat. Maclaw was borne down upon the ground, his assailant sinking over him in grim retention of his hold.

In half a minute the man of law would have been absolutely strangled had his men not made a simultaneous set on Martin. With these also the latter entered into struggle. Being down, however, he was at a disadvantage, and was quickly overpowered.

"Oh, Dad? How could you; how could you?" Ealie, who had rushed out, upbraided him in tears.

The voice of his daughter only served to rouse the father to a fresh access of fury. Panting execrations at those who held him, he suddenly renewed the unequal contest.

His strivings were soon subdued once more.

Meanwhile, the house was burning fiercely. Above them upsoared the swirls of dense black smoke fed from the peatsoot with which the thatching was impregnated. The conflagration had already made such progress as to forbid any attempt to enter. Nothing, therefore, was able to be saved. Ealie and her father were outcasts, destitute of all their possesions beyond their attire.

The dog inside began to bay at this juncture. Almost at the same moment, having managed to become unfastened, it plunged out, and, witless with terror, took to the hills.

After a time Martin sobered down, and was permitted to get up. Ealie clung to him, half dreading—and with the object of preventing another outburst.

The soft thick snow continued to come down, bringing all things under its impartial sway; all things except the twining tongues of flame that writhed and licked among the timbers of the gradually collapsing house and of the outhouses now also seen to be in flames. Boisterous gusts of East wind fanned them into a furnace-like roar.

Standing by in silence, the men with folded

arms kept vigilant eye on Martin. Apart, but in safe proximity to them, Maclaw nursed his throat with gutteral ejaculations that no one heeded.

"What are you going to do, now?" he asked, directing the question at Martin and edging more closely to his men.

Martin preserved dour and sullen silence.

"You *must* go, you know; *must* remove yourself beyond the bounds of Major MacKintosh's estate."

Martin's glare, shed fierce and fell upon the speaker, made him cower nearer the protection of his band.

"Instantly, too," Maclaw said returning to the charge, for he had a pertinacious courage; "these are our instructions. If you object we must simply drive you out or carry you. Be it whatever way you make it, you must go."

"Better make for Broadbost to-night, Mr. Martin," a kindly intentioned fellow chimed in. "There's no place here even were you allowed to stay, which you are not."

Ealie drew her father unresistingly away.

Yes: they would go to Broadbost. They would put up at MacEachern's inn until the morrow, when they would proceed to auntie's at Glendrum.

Martin walked as a man bemused. He was docile to his daughter's guiding, but without seeming to apprehend or care whither they were bound.

Scarcely more perceptive were the faculties of Ealie herself. To get to Broadbost was alone the aim that dominated her now. All other thoughts were obliterated, all other feelings crushed beneath the complication of her woes.

They took the road, trackless underneath the virgin snow. As an added contribution to their miseries, the wind drove straight in their teeth powerful as strong dogs in the leash. The fall was thickening momentarily, rounding the prominent features of the landscape near at hand, and blotting out of view the more remote.

"They must be seen beyond the marches of the estate," Maclaw enjoined his men. "Follow them at some distance. When they reach Broadbost your work is done for the present, and you can go home."

"He himself set out for Craigan House to report matters to Major MacKintosh.

XXI.

When Major Mackintosh reached home that morning, after his discomfiting encounter with the old lady, a surprise awaited him that swept all other concerns indistinguishably from his mind.

Telegrams were at all times visitants so infrequent at Craigan House that it was never without feelings of trepidation the Major received one.

On the present occasion, with his son in constant peril at the front, and his own affairs in a most unsatisfactory flux, he had a spasm of anxiety when one of these missives was put into his hand.

Astonishment and gladness, tinged slightly with a sensation of uneasiness, filled him as he read it.

The wire was from his son. It had been despatched from the terminus of the railway on the mainland, and stated that the writer was journeying home, and was due to arrive at Broadbost that evening.

It was unquestionably extraordinary that the first intimation of the fact should reach the Major in this stunning fashion. For some little time he could hardly give it credence. He even went so far as to suspect a hoax.

A third or fourth perusal of the wire had the effect of allaying his doubts to some extent, although it could shed no light on the inexplicable conduct of the sender.

Just then the Major called to mind the circumstances in which his son had arrived when last he was home. He concluded that the young man had a *penchant* for coming unannounced. He nevertheless resolved to give him a round rating for his remissness.

The household was immediately apprised. In a few moments nothing prevailed but the confusion of putting things in readiness for the soldier's arrival.

During these operations Major MacKintosh walked about, unsettled in his mood. He felt a desire to communicate the news to some one, and, with that purpose, sought the stable for Sandy Tulloch. Sandy was absent, having gone to fetch the cattle home before the storm, now gathered and beginning, became worse.

The Major returned indoors. The childish desire to be delivered of the news to Sandy still importuned him until presently he discovered himself balancing in his mind whether he should follow him. The very idea was sufficient to ensure its own rejection, and made him more steady in his self-containment. He confined his pauseless perambulations to the rooms.

The tedium of the long afternoon was diversified by the visit of Maclaw. In his absorption, the Major had given scarce a thought to the affair of the crofters. The presence of his lawyer brought this topic up afresh and exclusively before his attention now; and in all its phases they discussed it over wine.

The obstinacy of Ewan Martin was, of course, the theme round which centred their remarks.

Nothing beyond that already done could have been accomplished by anyone; the conduct of this one crofter made nevertheless a disturbing flaw in the finish of the whole design. The Major could scarcely contain his resentment. It was, he averred, but the cope of a long series of annoyances suffered by him through the medium of that same man.

"However, he is now to all intents and purposes out of bounds," Maclaw assured him, relying on the performance of the injunctions he had laid upon his men. "He can scarcely dare attempt to trouble. If he does, let his shrift be short, for he is now in the position of a tresspassing outsider."

The Major, preoccupied, was not at the moment inclined to bother with hypotheses ahead. He drank his wine in silence, and heeded with but slight attention the sapient advice of his colloquist. Soon afterwards the abstractedness of his manner became so obvious that Maclaw could not fail to perceive it. The latter accordingly took leave, requesting to be kept informed of any further developments.

It was odd that while the Major had been thirsting to impart to somebody the news as to his son's approaching arrival, and had even played with the idea of tramping through the snow to confer it upon Sandy Tulloch, it should never have occurred to him to mention a syllable to Maclaw.

XXII.

Ealie and her father were but half way to Broadbost by the time the brief winter day began to close.

Their progress was toilsome and gradual. At every few yards they were forced to pause and turn their backs to the snow-laden gusts, to wipe its icy moisture from their eyes and faces, and to draw a breath.

Ever, on these occasions, they could perceive, following slowly in their wake, the employees of Maclaw. A respectable distance between them was preserved: none the less the fact was naked that they were being literally hounded from their home.

The reflection would sometimes make Martin's passion flare up in full and virile intensity, and he would determine to go back. But his daughter's entreaties prevailed, the more readily as his moral and physical strength were alike growing too enfeebled to sustain him.

Both were exhausted and benumbed. Food they had scarcely tasted that day, and their subsequent experiences had naturally deprived them of all stamina.

A partially sheltered plinth by the roadside invited them to take a much-needed rest. They turned to it and sat down.

The men who followed also ceased advancing. They bunched together, in discussion, evidently, as to what procedure to adopt in this impasse. By and by one detached himself from the group and came plodding through the snow to where Ealie and her father sat.

"Mr. Martin," he said with awkward, half reluctant show of deference: "the men are in a temper and are wishful to get home. They want you to move on. Our orders are to see you clear of the estate; and so long as you remain here so long will they also be kept hanging on."

"What care I? We'll take our rest here, should their marrows freeze. Tell them that from Ewen Martin."

"Mr. Martin, let me state plainly the men are already in an ugly mood—your own remarks about us having left us none too friendly with you. We are six: you two. If things are forced, they will be forced to be rough; and you answer for the consequences."

"Miss," he continued, addressing himself in earnest adjuration to Ealie, "for your own sake get him to move on. We simply *have* to see you clear off Major Mackintosh's property, and if our patience is broken we shan't hesitate at extreme measures over it."

He strode back to rejoin his companions.

Without much difficulty Ealie was able to coax her father to resume their course.

The short rest seemed, when they were once more afoot, to have but redoubled their fatigue. The snow, still in ceaseless fall, was becoming increasingly toilsome and most difficult to plod through. Both were worn down to a state of apathy in which, had either been alone, they would have capitulated to sink in lethal sleep on the spot whereon they stood.

As they came near the churchyard, Martin stepped out at a brisker pace, as if an inspiration had suddenly come to him. The girl found herself tasked to keep up with this new gait.

When they came abreast the wall Martin turned aside and made for the gate. The lower portion of it was buried in a ridge of snow which the wind was in process of swirling up against it.

Martin lifted the latch and essayed to open the gate, which, however, refused to move. He then placed a shoulder against the bars and forced it ajar.

Ealie, who had followed, watched the operation in perplexity.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

Martin entered at the gate, and, motioning her to do likewise, closed it behind them.

"Here, at least, we can take our rest," he

remarked, with a grimness that gave a tremor to his daughter.

She followed him over the white mounds of the graves and up the little slope whereon the ruined church was perched.

Within this roofless structure the snow lay carpeted as thickly as outside. At one end of it, however, there was a large chimney-like niche, in which, presumably, the pulpit had aforetime stood. Being in a measure sheltered, this portion was not so thickly bestrewn with the universal snow. There being nothing in the way of seating accommodation, father and daughter squatted down on the ground, close to each other for mutual warmth.

Soon the man who had before interviewed them made an appearance in the doorway. He mildly inquired what their purpose was in going there.

"*You* have nothing to do with that," Martin replied, angry and tart. "We're here. That's the end of it so far as you're concerned. Your work is now done. Go home."

The man looked mystified and puzzled.

"Our instructions are to see you clear of Major Mackintosh's property," he reiterated demurringly.

"We *are* clear of it."

The man looked round in search of explanation.

"This is none of Major Mackintosh's estate," Martin pursued; "this is parish property, and our share of it is bought and paid for as well as his. I defy him and all his crew to eject me from my own."

In the vehemence of his words Martin had got upon his feet. So determined and desperate was he in appearance that his interlocutor hurriedly withdrew.

"Poor Martin is going dotty," the latter told his companions commiseratingly, and explained.

Some of the number, however, upheld the justness of the crofter's attitude.

"Well, *we* did not contract to argy-bargy on this matter; we naturally took it that it had been thrashed out all before, and that our work was clear and straightforward. Seeing that this new argument has been fished up, I vote that we go home. When they have settled it among themselves, they can send for us again."

This view, voiced by one, commended itself to all. They were in such a perishing plight that an excuse far flimsier would have sufficed to bring them to the same resolve.

Accordingly, not without a vague sense of bafflement, they pushed homeward without further tarry.

(To be concluded.)

"OHI MI SIN IS FUAIGHIDH MI SO."

LE DOMHULL MAC-FHIONGHAIN AN DUNEIDEANN.

I.

CHA 'n 'eil fhios cuin, no gu ro mhaith c' àite, an do shaothraich an duine misneachail mu 'n luaidhear na facail so. Dh' fhaoidte nach robh an duine riamh ann; nach robh bith no dachaidh aige ach ann an ceann an fhir a chuir an sgeul air chois. Is maith leinn a bhi ceangal smuain no teagasg de 'n t-seòrsa so ri àite no ri urra air chor-eigin. Is ann mar so a tha sgeul na Féinne fuaighte ri àite sònruichte, ri creig no allt no tobar no tulach air chor-eigin an sid is an so air feadh na Gàidhealtachd 's na h-Eireann. Tha sgeul an Tàilleir ainmeil so de 'n ghné cheudna. Rinn a thùrn 's a thapadh iomraiteach e; agus is toigh le mac an duine bhi 'g agairt eòlais is cairdeas orrasan a tha cliùiteach is ainmeil. Anns na cearnan de 'n Gaidhealtachd 's an eòlaiche mise, far an labhrar a' Ghàidhlig, ma 's fhìor Niall Mòr Mac Ailpein, dìreach mar a chluinnteadh à beul Eubha i, theirear gu 'm buineadh an Tàilleir foghainteach so do I-Chalum-chille, agus feuchaidh muinntir Idhe dhuit sliochd inean na cròige mosaich a theab fòghnachdainn do 'n Tàilleir, ann an ursainn na h-Eaglais Mhòir gus an là an diugh. A ris dheanadh muinntir taobh Loch-Odha an Tàilleir dhoibh fhéin. Agus na 'n cuirteadh cuairt air a' Ghàidhealtachd cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach fhaigteadh uiread àitean ag agairt còir air curaidh na snàthaide 's a gheibhear anns a' Ghréig ag agairt còir air Homer, no 'n ar measg fhéin air Fionn, air Oisein, 's air Naomh Pàdruig. Ach cha chluinn na Tuathaich iomradh air àite d' am buin an duine gleusta so ach a' Mhanachainn. Agus cò a ghabhas air a ràdh gu bheil na Tuathaich ceàrr? So an sgeul mar tha e air innseadh ann an leabhar Mhic Neacail, far am bheil iomadh aon maith a bharrachd:

Uaireigin de 'n t-saoghal chuir Tàilleir tapaidh a bha 's a' Mhanachainn geall gu 'm fuaigheadh e paidhear osan ann an Eaglais Chillechriosd' air druim a' mheadhon-oidhche. Bha ainm gu 'n robh tamhasg eagallach a' tathaich na h-eaglais 's an àm. Air oidhche shònruichte chaidh an Tàilleir,—e fhéin is aodach 's a shnàth 's a shnàthad 's a sholus—do 'n eaglais. Shuidh e dlùth do 'n dorus, agus bha e a' fuaigheal fad uair an uaireadair gun ni chur dragh air. Bhuail an dà uair dheug: agus an uair a bha fuaim a' bhuille mu dheireadh a' seirm troimh 'n fhàrdaich, mhothaich an Tàilleir cruth oillteil dlùth air, agus chual e guth nach buineadh do 'n t-saoghal so 'n a chluais, ag ràdh: "Fhaic thu an ceann mòr liath is e gun bhiadh, a Thàilleir!" "Chi mi sin, ach fuaighidh mi so," fhreagair an Tàilleir, 's e

leantainn air obair. Thainig an tamhasg na b' fhaisge, is chualas an guth ceudna rithist: "Fhaic thu an sgòrnan fada riabhach is e gun bhiadh, a Thàilleir!" "Chi mi sin is fuaighidh mi so," ars' an Tàilleir. Uidh air n-uidh bha an t-aogasg mallaichte a' tighinn na bu dlùithe 's na bu dlùithe, 's an guth a' dol na bu ghairisniche 's na bu ghairisinche: "Fhaic thu a' cholunn mhòr riabhach is i gun bhiadh, a Thàilleir!" "Fhaic thu an t-sliasaid reamhar, riabhach, is i gun bhiadh, a Thàilleir!" "Fhaic thu an gàirdean fada riabhach, is e gun bhiadh, a Thàilleir!" Cha robh freagairt aig an Tàilleir ach an t-aon: "Chi mi sin ach fuaighidh mi so"; agus air an fhuaigheal lean e, an dìnnisg a chridhe. Cha robh ach cupall ghreum gun chur, agus cha robh a' chairbh uamhasach ach cupall troidh bhuaithe, 'n uair a chunnaic an Tàilleir an làmh sgreataidh ud, gun fheòil gun chraiceann, a' tighinn mu thuairéam, 's a chual e 'n guth aon uair eile: "Fhaic thu a chròg mhòr fhada riabhach is i gun bhiadh, a Thàilleir!" Ach bha an greum mu dheireadh a nis fuaighte. Sgriob an Tàilleir leis a chuid osan, 's a mach thug e. 'N a dhéigh an t-olc. 'Nuair a bha e eadar da bhì an doruis, mhothaich e ìnean an rosaid, mar thurcais dheirg ann an ploc a dhà mhàis. Ach fhuair e as beò. Agus gus an latha 'n diugh chithear ann an cloich-ursainn Eaglais Chillechriosd sliochd inean an uamhais, a' toirt dearbhaidh gu bràth air treubhas an Tàilleir 's air fìrinn an sgeoil.

Co dhiù bha buu no bàrr riamh aig an sgeul so no nach robh, thug e gun teagamh toilinntinn, agus, nach faod mi ràdh, buannachd do iomadh aon d' ar cinneadh o'n a chualas an toiseach e. Nach 'eil e freagarrach, mata, fheòraich, ciod a' ghne inntinn leis am bu choir dhuinne, 'n ar latha fhéin, sealltainn air uirsgéil de 'n t-seòrsa so? Tha fhios againn air beachd Easbuig Earraghaidheal a sgriobh os cionn tri cheud bliadhna mu 'n cheart nì so. B' i barail an duine fhòghluimte sin gu 'm faodadh a luchd-dùthach an aire a thoirt do nithean a b' fheumaile 's a b' fheàrr. So a chainnt, air a h-atharrachdh gu dreach ar lathane: "Agus is mòr an doille agus an dorchadas peacaidh agus sgriobhaidh agus còmhdaich na Gàidhlig, gur mò is miann leo agus gur mò a ghnàthaicheas iad eachdraidhean diomhanach buaireanta, breugach, saoghalta a chumadh air Tuathaibh De Dhanann, agus ar Maca-Milidh, agus air na Curaidhean, agus air Fionn Mac Cumhail 's air Fhianntan, agus air moran eile . . . . na briathran dìleas Dhe agus slighe fhoirfe na firinn a sgriobhadh 's a dheachadh 's a chòmhdach." Agus nach 'eil e fìor gu 'n robh 's gu bheil a' mhòr-chuid d' ar luchd-teagaisg ann na Gàidhealtachd na h-Alba a dh' aon bheachd ri Carsalach mòr Charnasairidh? Tha e gun teagamh dearbhta gu 'n do ghabh na Gàidheil o shean mòran tlachd ann an aithris Sgeulachdan. Creididh mi gu 'n d' thug ar n-aithrichean tuilleadh na bu chòir d' an aire do Litreachas de'n t-seorsa so. Tha mi fhéin air a h-aon de 'n bheachd nam biodh barrachd dhiubh cosmhuil ri Tàilleir gaisgeil na Manachainn, nan d' thug iad an aire na bu mhodha air fuaigheal 's na bu lugha air bòcain, gu 'n robh, ann an cainnt Oisein (no Sheumais Mhic Mhuirich) slios na h-aimsir na bu bhallaiche le an euchdan na tha e; gu 'n robh an eachdraidh na bu chliùitiche; 's gu 'n robh an sliochd na bu chumhachdaiche 's an t-saoghal na tha iad an diugh. Agus foadar aideachadh gu bheil cuid de na seann sgeulachdan, mar a thuirt easbuig nan casa mora, "diomhanach, breugach, saoghalta." Ach nach 'eil an aite féin aca ann an eachdraidh 's ann an cridhe an t-sluaigh? Agus nach 'eil e fior, ma chuir ar n-aithrichean cus urraim air na sgeulachdan, gu 'n do chuir ar luchd-teagaisg-ne, o chionn iomadh bliadhna, tuilleadh 's a chòir an suarachas iad? Ma chaidh na seann daoine thar an each mòr, an cum sin gun dol, gu bràth tuilleadh, air mharcachd?

Tha Sgeulachdan a' Ghaidheil de'n aon ghne ri Sgeulachdan gach Fine 's gach Sluaigh, geal is dubh is ruadh, air an cualas iomradh. Tha iad a' gleidheadh air chuimhne a bheag no mhòr de bhéul-aithris an t-sluaigh mu Eachdraidh, mu Chleachdadh, 's mu Chreideamh an stuic o'n d' fhàs iad. "Cha 'n fhaicear ach caol na bh' ann," ach is ann ri leus na Sgeulachd a's fheàrr is léir dhuit am beagan a tha nis r'a fhaicinn. Chaidh na seann Sgeulachdan Gàidhealach troimh iomadh beairt; agus cha'n 'eil teagamh nach d' fheuch na figheadairean ri suidheachadh am breacan fhéin a thoirt daibh; ach gabh iad mar a tha iad, sgriobhta anns na seann leabhraichean, no air meomhair sheann daoine, agus cuir 'nan seasamh iad, guala ri guala, ris na Sgeulachdan a's motha meas air an t-saoghal—ri Sgeulachdan na h-Aird-an-Ear, ri Sgeulachdan na Gréig, na Ròimh, ri Sgeulachdan nan Gall is Lochlainn, agus saoilidh mi nach ruigear a leas nàire a ghabhail asda, aon chuid 'n am blas no 'n am brìgh. O shean bhatar ag amharc air na Sgeulachdan so mar Eachdraidh a bha uile gu léir fior. Is ann mar so a laimhsich na seann Sgoilearan Gàidhlig iad. Leugh is dh' eadar-theangaich na Gàidheil, agus b' iadsan na ceud sgoilearan an cearn an Iar na h-Eorpa e rinn an tùrn—leugh is dh' eadartheangaich iad Sgeulachdan nan Greugach 's nan Romanach; euchdan Ercoil is Iasoin is Æneais, Sgeulachd na Tròidhe 's ná Téib; ach chuir iad an neo-or-thainig uiread meas ais an curaidhean fhein 's a chuir iad air aona Ghreugach na Ròmanach a sheas riamh

air bonn. An uair a bha Bricne Nimhtheanga a' seirm cliu Fhearghuis ann an cluais Fhlìdais, so a chainnt a chleachd e—"Ged a bhith inn-sa agus seachd cinn orm, agus seachd beoil anns gach ceann, agus seachd teanganna anns gach beul, agus seachd so-labhairt ollaimh air gach teangaidh, cha ruiginn air an laoch a mholadh mar bu chòir. Oir am measg laoch na talmhainn cha 'n fhaighear a mhac-samhuil, agus cha chualas riamh roimhe iomradh air a sheise, ach Lugh Lamhfhada a bha an cath Mhaighe Tuireann agus Ercoil mac Amphitrioin sàr-laoch nan Greugach, agus Echtoir mac Phrìm sàr-laoch nan Tròidheanach; agus bheir mise m' fhacal gur fheàrr Fearghus na gach laoch dhuibh sin—an gaisge, an cruth, an céill, an inbhe, am meanma, an cliu, agus an tiodhlacadh òir agus ionmhais." Tha an t-ollamh comasach so a' cur Lugh Lamhfhada priomh laoch nan Tuatha Dé Dhanann, is Ercoil, ceud churaidh na Gréige, agus Eachainn, sar ghaisgeach na Troidhe, taobh ri taobh; agus a' cur a' churaidh Ghaidhealaich, Fearghus mac Roich, os an cionn uile.

O chionn iomadh bliadhna tha a Ghaidhlig a' call a h-àite 's a meas an Albainn, agus faodaidh e bhith gu 'n robh an fhìrinn aig Uistean Mac Dhomhnuill' Chillepheadair 'nuair a labhair e mar so—"Is e am buille a's truime fhuair a' chanain-sa riamh gu 'n deachaidh an teaghlach rioghail do Shasunn, agus gu 'n robh moruaislean na Gàidhealtachd 'g an leantainn. Bha iad sin a' toirt cleachdaidh agus cànain Shasuinn agus na Galltachd air an ais. Bha barrachd coimh-mheasgadh, bho'n aimsir sin eadar Gàidheil is Gaill, agus bha riaghladh na rioghachd uile ag oidhearpachadh gus a' chànain-sa chur as, gus an robh na Gàidheil, a lion beag is beag, a' call an tlachd do ghnàthachadh agus do mheasalachd cànain neartmhor an sinnseara, air chor is nach mor nach deachaidh iad air chall gu léir." Mar a sheinn ministeir Chille Naoinein am Muile, gu tùireseach ach gu ro fhìor mu'n Ghàidhlig:—

"Thuit i 'san Tùr maraon le h-Ughd'raibh féin,
'S na Flaith 'm bu dath i ghabh d'a cùmhdach spéis;
Reic iad 's a' Chùirt i air cainnt ùir o'n dé,
'S do thréig le tàir, bu nàr leo 'n cànain fhéin."

Ach cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach d' fhuair Litreachas nan Gaidheal buille trom trom o ar luchd-teagaisg fein. Anns an linn a chaidh seachad bha na seann Sgeulachdan, gu sònnichte air Ghàidhealtachd, air an cur sios mar sheanachas faoin gun bhrigh'—ruaisean a bha air an sniomh a cinn dhaoine aig nach robh na b' fheàrr r'a dheanamh. Chaidh Sgeulachdan, Bàrdachd is Ceòl an t-Sluaigh a chàineadh mar nithean cronail leis na Carsalaich 's le 'n luchd leanmhuinn. Ach cùis gle iongantach leughadh iad féin le toilinntinn Sgeulachdan is Bàrdachd na Ghréig 's na Ròimh. 'S ann de 'n Lithreachas Ghàidhlig a mhàin d' an d' thug iad beum. Bha an còmhnuidh feadhainn d' ar luchd teagaisg aig an robh beachdan cothromach mu 'n chùis so, agus a h-uile urram dhoibh! Ach mu'n mhòr chuid nach e an t-atharrach a tha fior? Nach 'eil e fior gu 'n rachadh ar maighstirean-sgoil 's ar ministeirean de na bailtean mòra a dh' ionnsachadh air son an dreuchd, gu 'n lionadh iad an cinn de fhaoineis nan Greugach 's nan Ròmanach, agus 'n uair a thilleadh iad air an ais de na Glinn 's de na h-Eileanan gu 'n tugadh iad taobh fuar na còmhla dhoibhsan a bha gleidheadh meas air Bardachd 's air Ceòl an dùthcha. Tha bhuil ann. Thug iad Litreachas 'nan Gàidheal gu beag meas aig baile, 's gu tur thàir air Ghaidhealtachd.

Ach nach 'eil latha 's fheàrr a' briseadh. Tha a' Ghàidhlig is Litreachas nan Gàidheal a' togail an cinn. Tha Sgeulachdan nan Sluagh 'g an leughadh a nis le daoine foghluimte an t-Saoghail, cha 'n ann mar Eachdraidh a tha uile fior, no idir mar sheanachas gun bhrigh, ach mar thigh-tasgaidh a ghleidh beò, am measg iomadh ni air bheag feum an sid 's an so, gràn a's luachmhoire na a chudthrom de'n òr. Anns an t-seadh so tha na Sgeulachdan Gàidhlig thar tomhais fiachail, agus tha an luach air aideachadh leis na Sgoilearan 's àirde fòghlum. Thuirt an Gearmailteach, Zimmer o chionn ghoirid, gu 'n do ghléidh an Gàidheal, 'na Sgeulachdan, a sheana bheachdan, a gheintlidheachd, na 's gloine na Fine eile 's an Roinn-Eòrpa. Tha an duine comasach, Alfred Nutt, is iomadh saoi eile, a' ruidleadh 's a' criathradh nan Sgeulachdan rioghachdan eile; a' gleidheadh an t-sil gu cùramach 's a leigeil a' mhuill leis a' ghaoite. Agus direach mar a théid an Cànanaiche ga maith dlùth air innseadh dhuinn mar a labhradh màithair nam fineachan so mu 'n do sgaoil an teaghlach gach leith 's gach taobh, le bhi toirt sheann fhacal gach cànain dhiubh fo ghloine-amhairc, innsidh an Sàr so eile dhuit, le bhi coimeas r'a cheile Sgeulachdan nan Sluagh fa leth, roinn mhòr de bheachdan, de chleachdadh 's de chraideamh de shinnsearach mu 'n de dhealaich Gàidheal is Gall, Greugach is Ròmanach, Sclàbh is Innseanach a choimhlionadh an dàin air faiche mhòr an t-saoghail. De 'n Charsalach cha robh ann an Sgeulachdan nan Tuatha Dé nan Curaidhean, 's nam Fianntan ach "Eachdraidhean diomhanach, buaireanta, breugach, saoghalta." Tha meas eile orra an diugh. 'Na cainnt dhoilleir chi am fear d'am léir, ach mar troimh ghloine, an Gaidheal ag ithead 's ag òl, 'na shuidhe 's 'na luidhe, aig obair 's 'na thàmh, ri cogadh 's ri suiridhe, cian mu 'n do chuir e cas riamh 's na h-Eileanan so.

Tha e gun teagamh 'na chromadh-cinn dhuinne gu bheil barrachd meas aig coigrich air ar Litreachas na tha aig ar sluagh fhéin, Nach iongantach an gnothach, nach fhaodainn a ràdh, nach nàrach an gnothach, gu 'm feum maighstirean-sgoil is ministeirean Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba bhi air an teagasg 's air an ceasnachadh ann an Eachdraidh 's an Cànainean na Roinn-Eòrpa, marbh is beò, ach a mhàin ann an Eachdraidh 's an Cànain an t-Sluaigh a tha iad r' a theagasg? Ciamar a' s urrainn fìor dhuinealas no féin-mheas a bhi beò am measg Sluaigh fhad 's a bhios cùisean mar so? Saoilidh mi nach aobhar uaill do 'n mhaighstir-sgoil no do 'n mhinisteir Ghaidhealach gu bheil e na 's eòlaiche air euchdan Ercoil na tha e air euchdan Chuchulainn, gur fhearr leis Dido na Deirdre, gu bheil Horace aige air a theangaidh 's nach leugh e smid de Dhonnachadh Bàn. Na nithe so bu chòir dha a dheanamh, 's gun na nithean ud eile fhàgail gun deanamh. Nan robh 'san àm a dh' fhalbh, barrachd meas aig ar luchd teagaisg air Litreachas an t-sluaigh bhiodh Gaidheil an là diugh na b' fhòghluimte na tha iad agus an nco-ar-thaing cho stuama. Cha' n ann a chionn gur e Litreachas a' Ghaidheil is taitniche dhasan. "'S ann air mo sgillinn fhin a gheibhinn am blas," their an Leòdhasach. Air mo shon fhein dheth, abradh na Carsalaich mar thogras iad, cha bu mhaith leam gu 'n biodh mo chlann fhein no clann nan coimhearsnach gun iomradh chluinntinn air Bodach an Spilgein, air Gigein is Guaigean, air Murachadh is Mearachadh 's air Uirsgeil eile de 'n t-seorsa. Eachdraidh is Cànain is Litreachas do dhùthcha! Ged bhiodh do cheann cho lan de dh' eolas 's a tha an t-ubh de bhiadh, cha 'n 'eil thu ach air t' fhior dhroch-ionnsachadh mur h-aithne dhuit iad.

(Ri leantainn.)

To WILLIAM BLACK.

By LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

The mighty waves, storm driven, broke in ceaseless roar—
Ghost-like in silence, foamflakes gathered on the shore—
Safe from the reach of breaking waves, I saw a boat,
I read her name, "The Dream," and as I read it o'er
A vision passed before my eyes, and I beheld
My friend embark, and setting sail, borne by the tide,
Steering "The Dream" as in the happy days of yore,
With eyes plunged into ether depths, and soul transfixed
By speechless beauty all around—and listening
To the throb of wave or water drip from resting oar,
Reach those deep seas where reigns the calm,
Where sleeps the storm—
For ever more.

Feb. 20, 1906.

THE CURSE.

THE following poem is founded on an interesting episode relating to the famous Keppoch curse, laid by the wife of Ranald Mor, chief of Keppoch, on the then chief of Mackintosh, who was her own brother. The cause being the treacherous betrayal of her husband to the Government troops, and his consequent death by beheading at Elgin, also the murder of his third son John at Moy Hall; both father and son having been invited thither to a banquet. This third lawful son of Ranald Mor is most unfortunately confounded by the Authors of a recent History of Clan Donald with John Dubh of Bohuntin, his illegitimate son by a weaveress of Bohuntin, whose descendants to this day are known in Lochaber as "sliochd na ban fhigheach." Such a serious error will, it is hoped, in common fairness to the family of Keppoch, be corrected by the Authors.

The curse lasted three hundred years, the late chief of Mackintosh, and brother of the present chief, being the first son to succeed a sire since the curse was laid, the stipulated three hundred years having then expired.

"Gheibh baobh a guidhe, ach cha 'n fhaigh a h-anam trocair."—*Old Gaelic Proverb.*

Prologue.

Gloom of the unknown forest, where no human step hath stirred,
Gloom of the depths of the pine woods, where no song bird's note is heard.
Gloom of the storm lashed ocean, black, limitless waste of waves,
Gloom of the shrieking voices, crying through the empty caves.
Gloom of the lonely places, haunted by viewless forms,
Gloom of the pain scarred faces, no heat of emotion warms.
Gloom of the shut in nature, craving the grace of speech,
Gloom of the hours of silence, where no human aid may reach.
Gloom of the hate of kindred, the fires of jealousy nurse,
But the gloom of the doom most dreaded, is an injured woman's curse.

The Vision.

Night, and the silence of mountains piling up to the sky,
Night, and the breaking voices of waters hidden and shy;
Night, and the clear cold moonbeams cast o'er the slumbering woods,
Where the oak, the ash, and the hazel, drooping in dreamland broods.

Night, and the deep, dark shadows, on the brown burn's wavering crest,
Night, and the soft small whirrings of bird life crooning to rest;
Night, and the wonder of beauty, steeping the hills of Glenroy,
With the air of a delicate mystery, no alien sounds destroy.

Out from the mystic silence, a shadow from history's page,
Clad in the clinging garments, that told of a bygone age;
Pressed through the velvet mosses, with footsteps noiseless and light,
Paused 'neath the waving branches, full in my awe-struck sight.

Orbs of the deep brown colour, the russet of Autumn wears,
Filled with a wondrous sadness the patience of penitence bears;
Something of kindred's pulsing, stirred through my throbbing veins,
Spake in my trembling accents, brake through my terror's chains.

"Shadow, among the shadows cast by the moonbeams pale,
Pass, by the grey cloud barriers, rend thou the filmy veil;
Speak! if thine eyes' dim anguish the ache of a heart would share;
Speak! if the long dark silence may break through the year's despair.

"Speak! if thou'rt nought but a phantom an o'er-wrought fancy weaves,
Speak! if thou'rt nought but a flicker, conjured by wizard leaves;
Pass thou the grey cloud barriers, rend thou the filmy veil,
Shadow, cast in the habit of a woman slight and pale."

The Voice of the Vision.

"Red runs the Roy, and the song of its joy, as it storms o'er its rocky bed,
Is broken and hoarse, in its careless course, for the chief, and the murdered dead,
There's a sob in the waters, heard in the night, a warning of dool and pain,
For the joy of my life betrayed, and the wife bereft for a brother's gain.

"The eagles screamed from the corries' depth, and the wild cat scoured the wood
That night, with the mew of the traitors' call that lured to a doom of blood;
The distaff fell from my chilling hands, and the red rose fled my cheek,
For I felt in my soul Clan Chattan's wiles, and the lie on his false tongue speak.

"The banquet is spread, old rancour is dead, I plead but a true behest,"
He spake, "For my kin, and he of my blood, my hall but awaits the guest."
O, brother of shame! I wept that the name you bore was once my own,
For the vision that rose in my shuddering eyes, would the ties of race dethrone.

"Go not, beloved!" I cried, "nor trust in the wild cat's paw, our boy:
'*Touch not the cat, bot the glove*' ye know, he waits but the power to destroy.
Ah! loved of my heart, a woman's eye, sees far through a nature thrawn,
Where the man unwitting is caught in the mesh, by unscrupulous fingers drawn.

"In vain I pleaded, and urged my fears, my love 'gainst his loyal trust,
He could not deem a brother's hand would deal him a traitor's thrust.

So, Keppoch's Chief, and my youngest boy, *Ian Mo ghaol*, went forth,
To meet their doom, with their trusting hearts, where he dwelt in the cruel North.

"All night the winds soughed by, and sobbed in the larch, and the red-ribbed pine,
I durst not sleep, for I heard the moan of the stag hounds drag to an eerie whine,
O, wae is me! for the Roy ran red as blood 'gainst the rocking stones,
And the spae-wife's shawl was drawn and spread, as she muttered in fitful groans.

"Long, long, I watched by the Castle Gate, and looked for the mountain path,
Beyond the hills of the fair Glenroy, where they'd come by its flowery strath.
Against my will, did my broken heart speak out, and its tale foretold,
For the kiss I laid on the living brows, struck chill on my lips, and cold.

"They told of the gaping wounds that stained his halls in a stream of red,
They told of the noble prisoner's fate, to the gibbet at Elgin led!
No moan made I, though my blood ran white as molten fire in my veins,
Till I spake the words in my maddened pain, no thought of the judgment seat restrains.

"O God, Thou forgavest the curse that fell from a tortured mind distraught,
The curse that clave from sire to son, a brother's treacherons deed had brought.
Thou traitor chief of Clan Chattan's high and one time honoured name,
The bed thou gav'st in blood, is thine to reap in eternal shame!

"For three hundred long and cursed years no son shall succeed in thine ancient hall,
Guard as ye may the precious heir, on thy hopes, on his life, my curse shall fall.
Death!—grim, relentless, meted me, shall sever each loving tie,
As alien Chief, to chief, shall succeed, and in barren succession die!

"My brother shrieked as he heard, for he knew that my woman's curse would hold,
When she who had spoken the words lay quiet on the brow of the hill and cold.
That his name and race were condemned to see no son succeed to a chief's desire,
In childhood days, or in early prime, they should wither and pass, by a woman's ire.

"Alas! my curse hath held as I spake, through three long hundred years:
But ah! my poor soul passed away in wild unrest and bitter tears.
Condemned, till the curse I laid was raised, and son succeeded to sire once more,
To dree the days of penitence sore, nor seek my rest on the blessed shore."

The tale is told, and the Vision passed
To her peace eternal, and rest at last!

ALICE C. MACDONELL of Keppoch.

Note I.—"The curse spoken shall be granted, but the soul that laid the curse shall not find rest."

Note II.—The motto of the Clan Chattan.

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.

APRIL, 1906.

CONTENTS.

JOHN MACDONALD, Kansas, U.S.A.—The bound back numbers required to complete vols. 4 to 13 have been posted. We are glad to learn that you find so much in the back vols. worth re-reading. We appreciate the following compliment which you pay the *Celtic*—"You are doing a great work for the Highlands, in putting into permanent form so much of story and song, of pictures, portraits and history. Your *Monthly* should be read by every Highlander, and by every descendant of Highlanders. In looking over the back vols. I read with great pleasure the sketches of my old schoolmate, the late Dr. Kenneth Chisholm, and our teacher away back in the fifties, Dr. Alex. Finlayson of Munlochy, and also that of Major Alex. Burgess of Gairloch. The pretty picture of Gairloch, Ross-shire, where I used to 'rin aboot the braes' in the days of Auld Lang Syne, interested me very much." Doubtless some of our Gairloch readers will discover in our correspondent a school-fellow in the days of long ago. Mr. W. C. Mackenzie's "History of the Outer Hebrides" can still be had, price 13/6, post free.

COLONEL FORBES AND THE 74TH HIGHLANDERS.

SIR,—Could it be possible to get a copy of the Minute of the Glasgow Gaelic Club which entertained Colonel Forbes and his Corps (the 74th Highlanders) on their visit to Glasgow when raised about 1787? Recently you made some allusion to this old Club in the *Celtic*. It would be interesting to know if there are any particulars in the Minutes relating to the Regiment or its officers. Any information on this subject, or regarding Colonel Forbes, will be esteemed by—Yours truly,

LACHLAN FORBES (Major).

"Good-Night to Skye."

(The late Colin Hunter's picture, with above title, in Kelvingrove Art Galleries, Glasgow).

"Good-night to Skye!" The sun is sinking,
And all the west glows fiery-red;
Blue are the shadows on the mountains—
"Good-night to Skye!" for day has fled!

Like a dream-island, misty, shadowed,
"Eilean a' Cheo" lies calm and still
Upon the bosom of the waters,
Cloud-capped her every shapely hill.

"Good-night to Skye!" O, far-off island!
The canvas here brings back once more
The old sweet memories of my childhood,
Dear visions of thy sea and shore.

M. T. MACGREGOR.

"REVERIES," BY ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.—This charming little volume is a second edition, and no one who has read the volume can wonder that the first edition is exhausted. From internal evidence we infer that the author is that most enthusiastic of Gaels, Lord Archibald Campbell, who has contributed so much valuable material to our Highland literature. Most of the "Reveries" are brief, but all display the true poetic feeling, which may be fairly claimed as a characteristic of the present representatives of the House of Argyll. The Duke has composed several excellent poems. This volume is well worthy of a place on every Highlander's bookshelf, and we heartily recommend it to our readers. The following lines suggest a bay in the Island of Mull, and a family well known in the isles of the west:—

SONG.

Dedicated to PHEMIE MACLAINE,
Aged Three.

I know an isle where rowans redden,
Redden in the falling spray,
Where rainbows, born of sun and mist,
Dissolve—and pass in mist away!—
Where wild waves thunder on the beach,
And foam wreaths mark a curving bay;
Where caves re-echo mystic music,
Mermaids' music, so men say;
Were ivy clasps an ancient keep,
And bugle calls announce the day!
I know that land where rowans redden—
Redden in the falling spray:
Where rainbows born of sun and mist
Dissolve—and pass—in mist away.

PYKE FAMILY.—The writer seeks information concerning one, Pyke or Pike, a linen merchant in Edinburgh, *circa* 1750, who married a Stewart or Stuart. They seem to have had one son, James M'Pike, who came to America in 1772. Can any reader elucidate this problem or suggest a method whereby it may be solved?

Illinois, U.S.A. EUGENE FAIRFIELD M'PIKE.

"SUTHERLAND BOOKLET."—The County of Sutherland Association, Glasgow, are publishing a most interesting booklet, containing a variety of valuable papers on Sutherland topics, by well-known writers. The price is 8d., post free. Full particulars will be found in our advertising pages.

EDUCATION IN THE HIGHLANDS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

By WILLIAM MACKAY, Solicitor, Inverness.

THE Highlands of Scotland owe the introduction of letters to the early Christian missionaries. "One of the most striking features of the organisation of the early monastic Church in Ireland and Scotland," says the late Dr. Skene, "was its provisions for the cultivation of learning, and for the training of its members in sacred and profane literature; so that it soon acquired a high reputation for the cultivation of letters, and drew to it students from all quarters, as the best school for the prosecution of all, and, especially, theological studies." When St. Columba landed in Scotland in the year 563, he brought with him that love of learning which he had imbibed at the Irish school of Clonard; and we are told by his biographer, Adamnan, that, at his establishment in Iona, he "never could spend even one hour without study or prayer, or writing, or some other holy occupation." He was the author of hymns and other productions in Latin and Gaelic; and such was the reputation which he and his followers acquired for learning, that people from all parts of Britain were drawn to Iona for study, among them being Aldfrid, who, in 685, became King of Northumbria. Among other Celtic ecclesiastical establishments which in those early times kept the lamp of knowledge burning, may be mentioned those of Rosemarkie, supposed to have been founded in the sixth century; Applecross, founded by Maolrubha in 673; and Dunkeld, Kilmun, Deer, and Turiff. In these houses learned functionaries, known in Gaelic as *scribhnidh*, and in Latin as *scriba*, studied and wrote, and lectured and taught, as early as the seventh century. In the eighth and ninth they were superseded by the *firleiginn*, who continued to be the principal teachers down to the thirteenth century. In addition to these learned men, there was a lower class of students called *scolocs* —we have still the word in the Gaelic *sgalag*, a farm servant—poor searchers after knowledge, who received education in the monasteries in return for their services as labourers on the church lands, and who appear in the monastic records as late as the fourteenth century.

The literature studied in the early Celtic Church consisted chiefly of the Bible, the works of the early Christian fathers, lives of Irish and Scottish saints, sermons and confessions, and Latin and Gaelic hymns; and the recording of the traditions of the Church and the saints, and of the notable events of the period, frequently afforded congenial employment to the industrious clerics. Numerous

LATIN AND GAELIC MANUSCRIPTS

of those distant times have come down to us—most of them supposed to have been written in Ireland; but one of them at least—the Book of Deer, which contains the Gospel of St. John and portions of the other three Gospels, the Apostles' Creed, and the fragment of an Office for the Visitation of the Sick, all in Latin, and the Legend of the Foundation of the Church of Deer, and memoranda of grants of land and privileges bestowed on it, in Gaelic—is undoubtedly of Scottish origin.

It is impossible now to determine to what extent the common people participated in the knowledge imparted in those Celtic monasteries. The probability is, that the teaching was very much confined to the inmates and to a few of the better classes; but the existence of the *scolocs* seems to show that the poorer people were not wholly excluded.

In the eleventh and twelfth centuries,

THE CELTIC CHURCH,

which had suffered greatly during the Norse invasions, gradually merged into the Church of Rome, and, under the fostering care of the kings and landowners, great and well-endowed monasteries took the place of the smaller religious houses which formerly existed. In these new institutions the study of the literature of the age was steadily pursued; and the education supplied in many of the abbeys and priories of Scotland, from the thirteenth century to the Reformation, was almost as high as was to be obtained in the ordinary universities of Europe. And it is also certain that the religious establishments of that period provided the poor with the means of education to a very considerable extent.

Among the institutions to which Highland boys of position and promise resorted before the Reformation, for educational purposes, were the religious houses of Beauly, Rosemarkie, Fearn, Kinloss, Kingussie, and Ardchattan; but of the state of education during that period the glimpses we get are few and far between. Not to leave the Inverness district, however, we find that, in 1505, George Dawson taught within the priory of Beauly, where there was a large library of books and manuscripts, and made himself most obliging in educating the children of the surrounding gentlemen. Thirty years later, Robert Reid, prior of Beauly and abbot of Kinloss, greatly encouraged learning. Under his superintendence, John Person, a Cistercian monk, instructed the youth of Beauly; and in 1541 such of these as were intended for the Church were removed to Kinloss, where they sat for three years at the feet of Ferrarius, a Piedmontese scholar whom Prior Reid had

induced to settle there. Ferrarius himself informs us that his course of lectures embraced such subjects as the works of Aristotle, Cicero, Virgil, Erasmus, and Melancthon. The good Robert Reid subsequently became Bishop of Orkney, and Lord President of the Court of Session. At his death he left a sum of money for the maintenance at the Universities of gentlemen's sons "that had good spirits" but had not the whereupon to prosecute their studies; and another fund for the education of young gentlewomen left unprovided for by their parents.

In addition to these monastic schools, there were from an early period

GRAMMAR SCHOOLS IN ELGIN,

Inverness, Fortrose, and other northern burghs; and the sons of the larger landowners frequently received their education on the Continent. The Master of Lovat, for example, who fell at the clan battle of Blar-na-leine, in 1544, was an accomplished scholar, who first studied at Beauly, and thereafter in France; and many Highland chiefs attended to the education of their sons, even before the Act of 1494 made it incumbent on all barons and freeholders to send their sons to grammar schools at eight or nine years of age, and to keep them there until they were "competentlie founded" and had "perfite Latine."

During the storm of the Reformation little practical interest was taken by Roman Catholic or Protestant in the education of the young; but as soon as the tempest had abated, John Knox and his followers took the matter in hand, and to them is due the credit of having first given shape to, if not of having originated, the idea of a national system in which rich and poor could alike participate. They strongly advocated that there should be a school and a competent teacher in each parish, and repeatedly endeavoured to procure a sufficient endowment for this laudable object out of the forfeited patrimony of the ancient Church. On the question of endowment they were, unfortunately, not successful. The great bulk of the

CHURCH PROPERTY WENT TO THE NOBLES;

and when the Crown did happen to turn church revenues into educational channels it was not for the purposes of elementary education in the parishes from which the revenues flowed, but to support students at the grammar schools and universities. Hence, we find that, in 1573, James the Sixth, who subsequently judged himself no mean scholar, and affected the patronage of literature, granted the revenues of St. Monan's chaplainry, in the parish of Kiltearn, Ross-shire, to Alexander Munro, for seven years, for his sustentation at the schools. Two years later, the King gave the revenues of the chaplainries of St. Lawrence, in Dingwall, and Artafally, in Redcastle, to James Davidson, son of John Davidson, tailor in Edinburgh, to keep him at school; and in 1586, Thomas Davidson, another son of the same fortunate tailor, got the same revenues for seven years to support him "in the College of Cambridge in Ingland . . . for his better education in virteu and guid letters."

Although, as we have seen, Knox was not successful in his efforts for the endowment of schools, one result of his agitation was, that Parliament and the Privy Council were stirred to take some interest in the cause which he had so much at heart. In 1616, the Council issued an Act for the erection of schools in every parish, "that all His Majesty's subjects, especially the youth, be exercised and trayned up in civilitie, godliness, knowledge, and learning; that the vulgar Ingleeshe tongue be universallie planted, and the Irish language—[that is, the Gaelic]—which is one of the chieff and principall causes of the continuance of barbaritie and incivilitie among the inhabitants of the Isles and Hylandis, may be abolishit and removit."

If John Knox, at whose instance

THE FIRST GAELIC BOOK

was printed, had been living in 1616, this Act would, in all probability, have been more judiciously worded; and whatever effect it had in the South of Scotland, very little followed it in the North. The Highlanders were too much attached to their ancient language to give encouragement to a scheme the avowed object of which was to abolish it, and, moreover, they themselves were not too flatteringly referred to in the Act; and although its provisions were in 1631 confirmed by Parliament, they continued to be ignored within the Highland line. In 1646, however, Parliament enacted, in more politic and less offensive terms, that there should be a school in every parish, under the superintendence of the presbytery of the bounds, and the duties thus imposed on them were taken up by the presbyteries of the North with great energy and intelligence. But they had enormous difficulties to contend with. In making provision for only one school in each parish, the Legislature forgot that Highland parishes were as large as Lowland counties or German kingdoms. The Highlands, too, were poor; the landowners, upon whom was placed the burden of providing the schools and the salaries of the teachers, had small rentals; and the country was in a seething state of unrest and civil war. In some parishes, therefore, the statute was for years a dead letter; but, in others, its provisions were carefully carried into effect. The old

throw considerable light on the efforts made in the good cause, and the extent to which those efforts were successful. In 1647, a commission of Assembly, sitting at Auldearn, ordained that the presbyteries should use diligence in the plantation of schools, and a commission which visited Ross-shire about the same time, while ordering, "all ministers within the province to preach powerfully against witchcraft, and develish practices of that sort," also issued the more enlightened decree "that schools be erected in every paroch, and diligence thereanent be reported to the next Provincial [Synod] of Ross, betwixt this and the next visitation at Chanonrie"; and there was a special injunction "that the Presbyterie of Chanonrie have care of planting a schoole at Kilmuir Wester." The Presbytery of Dingwall, whose records go back to 1649, loyally endeavoured to give effect to these instructions. At a presbyterial visitation of the church of Kiltearn, on 3rd July, 1649, the minister and elders of that parish "being enquyred what progress they made for plantation of a schoole," answered that "they were to contribut for ane schoolle with Alnies" (Alness); and we learn from a minute of 14th August, 1650, that there was at that date a school at Alness, of which Mr. Donald Munro was appointed master. On 17th July, 1649, Mr. Donald Fraser, minister of Kilmorack, declared to the Presbytery "that he presses a school;" and he was "ordained to urge the same moir and moir and report his diligence to the Presbyterie." The result of this pressure is given in the following minute of 19th February, 1650:—"Compeared Hew Ross from the paroch of Kilmorack, and the Presbyterie being certified of his good education and conversation, and finding upon tryall his abilitie for instructing of children and fitting them for grammar schooles, doe therefore admitt him to the said charge, recommending him to Mr. Donald Fraser [minister of Kilmorack] to be received and encouraged to that effect." On 31st July, 1649, the ministers and elders of Urquhart of Ferintosh reported "that they were going about to seek for a man to be schoolmaster and clerk to the sessione;" and it is satisfactory to find that they were soon successful in their search, for, on 23rd October following, William Reid was appointed schoolmaster of the parish of the future Apostle of the North. On 11th September, 1649, the Presbytery of Dingwall, "considering the expediencie of plantation of schooles, and the Act of Parliament made thereanent, thought fitt that the underwritten persones sauld be required by the ministers of the severall paroches quhere they reside, to meete with the Presbyterie the nixt [meeting] day for tacking course for the erection and plantation of schooles within the Presbyterie, conform to the tenor of the Act of Parliament; for which effect the persones following were nominat and ordained to be required, viz., Robt. Monro of Obstill, Hew Fraser of Eskadaill, Hector Douglas of Balkney, Andrew Monro, portioner of Culcairne, Donald Finlaysone, portioner thereoff, Hew Monro of Teaninich, Hew Monro of Foiris, Andrew Monro in Teanuar [Novar], Hew Monro in Keatwall, Jon. Monro in Newtowne, Jon. Monro in Kinkell, Mr. Jon. Monro of Swardill, Ferqr. Monro of Teanaird, and Neil Beaton in Culcraigie." The majority of the members of this ancient school board met on the 18th of the same month, and discussed how best to make provision for the support of a school in each parish. They thought that an assessment of "twell pounds [Scots] out of the thousand merks rent might suffice, but continewed the absolute determination of anything untill they met with the rest of the members." On 9th October, the Presbytery, "considering that the Commissioners for plantation of schooles have not set downe, as yet, any solid course for plantation of schooles," ordained them to be present at the next meeting of Presbytery. At that meeting, however, none of them appeared, and "the matter was continewed untill they might meet with more convenience." But the times were inopportune; that year had seen Charles the First die on the scaffold; civil war was now ravaging the country; the appearance of

MONTROSE IN THE NORTH

made it more and more inconvenient for the Commissioners to meet; and the minute which I have just quoted contains the last mention of them in the presbyterial records. The clergy, however, struggled on in the good cause. Curiously enough, their greatest difficulty seems to have been in connection with the ancient burgh of Dingwall. In that town there was a school long before the period I am now speaking of, and in 1569 Donald Adamson was master thereof; but in time it ceased to exist, and on 22nd January, 1650, Mr. John Macrae, the minister of the parish, had to report to the Presbytery that he "regrates that he cannot prevaile in the mater of planting of a schoole in Dingwall." The Magistrates and Heritors are ordered to be summoned to appear before the Presbytery at next meeting; but, in response to this summons, only two of the Heritors—the lairds of Tulloch and Knockbayne—appear, and they declare that no school can be maintained in Dingwall "unless the paroch of Foddertie joyne with them." They were enjoined to come to an arrangement with

Fodderty; but for years no result followed. By 1664, however, an end was put to this state of matters. In that year Mr. John Macrae is schoolmaster of the capital of Ross.

(To be continued.)

Gartain Chlaidich.*

Gur h-i 'Ghàidhealtachd 'tha air mùthadh
Dh' fhalbh gach sùgradh bh' innt' 'us mànran
O'n chaidh sgaoileadh anns na buailtean
Chaill na gruagaichean a' Ghàidhlig.

Nach mor an dith thàin' air na breacain
Feadh nan creachan 'us nan àrd-bheann,
Chaidh na feileachan á fasan
'S cha'n 'eil gartain ann an Clàidich.

Ann an Clàidich uair bha gartain
'S gheobhar slatan dhiu le pàigheadh,
Bha iad fionalt air am figheadh
'S bha gu minig annta sgàrlaid.

Bha iad uaine buidhe 's grìsean,
H-uile dath 'us lì a' bh' fhearr orr',
C' àit' bheil am fear nach cuala
H-uile buaidh bh' air gartain Chlàidich.

York. D. MacDhughaill.

* The village of Cladich, Lochawe, the habitat of the MacIntyres, was famous at one time for the hose and garters manufactured there. The industry has now completely disappeared.

THE HIGHLANDS AFTER OULLODEN.

By W. C. Mackenzie, F.S.A., Scot.

(Continued from page 116.)

I maintain, therefore, that clanship in its essence remained unaffected by Culloden, and whatever rights or privileges may have been vested in a clan were equally unaffected. In 1862, the legal status of clans was defined by the Court of Session (Macgillivray *v.* Souter), Lord Ardmillan ruling as follows:—"When all military character, all feudal subordination, all heritable jurisdiction, all independent authority of chiefs are extracted from what used to be called a clan, nothing remains of its essential and peculiar features." Surely this is a confusion of essence with accident. For it is not difficult to show that what Lord Ardmillan described as "essential and peculiar features" were really excrescences on the original polity, alien to the communistic principles involved by the very name of clanship. But the fact remains that for all practical purposes, clans no longer exist, except in the form of Societies whose members are joined by the tie of a common name as in Glasgow, or a common country, as in London, in social and philanthropic effort; and in the Highlands, even these mild forms of clanship are non-existent.

Why then was clanship, purged of its excrescences, not perpetuated in the Highlands after Culloden? It is easy to lay the blame on a class according to one's sympathies or standpoint, but I am far from desirous of forming any conclusions not warranted by facts. And the facts are clear enough. For some years after Culloden, there appears to have been little alteration in the outward and visible relations between the different classes of society in the Highlands. The chiefs, though stripped of their power, were still the fathers of the clan, and retained by sentiment much of what they had lost by law. The people, with their fetters lying at their feet, were too bewildered and too helpless to make use of their newly-found freedom. With the conservatism of their race, they clung to their old customs, their old traditions, and their old leaders. The social and economic revolution which followed Culloden was, up to a point, gradual and below the surface. But it was none the less sure. The responsibilities of a chief, divested of his feudal authority, proved irksome in some cases, while the administration of the forfeited estates introduced new elements antagonistic in some respects to established ideas. But it was not until the advent of a new generation of chiefs, who "knew not Joseph," that developments became rapid. These chiefs, educated in the South, imbued with Southern notions, careless of ancient ideals, and entirely lacking in sympathy with Highland clanship and the patriarchal principle, initiated an era of landlordism divorced from chiefship which was fruitful of much misery. But for a time all went well. The wars of Great Britain drove up the value of foodstuffs, and owing to the operation of protective laws, home produce reaped the benefit. A great demand arose for Highland black cattle, which were sent to England in large numbers and fetched high prices. In 1766 and the three following years, the value of Highland cattle exceeded anything previously known. A state of fictitious prosperity was thus created, and though rents rose sharply, the hardship was not felt so long as the cattle boom lasted. But with the inevitable fall in prices, coupled with bad seasons, a change took place. The tenants were unable to meet the greatly increased rents which they were called upon to pay, and the landlords showed them no mercy. The tacksmen were the first to feel the pressure of the changed conditions, and the sub-tenants suffered in turn. It was the first time that the Highland people were brought to realise that they were now living in an era of commercialism, in which the laws of supply and demand were paramount. It was the first time that they were brought to realise that the value of men had fallen in the open market as sharply as the value of cattle had risen. The days were irrevocably past

when a chief reckoned his wealth by the number of broadswords at his command. For the broadswords were now beaten into ploughshares, the spears turned into pruning hooks, and the targes converted into covers for buttermilk barrels. It is pathetic to think that it took a quarter of a century to teach the Highlanders that they were no longer indispensable to their chiefs. It was a bitter lesson to learn, but learned once, it was never forgotten. The tacksmen, who were men of education and had some knowledge of the world, might, one would suppose, have perceived the trend of events. Yet, when the proprietors put the screw on, the tacksmen were amazed, indignant, and, despising trade as they did, helpless. It is possible that the landlords may have been infected by the example of the administrators of the forfeited estates, who would hardly be influenced by sentiment in dealing with the tenants. But that assumption is unnecessary to explain the attitude of the new generation of chiefs, who, as already pointed out, had been taught in a different school from that of their fathers. Whatever the circumstances, it is certain from contemporary evidence, that it was at this point that the first definite break between the chiefs and their people took place, and to this day the breach has been only partially healed. It is stated on reliable contemporary authority, that the temperament of the Highlanders was profoundly affected by the discovery that the ties of clanship, with its mutual responsibilities, had been definitely snapped asunder. Previously of a cheerful and affectionate disposition, they now became (declares this authority) sullen, suspicious, and restless.

The crisis now reached initiated the emigration movement, which was fated to play a part of considerable importance in moulding the destinies of the Britains across the seas, as well as in the economy of the Highlands. The incensed tacksmen, disdaining trade and commerce at home, emigrated to the Eldorado of the West, where they hoped to repair their fortunes; and they were accompanied by many of their sub-tenants who suffered in common with them. The movement quickly gathered strength, until it assumed such proportions as to alarm the proprietors and the Government alike. A traffic in emigration sprang up; kidnapping on the coast became a common occurrence; and the poverty-stricken Highlanders were frequently landed penniless in America, and handed over to the plantations like chattels. Some of the proprietors, whose estates were threatened with denudation, besought the Government to intervene, but though efforts were made to check irregularities, the Government did not dare to prevent emigration openly for fear of giving a greater impetus to the movement. Between 1763 and 1775, no fewer than 20,000 Highlanders left their homes to settle in America, and when it is remembered that these must have included the flower of the manhood of the North, it will be admitted that the loss to the Highlands was severe. In the absence of employment, some outlet for the redundant population would have become imperative, but I am not prepared to say that this redundancy was unavoidable. On the contrary, I believe that had a different policy been pursued; had agricultural and industrial reforms on the lines suggested by the various writers already quoted, been carried out by the proprietors, so far as their financial resources permitted, emigration, at any rate on a large scale, might not have become the necessity that it proved to be. A sure and stable basis of prosperity would have been laid, instead of which, the landlords trusted in an ephemeral and speculative source of revenue, which, like the kelp boom in the Hebrides in later years, resulted in ultimate disaster. But we all learn by experience, and that is precisely where a correct knowledge of history is of such practical advantage.

When the American War of Independence broke out, the anxiety of the Government increased, lest the Highlanders in the rebellious colonies should turn against the Mother-country. On the whole, these fears proved groundless, for though there were Highland colonists on both sides, the majority remained faithful to King George. Considering their past history, this is not a little curious, but it serves to illustrate their Royalistic tendencies, whether towards the House of Stuart as in the past, or towards the House of Hanover of which they were now the loyal subjects.

The War of Independence effectively checked the tide of emigration to America. It also stimulated the desire to obtain, in the Highlands, recruits for the army. The Black Watch and other Highland regiments had already shown what Highlanders, with discipline added to their natural fighting qualities, were capable of achieving. Previous to the economic crisis which was followed by the emigration movement, there had been little difficulty in obtaining recruits. The gentry, who had previously given their services to France and Spain, were now quite willing to serve in the British army. Their dependants, influenced by the old feelings of clanship, were ready to follow wherever they led. Chatham's well-known boast had been amply fulfilled, though the real sources of his inspiration were Forbes of Culloden and the Duke of Argyll. But after the severance of the

family relations between the chiefs and the clansmen, a different set of conditions prevailed. It is true that regiment after regiment was raised, but the means of embodying them was in some cases not wholly creditable. While those of the proprietors—and there were such—who remained true to the patriarchal idea, found no difficulty in getting as many men as they wanted, others were obliged to use cajolery or even force to obtain recruits. Here is an example. "I have sixteen fine *volunteers* for you," reported a cadet of a certain clan to his chief. "Where are they?" he was asked. "They are tied up in my barn," was the reply! At a later period, when the estrangement between the proprietors and the people became still more pronounced, instances could be cited of recruits being procured by means of promises which were obviously impossible of fulfilment, or were never intended to be fulfilled. Can it be wondered, then, under all the circumstances, that in course of time, a dislike to the army was aroused, and that the profound suspicion with which the proceedings of the proprietors were viewed, resulted in a dearth of Highland material, which the military authorities in modern times have never ceased to deplore? It is easy to show by concrete examples that the martial ardour of Highlanders is still capable of being aroused, when stimulated by patriotism, and guided by men who are honoured and trusted.

(To be continued.)

ROUALEYN GORDON CUMMING.

I HAVE read with interest the notes—one from Roualeyn Gordon Cumming's sister, in your last issue, and the previous one by Mr. Mackintosh. I have met with the subject of their notes upon two occasions, both at Fort-Augustus, within a month of each other, and I think the year was 1858, but it may have been 1859 or 1860. I was in the habit then of spending my month of school holidays each year in Inverness, Culloden, and the Aird, taking the boat at Greenock through the Crinan Canal, and the Caledonian Canal from Banavie. This practice on my part continued from about 1855 till 1862. Gordon Cumming's name was familiar all over Scotland at that time, as a household word, and I visited with some curiosity (paying a shilling) his exhibition of trophies of the chase and spoil taken in South Africa. He chatted with me in a familiar way. He was

ATTIRED IN KILT AND JACKET,

his breast being bare and exposed, with a reddish hirsute covering; his straw hat covered hair of chestnut (reddish) hue, inclined to curl; his knees were brawny, as were his powerful limbs. Like all well-made men, he may have looked shorter than his actual stature, which I deemed over six feet.

I had read his book in the Greenock Mechanics' Library, the original edition, some years before; and being a devourer of Mayne Reid's, and cognate books of adventure (there was no such embarrassment of riches in such works as there are now) he was something of a hero to me. He drew me out about this book; and I have no doubt he felt pleased at the examination I passed in his own adventures. His general physique and appearance of stamina, suggests him, like Rob Roy, as a type of those fine ancestors of ours, the Old Caledonians, who set the example to their descendants, as well as future denizens of Britain, in resistance to invasion and conquest.

IN SOUTH AFRICA

here, his name is held in remembrance by very old inhabitants. Old John Crouch, who died about ten or twelve years ago, knew him well, and had numerous stories about him. Crouch was a scout to General Bisset, who mentioned him in his book on the war of 1846 against the Kaffirs here; and as recently as 1884, he acted as scout and guide to Sir Charles Warren in his progress into the country of the Bechuana Chief, King Khama as he is called. This journey was undertaken by Sir Charles after he had brought Kruger and his broken bodies of Boers at Stellaland and Land Goshen (now Vryburg and Mafeking) to order. The Rev. John Mackenzie, a Nairn man, accompanied the party, and mentions in his narrative of the expedition ("Austral-Africa") finding some old natives who remembered Gordon Cumming. The place in the Colony whence Gordon Cumming made his final start on his road to the interior was Colesberg, the scene during the late war of General French's operations to keep the Boers in check. Mr. Rawstorne, then magistrate there, knew him well. His widow, now in Cape Town, an aged lady, remembers him; and her son, Lawrence, who died some years ago, has frequently described his "start" from Colesberg, and the excitement amongst the Dutch and Hottentots, till the whole party "trekked" off to the other side of the Orange River.

On my return journey to school upon the occasion referred to above, Roualeyn recognised me, and gave me the run of the exhibition during the three-quarters of an hour occupied by the little steamer in passing through the locks.

Gordon Cumming was usually known by that name in the Lowlands and in England; in the North he was usually called simply "Roualeyn." No person mistook the identity referred to when the latter designation was used. He was usually reputed "wild," but an old Highlander from the North, resident in Greenock, once said, in my hearing, "Roualeyn is no more wild than other folk; he acts wildness to plague people; but he shouldn't, for its no quite respectable." I may add, and it may interest Miss Cumming, that her brother's work is on the shelves of most libraries in the Colony, and in the local one, to my own knowledge. In regard to

THE NAME "ROUEALYN,"

I do not know how I have always the impression that it was derived from some ancestral connection between the Cummings of Altyre, and the Muirs of "Rowallan" (now "Caldwell") in Renfrewshire: I have either seen the association in print, or have deduced it from some source.

A. D. C.

Komgha, South Africa,
10th March 1906.

D. M'LENNAN, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—We are pleased to learn that a confederation of the Scottish Societies in Victoria has been consummated, and that the first annual conference is to take place in November. Highland sports and pastimes are treated of in M'Ian's "Gaelic Gatherings or Highlanders at Home," coloured plates (7/6, edition de luxe, 12/6); M'Intyre North's "Book of the Club of True Highlanders" (2 vols., tartan binding, folio, 42/); and Dr. MacLagan's "Games and Pastimes of Argyllshire" (10/6). You will find these useful for your purpose.

CHIEFTAINSHIP AND THE CLANS.

By Wm. J. Thomas.

(Continued from page 119.)

There are three great economic systems which divide among them the history of early Britain —the Neolithic village-community proper, the Aryan tribal-holding, and the Roman imperial system. In each the distinguishing characteristics are as marked as they are widely prevalent, though the disappearance of the one into the other by insensible gradations may, to a limited extent, obscure their original peculiarities. As an exception to this, nevertheless, let it be remembered that however much the Aryan nomad—Celt and Teuton—in Britain tends to become identified with the older settled village-community, thus preserving the continuity of economic history, the intrusive wedge of Roman influence never allowed itself to do so, but remained ever an element distinct from the rest; and on account of its totally opposed methods of procedure, presents a marked unconformity to the overlying and underlying series of systems. Its coming into contact with tribal economic development creates, therefore, a break in the succession.

PRE-ROMAN BRITAIN

partly reflected the civilisation of Gaulish shores. On the southern and eastern borders the people had at an early period, we are told, given up their savagery and had settled down into no small number of corn-growing communities, possessing a considerable export trade in corn, cattle, gold, silver, iron, skins, slaves and dogs (Strabo), and were, besides, sufficiently versed in agricultural matters to understand the use of marl as a fertiliser, or to invent the wheeled plough (Pliny). Such an advancement in the rudimentary arts of civilisation can be affected solely where the settled community is the real governing factor in society. It necessitates the concentration of energy to a particular branch of industry; the possibility of its attainment points to the presence of the fixed village-community (with the agrarian communism peculiar to it), and not to the ever-shifting tribal-holdings. From this, therefore, it is clear that though the Continental Celts in Britain had, at one time in their history, superimposed the Aryan tribal economy upon a pre-existing and quite different system, the contemporaneity and ultimate emergence of the latter argue the decay of the warlike migratory habits of Celtic tribes in those districts, and the gradual increase of settled communities.

In the Midlands, on the other hand, this was not so; according to Cæsar, the tribal system remained in all its primitiveness. War and the chase were the main occupations of the inhabitants, but excluding these, they had nothing to depend on save their flocks and herds. The pastoral life was thus the appropriate one. We miss the agricultural communities so prominent in South Britain, and where these were wanting, nomadic habits meant the simultaneous appearance of the sheiling of the mountain-pastures and the unstable tribal domiciles. These constitute the main features of the tribe unevolved from migratory habits. They never belong to the settled village-community.

Such marked characteristics remained very general throughout the whole period of Roman rule—that period which saw the supremacy of a nation whose civilising methods consisted in levelling and destroying every form of opposition, and making deserts emblematic of peace. Its methods, unhappily, proved in the long run to be productive of barren results, while its influence, by being confined mostly to the domain of religion, war, and commerce, affected little the administrative organisation of surrounding tribes. Ireland was unfortunate to be excluded altogether.

From the first, the

BARRIERS BETWEEN CELT AND ROMAN

were insuperable. Difference in social organisation, customs and language, kept both racially distinct, but these difficulties might, as in Gaul, have been surmounted had it not been for the constant and ever-recurring war-like *Celtic Revivals* which increased the racial animosity and widened the gulf between them. The Roman never knew the moment when the savage Celt would endeavour to free himself from the yoke of civilisation and thereby undo the work of centuries. Hatred and mistrust between conqueror and conquered rendered the gulf too wide to be ever bridged by common sympathies and interests. Roman civilisation, therefore, could never enter the communal life of the Celtic conquered. It had, perforce, to affect from the outside; its influence was external only. The internal administration of the tribal-holding or village-community was left undisturbed save for levies or fiscal purposes; and from this latter necessity the Celt learned what the Roman *cis* meant to him as much as the Scottish Highlander did the Norseman's *màl*. Otherwise, he was little affected by the improvements around him. He saw the great military roads, the rising colonies and towns, and the massive threatening fortifications, but he was at the same time well aware that the purposes for which these were intended, arose not from any feeling of benevolence towards him. The luxurious Roman villa or the town with its many allure-

ments could never hope to unloosen the indissoluble bonds of tribal life nor all those ties which linked the several kindreds or clans together. Only to the limited few could they have a meaning; to the soldier, the merchant, the official. But these do not represent the social life of the Britons during the period.

With the Celtic chief, however, Roman influence is plainly observable. It was invariably Rome's business to concern herself with the chief, for, when conquest was difficult, she could succeed by exciting aristocratical jealousies and ambitions, or by tampering with the chief's loyalty. A chief could be bribed and won, but the same gold would not break down the independent spirit and loyalty of the tribesmen. The position of the chief, therefore, was recognised as superior to that of the tribe he merely represented, both in administrative affairs and in matters pertaining to land. In this last respect the chief took full advantage, and the extended desire to encroach on tribal rights by creating private property in land which belonged exclusively to the tribe, was one that asserted itself very early indeed. Thus had the Celtic Manorial System begun to evolve long before Norman or Saxon had planted foot in the realm. But it did not evolve without a struggle on the part of the tribe.

Romanisation, taken as a whole, proved a failure in Britain. The native Britons were unlike their Gaulish compatriots; they showed an utter incapability of adapting themselves to the new economic conditions. They succeeded, therefore, in preserving their racial individuality, and Celtic speech and Celtic custom rose above the ruin of an empire, and hurried on the departing Roman's footstep. Celtic chiefs again came into prominence, and led their tribesmen to battle, for old tribal wars had broken out afresh since the iron hand of Rome could no longer restrain.

THE CELTIC TRIBAL SYSTEM

had thus survived the changing conditions, and was as strong and vigorous as ever.

With the fall of Roman power, Roman influence ceased. Another race, says the Prophecies of Columcille, was fated to come over the sea and forcibly extend their supremacy by slow gradations. They would, according to Finn MacCumhaill, leave little prosperity behind them.

Ticfa drem noile tar lear,
Becc ind buiden cid mór a neart; . . . .
Gleacfath roind Insi Erend
Or tús trélag a d-tuirend.
(*Tairngire Choluimcille.*)

Ní fágaid siat do rath ann,
Nach mo is díth dáibh fullang;
Gacha marbhthar inn go glé,
Bu h-amhrath da n-airdrighe.
(*Tairngire Fhinn MacCumhaill.*)

The Saxon Conquest closely resembled the older Celtic one. Both were conducted on tribal, not national lines; both were equally slow in their methods. The results arrived at by both turned out to be the same, and depended much on the limits of resources and the withholding of the reserves of population. The final balance lay, therefore, with the Teuton, as it had once done with the Celt. The former amalgamated non-resistant Celts with Teutons, and hurled them against other war-like Celtic tribes; the latter had succeeded, it will be remembered, by uniting Neolith with Celt and using these forces against Neolithic tribes less easily subdued. And wherever resistance to race-amalgamation occurred, the right of extermination was brought into force by the conqueror, or else wholesale evictions from the tribal-holdings and village-communities followed. The Celt moved on a higher plane of civilisation than the Saxon; he therefore kept to the first course, while the other firmly retained the latter alternative. Ethnologically speaking, the Celt proved himself to be the better butcher of the two.

(To be continued.)

THE OLAN MAOLEOD.

By Hugh Macleod, Writer, Glasgow.

"Dùn flathail nan cuach."

(Continued from page 113.)

To make confusion worse confounded, we find

THE ARMS

quartered by the Chiefs of the two branches variously registered. Thus the MacLeods of Lewis had as arms a burning mountain, and the MacLeods of Dunvegan a castle triple-towered, but the quarters of the shields of each differed at different times. In some you have the "three legs of Man," and again the galley, and yet again, a pair of keys—the one signifying the arms of Man prior to the Norse occupation of that island, and the latter the arms of the island during that period and, in either case, signifying in the mind of the bearer of the shield his descent from the Kings of Man. As my readers may know, the most commonly used Crest of the MacLeods of Dunvegan is a bull's head supported by two flags. I have seen it with the two keys, but whence the bull's head? No one seems to know. The Rev. R. C. MacLeod, second brother of the present Chief, is at this moment, or was recently, engaged on this subject, and from him, through "Fionn," I learn that even he cannot account for his own crest.

This is the pretty tradition which I

heard in Skye when a boy :—In days long gone by, there was a Chief of the MacLeods, and he had two sons, Tormad and Torquil. The sons were of extraordinary strength, and the father did not know which of them was the stronger. It chanced one day that the byre took fire, and there was a bull in the byre. The bull would not move out and the idea occurred to the father that now was the opportunity for testing his sons' strength. He said to Tormad, "Beir thusa air cheann air," and to Torquil, "Slaod thusa na casan deiridh aige." This was done. Torquil pulled hard, but Tormad held fast, with the result that the body of the animal was torn asunder from the head. Hence the bull's head in the crest, and the motto "Hold Fast." Of course there are many variants of this tradition. Now,

SUMMING UP

the whole of the preceding, that is, applying the principle I set out with, one would feel disposed to accept the popular view and not Skene's view, and that is that the MacLeods were Norse on the male side, but undoubtedly Celtic on the female side, and with this conclusion, be it right, or be it wrong, we may leave that part of the subject, recurring to it, I hope, some time hereafter.

A well-known writer said, there were

GOOD AND BAD MACLEODS,

as in other clans, and in this he was right. I shall now bring under your notice two or three of the more prominent members of the clan in the comparatively early history of the race, and leave it to your own judgment how far they deserve either epithet of famous or infamous. Passing over, then, many names otherwise of note, and particularly William the Clerach, so called from his having been reared for the ministry of the Gospel, we come to Alastair Crotach of Dunvegan, who was a man of great power of will, learned as learning went in those days, and at least not irreligious, if we argue that effect from the fact that he built or restored the Church of St. Clements, otherwise called Rodil Cathedral, in Harris, where his tomb can be seen still in excellent preservation and very elaborately carved. He also built one of the great towers of the Castle of Dunvegan. His life was a busy one, both in peace and war, and there is one incident in his life which illustrates the times and the behaviour of *honourable* men then. Donald Dubh of the Isles raised an insurrection to gain the Island Lordship. MacLeod was dead against it, but when, after Flodden, Donald of Lochalsh rebelled against the Scottish Kings, Alastair was his foremost supporter, and, as a result, Donald was proclaimed Lord of the Isles. But what happens? A few years after this, Alastair and the Duke of Argyll, and several other chiefs, actually move the Privy Council to suppress Donald—their former friend and "his rebellious followers," but in this, however, they were not successful. Several similar acts of knavery or treachery are laid at Alastair's door, and the wonder is that Mr. Andrew Lang, with prurient fondness, has not seized on them and hurled them at the head of the MacLeods, as you will find later on he has done in other cases. But, as regards Alastair, there is worse to come, that is, if you believe even a quota of what you see concerning him in print. Alastair Crotach, as his name indicates, was a hunchback. He received the injuries which brought about that deformity in a personal encounter with Eachan MacDhomhnuill, a son of the chief of the Clanranalds, in a desperate battle fought between the MacDonalds and MacLeods, at Ard-i-veg, in Skye. The blow was that of a battle axe, but in his fall therefrom, Alastair drew down with him Clanranald and dirked him dead as they lay on the ground. Alastair, owing to inattention to his wounds, became *Crotach*, hence his name. Now, for some reason or another not easily explained, men and women so grievously stricken are generally alleged to be fiercer, more cruel and savage, than others, and in place of getting the sympathy and the kindliness which their unfortunate physical deformity demands, they in olden times were looked upon as creations of the Devil, as wizards and witches, and in modern times, as something less than fiends, and possessed of powers never vouchsafed to other properly formed mortals. I would recall to you, for example, one notable incident, *Quasimodo*, the Hunchback and Bell-Ringer of Notre Dame, as pourtrayed in Victor Hugo's powerful novel of that name. Well, now, so it happens in the case of the subject whom I am now referring to.

You have all heard, I presume, of the alleged cold-blooded

MASSACRE OF THE MACDONALDS OF EIGG,

fixed by tradition and one writer, at least, at different periods, but by all as being the diabolical and fiendish work of Alastair Crotach of Dunvegan. Now, he died certainly not later than 1547, and if there was a massacre at all—which I much doubt, for I know every inch of the island of Eigg—I know the cave in question, and have often been in it, and I have heard all the local traditions concerning this alleged massacre, and what I say is, that if there was a massacre by the MacLeods, it must have been long after Alastair Crotach's death. A statement printed by Skene gives the date as 1577—but Alastair was in his grave 30 years before this, and if the MacLeods at all had a hand in the barbarous transaction, the chief

one responsible was, according to Mackenzie, not Alastair Crotach, but Iain Dubh MacLeoid, a man who is said to have usurped the chiefship, wading through rivers of blood, and to have died a death as cruel and atrocious as he meted out to others. But then, was there a massacre at all? and if there was, were the MacLeods the authors of it? I think I am right in saying that Professor Macpherson, the late proprietor of the island, made search into all the contemporary Records in Edinburgh and in Dublin, and failed to trace any notice of such an event. Skene gives as his authority the "Description of the Isles of Scotland," which he calculates was written sometime between 1577 and 1595. Who the writer of the "Description" was we don't know.

But taking the event as having happened between these two dates, it is interesting to note that in October, 1588, Lachlan MacLean of Duart and some Spaniards visited Eigg, "and treasonably raised fire, and in most "barbarous, shameful, and cruel manner, burnt "the same Isle, with the whole men, women, "and children being thereinto, not sparing the "pupils and infants," etc., and for that offence he was summoned to trial on 3rd January 1589. Needless to say, Lachlan did not stand the trial. Is it not therefore singular that twice within a few years the whole population of Eigg should be exterminated by fire? In the absence, therefore, of anything historically authentic connecting the awful tragedy with the MacLeods, may we not reasonably assume that it is to this latter event that irresponsible tradition points?

The true facts concerning Alastair, however, are that he was a man of uncommon ability. In his youth he was reckless and restlessly turbulent, but as he advanced in years he manifested great qualities of head and heart. He was a scholar beyond any of his compeers; he translated into Gaelic some of the Psalms of David, subsequently published by the Rev. John Morrison of Ness. By his strong common sense and sagacity, his friendly arbitration was much in demand by other Highland chiefs. He was the best swordsman of his day, and it is said that few, if any, could wield with ease his claymore. The use of that weapon he systematically taught at Dunvegan, and his household is said to have been on a scale of great magnificence for the times. He had, of course, his retinue and his pipers and harpers and sennachies, his bards and his jesters, and only having married late in life a daughter of Cameron of Lochiel, it was his pleasure and solace in his later years to teach his grandson Rory Mòr all the noble qualities that tended to make a great chief of a great clan. He died at the ripe old age of 100 years, and was buried, as stated, at Rodil Cathedral, where his tomb and that of his wife can be seen to this day, if the nettles and rank grass which—a lady from Rodil told me the other day—are now growing thick in the graveyard, will permit of it.

So much, then, for Alastair Crotach.

I will introduce another member of this clan—not unlike his grandfather in many respects, but different also in many, as having had the advantages of Alastair's teaching and as having lived perhaps in a little more enlightened age, although but few years separated the reigns of the two. I mean

SIR RORY MACLEOD

of Dunvegan, the Ruari Mòr of song and story. Rory received the appellation of Mòr, not on account of his stature or bodily strength, but because of the nobility of his character. He may be said to have been the dòyen of all the Highland chiefs of his time, and perhaps the most distinguished of his own race. He was a remarkable man, was Rory. He succeeded to the chiefship in 1590, and this is how he began his eventful life. In 1594 he sailed over to Ireland in his own galleys with 500 clansmen, and there fought with Red Hugh O'Donnell who was out in arms against Queen Elizabeth, for which act the Scottish Privy Council administered the usual doze of threats which they could not carry out. In 1596 he is brought before the Privy Council and signs a bond for 10,000 merks that he will acknowledge James VI. as his sovereign, &c., and as surety for this; his kinsman, MacLeod of Raasay, was to remain as a hostage until Rory returned on 30th November, but, needless to relate, Rory did not return, and Raasay left Edinburgh without saying by your leave. His bond was of course forfeited.

(To be continued.)

GAELIC TEACHING IN THE HIGHLANDS.—An influential deputation of Highlanders was lately received by the Secretary for Scotland, the subject under consideration being the training of and supply of Gaelic-speaking teachers in Highland Schools. Among those present were Messrs. Wm. Mackay, Inverness, Dr. Hew Morrison, J. J. Mackay, John M'Kerchar, W. Gillies, Mr. Ainsworth, M.P., and other Members of Parliament. Mr. William Mackay, who spoke on behalf of the deputation, made a most interesting statement, in which he strongly urged the necessity of Gaelic-speaking children being taught by teachers possessed of a knowledge of the language, and that the Education Department ought to make it its duty to provide facilities for the selection and training of Gaelic-speaking pupils, desirous of adopting the teaching profession. Other speakers emphasised the argument, and in reply the Secretary for Scotland expressed his entire sympathy with the object discussed, and promised to give favourable consideration to their proposal.

JOHN FRASER.

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A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

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JOHN FRASER, NATAL.

Our South African Colonies bulk largely in public interest at the present time, and we are pleased to be able this month to introduce to our readers a Highlander whose name is somewhat prominent in connection with the exciting events now transpiring in Natal and Zululand. The Clan Fraser have a distinguished representative in the Orange River Colony in the person of the late President Steyn's political opponent, Mr. J. G. W. Fraser, of Bloemfontein, who received the British Forces on their triumphal entry into the capital; and there are other members of this great clan in South Africa who have achieved distinction. The subject of our present sketch, Mr. John Fraser, of Maritzburg, was born at Elgin on 3rd April 1864, and was educated at a local school. His great-grandfather, Ian Mackintosh, of Torspardon, Strathspey, was a Gaelic bard of some celebrity, a collection of his poems being published at Elgin many years ago.

Although the lowlands of Moray are not noted for Highland enthusiasm, Mr. Fraser early became embued with the Celtic spirit, and has always been keenly interested in the history, achievements, and well-being of his race.

After leaving school he entered a law office in Glasgow, with the view of eventually qualifying for the legal profession. In 1883 he went to Edinburgh, where he was apprenticed to a firm of Writers to the Signet, attended Classes at the University, and took First-Class Honours in Scots Law (1885-6). He managed to acquire a "working knowledge" of Gaelic in Edinburgh, and has very pleasant recollections of many happy days spent there.

In 1889, however, he was seized with the not uncommon Scottish desire to see more of the world. Several of his friends about that time left for South Africa, and Mr. Fraser also aspired to obtain some of its far-famed wealth.

He eventually settled in Pietermaritzburg, the Capital of Natal, where he has since remained. In 1893 he began the practice of his profession, and in 1898 assumed as a partner a Glasgow man, Alexander James M'Gibbon, the firm being known as Fraser & M'Gibbon.

The Scot abroad is proverbially more patriotic than his brethren at home, and Natal has any number of Scottish Associations or Societies. For many years Mr. Fraser was Secretary of the Pietermaritzburg Caledonian Society; in 1902 he was elected Chief of this influential body, and is now a Vice-President. The objects of the Society are to render assistance to Scots in distress, to keep alive the patriotic spirit among Scottish people in Natal, and to foster and cultivate a love of Scottish history, music, literature, etc. Needless to say, St. Andrew's Day and 'Burns' Nicht' are always loyally celebrated, and the subject of our remarks has been closely associated with these events for several years past.

He was the first D.G. Secretary of the Natal District Grand Lodge of Freemasons under the Scottish Constitution, which office he held for some years. He was afterwards Substitute D.G. Master, Deputy D.G. Master, and is now Grand Master in Natal, which office he has held for the last three years.

He has always been more or less interested in soldiering, and, being an old Seaforth Highlander (Vol. Battalion), he joined the Natal Royal Rifles as a private in 1890. After various changes, the Regiment is now known as the Natal Royal Regiment, of which he is a Captain and second in command.

Mr. Fraser is at present on active service with his regiment, and as these notes are being written we expect hourly to receive news of a decisive conflict in which, doubtless, Captain Fraser with his regiment will take an active part.

The boy in the photograph is his son, Ian Mackintosh Fraser. His wife is a daughter of the late Mr. Wm. Mackintosh, of Achosinch, Strathspey.

EALIE MARTIN.

A Story of a Skye Clearance.

By Chas. Mackinnon, Transvaal.

(*Continued from page 125.*)

XXIII.

Surly night closed in, darkness in a deluge overwhelming everything. The snow continued to fall ceaselessly and still more thickly while the wind, in seeming license now that daylight had departed, raved eerily over the prospect and headed for Glencorrie.

It soon became apparent to Ealie and her father that their temporary refuge was destined to be their harbourage till the morning. Their gradually culminating fatigues, now that they were seated, completely overmastered them. The distance to Broadbost exaggerated itself, in their wearied imagination, into leagues which they shuddered to think of traversing under present conditions. The fierce and stinging head wind, the blinding snow, the gathering drifts and, not least, likelihood of straying off the road in the darkness, all united in veto of any thought to proceed further that night.

It would have slightly ameliorated their discomfort had they been able to kindle a fire. The snow sprayed thickly in, however, over the rim of the roofless walls and settled in the interior in volume hardly less than outside. Fuel, if anything in that shape had been within compass, would have been unavailable beneath the inclement covering. In any case they were without the all-necessary match.

The night wore on. After a time, Martin began to doze. Ealie by his side also found herself becoming infected with sleepiness. Her eyelids were growing leaden: often they would close, and then, although she was not actually in sleep, her mind would glide into a sort of mediate dreamland. In this half conscious slumber the scenes of the day just past re-enacted themselves before her with grotesque and inexplicable intermixtures of different scenes, a great jangle of human voices and other noises seeming to permeate the whole. Sometimes, as she fancied, she was in the heart of the strange tumult; and anon it would be caught up and cast afar and she was viewing it as through a reverted telescope.

At lengthening invervals she would return with a jerk to her normal state, and to consciousness of her surroundings. But soon she would succumb anew; and ever in varying forms, but in essential sameness, her phantasies continued to repeat themselves.

Ewen, who had made no effort to keep awake, was by this time breathing regularly in a profound lethargic sleep. His moans, and the occasional uneasy heavings of his body, gave evidence that he also was not untouched by dreams.

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About eight o'clock Major MacKintosh directed Sandy Tulloch to get the horse and trap in readiness.

Sandy inquired whether he should drive him to Broadbost.

"Decidedly not. You're anything but anxious to go there when required," the Major answered shortly.

"Its a fearsome night, most uncanny to be on the road alone," Sandy urged.

The Major, still with curtness, signified that this could not be helped.

Sandy was not satisfied. He lingered on, angling in his mind for some more potent pretext that might win the desired permission. Whereupon the aggravated Major slewed round and thundered out a volley of strange oaths that made him fly about his business without further parley.

Brimming with brooding indignation, irate Sandy proceeded to harness the horse. The animal was in anything but a genial vein. He was reminiscently exasperated at his treatment in the forepart of the day, and still more exasperated that his legitimate leisure should be impinged upon at this unearthly and unprecedented hour. When he realised that he was going under harness, and to face the bitter music of the elements, his ill humour became almost unmanageably spinous.

Sandy presently lost temper with him, and on his hide gave loose to the spleen which had been gradually accumulating within his own breast. The result was that the animal was lashed to a pitch at which little would have tempted him to launch forth into some wild unrecking outburst.

However, there was nothing indicative of this in his outward appearance when, a little later, Sandy, groping in the darkness, led him and the trap round to the door.

The Major, well wrapped up, climbed inside and drove forth into the wintry night for Broadbost, to meet his son.

XXIV.

One of her father's anguished groans reached Ealie in the deeps of her own slumbers; and on a sudden she woke up.

She upbraided herself for unguardedly succumbing to the stealthy advances of sleep. With the idea of keeping it at bay and freshening her senses she rose, and in the darkness began to walk to and fro.

In this monotonous tread she kept herself engaged for a considerable time, although with

scarcely any cognisance of what she was doing. Her mind was confused and immersed in a mass of inconsequent and random thoughts that refused to light a way of extrication from their difficulties.

Tired and listless, she stood in the doorway and looked out into the night.

The wind was veering. There was no abatement in the storm; the darkness was opaque.

As she stood awhile she fancied she could hear a sound different to, and detached from, the howlings of the storm. In a tremble of superstitous awe, her ear sought for it again. While thus engaged, more gaunt and dreary than ever yet the helpless desolation of her situation thrust itself before her mind: and tears, the large unbidden tears that women shed in silence, filled the ducts of her eyes and overflowed.

Getting more accustomed to the darkness, presently she thought she could distinguish a blackness toiling by in the blackness of the night, on the road outside the churchyard wall. Assimilated and swallowed up by the enshrouding night it was only between whiles discernible; and then, so shadowy and vague was the mass, that the girl was more than half persuaded it was a figment of her wearied eyes. It might have been a vehicle, a couple of animals in file, anything; scarcely a sound attended it.

Part of the illusion was (if illusion in very fact it was) that it sped out of her ken with surprising suddenness. Under this notion she stepped outside and peered into the darkness in a fruitless quest to regain a glimpse of it.

Outside, fatigued and sleepy though she felt, it occurred to her to walk over to her mother's grave near by. Sheltered on the side of the church the mound of it was plainly defined underneath the all embracing pall of white.

Sitting down beside it, recollections of her mother, of her own childhood, of many days gone by, thronged thickly in upon the mind of Ealie and took entire possession of it.

From the reverie induced by these memories the transition was but too easy into the somnolent condition which she had battled with and shaken off within the church. Into actual remembrances, now and then, strangely coloured phantasies introduced themselves until gradually they overswamped the real. All unawares Ealie swam into the realms of sleep.

* * * *

Impenetrable darkness and the howling storm companioned Major MacKintosh as he pushed forward on his way to Broadbost. Blankets of snow sprang up and flung themselves over horse and trap and driver. The wind searched and scathed him to the marrow, despite his many wrappings. Often and often he spat forth an oath at the ill hap that fixed his son's arrival at such untimely hour and wintry season.

The horse, freakish and restless, was to some extent befogged by the increasing snow. More than once he strayed off the road, and the Major's senses were so dulled and stupified that he failed to notice it until the jolts and perilous yawings of the vehicle made the fact indubitable. When he got down and rectified matters the temper of neither himself nor the horse was left improved in the process.

They were passing the churchyard almost at a walking pace when, from the direction of the ruined edifice, stertorous noises, strange and uncanny, smote upon the Major's ear. He was not superstitious; but his hair at that moment stood erect, and every pore of his body exuded sweat. Before he had time to think, his horse tossed up its head and, giving a snort through quivering nostrils, bolted.

The Major leant back and pulled at the reins. The action was half hearted, however, for his terror of the unknown outran his fear as to the consequences of this flight. The horse held the bit in teeth in any case, and was not to be stopped.

Over the trackless snow he galloped and reared; the vehicle bounced and rocked. The Major held on grimly. As the imagined terrors receded he became more alive to the jeopardy of his position as it actually existed.

One point of danger to be negotiated was a very high *siver* without parapets, underneath which the loch crept up through marsh lands to meet a mountain tarn. The tarn was in spate. The low monotone of it could be heard in the womb of the storm which shrilled over it.

The crossing exacted circumspection at the best of times. To-night, with a storm-blinded horse in flight, it was almost foregone destruction to attempt it. The Major knew the hazard he was running, and more than once an impulse summoned him to leap for it. There was scarcely time to think, time to distinguish prudence from its opposite, or he might have done so. Obstinacy spurred him and he held on; but he made no relaxation in his efforts to get the horse in hand.

XXV.

The severity of the weather detained the steamboat, and she did not arrive at Broadbost until morning.

The tempest had calmed down by this time. The sea was still tumultuous; but the land lay

dazzlingly white against the liquid blue of a serene and cloudless sky.

Short albeit the interval, Lieutenant Mac-Kintosh, who had left in lusty buoyancy of youth, could scarcely be recognised in the Captain of that name who now leapt from the prancing dingey on to the jetty.

His campaigns alas! had left their mark. An empty sleeve, half doubled and pinned to his front, showed that his right arm had been left behind. Aslant his cheek, the weal of a recently-healed sabre cut stood out in ugly prominence. The virile elasticity of youth was gone—not entirely, indeed, but to a degree that gave not even a remote suggestion of what it once had been. From his face was faded all its wonted healthful colour, the skin, sallow and almost parchmented, with numerous tiny wrinkles, being drawn tightly over it. Every trace of youth was elided or rounded off in the general air of maturity which characterised his movements.

On the jetty, the last time he had landed there vividly recurred to him; and he could scarcely repress a smile. Here he was in an exactly similar predicament—more helpless, if anything, than then, for, in addition to there being no one in waiting, the weather conditions were much more in his disfavour.

He breakfasted at the hostel, and ordered a conveyance.

The innkeeper recommended him to take a horse as the road might be impassable in places owing to the snow. Norman, however, maintained his preference for a dogcart. He loathed, just then, the idea of riding and the fatigues it would entail.

Soon after setting out he entered into conversation with the driver, plying him with questions anent affairs in the locality. Later on, their talk seized up Glencorrie as its exclusive topic.

Norman was on edge to acquire full particulars.

His interests in that quarter, were, of course, well known to the driver. The latter, who had many connections among the evicted and whose sympathies, accordingly, burned strongly in their favour, was inclined to be curt and taciturn as to recent doings there.

The narrative, when, by dint of patient interrogatory, it was elicited, was sufficiently blanching in its details. Norman, listening, felt sick and faint as the facts, disconnectedly related, pieced themselves together, link by link, in an unbroken catena from the time he left till now.

"And they left Martin and the girl in the churchyard there?"

"Yes. If they were there all last night, God pity them."

"God pity them indeed."

"The condition of the road had certainly not been overstated. Right athwart it high and innumerable drifts of snow were piled in seemingly insuperable bars. Through these the vehicle, interred often to the axle, had slowly to plough a path. More than two hours elapsed ere they arrived at the siver or bridge which the Major was about to cross when we left him.

From this bridge, as they were slowly inching towards it, the horse suddenly recoiled. With quivering hide and startled eyes he planted his forefeet firmly in the snow and was adamant to every persuasion to advance.

Both men descended and walked forward to ascertain the cause. Simultaneously they made the ghastly discovery.

"My God! what has happened?"

They looked down at the broken spokes of wheels and heap of splintered wood and twisted iron. Beneath these was the dead carcass of the horse. His hind quarters lay in a shallow, his head and foreparts being submerged in the deeper water. The position, in which, apparently, he had been precipitated, was one from which he could not possibly have released himself.

Instinctively the gaze of both went in track of that which they dreaded to discover while they sought.

Some distance down the stream, at a bend of the current, they observed it—a huddled mass of soaked clothing thrown against the bank.

Norman, indurated to the sight of death in its most distressing forms, was the first to venture an approach.

The intervening space was a crazy, almost liquid quag, which even the thick spread of snow but indifferently concealed. He had to pick his steps with the utmost caution as he bounded over it from one tussock to another.

The position of the body proclaimed that it had been dead for many hours. Norman turned it over. He had scarcely the tremor of a shock when the lifeless face of his father stared up into his. The capacity for emotion and surprise had been shrivelled in him where he had parted with so many of his other attributes.

Setting to, they tested the ground in several directions. After various trials they were able to chart out a path of sufficient firmness to the roadside. Between them they thither bore the body and deposited it in the dogcart. The journey was resumed afoot.

In the recency of the tragic discovery, the sense of bereavement had not yet had time to dawn in Norman. He knew the dead body of

his father was in the cart behind; but the overwhelming nature of all the fact implied was not realised by him just then.

Presently they drew near the churchyard, which stood white and scarce distinguishable in the dazzling landscape.

Each of them thought of Ewen Martin and the girl; each, in his own mind, questioned whether they could possibly have passed the night in such a place, or survived it if they did.

"I'll take a step ahead and see," Norman said, in continuation of the thoughts which had been common to both. He suited action to the word.

Swinging strides soon brought him to the gate, and thence up the small ascent to the church.

The driver, whose eyes followed his movements, saw him pause a suspensive moment at the door. Then he disappeared inside.

Presently he came forth and began casting looks around. With his gaze bent upon the ground he walked slowly and, turning the corner of the church, disappeared from view again.

The driver prodded the horse to quicken pace. A little later they were abreast the churchyard.

Leaning against the gate, with his one arm thrown over the topmost bar, Norman stood in wait. His face was grey to an extreme that looked ghastly in contrast with the universal white. If any remnant of his youthful bearing had theretofore been traceable, it was now evanished utterly. He imaged a man full thirty years his senior.

"Martin is crouped up within the church there," he said: "Ealie is lying on her mother's grave."

And to the unspoken question in the driver's eyes he answered:

"Yes: both of them are dead."

[THE END.]

THE HIGHLANDS AFTER CULLODEN.

By W. C. MACKENZIE, F.S.A., Scot.

(Continued from page 136.)

IT need hardly be said that education has played a part of supreme importance in the formation and development of public opinion in the Highlands. Education was the one thing above all others that those chiefs who were imbued with ideas of despotism desired to keep out of the country, as if it were a plague. For it opened the eyes of the people to many things of which, to the advantage of the chiefs and their own corresponding disadvantage, they had previously been sublimely unconscious. But education was bound to find permanent lodgment, in spite of the obscurantists, and the apathy, or, in some cases, the enmity of the people themselves; and to the Church of Scotland and the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge the credit is chiefly due for the firm hold which its roots gradually took of Highland soil. Parochial schools were planted at the end of the seventeenth century, but it was not until the first quarter of the nineteenth century had come to a close, that determined and successful efforts were made to grapple with the appalling ignorance that still prevailed; and from that period the progress of education has been sure, if not rapid. And it will be of special interest to the Gaelic Society of London to know that it was during the same quarter of a century that the cause of bi-lingualism was fought and won, after an experience which clearly demonstrated its efficacy as a vehicle of instruction. It is now, after the lapse of a century, being fought once more, the tide of reaction having in the interval obliterated the teaching of history.

Another factor of some weight in the sociological changes which followed Culloden, was the wave of lyricism and literary activity by which the second half of the eighteenth century was marked. That was the period of the great Gaelic singers, the poets of nature, like Alexander Macdonald, Duncan Ban Macintyre, Rob Donn and others, who interpreted the emotions of the people among whom they moved, gave expression to their deepest sentiments, and flagellated with caustic wit contemporary vice and sloth; a sure indication of the gradual unshackling of the fetters which had so long bound the people in intellectual and moral darkness. It was the period, too, of the Ossianic controversy which, if it did nothing else, served to stimulate inquiry into Highland literature, and to dissipate the notion that a degree of high culture was incompatible with the rude civilisation of the ancient Gael. But in these days, when Macpherson is so generally discredited, it is wise, perhaps, not to make too much of the Highland claim to a native Homer, fit to rank with the acknowledged giants of the poetic art.

The greatest formative influence of all, after Culloden, was exerted by the Church. The final overthrow of the Jacobites paved the way for the signal and lasting triumph of Presbyterianism in the Highlands over Romanism and Episcopacy, both of which were identified with the lost cause, and suffered accordingly. The Kirk, as already mentioned, encouraged education, secular and religious instruction being co-ordinated. But both kinds of teaching were greatly hampered, not merely by moral but also by physical conditions. Some parishes were

as large as certain counties in the south. The distances to be travelled through roadless tracts of the roughest country, left the more sparsely-peopled districts almost destitute of instruction. Difficulties such as these could only be gradually overcome, and it needed a ministry fired with enthusiasm to face them with even partial success; and, generally speaking, the Highland clergy during the last half of the eighteenth century were not remarkable for their fervour. They were often men of culture, as Dr. Johnson and Pennant and other travellers testify, but it is also plain that they liked their leisure and were more at home in their glebes than in their pulpits. They looked after the morals of their people sharply enough, and were powerful auxiliaries of the law in the prevention and punishment of crime. But the sympathy existing between them and their flocks was paternal rather than fraternal. The pulpit had not yet been democratised, and the clergy, drawn from the ranks of the ruling classes in the Highlands, retained a good deal of the old governing spirit in their relations with the people. Perhaps this attitude was not altogether unsuited to the stage of educational development which had been reached, but it operated adversely to the people when their interests clashed with those of their landlords. For the latter could always rely on the support of the clergy in any economic disputes. The system of patronage, as well as class feeling, brought the ministers and their patrons into line when the interests of the heritors were threatened. A striking instance of this was shown at the time of the Sutherland clearances early in the nineteenth century, when, with the exception of Mr. Sage, the whole of the local clergy aided and abetted the instruments of depopulation, in perpetrating a wicked act of tyranny. I do not think it would be difficult to show that the attitude of the clergy at this juncture had a good deal to do with the estrangement between them and their people, which culminated in the Disruption of 1843, when, unlike the severance in the south, the Highland parish churches were left with but a fraction of their people.

I have made a passing reference to the notorious clearances in the north, and I do not propose to re-tell a well-known story. But these clearances—which led to the expatriation of many unwilling emigrants—mark a stage in the economy of the Highlands, which forms a middle link between post-Culloden conditions and those now existing. The writer of a recent article in a popular magazine makes the statement that Highland clearances were "an unavoidable outcome of inexorable economic laws." In a reply to that article, I ventured to call this statement "a meaningless euphemism, to cover one of the most disgraceful episodes in Highland history." I repeat that assertion. It is not necessary to go to Donald Macleod's *Gloomy Memories* for corroboration. I go to the other side and take the evidence of the late Evander Maciver, who, during fifty years of his life, was factor for three Dukes of Sutherland. In his *Reminiscences*, published during the past year, Mr. Maciver states that the Strathnaver clearances were carried out in a "harsh and ruthless manner by some of the parties who acted for the Sutherland estate"; and he goes on to say that the removals of crofters to make way for sheep "had generated a strong rebellious tendency in the minds of the lower classes in Sutherland against their superiors." And surely there was ample justification for the "strong rebellious tendency."

The cattle boom, already described, paled in magnitude before the rush for sheep-farms in the Highlands a century ago. It had been supposed that low country stock would not be able to stand the rigours of a Highland winter, but when, by an accidental discovery, that fallacy was exposed, the Highland hills were quickly alive with sheep. The Napoleonic wars gave an impetus to sheep-farming, and the Highland proprietors raked in the gold of the Lowland farmers, who in turn made large fortunes. It was the people who paid. Driven from the hills to the seashore and the moor, to make room for the more remunerative quadrupeds, they eked out a miserable existence, or emigrated, some to better their condition, but more to sink by the wayside and die broken-hearted. It is a sad story, but an instructive one, and gilding it by fine language like "an unavoidable outcome of inexorable economic laws" will not serve to hide the underlying blackness of the guilt on the one side and the misery on the other. I am thankful to say that it was a chief of my own clan who, when offered double the existing rental by some Lowland sheep-farmers for his Loch Carron property, replied that he would neither let his lands for sheep pasture nor turn out his people "upon any consideration, or for any rent that could be offered." It is easy to sneer at Lord Seaforth as a sentimentalist who, as it happened, went straight to financial ruin instead of getting wealthy like his neighbours. But there are some who, after all, would prefer to be in the shoes of this noble chief, with nothing but the love and devotion of his people to support him in his hour of trial, than in those of others who, with their riches, secured also the aversion of a sullen peasantry as an offset. In many cases these riches were as quickly squandered as acquired, and the final balance of gain rested

chiefly with the canny Lowlanders, who knew not only how to make money but how to keep it.

It need hardly be said that public opinion nowadays would not tolerate clearances or forced emigration, but a silent and far more insidious means of reducing the area under human beings is in progress. Sheep-farming had various fluctuations during the nineteenth century. It suffered depression after the Napoleonic wars and great prosperity during the American Civil War; but since that period, owing to foreign and colonial competition, it has been a declining industry. On its ruins has risen the system of afforestment in the Highlands, which is growing at an alarming rate, and threatens, unless checked, to convert the northern counties into a vast playground for wealthy strangers, with only a few oases of industry. It is quite beyond the scope of this paper to discuss deer forests, but it is permissible at least to say that all attempts, so far, to demonstrate their economic relative value to the Highlands have signally failed, and reformers will welcome the day when legislation, based upon the report of the Deer Forests Commission of 1892, becomes an accomplished fact.

It would be equally irrelevant to discuss the modern phases of social and economic life in the Highlands, but it is not difficult to trace their developments from the changes which have occupied our attention. The links in the economic chain stretch from the Duke of Cumberland to the Crofters Commission, and from the desertion of their followers by the chiefs to the appointment of the Congested Districts Board. Until the Crofters Act provided a Magna Charta for the Highland people, the whole record, it is grievous to say, is one of oppression, with some outstanding exceptions. The tacksmen, on regaining some of the power which they lost after the cattle boom, were frequently worse tyrants than the proprietors themselves, while the factors sometimes surpassed them both in grinding the faces of the poor. But relief came at last, and the people are now, within certain limits, free to work out their own destiny. Recent measures, designed to relieve congestion, will give them an opportunity of showing their value as peasant proprietors, and, if the experiments should prove successful, these tentative efforts will inevitably pave the way for measures of far-reaching importance, which will check the growth of afforestment, break up large farms into small holdings, and open a new chapter in the economic history of the Highlands.

(Concluded.)

THE CLAN MACLEOD.

By Hugh Macleod, Writer, Glasgow.

(Continued from page 140.)

DUNVEGAN CASTLE.

'An bu lionmhor cruit is clar
'Siomadh bard a sheinneadh sgeul,
B'iomadh slige dol mun cuairt,
'S dana maith ga luaidh le cheil.

Now, this was a distinct breach of faith on the part of Rorie, although not knighted by King James, still the unwritten code of ethics demanded that Chiefs, as well as Knights Errant, should keep their word. For had not Rorie written the King previously on 22nd September, 1596, from Harris, *inter alia*, as follows:—"Althoct I "sould be borne in ane hors litter, I shall do my "exact diligence to be at my Lord Crowner, "qhair your Grace hes commandit me, in all "possible haist, as I sall answer to God and "your Grace baithe . . . I beine in mynd "to serwe your Grace under God as my native "King and Maister to the utermaist of my lyfe." The King's command, here referred to, was to the effect that he and his followers should appear in Islay against a certain day—the 20th of September. Now, it is certain that Rorie had no real intention of keeping his promise by "horse litter" or galley, for, being an astute and farseeing man, he anticipated treachery, no doubt, on the part of James' Counsellors, and he met them with the same weapons of artifice and diplomacy which were used towards himself—the morality of which we leave to schoolmen to approve or condemn. Rorie having thus defaulted twice, the usual decree of forfeiture went out against him, and as well letters of treason and "treatorie," all of which were utterly ineffective against the wily Island Chief. Rorie's policy was one of nominal submission and respectful silence alternatively. But James had

OTHER AND SERIOUS PLANS

in view, ostensibly at least, for the improvement of the Highlands, and the conduct of Sir Roderick and other chiefs was unendurable. A new scheme for dealing with these gentlemen was therefore resolved upon. Accordingly, in 1597, the Scots Parliament passed an Act ordaining all the Highland Lords to lodge in Edinburgh, on or before 15th May 1598, their Title deeds. Some complied, but Rorie did not. I think we may reasonably conclude that his natural sagacity warned him that, if once his Writs were out of his hands the destruction of them and the more easy transfer of the lands which they represented, could be attained. Having previously defied decrees of forfeiture he risked it again, and it so happened with equal success. His lands were alienated to the

Duke of Lennox and a number of other lowland "adventurers," but, as you may anticipate, theirs was the shell while Rorie had the kernel. Rorie remained in undisturbed possession of his vast dominions, and it requires no great stretch of imagination to picture our hero sending round the now famous horn and exclaiming—

"Fill me the mighty cup
"Erst own'd by royal Somerled,"

to a spirited tune by Donald Mor M'Crimmon.

One can see, albeit dimly, that Sir Rorie held high festival at this time with his retinue of bards and pipers and merrymen, caring little for the sentence of outlawry which was certain to follow his acts of disobedience. One would like to know what was the

SOCIAL CONDITION

of the people of the Isles in these days, but, unfortunately, we have no means of ascertaining this. If one were allowed to infer that little change took place in the next 70 years or so, then we have some *data* for arriving at the conclusion that their condition was by no means a poor one. For Martin, writing in the late 1690's, says, "that the inhabitants, in general, "prefer conveniency to ornament, both in their "houses and apparel, and they rather satisfy "than oppress nature in their way of eating "and drinking; and not a few of them have a "natural beauty, which excels any that has "been drawn by the finest Apelles." Martin saw for himself what he wrote about, and hence his testimony is most valuable. He found the people well proportioned and of a black complexion. They had fewer bodily imperfections than any other people. Scrupulous cleanliness was observed in the rearing of the children, and accordingly these learned to walk earlier and grew up stronger than other children, and consequently longevity was the rule, the Lady of MacLeods of his day having lived to the age of 103 years. She had then "a comely head of "hair, and a case of good teeth, and always "enjoyed the free use of her understanding "until the week in which she died." The diet seems to have been simple but ample, consisting of butter, cheese, milk, potatoes, colworts, and *brochan* with bread a staple article in spring and winter. Little flesh was used, unless venison occasionally, for the graphic observer notes very truly *populis sat est lymphaque ceresque.* Tea—now the universal dish—was known but little used, while brandy and ale were but seldom partaken of in the houses of the lower, although always on the tables of the upper, classes. Quick of apprehension, they delighted in music, and at a very early age they easily distinguished between tunes grave and gay. Human nature has changed but little during the centuries, for we find that it is related of our forbears at the time I am dealing with, that some of them, musicians, endeavoured to pass for first inventors of tunes by changing their names, but my fellow Islesman shrewdly observes: "whatever language gives the modern name, "the tune still continues to speak its true "original." They were expert then as now in the composition of poetry. They were ignorant of the many vices practised in the learned and polite world, and we have reason to rejoice that they were neither so blind nor so ignorant as to be driven to distraction and lunacy by religious feud and strife—a condition unhappily too patent now-a-days. They had not in their houses gas nor electric light, nor did they wear *lum* hats and factory brown boots, yet their days may not inappropriately be described as good old days—days of pleasantness—if not always days of peace.

Such then, were the people who surrounded Sir Rorie in the *Tùr Mhòr* while he dispensed hospitality as he alone could. To him, then, I must now hurry back.

It suited our hero once on a while to appear in Edinburgh, and that was in connection with a dispute he had with MacKenzie of Coigeach, a member of the Privy Council. MacKenzie, well knowing the fiery and haughty temper of the Hebridean Chief, purposely used towards him insulting language, well calculating that the latter would resent it in a manner sure to bring him into sharp conflict with the law and etiquette of the Council meeting. And so it happened: MacLeod struck MacKenzie to the ground—an offence punishable by death. But nothing, after all, seems to have come of it, for the bold Islesman was not to die yet. He seems to have escaped with little trouble, and arrived in his island fastness in perfect safety. You can in fancy hear Mairi Nighean Alastair Ruaidh—on learning of these events, singing in that classical Gaelic which none but she could use, to the delight of her lord and master, as well as the Dunvegan guests—

Mo Ruairidh Mor, Mo Ruairidh Mor
Bithidh ceol is dain an talladh 'n fhir fheill
Deochan o chein, sitheann beinne
Dreosach dhe'm cheir, is pioban gan gleus
'S an aros mo ruin cha bhi gainne
Mo Ruairidh Mor, Mo Ruairidh Mor.
—C. M., Vol. IV.

Following on all these things, there sprang up a serious quarrel with MacLeod's neighbouring Chief, viz., Donald Gorme of Sleat, and the cause of it, as so often happens, was a woman. It would appear that the Chief of the Macdonalds, for some reason or another, got tired of his wife, who was Sir Rorie's eldest sister, and sent her back to Dunvegan. The brother naturally resented this, and the result was a series of incursions into each other's

territories, forays, raids, and bloody battles, which virtually brought the two Clans to the brink of ruin. Nobles and Privy Councils intervened to stop the internecine warfare, orders and commands are issued by the King in Council ordaining both parties to appear before him, but Rorie treats every effort with lofty contempt. But at last, and through the kindly mediation of Angus Macdonald of Kintyre and many other Highland Chiefs, they ceased their warfare with the sword, but carried it on with the pen and actions at law, and it is questionable whether, in so far as the two warriors were personally concerned, the one system of warfare was not more disastrous than the other. Both got very seriously involved in debt, but notwithstanding this, Donald Gorme and his retinue are invited to the

HALLS OF DUNVEGAN,

and to the acceptance of that invitation we are indebted for two of the best piobaireachds in the music-book, viz., Failte Chlann Dòmhuill and Failte nan Leodach, composed by MacLeod's then chief Piper, Donald Mor MacCrimmon, father to a still more celebrated Piper, Patrick Mòr.

It appears the Macdonalds were entertained on a scale of unexampled magnificence at the Court of the Great Island Chief, whose name is a household word for such. It is most probable that it was on this occasion Niall Mor Mac Muiriche composed his famous and now well-known poem—

1600.

Six nights I had been in the Dun,
It was not a fallacious entertainment I received;
Plenty of cuirm was drunk at the board,
There was a large wine brugh and a numerous host.

* * * * *

We were twenty times drunk every day,
To which we had no more objection than he had;
Even our food was in abundance, which consisted of
Four, three, seven along with six varieties
The six nights I was in the Dun.

There are many other notable events in the life of our friend Roderick, but chief of all is this one:—Government resolved upon having all the Highland Chiefs present to meet the King's Commissioner at the Castle of Aros to make arrangements for the better government of the Isles, and Rorie attended. After several conferences, Lord Ochiltree invited the Chiefs on board his ship to dinner. Rorie Mòr smelt the wind. He didn't go aboard. The rest did; and on Lord Ochiltree getting them there, sailed away with them to Edinburgh as prisoners, and Rorie sailed away in his Birlinn to his Castle of Dunvegan, no doubt laughing up his sleeve. He was subsequently one of the Island Lords who formulated the famous statutes of Iona, which I fully explained to you on a former occasion, and no doubt on that account Roderick received, in 1610, a remission from the King for all his past offences and crimes. He was to receive further honour, however, for he was knighted by James the VI. in 1613.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WEARING OF THE KILT.

DEAR SIR,—I was pleased to see in last month's *Celtic Monthly* your note upon Dr. G. Norman Meachen's Lecture, when he made a strong point of the advantages of the kilt for boys, and also your own note upon its popularity in the Academies and High Schools of Glasgow. It does one good to see so large a proportion of boys there wearing the Highland dress. It is, however, much to be regretted that so few boys wear it in the Highland Schools, not, I think, that it is unpopular with them, but due more to the parents than the boys themselves.

I have attended many Gatherings in the Highlands and other parts of the country where the main topic has been the preservation of Highland traditions, Gaelic, etc., and nearly all these meetings are well attended by enthusiastic Highlanders, where one would expect to see many—in fact, all—the laddies in the kilt and short hose, but no, there is seldom a bare knee to be seen, all being dressed in some modern and unhealthy knickerbocker arrangement. I have wondered, when listening to the excellent and well-meant speeches, how many sons of the speakers are wearing the kilt, or have been brought up in it; so far as my experience goes, I fear, but few. In spite of all that is being done by our various Societies, the children are fast leaving the Gaelic alone, and I know, in the majority of houses, although the parents can and do talk in the Gaelic to each other, the children have none, neither are they taught or care to learn or talk it, and I fear, in spite of all efforts, the inevitable must come, and the beautiful Gaelic will before many years roll by, become one of the dead languages; but there is no reason why the wearing of the tartan should follow; particularly, if the fathers and mothers will help, there will be many more kilted boys to be seen in our Highland towns and villages than there are to-day. I think the various Highland and Gaelic Societies about the country could do more to encourage the boys to wear the kilt than is done at present.

Yours faithfully,
COLIN-RIACH.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to ascertain with what clan the "Brash" family is connected; and would esteem it a great favour if you could kindly tell me of any publication, or other source, wherein I may trace same. According to both "Fairbairn's" and "Knight and Butter's" books of crests, there are two Scottish families, viz.—Brash and Birney, who are entitled to use the same crest, which is a hand holding an anchor in clouds.—Yours faithfully,

London, 29th March 1906. ERNEST L. BRASH.

M. LAMONT, QUINCY, MASS., U.S.A.—Thanks for cutting relating to General Alex. M'Dougall of the Revolution. A very interesting sketch of this distinguished Highland soldier is given in J. P. Maclean's *Highland Settlements in America*, where it is stated that the general was a native of Islay.

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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FAMILY OF RORISON.

SIR,—Mr. James Sinclair, San Francisco, U.S.A., has written in your last "Monthly" expressing his anxiety to learn something of the name of Rorison. Mr. Thomas Sinclair, M.A., has written largely about the Rorisons, in the *Northern Ensign*. The family seems to be descended from a small sept of the Clan Gunn in Caithness, claiming as their ancestor a man named Roderick or Rorie Gunn, or "of that ilk." Mr. J. Sinclair has given a long list of substantial burgesses, in the town of Thurso, of the name of Rorison. These notices of Rorisons are extracted from papers belonging to a certain Captain Gunn, and they extend from the beginning of the seventeenth to well on into the eighteenth century. The notices of commercial transactions in which men of the Rorison family figure, certainly prove that there were many Rorisons then at and round about Thurso; and that the name is connected with the county of Caithness. As the Rorisons do not appear to have possessed property or land they probably had no armorial bearings.

I know of only two men of the name of Rorison who have distinguished themselves.—(1) The Rev. Dr. Gilbert Rorison, Episcopal Incumbent of Peterhead, in the Diocese of Aberdeen, who was chosen to write one of the replies to "Essays and Reviews"; (2) The Very Reverend Vincent L. Rorison, D.D., son of the preceding, who is the present Dean of St. Andrews, Dunkeld and Dunblane, as well as Incumbent of St. John's Episcopal Church, Perth. It may also be added that the Dean's daughter is the authoress of a rather ambitious novel, entitled "A Taste of Quality." It is understood that Dean Rorison is likely to be the next Bishop of St. Andrews, when the present Bishop retires.—Yours etc.,

OBSERVER.

"PEG O' NELL."

["THE Lancashire Ribble has a water-spirit called Peg O' Nell, represented by a stone image now headless, which stands at the spring where the Ribble rises in the grounds of Waddon. This Peg O' Nell was originally, according to tradition, a girl of the neighbourhood, but she was done to death by incantations, and now demands every seven years that a life should be quenched in the waters of the Ribble. Peg is probably a corruption of some old local Celtic or pre-Celtic word for nymph or water-spirit."—GRANT ALLEN.]

Hast seen the Ribble softly play
Beneath the harvest moon,
When starshine calls the breeze away,
And night still bears the kiss of day
And nature lies a-swoon?

The Peg O' Nell doth wake from sleep
Where silver minnows dart,
She decks her hair, and sighs so deep
That all the ripples seem to weep
Within the river-heart.

And she floateth through the greenlit flow
And chants a wild, strange song,
And the passing youth doth pause, aglow
At the notes so pure and cold and low,
So full of woe and wrong.

His sight grows filmy as with tears,
An unseen hand doth guide
Him stumbling drunken with sweet fears
Till Peg O' Nell sings in his ears,
And lures him to her side.

Her amber tresses round him float,
Her eyes all amber gleam,
She slings soft arms around his throat
As with a wordless, elfin note,
She draws him understream.

London. REGINA M. BLOCH.

CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY.—The usual Spring meeting of the Council of this Society was held in Glasgow, at which there was a fair attendance of members present. Mr. John MacGregor occupied the chair. After the ordinary business had been transacted, there was laid on the table a personal bond by Rob Roy, dated 13th July, 1733, in favour of one James Wallace of Auchterbraes, which had been presented to the Society by Mr. Alexander M'Grigor of Cairnoch, Stirlingshire.

THE CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIETY held their General Business Meeting on 26th April, Mr. Jas. P. MacMillan, pesident, in the chair. There was a large attendance. The present office-bearers were re-elected, and the secretary submitted the annual reports, which were most satisfactory. A very enjoyable social meeting followed.

"THE BOOK OF MACKAY," by the Rev. Angus MacKay, M.A., which has been in preparation for some time, is to be issued to subscribers in July, and we believe the entire edition is already nearly all subscribed for. It contains a great mass of fresh historical and genealogical information, which will prove of the greatest interest, not only to MacKays, but to all persons of Highland descent. The volume is published to subscribers at 21s., and those desirous of having their names included in the list of subscribers to be printed in the volume, should communicate at once with Mr. John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow.

THE M'GHIES OF BALMAGHIE.

By Norman J. M'Kie, M.D. (Edin.)

An outline of the history of a family who held lands in the Stewartry for something like a thousand years cannot fail to be of interest to Gallovidians. From the ninth century, when parishes got their names, and Balemakethe, now Balmaghie, was named after its principal landowner, until the nineteenth, when the daughters of John M'Ghie of Castlehill, who was descended from Balmaghie through Airie and Airds, parted with the estate, there have been landowners of the name and clan in Galloway. The name M'Ghie is a modification of what was once a favourite Celtic appellation, Aodh or Aed, sometimes written Eth or Heth and latinized into Ethus. It was pronounced Y., I., or E., according to the dialect of the particular district in which the family might happen to reside. The modern spellings most generally in use in Scotland are M'Ghie, M'Kie, Mackee, and Mackay; but all the modifications, both ancient and modern, Scotch and Irish, are too numerous to index.

The reading of a paper on "The origin of the Clan Mackay," by Mr. William Mackay, Craigmonie, Inverness, before the Clan Mackay Society five years ago, induced Mr. Alexander Macbain, M.A., LL.D., to write the following note on the name Mackay, which Mr. William Mackay has appended to the privately printed copy of his paper:—"The Gaelic form is Mac Aoidh, son of Aodh. The name Aodh is common in the ancient history of the Gael, both in Scotland and Ireland. The dipthong *ao* of modern Gaelic appears in ancient Gaelic always as either *ae* or *ai*; thus *craobh* (tree) appears as *craeb*. So for Aodh we meet with Aed. In the *Book of Deir* we have Aed, and the genitive Aeda, with *e* long; in Irish it is Aed, genitive Aeda, pointing to the stem in *u*, that is, to Aedu—as the full stem form. Now, the great Gaulish people called the Aedui, who before Cæsar's advent held the hegemony of Gaul against the Arverni, have exactly the same stem (Aedu) in their name. Aeduos, or Aeduus, is an adjective from the stem Aedu, and therefore Aeduus or Aadeun means quite the same as Mackay, the former meaning 'belonging to Aedu,' the latter 'son of Aedu.' The further meaning of *aedu-s* is also known; the word means 'fire,' 'hearth.' It appears as such in Irish and Welsh, and is allied to the Latin *aedes* (house) *Aedilis*, the Roman Dean of Guild, and the Greek *aitho* (I kindle)."

All this may, of course, be equally said of M'Ghie and M'Kie. The Celtic Aodh is the Norse Odo and the Norman-French Hugh. Any M'Ghie or M'Kie who wishes to change his name, without altering the meaning, can call himself Fitz-Hugh, and he can then say his ancestors came over with "The Conqueror," if he be ashmed of his descent from a native Celtic stock.

In old Galloway documents M'Ghie and M'Kie are used indiscriminately.

The families of Balmaghie, Airie and Airds, and Castlehill are described in succession, and as will be seen, their relative positions—first, second, and third—equally indicate their relative importance.

I.—THE M'GHIES OF BALMAGHIE.

The tradition is that the lands and church derived their name from an Irish Chieftain who settled there in early days.[1] The earliest historical notice of the name is in the beginning of the

Arms of M'Ghie of Balmaghie.
From a pencil sketch by Mr. Robert Wells, Telegraph Linesman, Newton-Stewart.

1. Chalmers' Caledonia, Old and New Statistical Accounts, M'Kerlie's Lands and their Owners in Galloway.

"LOWE'S SEAT."
From a photograph by Mr. Galloway, Stationmaster, New Galloway.

12th century, when the "church of Kirkandrew, Balemakethe," is mentioned amongst various benefices granted by Fergus, Lord of Galloway, to the Abbey of Holyrood.[2] The M'Eths, who gave their name to the lands and the church, must, therefore, have been settled there in the eleventh century at the latest, but, as parishes were formed as early as the ninth century, we may pretty safely conclude that the M'Ghies were there then. Gilmyhel MacEth signed the Ragman Roll in 1296; Michael Macge submitted to Edward III. in 1339[3]; Gilbert Macge is called "lord of Balmage" in 1426[4]; in 1460 Gilbert M'Gy is of Balmagy.[5]

This Gilbert was succeeded by William M'Ghee, who gets sasine of Slaygerre (Slogarie) in 1471.

William M'Gye of Balmacgye and Slewgarre married Blanche de Levenax, widow of Fargus MacDowell of Spottis, and obtained a charter by James III. Aug. 16th, 1482,[6] William Makgye of Pluntoun being a witness.

2. Lib. Cart. Sanct. Crucis, p. 11.
3. Rotul. Scot., i. 571.
4. Reg. Mag. Sig., ii., 81.
5. Excheq. Rolls.
6. Reg. Mag. Sig., x. 30.

William M'Ghie of Pluntoun, in the parish of Borgue, got a charter of his lands from James III. Aug. 14th, 1484.[7] which lands afterwards passed into the hands of de Levenax or Lennox.

William M'Ghie, by Blanche de Levenax, had a son Nicholas, who succeeded. Nicholas married Elizabeth Maxwell, and by her had two sons—Gilbert, who predeceased his father, and who had two daughters[8]—Marion, married John Redick of Balharro; Janet, married Robert Charteris of Kelwood. William, who succeeded.

William Makgee, of Balmgee and Torris, got a charter from James V., March 18th, 1527.[9] He had two sons—Alexander, who succeeded, and James,[10] who married Jonet, daughter of William M'Ghie, burgess of Kirkcudbright.

Alexander had a son Robert, who succeeded.[11] Robert married Grissel,[12] daughter of John Charteris of Amisfield, and by her had a son and a daughter—John (afterwards Sir John) and Marie,[13] who married William Gordon of Airds.

John was left a minor, and his grand-uncle James acted for at least eight years (1629-1637) as his tutor. The estate, consolidated by the tutor, was extended by Sir John, first known by that title in 1655.[14]

Sir John married Barbara,[15] daughter of Robert Anderson, burgess in Dumfries, and widow of Robert Kennanes in Illsteps. By her he had one son, Alexander, who succeeded. Alexander married (first) Margaret, daughter of Archibald M'Kie of Myretoun—M'Kie (Merton Hall[16])—and (second) Elizabeth Stewart, by whom he had one son and two daughters—William; Elizabeth, who married John, eldest son of Robert Ferguson of Craigdarroch[17]; and Florence, who married, first, Roger, third son of John Gordon of Airds; second, James, son and heir of Robert Charteris of Kelwood; and third, Thomas MacLellan of Balmangan.

William succeeded about 1690.[18] He married Anna Ballantyne, by whom he had two sons (at his death she married, secondly, Robert M'Clellan of Barcloy)—John, who succeeded,

7. Reg. Mag. Sig., xi., 73.
8. Acts and Decreets, vol. 149, fol. 315.
9. Reg. Mag. Sig., xxi. 82.
10. Privy Council Register, 1597, March 10th and April 7th.
11. Acts and Decreets, vol. 439, fol. 210, 31st March, 1631.
12. Acts and Decreets, vol. 498, fol. 113.
13. Acts and Decreets, vol. 492, fol. 155.
14. Reg. of Sasines, Dumfries, May 21st, 1655.
15. Reg. of Sasines, Dumfries, 1647.
16. M'Kerlie, vol. 3, p. 109.
17. Dumfries Sasines, 1682.
18. Dumfries Sasines, 1693, July 10th.

and Alexander,[19] surgeon, bailie of the burgh of New Galloway, who had three daughters[20]—Elizabeth, who married John M'Cournty of Furnistoun; Mary, who married Robert M'Millan in Barlow; and Margaret.

John M'Ghie succeeded in 1704.[21] He married Isobel Gordon,[22] youngest daughter of Alexander, Viscount Kenmure, by his third wife Lady Grizel Stewart, daughter of James Earl of Galloway. They had two sons—Alexander and William.

Alexander[23] succeeded in 1732. He had a son John, who succeeded in 1739.

John had a son Alexander, who married Grizell, only daughter of James, son of Alexander, Viscount Kenmure, by whom he had an only daughter, Grizell, who married James Anderson, captain of Marines, and left no issue. Alexander predeceased his father.

William M'Ghie, merchant in Edinburgh, with his wife Eleanora M'Dowall, had sasine of the lands of Balmaghie, May 6th, 1761.[24] In 1786 the estate was sold to Thomas Gordon.

The last of the direct line of the M'Ghies of Balmaghie are said to have been two old bodies, who are thus referred to in Harper's *Rambles in Galloway*:—"Burnside Cottage is about a mile from Lochenbreck Hotel, on the right of the road to Laurieston. Its interior was a very good specimen of the general character of the Galloway cottage of old times. Up to the time of their deaths it was the abode of Tibbie and Maggie M'Ghie, who were well-known characters in the district. They were supposed to be the last representatives of the once powerful race of the M'Ghies of Balmaghie, though neither of the worthy couple were ever heard to boast of their high lineage; still, even in the humble surroundings of their lowly cottage—all that remained to them of the broad acres, and affluence and power of the family that gave the name to the parish—they in appearance were high-bred and 'leddy-like.'" Mr. John Faed, R.S.A., Mr. John I. M'Clymont, and Mr. Malcolm M'L. Harper have all sketched and painted the picturesque old interior.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE M'GHIE SEALS, NOW IN POSSESSION OF MRS. WEBSTER.
From photograph by Wm. Hunter & Son, Newton-Stewart.

Sir George MacKenzie gives the coat-of-arms of M'Ghie of Balmaghie, as "Sable, three leopards' heads erased, argent." Nisbet, in his *Heraldry*, says—"The name of M'Ghie, three leopards' heads, argent. The principal family of the name is designed of Balmaghie, who makes the heads, or. I am indebted to Mr. Robert Wells, telegraph linesman, Newton-Stewart, for the excellent pencil sketch of the arms, crest, and motto of the M'Ghies.

19. Dumfries Sasines, 1721, March 20.
20. M'Kerlie, vol. 3, p. 111.
21. Dumfries Sasines, May 10th, 1704.
22. Dumfries Sasines, May 17th, 1712.
23. M'Kerlie, vol. iii., p. 111.
24. M'Kerlie, vol. iii., p. 112.

II.—THE M'GHIES OF AIRIE AND AIRDS.

The M'Ghies of Airie and Airds are a branch of the M'Ghies of Balmaghie, but it is difficult to point out when the offshoot took place.

In December, 1642, James M'Ghie had sasine of the lands of Airies and Culquahassan.[25] He married, first, Janet Gordon,[25] and, second, Anna Kennethie.[26] By the latter he had a son, Alexander, who succeeded.

Alexander married, first, Anna Fullarton,[27] and, second, Florence Maxwell.[28] By his second wife he had a son Alexander.

Alexander married Elizabeth,[29] daughter of Robert Gordon of Airds, and widow of Hugh Cairns of Lochhill. He bought[30] the estate of Airds on 24th May, 1744, and was afterwards known as "of Airds." They had a son Alexander, who succeeded.

Alexander, second of Airds, married 1st Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Todd, banker, London. By her he had one son and two daughters—John, afterwards of Castlehill, who succeeded, and who sold the estate about 1799; Mary[31] married Mr. M'Lellan; she died at Manchester, 30th Nov., 1817, aged 70; Jessie,[32] married David Blair, Esq., of Borgue; 2nd Agnes, daughter of Rev. William M'Kie, minister of Balmaghie, by whom he had a son, Nathaniel.

Mary is the heroine of that beautiful poem by John Lowe, called "Mary's Dream." Lowe was tutor to the family, and Agnes, the second Mrs. M'Ghie, was his aunt. Mary was engaged to be married to Alexander Miller, a young surgeon. Lowe was in love with Jessie. Miller was drowned at sea, and his sad death was the subject of the poem. Lowe emigrated to Virginia, where he forgot his Galloway lass and married. Both ladies eventually consoled themselves with husbands, as we have seen. A rustic arbour, beautifully situate on the banks of the Ken, where the poet sought inspiration amid the beauties of nature, is still known as "Lowe's Seat." Burns visited the place in company with the venerable William Gillespie, minister of Kells, himself a poet, and Syme, who was also one of the party, says that Burns "lingered on the spot, as if expecting the passing spirit to appear, as in 'Mary's Dream.'" I have to thank Mr. Galloway, stationmaster, New Galloway, for securing me the photograph of "Lowe's Seat."

III.—M'GHIES OF CASTLEHILL.

John M'Ghie of Castlehill, in the Parish of Troqueer, married Jean, daughter of the Rev. William Donaldson, minister of Parton, by whom he had six daughters—Mary, Isabella, Elizabeth, Jane, Wilhemina, and Anne. Mary, the eldest daughter, married the Rev. James Anderson, minister of Stoneykirk, Wigtownshire, by whom she had six sons and one daughter. The sons are now all dead. The daughter, Jeannie, is the wife of Capt. James Webster, Heathfield, Helensburgh. Mrs. Webster has in her possession three beautiful seals, which she received from her maternal aunt, Miss Isabella M'Ghie, who died in Dumfries in 1887, aged 88 years. The accompanying picture is from a photograph of their impressions by Messrs. Wm. Hunter & Son, Newton-Stewart. The leopard's head is seen in the central impression. Two ministers of the name were ordained in Balmaghie Kirk.[33]

The Rev. Hew M'Ghie was minister of the parish 1615-1638.

The Rev. William M'Kie was ordained successor to the Rev. John MacMillan, founder of the sect bearing his name. The ordination took place on October 12th, 1710, but it was not until 1729, nineteen years after, that he obtained possession of the manse. The story of this famous struggle is best told in *A Cameronian Apostle*, by the Rev. H. M. B. Reid, but is too long to go into here. Suffice it to say that, ordained in opposition to the wishes of the majority in the parish, it says much for his winning gentleness that when he died in 1763, full of years and honours, he was mourned by all his parishioners. A handsome monument, with a flattering inscription, has been erected to his memory. He had a large family, one of whom, the eccentric and witty Nathaniel, was minister of the neighbouring parish of Crossmichael, and is said to be the author of a quaint and humorous old Scottish song, "Nae Dominies for me, Laddie."

25. M'Kerlie, vol. iii., p. 168.
26. Dumfries Sasines, June 11th, 1678.
27. Dumfries Sasines, 1703, December 29th.
28. Dumfries Sasines, 1706, Nov. 15th.
29. Dumfries Sasines, 1724, Sept. 29th.
30. M'Kerlie, vol. iii., p. 426.
31. *Murray's Literary History of Galloway*, p. 272.
32. *Literary History of Galloway*, p. 273.

33. *The Kirk above Dee Water*, by Rev. H. M. B. Reid, now Professor Reid of Glasgow University.

PROPOSED LOCHIEL MEMORIAL.—A movement has been set afoot in Lochaber for the purpose of perpetuating the memory of the late Chief of the Clan Cameron, towards which subscriptions to the amount of £100 have already been received; and Mrs. Cameron Lucy of Callart, who has taken a leading part in the matter, has approached the Clan Cameron Society with a view to its taking the project in hand. The society has gladly done so, being of opinion that not only the Cameron Clan and those who are attached to the clan by relationship of blood, but many others, will be pleased to be afforded the opportunity of adding a stone to the cairn of one who so worthily upheld the dignity of an ancient and honourable house and the head of a great clan, alike for his services to his Sovereign and country. It is proposed to erect on the parade ground of the old military fort at Fort-William (the site being provided by Mrs. Cameron Lucy) a tower in the old Scottish baronial style, having a set of chimes in the belfry and a statue of the late chief in a niche in front of the tower. The total cost may be roughly estimated at about £1500. It is also intended to engrave on the tower the names of former chiefs of the clan.

EDUCATION IN THE HIGHLANDS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

By WILLIAM MACKAY, Solicitor, Inverness.

(*Continued from page 134.*)

UNFORTUNATELY, the earlier records of the Presbytery of Inverness have not been preserved, and a volume, commencing in April, 1670, is the first now extant. We have therefore no record of the first efforts of that presbytery in the cause of education in the rural parishes. It is evident, however, that the members did not entirely neglect their duties in this matter. In 1671 there was a school in Kiltarlity, in which Mr. George Hutcheson taught so acceptably that his ministers and elders "were all satisfyed with him in everie thing;" and in 1677 Mr. John Munro, the then schoolmaster of that parish, is described as "of a Christian, civille, blameless conversatione," and gets "a large applaus for his painefullness and diligent attendance on schoole and sessione." The youth of Kirkhill were taught in 1672 by Mr. Charles Ritchie, and he was succeeded by Mr. Thomas Fraser, who, in the words of his minister, the Rev. James Fraser, the accomplished

AUTHOR OF THE WARDLAW MANUSCRIPT,

"besides his attendance of the schoole, was precentor and clerk, and read the Scriptures publickly every Lord's day, in the Irish [Gaelic], betwixt the second and third bell." For these multifarious duties, Mr. Fraser received annually "a chalder of victuall with £20 [Scots—equal to £1 13s. 4d. sterling] out of the box, and also the baptisme and marriage money." He afterwards became minister of Dores; and we find him, in March, 1687, preaching before the Presbytery, with much acceptance, on the theme, "De peccato veniali et mortali." How he treated his delicate text we are, unfortunately, not informed. In 1682 there was a "flourisheing schoole" at Petty, and a "fixt schoolmaster, who was a great help to the minister." The poor minister evidently needed help, for, in connection with the celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, it is recorded of him that "he had a table only—other things being borrowed."

In going over the dry and faded records of the early times with which I am now dealing, it is pleasant to get such glimpses as I have given of the intellectual lights that then burned, however dimly, in some of our rural parishes; and it is almost a pity to mar that pleasure by referring to other parishes in which darkness still prevailed.

THE PLANTING OF SCHOOLS

in the latter was very uphill work. In the parish of Moy, for example, there was no school in 1672, the reason given by the heritors and elders being that "the townes within the parochin were far distant one from the other." The people of Daviot were a step in advance, for, in the same year, they had "ane schoole"; but alas! "the schoolemaster was forced to leave them for want of sustenance." They undertook to get the teacher back, and make suitable provision for him; but the undertaking was not implemented, and, by-and-bye, even the school disappeared. In 1682 the minister reported "that they could not nor had any [schoolmaster] because there was no incouragement for ane, nor no mediat centricall place quhere they could fix a schoole to the satisfactione of all concerned."

There was no school in Boleskine in 1672, "in regard the townes in the parish were remote the one from the other, and they had no convenience of boarding children." Dores was without a public school in 1675, "but several gentlemen had schooles in their own houses for educating and training up of their children, and they [the heritors] were upon a feasable way, if this deare yeare were by, to convene and stent themselves for ane publict school for the common good of the whole parish." The brethren of the Presbytery were pleased with this feasible way, and they exhorted the minister and heritors "to follow and cherish this good motione, as they wish that the knowledge of God may be upon the groweing hand among them, and their posteritie to bless their actions when they are gone." There was, in 1677, no school in Glen-Urquhart "for the present"; but the minister and elders stated that "when the Laird of Grant came to the cuntrey, they were to require his helpe and assistance how to get some victuall to maintain a schoolmaster; and they were exhorted to do the same, which would be good service done to God." And, as a further example, Croy was without a schoolmaster as late as 1685, for the reason that there was "no fixed salary for one."

The wars and strifes which agitated the Highlands for years before and after

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688

were not calculated to promote education, and many of the schools established in the early part of the century ceased to exist. In 1690 William the Third made an effort to improve matters in Argyleshire by enacting that for the future all vacant stipends within that county should be applied for educational purposes, and in 1696 he granted to the Synod of Argyle the rents of the Bishopric of Argyle for such purposes, and the grant was thereafter from time to time renewed. In 1696 the King erected a school at Fort-William, then known as Maryburgh, the teacher of which was to have the then large salary of £30 stg. a year, and in that year was passed the Act of Parliament which finally established the good old Parochial

System which continued until 1872. Under that Act the heritors of each parish were bound to erect a school and to maintain a teacher; but, alas! King William, whose popularity was never great in the Highlands, lost all favour after the massacre of Glencoe, and any scheme emanating from him or his Government was received with suspicion and distrust. In the majority of the Highland parishes the statute remained for years a dead letter. Even the school established by the King at Fort-William came to an untimely end, and altogether the close of the seventeenth century was, educationally, as dark and dreary as it well could be.

THE CHIEFS AND LAIRDS

and better class of tacksmen sent their sons, it is true, to the grammar schools of Inverness, Fortrose and other burghs, and the children of some of the more pronounced Jacobites received their education in France; but the poorer classes were neglected.

In these circumstances a few private gentlemen in Edinburgh met in 1701, and resolved to establish schools in the Highlands and Islands, and to appeal to the public for subscriptions for the purpose. Their first school was in a short time opened at Abertarff; but the schoolmaster met with such discouragement from the inhabitants that after a trial of eighteen months it had to be closed. The Edinburgh gentlemen were, however, not to be discouraged. In 1703 they published a statement setting forth the condition of the Highland people, and making suggestions for the amelioration of the same by Parliament. Parliament did nothing, but the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland took up the scheme, with the result that in 1707 they appointed a select committee, who, after conferring with the Edinburgh gentlemen, published proposals for

PROPAGATING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE

in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and in foreign parts of the world. Copies of these proposals, with subscription papers annexed, were sent to persons of influence throughout the Kingdom. Queen Anne encouraged the scheme by royal proclamation; subscriptions flowed in; and in 1709 the Queen granted letters patent, under the great seal, for erecting certain of the subscribers into a corporation. Thus was established, with a capital fund, to begin with, of upwards of £1000 stg., "The Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge"—the first meeting of which was held on 3rd November, 1709. At their second meeting (5th January, 1710) it was decided to establish schools in such parts of the Highlands as would from time to time need them most—in which schools Protestants and Roman Catholics would be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, with such other subjects as should be considered suitable to the pupils' circumstances.

(To be continued.)

CHIEFTAINSHIP AND THE CLANS.

By Wm. J. Thomas.

(Continued from page 137.)

Let us glance now at the Saxon chief. His history is that of the ordinary Aryan chief whom we have already described, and therefore, unlike the Gael, whose more interesting history is bound up with that of an alien race, other than his own.

THE SAXON CHIEF

was as elective as his Celtic contemporary, and in each case there were present the same striking tendencies to inequality and oppression. Even though, for instance, land was held to be in common among the various Saxon "kindreds," the Gaelic "clans" and Brythonic septs or "gwelys," and was rigidly kept beyond the chief's control as long as possible, it implies for none of them that other privileges and commodities were distributed or shared alike, or, that in such event, recourse was had to the fateful lot. The Saxon chief, therefore, by a like process of evolution, came to be as absolute as the Celtic chief, depending less and less on the tribe which had created him. Concomitantly, the Saxon Manorial System evolved long previous to the Norman Conquest. Its undoubted existence reveals the presence of an enslaved population,—the serfs, theows, and bondmen, just as much as the Welsh Manorial System does the enslaved "aillts" and 'talogs." There is a great affinity, as well as continuity, between Celtic and Teutonic life in Britain.

Returning to race-amalgamation. In the clusters of tribal domiciles the non-resistant Celt, naturally enough, gave way to make room for the new comers. The Saxon, thereby, was allowed to enter within the communal life of the Celtic conquered, and the closer settlement of the numerous "kindreds" could not but help to modify intensely Celtic custom and speech. Each strongly influenced the other,—locally at least, and from this influence in the dual communities has sprung the peculiarity of villages, towns and physical features bearing names half Celtic, half Teutonic. In all such communities, however, the Teutonic element became the predominant one, while the other side was, as clearly evidenced from the English dialects, equally well represented by the Goidelic branch as the Brythonic. It lay finally, of course, with the Saxon overlord whether to permit the existence of Celtic influence at all. The Celt who might endure the sway of Ine, had little desire of

tolerating that of the warlike Ceawlin. The latter suffered no resistance; the former believed in the advantage of union between the two races. Acting from this worthy motive, he urged in one of his laws "that the English should take wives of the illustrious blood of the Britons, and the Britons, wives of the illustrious blood of the Angles." And later, we are told, "some Angles received wives of the noble blood of the Scots"—a people who, to judge from Gervase of Tilbury, Gildas, Henry of Huntingdon or William of Malmesbury, received usually honours or sobriquets of a far different nature. The sobriquets certainly do not evince any particular degree of mutual affection and esteem.

That such feelings were unduly reciprocated by the Celts in the Anglo-Celtic communities goes without saying. Nowadays, all is changed, and one may wander, even in the Highlands, by river or moor, or through the many agglomerations of wigwams (usually styled "cities" and Highland "capitals") without hearing anything more discomfiting than 'Dhia beannaich mise! But it was not so once in old England. Life appears to have been livelier at times in the Anglo-Celtic communities, and it is difficult to say who was the more unchristian of the two—the Celt or the Saxon. Here again, however, the Celt comes to the fore. He had long been under the

BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY—

(thanks to his zealous missionaries), and his superior acquaintance with theology placed his Saxon rival at a decided disadvantage. What then could the poor Saxon, with his limited heathen vocabulary do, but meekly pay attentive ear to the Celtic epithets hurled at his head, and fling them back in true philanthropic style? Here is the Saxon's opinion of the Celt borrowed from the Celt's own tongue. He was a "keffyl" (cf. Somerset, Hereford, Worcestershire and Shelta) and a "donkey" to boot. He never ate but "gobbled"; never spoke but "brayed." The Celt might congratulate himself on his "mavis"-like powers of warbling, but it profited nothing when his Saxon audience called his valiant attempt the "braying" of an "ass." He was "goggle"-eyed, "bald" (Leicester, Somerset, "ball,") "keck"-handed (Northum., "left-handed,") and lastly, "crome" (Essex: "crooked") in the legs. When he felt thirsty, he drank by the "tun." He was a "rogue" when sober; easily "gulled" when not. Altogether he was a fiendish "bogy" and was sure in the long run to go to the "Dowl" or the "Dickens,"—it did not matter which.

Again, if he was a young hopeful and of average intelligence, he would be made to go to

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

First, he would demand an introduction to the "keckay"-faced (*i.e.*, sickly-looking) individual who was to be his instructor in worldly things. "What's your age?" the indignant Saxon schoolmaster would say. "Shay's in 'er ten" would come the meek response in broken English (Leicester Dialect). He would subsequently settle down to work and learn by "rote" what he was told. School soon became irksome, however. It offered no fascinations to the playful Celt. He thought it horrid to grind and so played "truant" (Northumb. "trivent") as much as possible. When caught, he received his first lesson in gymnastics. He was seized by the "glib" (hair of the head) and "kicked" and "bruised" so unmercifully that he could not help calling on the name of his "dad" in the hour of pain and trouble. In the large majority of cases, however, there would be no answering summons, no answering echo save the excited cry of "Baudrons" the school "cat," which had perhaps discovered a mouse in the "clock" hastening to a place of safety behind the times. Then would the tired schoolmaster add insult to injury by calling him a "brat" who sadly needed to be "bussed galore down" the street with a broomstick. And after the trying ordeal was past, yet while the painful impressions were ever vivid, the semi-Anglicised Celt would creep into some quiet and "cosy bourne," there to weep his little heart out, anxiously longing for that haven of rest unto his soul "where the Saxons cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Ghairm sinne air ais gu luath
Na bliadhna gun tuar a bh'ann.

Let the innocent reader part here, for the present, with the Anglo-Celtic village-communities. Only the identity of the tribal systems could have made the two races settle down in a close proximity, hence linguistic difficulties failed to prove so stout a barrier to the Saxon as to the Roman. The interdependence of

CELT AND SAXON

was mutual; the interchange of ideas, local customs and beliefs, everywhere became general. Celtic influence on the Saxon, therefore, was rendered effective, but it is out of all proportion to the insignificant influence of Neolith on Celt. This latter result was brought about by the great divergence between the Neolithic and Celtic tribal systems. When we come to the Romany-speaking tribes we shall find like causes at work. The tribal system was formed on a different basis. They did not enter within the communal life of Celtic or Saxon tribes, and, kept thus on the outside, they lived racially distinct. Romany tribes could therefore bring no influence to bear on either Celt or Saxon, and their wild Oriental traditions, customs, and languages, remained peculiar to themselves.

"OHI MI SIN IS FUAIGHIDH MI SO."

LE DOMHULL MAC-FHIONGHAIN AN DUNEIDEANN.

(*Air a leantainn.*)

THA na Sgeulachdan Gaidhealach de dh' iomadh càil. Tha moran diubh mu 'n t-seann Shaoghal air an d'amhairc an sluagh riamh air an ais le sùil cho blàth :

Mar ghath soluis do m' anam féin
Tha sgeul na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.

Tha cuid de 'n ghné d' am bheil Uirsgeil Aesoip 's a' Ghréig, no cosamhlachdan an t-sluaigh anns gach àite. 'S ann diubh so Sgeul an Tàilleir. Rinneadh an Sgeul air son teagaisg, air son firinn shonruichte a mholadh do 'n t-sluagh. 'S e tha againn an so Searmoin. Agus nach fhaodar a radh, le cead na cléir, am measg gach searmoin fhallan, fhoghainteach, chuimir, 's gach searmoin fhada, throm, chadalach a chualas á cùbaidean na Manachainn o dh' innseadh Sgeul an Tàilleir an toiseach, nach 'eil ach fior bheagan, ma tha aon idir, air an do ghleidheadh cuimhne cho maith. Co-dhiù 's ann a chionn gu bheil an t-searmoin so cho goirid no gu bheil i cho blasda, cha ruigear a leas fheòraich. Cha saoil mi air aon dòigh gur ann a chionn gu bheil i cho faoin a ghleidheadh air chuimhne i.

A dh' aon chor tha an searmonaiche so làneòlach air inntinn, air doighean 's air beachdan ar luchd-dùthcha. 'S a' cheum so saoilidh mi gu faodadh cuid d' ar ministeirean 's d' ar luchd-teagaisg leasan ionnsachadh o Sgeul an Tàilleir. O chionn beagan bhliadhnachan bha fìor-charaid dhomh, ministeir cho comasach 's a tha 'n ar measg, a' searmonachadh dlùth orm, 's fhuair mi cothrom air dol g'a éisdeachd. Bha an t-seirbhis taitneach, drùighteach. B'e an stéidh-theagaisg 'Uchd-mhacacdh,' teagasg a gheibh soilleireachadh air dhoigh ro shonruichte ann an Eachdraidh 's ann an Cleachdadh nan Gaidheal. Bha e 'na chleachdadh o shean a bhi a' cur oighre a' Chinn-chinnidh gu bhi air altrum 's air àrach ann an teaghlach de'n Chinneadh. B' e fear-an-tighe oide an oighre. B' i bean-an-tighe a mhuime. B' e an t-oighre an dalta, 's b' e clann na càraid comhdhaltan an oighre. Dh' fhàs bann a' cho-dhaltais, am measg nan Gaidheal, gu bhi na bu tinne na bann na fala. Bha a' chlann a dheoghail an aon chìoch 's a thogadh air aon ghlùn na bu dlùithe an daimh na a' chlann a rugadh leis an aon mhàthair. B' e braithrean a' chinn-chinnidh eideadh, a thrusgan ; ach b'e a chomhdhaltan a léine, a léine-chrios ;

"A bhiodh cho dileas dha ri fheòil 'nuair thogte a shròil ri crann."

"Is caomh le fear a charaid, ach 's e smior a chridhe a cho-dhalta," ars' an Sean-fhacal. Mhinich mo charaid a cheann-teagaisg gu comasach. Thug e iomadh sgeul freagarrach á iomadh cearn de'n t-saoghal a chur soluis air a theagasg, ach ged bha e searmonachadh 's a' Ghàidhlig, do Ghaidheil as gach cearn de dh' Albainn, cha d' thainig aon sgeul as a' Ghaidhealtachd no à eachdraidh is cleachdadh nan Gaidheal. Bha e ruith air m' inntinn, an aite cuairt a chur air a' chruitheachd an tóir air Samhlaidhean, na 'n d' thug am fear-teagaisg sinn gu blàr Inbhircheitein far an do rinn a luchd-cinnidh riomball stàilinn mu Eachann Ruadh Dhubhairt nach do leig iad a bhriseadh fhad 's a bha aon diubh beo, no gu faiche Pheairt far an deachaidh an seann oide Torcull 's na h-ochd co-dhaltan gu bàs le gean a' dìon an sgagaire bhochd a bu cheann-cinnidh dhaibh, na 'n do mhinich e dhuinn gu m b' iad na co-dhaltan, na "mic-uchd" a bhiodh dìleas gus a' bhàs, gu 'm b' iadsan anns an t-seadh spioradail, aig an robh càirdeas a bu dlùithe na bràthair ris a' mhac—oighre nan uile nithe—bha a ruith air m' inntinn na 'n robh an teagasg air a shoilleireachadh bho eachdraidh 's bho chleachdadh an luchd-dùthcha, gu 'm biodh beachd a' choimhthionail Ghaidhealaich mu uchd-mhacachd na bu chothromaiche, 's gu 'n gleidheadh iad cuimhne na b' fhearr air an t-searmoin. Bha searmoin mo charaid, comasach ge robh i, 'na dearbhadh follaiseach air cho neo-fhreagarrach 's a tha doigh-fhoghlum nam Ministeirean Gaidhealach air son an dreuchd.

Cha 'n fhaighear fàilinn de'n ghné so ann an searmoin an Tailleir. Tha ise, 'na brigh 's 'na dreach, cho Gaidhealach ri fòid mònadh, ri gais fraoich, na ri bad feamanta. 'S e bha aig an t-searmonaiche so 's an amharc a bhi moladh dhuinn nàistinn 'n ar gnothaichean, dilseachd 'n ar dleasdanais, a dh' aindeoin aon bhuaireadh no cunnart a thigeadh 'n ar caraibh. Cha bhiodh e furasda teagasg a bu chudthromaiche 's a b' fheumala chur f' ar comhair. Agus tha Ughdar an Sgeoil 'g a sparradh oirnn 'na dhòigh Ghaidhealaich fhéin. 'S e tàillear a thug e mar shamhladh air an fhìor-ghaisgeach, agus cha'n 'eil teagamh nach robh a riasan fhéin aige air a shon so. Bha 'n Gaidheal cho mhaith ri daoine eile deas gu bhi a' beagadh an tàilleir. Tha e fìor nach tigear as aonais. Bidh feum air "gnìomh na snàthaide," mar a thuirt Donnachadh Bàn,

"Fhad 's a bhios na màthraichean
A' breith nam pàisdean rùisgt,"

Ach 's e 's dòcha gu 'n robh aig an t-Searmonaiche so, 'nuair a rinn e gaisgeach de 'n tàillear, eisimpleir a Mhaighstir 'na shùil, am Maighstir a fhuair am fìor-choimhearsnach am measg nan Samaritanach d'an d' thug na h-Iudhaich fuath cho mòr, 's a thog an Cis-mhaor as an t-slochd chlàbair anns an do thilg gamhlas an t-sluaigh e. A ris, 's ann air son gill a dhearbh an

tàillear a threubhas, agus tha so réidh ri inntinn a' Ghaidheil anns gach linn. Cuir a mhisneach an teagamh agus tha e daonnan deas gu dol g'a dhùlan. Cuir geall nach dean e an tùrn so no an tùrn ud eile, agus ni e e, air neo bidh fhios c' arson. Their an Shean-fhacal 'Leum an gàradh far an isl' e,' ach nach tric a gheibh thu an Gaidheal, ma thogas tu a nàdur, a' taghadh an àite 's àirde de'n ghàradh, 's a' cur ploc ùr air a mhullach, a thoirt fianuis do 'n t-saoghal cho àrd 's a leumas e.

Ach 's e tha gu sonruichte a' moladh dhuinn misnich an Tàilleir, a' ghné buairidh is cunnairt a bh' aige r' a choinneachadh. Tha na daoine d' a bheil sinne ro mhisneachail, 's cha ruigear a leas an dìlseachd a dhearbhadh. Dhearbh iad an gaisge air iomadh làraich chruaidh cian mu 'n do rugadh an Tàillear, no mu' n do thogadh eaglais 's a' Mhanachainn, agus thug iad fianuis iomodh uair air an dìlseachd d' an righ 's d' an ceann-cinnidh nach fhacas a mhac-samhuil ach tearc. B'e a bhi cur chraobh do'n choillidh a bhi moladh feartan de 'n t-seòrsa so do 'n Ghaidheal. Ach tha misneach is misneach, dìlseachd is dilseachd, ann; agus mu choinneamh cuid diubh, is dòcha nach tig ar luchd-dùthcha as na 's fhearr na na coimhearsnaich. Is tric a gheibh thu Saighdear a theid air mhire do 'n chath, ach a tha 'n a làn-ghealtaire aig fairge. Agus an Seòladair

Nach taisich 's nach teid 'na bhreislich
A dh' aindeoin fuathais,
Ged dh' atadh a' mhuir cheanna-ghlas
Suas g' a chluasan;

dh' fhaoidte gu meataicheadh e roimh luaidhe 's roimh lasair cho ullamh ri aon a dh' éildean Bheinn-dòrain.

(Ri leantainn.)

Our Bit of "The Thin Red Line."

(Written on the occasion of the Canadian contingent leaving to take part in the Boer War, 1899).

They have gone with a people's hopes and prayers,
Out over the eastern brine,
To strike for the might of Britain's right,
This bit of "the thin red line."

They have gone by danger of flood and field,
As their brave sires went of yore,
To fight and bleed for the world's great need,
As Britons have bled before.

To slay or be slain for the loved old flag,
In the cause of the just and true:
To stand for the right of common earth
And the heaven's open blue.

And over our loyal land to-night,
Where the stars of our freedom shine,
From all true hearts the prayer goes up
For our bit of "the thin red line."

They have gone to fight the freeman's fight,
For our far-off kith and kin;
Brothers of our own blood and breed,
In the fight where the right must win:

For the sacred cause of freedom's laws,
To win the glad release
Of those who tread 'neath tyrannies dread
And widen the gates of peace.

And shame on the soul on British soil
Where the stars of freedom shine,
Who will not pray in his heart to-night
For our bit of "the thin red line."

We send them forth from our "True North,"
For sacred bond and sign,
That well or ill, to the great brave end,
We are Britons from brine to brine;

And whenever the Lion's hunters are out,
And danger threatens his lair,
Be the world on this side, he on that,
Canadian hearts are there;—

And stand or fall, though we go to the wall,
Canadian hearts are true,
Not only to stand for our own birth land,
But to die for the Empire too.

Yea, we send them forth, from our "True North,"
Sons of the Empire's might;
And alien the heart that will not pray
For our soldier-boys to-night.

Yea, traitor the heart that takes our bread,
And drinks our free sunshine,
That will not throb when the battle joins,
For our bit of "the thin red line."

W. Wilfred Campbell.

Ottawa.

ANCIENT GAELIC POETRY.

At a recent meeting of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow—Mr. James Grant, president, in the chair—Professor Kuno Meyer, hon. president, delivered a lecture on "Ancient Gaelic Poetry." There was a large attendance. Dr. Meyer, in the course of his lecture, said that one could not speak with any degree of completeness of Gaelic poetry so long as the store-houses of Gaelic literature in the British Museum, the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, and the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh remained unexplored. The first step towards this would be to draw up and print exhaustive catalogues of these sections. There were about 1500 manuscripts in the Royal Irish Academy, of which no generally accessible catalogue existed, whilst of the 200 manuscripts in the British Museum only 85 had been dealt with. One of the first tasks of the future Celtic Lecturer of Glasgow University would be to revise and print the late Dr. Skene's catalogue of manuscripts in the Advocates' Library. After pointing out that the poetry of the bards attached to chiefs and important personages differed widely from that of the unattached and anonymous bards, Dr. Meyer said that one of the reasons why the real Celtic poetry had aroused comparatively little interest was that editors and translators had turned their attention in the first place to the metrical, didactic composition of the monastics, which loomed large, but which could not be classed as poetry at all. The genuine Gaelic poetry of Ireland and Scotland was relegated to the margins or blank spaces of vellum manuscripts, whilst much of it which might have been committed to paper had doubtless perished. The Welsh and Gaelic poets were exceptional in that they did not employ poetry for epical purposes, and consequently their poetry was nearly all lyrical. The lecturer afterwards dealt with the various kinds of lyrics, the sword and shield songs, which the Gael shared with the Norse, the eulogistic poetry, the satirical, which was largely cultivated, and so on, giving examples of the various kinds. On the motion of Mr. W. M. Mackenzie, M.A., seconded by Mr. James Mackellar, a hearty vote of thanks was awarded to the lecturer.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following beautiful song is from the pen of the "Sweet Singer of Rahoy"—the late Dr. John MacLachlan. This gifted son of song was born at the farm-house of Rahoy, Morven, in the year 1804. He studied medicine in Glasgow University, and practised the art in his native district, where he was beloved by all. He died at Tobermory in 1874. A small collection of his poetic works, edited by Dr. Arch. Clark, Kilmallie, was published in Glasgow in 1868. An enlarged edition of Dr. MacLachlan's songs, edited by Dr. H. Cameron Gillies, with a portrait of the author, was published by the Ardnamurchan, Morven, and Suaineart Association in 1880. All Dr. MacLachlan's poems are sweet and musical, and many of them have been translated into English. The following song is set to the air of "Thogainn fonn air lorg an fhéidh." The translation is by

FIONN.

'SO 'N AM SHINEADH AIR AN T-SLIABH.

(Resting on the mountain side.)

Key G. *Moderato.*

: s., m	m., s : l., l_1	d : s., s	m., m : r., r	m
'So 'n am	shìneadh air an	t-sliabh, 'S mi	ri iarguin na bheil	uam,
Resting on	*the mountain*	*side, Thinking*	*of my absent*	*friends,*
: s_1., s_1	l_1., s_1 : l_1 . d	r : m, s.-	m., r : d., t_1	l_1 ‖
'S tric mo	shùil a sealltainn	siar, Far an	luidh a' grian 's a'	chuan.
Oft I	*gaze across the*	*tide, Where the*	*orb of day*	*descends.*

CHORUS, *after each verse.*

: l_1 . d	r., m : r . d	l_1 : s., s	m., m : r . r	m
Bheir mi	hó air mora	hó, Ithill	ó air mora	h-é,
Sadly	*singing, mora*	*hó, Softly*	*sighing, mora*	*hee,*
: s_1., s_1	l_1., s_1 : l_1 . d	r : m, s.-	m., r : d . t_1	l_1 ‖
Bheir mi	hó, air mora	hó, Tha mi	trom 's gun fonn ad	dhéigh.
Singing	*softly, mora*	*hó, Sad am*	*I, my love, for*	*thee.*

Chì mi thall a h-aiteal caomh
'Deàrrsadh caoin ri taobh na tràigh,
'S truagh nach robh mi air an raon.
Far an deach' i claon 's an àillt.

'S truagh nach robh mi féin an dràsd,
Air an tràigh a's àirde stuadh.
'G éisdeachd ris a' chòmhradh thlàth.
Th' aig an òigh a's àillidh snuagh.

Aig an òigh a's àillidh dreach
'S gile cneas 's a's caoine gruaidh
Mala shlobhalt' mìn-rosg réidh,
Air nach éirich bréin', no gruaim.

O ! nach innis thu 'ghaoth 'n iar,
'Nuair a thriallas tu thar sàil',
Ciod an doigh a th'air mo ghaol—
Bheil i smaointinn orms' an dràsd ?

'Nuair a shìn mi dhuit mo làmh
Air an tràigh a' fagail tìr,
'Sann air éiginn rinn mi ràdh
"Soraidh leat a ghràidh mo chridh !"

'Nuair a thug mi riut mo chùl
Chunnaic mi thu 'brùcadh dheur ;
Ged a shuidh mi aig an stiùir
'Sann a bha mo shùil am dhéigh.

Chaidh a' ghrian fo stuadh 'san iar.
Dh' fhàg i fiamh air nial a' chuain ;
'S éiginn dhomh o'n àird 'bhi triall—
Sguir an ianlaith féin d'an duan.

Mìle bearmachd leat an nochd,
Cadal dhuit gun sprochd gun ghruaim ;
Slàn gun acaid feadh do chléibh,
Anns a' mhadainn 'g éirigh suas.

Now I see its golden glare
Fading on the distant west ;
Would, oh would, that I were there
Where my thoughts would be at rest !

Could I now take wings and fly
Where the crested billows roar,
There I'd hear the tender sigh
Of the maiden I adore,

Of the maiden pure and kind—
On her cheeks the roses bloom,
On whose brow you'll never find
Aught of discontent or gloom.

Western breezes, wont you tell,
As you sail across the sea,
If my lady bright is well—
Is she thinking now of me ?

Standing on the silvery strand,
Words are vain our thoughts to tell,
When I gave to thee my hand,
Scarcely could we breathe "Farewell."

When I parted from my dear,
Bitter tears our eyes did blind ;
Though I sought the boat to steer,
Oft indeed I gazed behind.

All is still, the orb of day
Sleeps beneath the ocean's crest ;
Now the birds have ceased their lay,
Here I must no longer rest.

To my love I'll wish "Good-night,"
Pleasant dreams and sweet repose,
May thou waken with the light
Smiling like a summer rose.

JAMES MACKENZIE MACLEAN.

The Celtic Monthly:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

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THE MACLEANS.

Not long ago there passed away an interesting figure in the person of Mr. James Mackenzie Maclean. Mr. Maclean was a "self-made" man. After many years spent in India as a journalist, he entered political life and was in succession member of Parliament for Oldham and Cardiff. In a fragment of autobiography published some years ago he stated, "I was born in 1836, the son of a Highland gentlemen of the blue-eyed, fair-haired Scandinavian stock, from the furthest Hebrides. I have reason to believe that our family were respectable, for I was taught from infancy that a Highland gentleman was the equal of any peer or prince in Europe. One of my father's first cousins was Speaker of the House of Assembly in Canada, and a lawyer whose reputation still lives in America; and another, an old Peninsular officer, was Major of the Tower of London, and father of "the beautiful Miss Maclean," a professional beauty of those days, whose portrait, by Lawrence, I saw in Edinburgh not long ago, and tried in vain to purchase. Of my grandfather's family, several members marched with Prince Charlie to Derby, and were slain at Culloden; and twenty years ago, when I went North to contest the Elgin burghs, I went over the battlefield and plucked a sprig of heather from the mound beneath which so many hundreds of the clan are buried."

This description exhibits an interesting revival of the old Highland spirit. "I was taught from infancy that a Highland gentleman was the equal of any peer or prince in Europe." This proud sentiment was long the characteristic of the Scottish clansmen. When they went abroad as soldiers of fortune in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they carried their pride as well as their swords with them, and found the one as useful as the other. "Proud as a Scot," was a proverbial expression in France. The world takes men pretty much at their own estimate, and the poverty-stricken Highlander never failed to receive the deference which he everywhere claimed. To the Highlanders in particular we may apply the words, which Burton the historian, in his *Life of Lord Lovat*, used of the Scottish gentry who served in the foreign armies at the end of the seventeenth century. "Wealth they had not," says Burton, "and sometimes, perhaps, little systematic military education. But they were all great men,—princes on a small scale; and they had those habits of command, that unlearnable self-estimate which insensibly exacts obedience, a quality worth more than military skill and strategy in the wars anterior to Turenne and Vauban."

To those who, like the present writer, are descended from the Macleans, it is a satisfaction to remember that no clan held their heads higher than the Macleans, or were more keenly alive to the spirit of clan loyalty. During the rising of 1715, the Earl of Mar proposed that certain measures should be taken by consent of the majority of the gentlemen of the army. Sir John Maclean haughtily declared that all his regiment of eight hundred men must be admitted to vote "since every Maclean was a gentlemen." The chief of the Macleans did not consider that he was making an extravagant demand. Every one of his clansmen was in theory at least, if not in fact, his kinsman and therefore a gentleman. The chief maintained the dignity of the clan, and the clansmen responded with loyalty and devotion when Maclean lost his lands. The clansmen paid two rents, one to their chief in France and one to the Duke of Argyll, who was their landlord in the eyes of the law. If feudal and patriarchal claims conflicted, the latter prevailed. When Maclean joined in the rising of 1715 and summoned the men of his name to his standard, seven or eight hundred men responded to his call.

In all parts of the world the Macleans of modern times have proved their high ancestry by achievements with brain and sword and pen. Sir Fitzroy Maclean of Morvern, the venerable chief of the clan, has a long record of public service. Sir Francis Maclean is Chief Justice of Bengal. Dr. Arthur Maclean, an enthusiastic member of the clan, is Bishop of Moray and Ross. Kaid Sir Harry Maclean is the valued adviser of the Sultan of Morocco. Other notable members of the clan are the Hon. Allan Maclean, the Minister of Trade in the Australian Commonwealth, Mr. Donald Maclean, M.P. for Bath, before whom lies a distinguished political career, and Professor Magnus Maclean, whose services to Celtic literature are recognised and appreciated. From the island and mountains, where their Jacobite forefathers lived, they go wherever the English language is spoken and make their name honoured. They have transferred into a new world, and into new conditions, the qualities which marked them in the days of old.

J. A. LOVAT-FRASER.

"BLUIDY MACKENZIE": THE MAN AND THE MYTH.

By W. C. MACKENZIE, F.S.A., Scot.

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE of Rosehaugh has an unfortunate reputation. The "Bluidy Mackenzie" of popular tradition, he appears in Scottish history as a grim figure, whose fitting place in the gallery of infamy is beside Judge Jeffreys. Generations of schoolboys have been taught to believe that he was the incarnation of cruelty, a stranger to mercy, the Scottish Grand Inquisitor of the seventeenth century. Even in modern times, it was a test of courage for the youth of Edinburgh to approach after nightfall his last resting-place in Greyfriars Churchyard.

> Lift the sneck and draw the bar,
> Bluidy Mackingie, come oot if ye dar',

was a couplet with fearsome possibilities for the daring schoolboys who braved the ghost of the terrible Advocate. A century ago, the safest hiding-place in Edinburgh for a criminal was "Bluidy Mackenzie's" vault in Greyfriars. Stevenson, in his "Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh," quotes the schoolboy's challenge with his usual effectiveness, and the tradition with apparent approval. But the literary artist and the wizard story-teller can hardly be regarded as an authority on history. He accepted the popular estimate of the Advocate as it stood, even as thousands of his educated countrymen accept it to this day; to them, Mackenzie is the blood-stained prosecutor whose chief delight was to persecute.

George Mackenzie was the son of

SIMON MACKENZIE OF LOCHSLINN,

uncle of Kenneth, third Earl of Seaforth. His mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Dr Peter Bruce, Principal of St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews. He was born at Dundee in 1636, and at the tender age of ten was sent to the University of Aberdeen, whence he migrated to St. Andrews, where, we are told, he studied "logic and philosophy." Turning his attention to civil law, he pursued his studies at Bourges, then "the Athens of lawyers," for three years. Returning to Scotland at the age of twenty, he commenced his career at the Edinburgh Bar. He was soon engaged upon important cases. He was counsel for the Marquis of Argyll, James Guthrie, and many Covenanters who were implicated in the Pentland Rising of 1666. In 1669 he entered Parliament as one of the two members for Ross-shire. Promotion to a Judgeship in the Criminal Court followed his success at the Bar, and towards the end of the reign of Charles II. we find him a knight, a member of the Privy Council, and, most important of all, the King's Advocate for Scotland, succeeding in that office Sir John Nisbet of Dirleton. Disapproving of the proposal to abolish the penal laws against Nonconformists—an unpopular measure designed by James II. for the relief of his co-religionists—Sir George Mackenzie was in 1686 forced to resign his position as King's Advocate, his successor, a Whig, being Sir John Dalrymple. He was, however, re-appointed early in 1688, but the Revolution brought his public life to a close, and in the year following that event he retired to Oxford and private life. He died in London in 1691, and his body was conveyed to Edinburgh and buried, as his biographer tells us, "with great state and solemnity in the Franciscan or Greyfriars churchyard" in a vault there made by himself with a cupola of freestone over it. He was twice married. By his first marriage he had three sons, who predeceased him, and two daughters; and by his second marriage, a son and a daughter, both of whom died unmarried.

Such, briefly, are the bare facts of the career of this remarkable man. It is not, on the face of it, an exciting career. Yet it covers one of the most

CRUCIAL PERIODS IN SCOTTISH HISTORY.

It was a period during which the fiercest of human passions were aroused and the grimmest of religious controversies were raging; and they have left their permanent mark on the national character. Mackenzie, as one of the master-minds of the period, contributed in no uncertain degree in moulding the destinies of his country. His influence, whether baneful or otherwise,

was due to the possession of commanding abilities, wielded in an office of peculiar potentialities for good or evil.

But why "Bluidy Mackenzie"? Let us see whether the epithet was justified by the character and acts of the man, as recorded by contemporary writers. And first, let us hear what his avowed adversaries have to say about him. One of them, "A Lover of Truth," who printed in London, in 1692, a pamphlet entitled "A Vindication of the Presbyterians in Scotland from the Malicious Aspersions cast upon them in a late Pamphlet written by Sir George Mackenzie, Late Lord Advocate there," charges his opponent with having "shed more blood in the time he held that place than any twelve advocates that were there before, and might (as to that point) have been called another Jefferies." This charge is sufficiently explicit, but an examination of the pamphlet as a whole considerably diminishes its value, considered as reliable evidence of character. The writer was obviously an Englishman, and moreover an anti-Scottish Englishman, as may be judged by his remarking "how little stress is to be laid upon what an orthodox Scotchman (whether of clergy or laity) says." A writer who was capable of making that statement is obviously an unsafe guide to follow, in gauging the true inwardness of the forces by which the national life of Scotland at that period was swayed.

One naturally turns to Wodrow, the Presbyterian divine and the entertaining chronicler, to ascertain his views about a contemporary to whose official proceedings he was violently opposed. "Sir George Mackenzie," says Wodrow, "was a very great instrument in the after severities against Presbyterians, and was scarce ever guilty of moderating any harsh proceeding against them in the eyes of the prelates themselves." And on the occasion of the Advocate's death, he gives us some servants' tittle-tattle, to which little importance need be attached, about the remorse of the dying man for the blood of the Whigs which he had spilled. We turn with interest to his summing up of

THE CHARACTER OF MACKENZIE.

"He was very light," he says, "a man of little gravity, and though he pretended to understand the Latine tongue, yet he did not understand it." And that is the worst charge he has to make at the end of the career of the man who, according to popular tradition, found his chief pleasure in slaughtering the saints of the Covenant! For a chronicler who, like Wodrow, was remarkably free in expressing his opinions about his contemporaries, this reticence is, to say the least, remarkable. But Wodrow, with all his garrulity and credulity, was an honest man who could see both sides of a question. And so, to him, Sir George Mackenzie was an eminent lawyer whose chief failure was his bad "Latine"; a view which (it may be incidentally noted) appears to have been shared by Dr. Johnson.

Nor do we find in any other contemporary accounts of admitted value, a character-sketch, by friend or foe, to support the popular notion of the "Bluidy Advocate." Bishop Burnet is silent, equally with the Covenanters themselves. Donald Cargill, it is true, excommunicated the Advocate as well as the King, the Duke of York, Monmouth, Lauderdale, and others. But the extreme men of the Covenant had a pleasant way of damning all and sundry who disagreed with them. To them, the word "bloody" was an all-embracing adjective, to cover their political and religious antagonists.

There was another "Bluidy Mackenzie" who was a contemporary and associate of the King's Advocate—to wit, Sir George Mackenzie, Viscount Tarbat, who has frequently been confounded with his namesake. And this is not surprising, for when the persecution of the Covenanters was at its hottest, the one presided on the Bench as Lord Justice-General, while the other was at the head of the Bar as King's Advocate. Tarbat's contemporaries have a good deal to say about him that is the reverse of flattering. "He had great notions of virtue and religion," says Burnet, "but they were only notions; at least, they have not had great effect on himself at all times." Yet he asserts that Tarbat was considered at Court as "one of the most extraordinary men that Scotland had produced." "Accomplished, but extremely maggoty and unsettled," is the testimony of Lockhart, who also quotes these lines of an unknown satirist:

> Some do compare him to an eel;
> Should mortal man be made of steel?

Tarbat was undoubtedly a clever schemer who finally worked himself into the Scottish Secretaryship and the

EARLDOM OF CROMARTIE,

but he was just as certainly a statesman of remarkable talents and a lawyer of conspicuous attainments. He was responsible for some of the most arbitrary laws which were framed during the persecution; and during his presidency of the Justiciary, Wodrow tells us, the execution of the new "barbarous laws" was "bloody and very extensive." It is not improbable that the odium attached by the Covenanters to the office of Justice-General has been partly shifted to the shoulders of the King's Advocate; that, in fact, the reputation of "Bluidy Mackenzie," the advocate, has had to suffer for the severities of "Bluidy Mackenzie," the judge. Of course, Sir George of

Tarbat was no more a monster of cruelty than was Sir George of Rosehaugh; and he was neither a Jeffreys nor a Braxfield. He was a refined and cultured man of the world, with few illusions as to the sanctity of the Throne on the one hand, or the wickedness of the Covenant on the other. But by conviction or by policy he was a Royalist, by instinct an aristocrat; and by all three, an opponent of the extreme Covenanters. Hence, he was a "bluidy tyrant," equally with his namesake, and with the whole machinery of the State as represented by its officers.

Let us now examine the other side of the picture, and see what is said about Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh by his advocates or apologists. Sir George on himself merits attention. He was on his mettle when he wrote his "Vindication," and it must be admitted that he makes out a plausible case for himself. According to his showing, he never informed against, or suggested the pursuit of, any man; he pleaded sometimes in private for defendants when their guilt was doubtful; and he initiated measures to prevent the scandal of packing juries. And if the sentiments of his literary work are examined, some admirable copybook maxims—such as: "It is easier to be virtuous than vicious"—are prominent, while the virtue of toleration is lauded in a manner which suggests the cooing of a turtle-dove rather than the snarling of a tiger. We may accept or decline to receive these sentiments as genuine indications of character; but unless he was a hypocrite of unparalleled audacity, they serve to show that, if a persecutor, he was unconscious of the fact.

Little stress need be laid on the fulsome

INSCRIPTION WHICH HIS COFFIN BORE

when, according to his biographer, "all the Council, nobility, Colleges of Justice, University, clergy, and gentry, and such a vast concourse of people as was never seen upon the like occasion," accompanied his remains to Greyfriars. Such testimonies as "the glory of his country . . . . the champion of religion, the patron of justice . . . . a person of singular humanity . . . . had the love of everybody except the factious seditious sort of people," need not be taken too literally. As efforts of the imagination and examples of style, obituary inscriptions have a value of their own; but they furnish no serious contributions to the study of history. Yet the exception to the universal affection entertained for Sir George (according to the above quotation) is not without suggestiveness; it indicates the sectional nature of the hatred which has earned for him his traditional *sobriquet*.

The "Oxford Antiquary" (the Archdeacon of Carlisle) attributes to him "great ability and integrity in his profession." He was, he asserts, "powerful at the Bar, just on the Bench, an able statesman, faithful friend . . . . a zealous defender of piety and religion in all companies"; all of which was doubtless true, from the writer's standpoint. But it reads oddly as applied to the "Bluidy Advocate" of tradition.

Perhaps the contemporary opinion of greatest value is that of Lord Fountainhall, who, according to Sir Walter Scott, was both an eminent lawyer and an upright man. He refers to the Advocate as

"THE ADMIRABLE SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE,"

and calls him "the brightest man in the nation." Lord Fountainhall is said to have been a moderate partisan both in politics and religion, and for that reason, as well as his intimate knowledge of Scottish affairs, his views on the men of his time carry undoubted weight. It is true he was a friend of Mackenzie and an opponent of his successor, but unless his character has been misjudged, he was incapable either of forming undesirable friendships or of flattering with undeserved praise.

It is noteworthy that Sir George Lockhart, the great rival of Mackenzie at the Bar, has nothing in his memoirs to tell us of his celebrated antagonist. Possibly he showed a worthier reticence than Mackenzie, who did not hesitate to say of Lockhart that "his insolence and avarice were greater than his learning"; but the silence of one who knew the Advocate's character so well, and who has left us mordant sketches of so many of his contemporaries, is significant. We may, however, console ourselves for the loss by the reflection that, however entertaining Lockhart on Mackenzie might have been, he would probably have shown not a whit less bias than Mackenzie on Lockhart. It were idle and out of place to discuss the relative capabilities of the two rivals for place and power; but it is permissible to believe that higher honours than those appertaining to the Presidency of the Court of Session would have fallen to the lot of Lockhart, but for his tragic end by the pistol of Chiesley of Dalry.

In comparing the conflicting estimates of Sir George Mackenzie's character by his contemporaries, it will be seen that the evidence leans heavily in his favour. It is a character full of apparent contradictions and complexities which seem difficult to harmonise. His literary output, comprising some thirty works, illustrates the extraordinary variety of his attainments.

HIS LAW-BOOKS

were at one time classics; he published the first novel written in Scotland; he discoursed on religion, morals, politics and heraldry; and he left the imperfect manuscript of an admirable

history of Scotland which was rescued in 1817 from a grocer's shop in Edinburgh, where its purpose was to wrap up bacon in a covering of philosophy. Dryden called him "that noble wit of Scotland"; a political opponent lampooned him as "that crooked Vulcan." His friends described him as a "person of singular humanity"; his enemies as "another Jefferies." He commenced his career as the brilliant advocate of the oppressed; he ended it as "Bluidy Mackenzie." During the short interval which elapsed between his dismissal from office and his reinstatement, he successfully defended the harassed Covenanters; the "persecutor" of yesterday was the advocate of to-day, and once again the "persecutor" of to-morrow. He wrote an essay to prove the superiority of solitude over public employment. Yet his life was one long struggle to grip place and power, but he resigned both rather than swallow his principles. He extolled the virtue of toleration in his writings, and failed to practice it in his life. He was "the brightest man in the nation," yet it was believed (another calumny!) that he would gravely hunt for a devil's mark on a witch. He was a strenuous defender of popular rights: he headed the movement for the reform of abuses in the Court of Session; he strove to make the precedure of the Criminal Courts more favourable to prisoners; he broke the tyrannical trade monopoly of the Royal Burghs; he was a patron of literature, and the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh is an enduring monument to his name. Yet this man is no other than "Bluidy Mackenzie," the rigorous persecutor of the Covenanters, and the merciless foe of democracy.

In face of these anomalies, it seems a hopeless quest to look for a dominant factor in Mackenzie's career capable of explaining the mystery. That he was a strong personality, a man of undauntable courage and inflexible will, is undoubted. Was he also the

VICTIM OF A BOUNDLESS AMBITION

which impelled him to discard inconvenient principles when these formed a barrier to success? This hypothesis does not square with facts. What, then, was the key to his character? A careful examination of his career induces the belief that, far from being a man without a conscience, he was a man with a double conscience: one for private and the other for public use. The most striking proof of this peculiarity is his attitude towards Baillie of Jerviswood, who was charged with conspiring against the lives of the King and the Duke of York. Mackenzie disbelieved the charges, and admitted his belief in private to Jerviswood; yet he deliberately secured a conviction against him; and, moreover, owned in court his private admission to the prisoner. This extraordinary attitude of mind explains a good deal of the inconsistencies which have been noticed. It explains the rigorous prosecution of prisoners for whom he pleaded in private; his defence of Covenanters as a lawyer, whose principles he abhorred as an individual; his subserviency to the Crown as King's Advocate, and his services to the people as a citizen; the animosity which filled the breasts of men against the instrument of the law, and the love and admiration which were bestowed upon the Knight of Rosehaugh. How far Mackenzie personally instigated the

PERSECUTION OF THE COVENANTERS,

and how far he merely carried out the mandates of the Privy Council, the supreme power in Scotland, it is impossible to determine; but, if his own statement be accepted, he was entirely guiltless of taking the initiative. The period during which he held office is one of the most difficult in Scottish history, and even modern historians who are generally distinguished by dispassionate analysis, find themselves at hopeless variance in their views. While it is impossible to withhold our sympathies from the hunted Covenanters—though the extremists among them were saints of a peculiar brand—the standpoint of the other side must not be overlooked. To the Government, the conventicles were simply "nurseries of rebellion," and the Covenanters who refused to say "God save the King" to save their lives were stubborn anarchists whose aim was to shake the pillars of society and the State. To a man like Sir George Mackenzie, who was obsessed by the idea of the royal prerogative, the Covenanters, viewed as a political organisation, were anathema; but there is no reason to doubt his statement that he never persecuted anybody on account of his religious principles. In one of his works, "The Religious Stoic," he writes: "My heart bleeds when I consider how scaffolds were dyed with Christian blood and the fields covered with the carcases of murthered Christians." For Covenanters, as a religious body, he had toleration in abundance; but for Covenanters as actual or potential rebels, their portion was the thumbikins or the boots, and for the worst offenders, the scaffold. And it is quite conceivable that he would have gone to the scaffold himself in defence of the Divine Right of Kings, had the occasion demanded that supreme test of his courage.

PART 2 OF "A COLLECTION OF PIOBAIREACHD" (2/6) has just been published by Mr. Peter Henderson, Glasgow, and it is certainly a most valuable contribution to the literature of pipe music. The work contains six famous piobaireachd, to each of which valuable notes have been prefaced. The Piobaireachd Society and Mr. Henderson are to be complimented on the most attractive work they have just published.

RORY MACGILLIVRAY'S VISIT TO THE FAIRIES.

(A SUPERNATURAL TALE).

ONCE upon a time, a tenant in Kincardine, of Strathspey, emigrated with his family and cattle for the summer to the forest of Glenavon, which is well known to be inhabited by many fairies, as well as ghosts. Two of his sons having been out late one night, in search of some sheep which had strayed, they had occasion to pass a fairy turret, or dwelling, of very large dimensions; and great was their astonishment, on observing streams of the most refulgent light shining forth through innumerable crevices in the rock, crevices which the sharpest eye in the country had never seen before. Curiosity led them towards the turret, when they were charmed by the most exquisite sounds ever emitted by a fiddle-string, which, joined to the sportive mirth and glee accompanying it, reconciled them in a great measure to the scene, although they knew well enough

THE INHABITANTS WERE FAIRIES;

nay, overpowered by the enchanting jigs played by the fiddler, one of the brothers had even the hardihood to propose that they should pay the occupants of the turret a short visit. To this proposal the other brother, fond as he was of dancing and animated as he was by the music, would by no means consent, and very earnestly inculcated upon his brother many pithy arguments well calculated to restrain his curiosity. But every new jig that was played, and every new reel that was danced, inspired the adventurous brother with additional ardour, and at length, completely fascinated by the enchanting revelry, leaving all prudence behind, at one leap he entered the "shiau."

The poor old forlorn brother was now left in a most uncomfortable situation. His grief for the loss of a brother whom he dearly loved, suggested to him, more than once, the desperate idea of sharing his fate by following his example. But, on the other hand, when he cooly considered the possibility of sharing very different entertainment from that which rung upon his ears, and remembering, too, the comforts and conveniences of his father's fireside, the idea immediately appeared to him anything but prudent. After a long and disagreeable altercation between his affection for his brother and his regard for himself, he came to the resolution of trying a middle course; that is, to send in at the window a few remonstrances to his brother, which, if he did not attend to, the consequences would be upon his own head. Accordingly, taking his station at one of the crevices, and calling upon his brother three several times by name, as use is, he sent in to him, as aforesaid, the most moving pieces of elocution he could think of; imploring him, as he valued his poor parents' life and blessing, to come forth and go home with him, Donald Macgillivray, his thrice affectionate and unhappy brother. But, whether it was he could not hear this eloquent harangue, or, what is more probable, that he did not choose to attend to it, certain it is that it proved totally ineffectual to accomplish its object, and the consequence was, that Donald Macgillivray found it equally much his duty and his interest to return home to his family with the melancholy tale of poor Rory's fate. All the prescribed ceremonies calculated to rescue him from the

FAIRY DOMINION

were resorted to by his mourning relatives without effect, and Rory was supposed as lost for ever, when a 'wise man' of the day having learned the circumstance, set them upon a plan of having him delivered at the end of twelve months from his entry.

"Return," says the "Duine Glic" to Donald, "to the place where you lost your brother, a year and a day from the time. You will insert in your garment a Rowan Cross, which will protect you from the fairies' interposition. Enter the turret boldly and resolutely, in the name of the Highest, claim your brother, and if he does not accompany you voluntarily, seize him, and carry him by force,—none dare interfere with you."

The experiment appeared to the cautious, contemplative brother, as one that was fraught with no ordinary danger, and he would have most willingly declined the prominent character allotted to him in the performance of it, but for the importunate entreaty of his friends, who implored him as he valued their blessing not to slight such excellent advice. Their entreaties, together with his confidence in the virtues of the Rowan Cross, overcame his scruples, and he, at length, agreed to put the experiment in practice, whatever the result might be.

Well, then, the important day arrived, when the father of those two sons was destined either to recover his lost son, or to lose the only son he had; and, anxious as the father felt, Donald Macgillivray, the intended adventurer, felt no less on the occasion.

THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT

approached, when the drama was to be acted, and Donald Macgillivray, loaded with all the charms and benedictions in his country, took mournful leave of his friends, and proceeded to the scene of his intended enterprise. On approaching the well-known turret, a repetition of that mirth and those ravishing sounds, that had been the source of so much sorrow to him-

self and family, once more attracted his attention, without at all creating in his mind any extraordinary feelings of satisfaction. On the contrary, he abhorred the sounds most heartily, and felt much greater inclination to recede than to advance. But what was to be done? Courage, character, and every thing dear to him, were at stake—so that to advance was his only alternative. In short, he reached the "Shian," and after twenty fruitless attempts, he, at length, entered the place with trembling footsteps, and amidst the brilliant and jovial scene, the not less gratifying spectacle which presented itself to Donald, was his brother, Rory, earnestly engaged at the

"HIGHLAND FLING,"

on the floor, at which, as might have been expected, he had greatly improved. Without losing much time in satisfying his curiosity, by examining the quality of the company, he ran to his brother, repeating most vehemently, the words prescribed to him by the "*Wise man*"—seizing him by the collar, and insisting he should immediately accompany him home to his poor afflicted parents. Rory assented, provided he would allow him to finish his single reel, assuring Donald very earnestly, that he had not been half an hour in the house. In vain did the latter assure the former, that instead of half an hour, he had actually remained twelve months. Nor would he have believed his overjoyed friends, on reaching home, "did not the calves, now grown into stots, and the new-born babes, now travelling the house, at length convince him, that in his single reel, he had danced for a twelvemonth and a day."

ACROSS THE SEA.

In Nova Scotia's clime they've met,
To keep the New Year's night;
The merry lads and lasses crowd
Around the blazing light.

But father and mother sit withdrawn
To let their fancies flee
To the old, old time, and the old, old home
That's far across the sea.

And what strange sights and scenes are these
That sadden their shaded eyes?—
Is it only thus they can see again
The land of the Mackays?

O there the red-deer roam at will;
And the grouse whirr on the wing;
And the curlew call, and the ptarmigan
Drink at the mountain spring;

And the hares lie snug on the hillside;
And the lusty black-cock crows;
But the river the children used to love
Through an empty valley flows.

Do they see once more a young lad wait
To shelter with his plaid,
When she steals to him in the gathering dusk,
His gentle Highland maid?

Do they hear the pipes at the weddings;
Or the low, sad funeral wail
As the boat goes out to the island,
And the pibroch tells its tale?

O fair is Naver's strath, and fair
The strath that Mudal laves;
And dear the haunts of our childhood,
And dear the old folks' graves;

And the parting from one's native land
Is a sorrow hard to dree:
God's forgiveness to them that drove us
So far across the sea!

And is bonnie Strath-Naver shining,
As it shone in the bygone years?—
As it shines for us now—ay, ever—
Though our eyes are blind with tears!

SHOUTHER TO SHOUTHER.

From Hudson's Bay to the Rio Grand,
The Scot is ever a rover;
In New South Wales and in Newfoundland,
And all the wide world over.

Chorus.

But it's shouther to shouther, my bonnie lads,
And let every Scot be a brither;
And we'll work as we can, and we'll win if we can,
For the sake of our auld Scotch mither.

She's a puir auld wife, wi' little to give,
And rather stint o' caressing;
And she's shown us how honest lives we may live,
And sent us out wi' her blessing.

Chorus—And it's shouther to shouther, etc.

Her land's no rich; and her crops are slim;
And I winna say much for the weather;
But she's given us legs that can gaily clim'
Up the slopes of the blossoming heather.

Chorus—And it's shouther to shouther, etc.

And she's given us hearts that, whate'er they say
(And I trow we might be better),
There's one sair fault they never will hae—
Our mither, we'll never forget her!

Chorus—And it's shouther to shouther, etc.

CAMPBELLS OF KILMARTIN, ARGYLL.—Can any reader of the *Celtic Monthly* enlighten me concerning the Campbells of Kilmartin, a parish in the vicinity of the Crinan Canal? The Campbells of Duntroon had their habitat in the same parish. Were the families identical? The Kilmartin Campbells appear to have been what are known as "Rectors of Kilmartin," which would mean the minister of the parish, and would doubtless claim the patronage after the Reformation. Neil Campbell was Rector of Kilmartin at the middle of the seventeenth century, and he had a son Donald, as shown on a deed—"*Meus Filius, Donald Campbell.*" Is the family existent or extinct? I understand Malcolm of Poltalloch is now proprietor. What is known of the Campbells of Duntroon? Were they MacIvers, or what? Thomas Campbell, the poet, was a MacIver of Kirnan, in the adjacent parish of Kilmichael-Glassary. Any information will be much valued.

South Africa, 19*th May* 1906. A. D. C.

THE CLAN MACLEOD.

By Hugh Macleod, Writer, Glasgow.

(Continued from page 149.)

It would take up too much time to go into the various details of Sir Rorie's movements at this period, and it would be profitless to speculate as to the why and the wherefore of his

KNIGHTHOOD.

It is a matter of general observation that regal honours were, in these and even later times, bestowed practically as rewards of knavery and treachery, although ostensibly to signalize political gifts and virtues. It is said that Rorie was so favoured because he "surrendered" his kinsman, Neil MacLeod "of Lewis," to the Scottish Government—this Neil I am about to refer to. That Neil "surrendered" himself to Rorie is certain, and that Neil, as we shall see, was badly *wanted* in Edinburgh is equally clear, but it is not equally so that Rorie treacherously betrayed him, so to speak. There were, as we have seen, a great number of "charges and accusations" against Rorie himself, but that he purchased remission for these and a knighthood thrown in by handing over Neil to the Privy Council is not proved. That the two should follow upon Rorie's present visit to Edinburgh may not be much wondered at, for force, fear, and fraud had been used to conciliate Rorie and the other Islesmen, but real conciliation was at this time in the air. That my friend Neil should appear in Edinburgh was only in any view *meet* and *just*, and we need not therefore stop to juggle with such words as "treachery" and "indelible stains," for be they apposite or not in this case, Rorie Mor's name will last as long as the name MacLeod itself. He died at Fortrose in 1626, and his remains lie buried in the Cathedral there. He was celebrated in every respect in which he can be judged—a man of high mettle and proud spirit, of dauntless courage, of great military skill, of untiring energy, possessing to an unwonted degree wisdom and sagacity, loved by his people, and famed beyond all others for his generosity and hospitality. No wonder then, if when he passed away there was silence where there wonted to be the noise and clash of arms; there was sadness and sorrow where were mirth and festivity. The harp was silent except when the western winds smote its now mouldering strings, and

PATRICK MOR

shouldered his pipes, and getting off to Borreraig composed and played that lament for his chief, which is first amongst piobaireachds, as he was first among pipers.

"Tog orm mo phiob tha mi sgith
S mar faigh mi i theid mi dhachaidh
Tog orm mo phiob, tha mi sgith
'Smi air mo chradh mu Ruairidh Mor.
Tog orm mo phiob—tha mi sgith
'S mar faigh mi i theid mi dhachaidh
Clarsach no piob cha tog mo chridh
Cha bheo fear mo ghraidh Ruairidh Mor."

We may be sure that on this occasion, as was customary in the Highlands, the cup and the horn would be sent round freely, though why *the* Cup and Horn, so celebrated in song and story as associated with Rorie Mor should be so, is quite obscure. They are much anterior in date to his reign, but no reference to Dunvegan is complete without mention of them. Rorie Mor was married to a daughter of the VIII. Chief of Glengarry, and by her he had 11 of a family—the more celebrated of these in many respects being Roderick, of Talisker, and Norman, of Bernera, who were knighted by Charles II. after the battle of Worcester.

But with the passing of Sir Roderick it might be appropriately said what Lady D'Oyly—herself a MacLeod—wrote at a later day of another Chief of the MacLeods:—

"Tha duthaich mhic Leoid fo bhron 's fo mulad
Bho Chuilinn gu Strom cha chluinnt ach tuireadh
Sliochd Ruairi Mhoir nam bratach 's nan s'rol
Mo chreach 's mo leon nach till iad tuillidh.

* * * *

Tha do chaisteal gun cheo, gun cheol, gun uidheam
Gun sunnd air bord, na ol na dibhe
Gun solas tha' n Dun gun bhratach tha' n Tur
'S bean og do run 's a suil ri sileadh.

Let us now leave *Eilean a Cheo* and cross the Minch and visit a member of the Siol Torquil in

EILEAN A FHRAOICH

and there we shall meet with an equally interesting, if less celebrated, member of the race of Leod in the person of

NEIL MACLEOD OF THE LEWIS,

an illegitimate son of Roderick of the Lewis. Neil, in my estimation, was one of the cutest and cleverest men of his day. Notwithstanding his career which led to his outlawry for every sort and condition of crime and ended on the gallows, he has yet a strong fascination over me. The daring and the courage which prompted men like Neil MacLeod to challenge strength with a Government all powerful if it exerted itself, is only explicable on the supposition that they had the united cohesion of a strong and brave people at their back, a unity and cohesion lacking in later days when it would be of real service to them. As it was, the day was soon to come when the territory of the Lewis was to pass out of the hands of the MacLeods and into those of neighbours who were not one whit more to be desired than the "adventurers" whom Neil so pluckily ousted. Neil was the one sleepless enemy of those adventurous lowlanders to whom King James the VI. gave the Island with a view to its "civilization." He fought them by night and

by day, on the hill and in the open, in camp and in garrison. He harassed and he surprised them, put their fortress in fire over their heads, captured Stornoway Castle from them by the aid of Rory Mor, and finally drove them, bag and baggage, out of the Island. He was a man of great energy and of much cunning and resource, as is evidenced by his capture of the Pirate Ship. This event, from the *drama and tragedy* attached to it, no less than from the serio-comic way in which it is reported, is of perennial interest to me, and although some of you must have heard or read of the event already, yet I think it will bear repetition. Well then, understand that this Neil was really not the lawful heir to the Lewis but vitually a desperado, and at this moment was in dire straits for want of money and many necessaries. As luck would have it, either through stress of weather or for the purpose of hiding his ill-gotten gains, a Pirate put into the bay of Bervera, and at once a friendship sprang up between the two outlawed rascals. The Pirate is hospitably treated ashore, and even at what he might consider his weak moments a pirate has a soft side to the fair sex, and so pirates and honester men may sometimes thereby lose their hearts and also their heads. The Pirate Captain, Lowe by name, gets engaged to a female relative of Neil's, and Neil is no wise averse. Neil and the young lady's father are invited aboard the pirate ship; and of course the invitation must be returned. The pirate and his officers go ashore to enjoy Neil's rude, but I'll warrant you ungrudging hospitality, and this is what happened as narrated in a letter written at the time:—"Edinburgh, 3rd September, 1610.—You haif heard no doubt of the pirate ship takin by Neill M'Cloyde of the Lewis. The caice is altered when the brokin hielanders are become the persequutowris of pirattis. Yet they still observe our forme, albeit it carye not much honestie, yet it is with not lease hazairde. This Englisle Capitaine wanting men, desired some supplie from Neill, and he willingly yieldit to it. Neill is feasted aboarde of him, and will nocht be so unthankfull bot will repay him with a bankett on land. The Capitane and his company for most pairte being all invited, whatever their fare wes the desert wes soure. Whither it was that they refused to pay their rekening, or that Neill held them to be hereticks, and so thocht thame not worthie to be keipit promise to, for Neill is thocht to be of the romische faithe, or that now by their deliverye he thoght to get his pardon, he detayins thame, hes pult (some) of his own men in the ship, and hath sent advertisement to the Counsell: whereupon my L. Dunbar hath directed Patrick Grieff with a ship to bring her aboute. By the reporte of the messenger which comes from Neill, it is affirmed that the pirate had that same intentiom againste Neill, bot the other hes taine the first start. It wes right, sich lippes, sich lattuce. I think the Clan Gregour culd wishe Bishope and Wairde and all the rest of the pirattis in Breadalbane, that so they might find means of a pardoun. It is reported that the ship hathe some cutshoneill, sugar, and barbarye hyides, and xxvj. peicis of iroun and many muskettis. If his Majestie would be pleased, in regaird of the service done, to direct Neill to the pairtes of Virginia, and to direct a staite of inheritance to be gevin to him there, I think our country heir suld be best rid of him. There would be no suche danger there as of his being in Iyireland, for albeit bothe the speiches be barbarous, yet I hope he sall neid ane interpretour betuix him and the savaiges."

That is the way in which Sir Alex. Hay explains the matter, and this is how the redoubtable Neil performs the same task:—"Lewis, 16th October, 1610—My Lordis of Counsell—I ressavit your Lordships letter from this bearer Patrick Grieve, desiring me to deliver him the Inglish Pirott which was tane be my men with all her equipage and apparrelling. Suirlie, my Lordis, I was not at the taiking thairof, for had I been thair, I sould have sent the said pirott, as she was tane, to His Majestie and Counsel; for surely I delyvirit hir to the said Patrick wit all her munition, as I ressavit her myself, to wit, with all her saills, towis, and twa ankeris, with xiiij. pecle of grite cairte peelefs, with her captain and nyne of his men. As for the rest, thay war slayne at the taking of the said Pirott, and 4 Dutche that wer tane be the capitane auch dayis before the hulke, past to the main-land, for I would not hald thame as prisonnaris in respect they were takin perforce be the capitane with twa that deceissit and I did keep ane Scottis man in my awn company to forder advise.—So I rest—Neill M'Cloud."

Now, whatever counts may be laid to the charge of my namesake, I fear truth is not one of them, for it is quite clear that if Neil were not present at the capture his was the head that planned the job, and we may rest assured that, when she of the Black Flag and cross bones was handed over to the douce peaceful Patrick Grieve, she possessed very little of the treasure with which she sought the shelter of the hospitable harbours of Lewis. "Sich lippes, sich lattuce." Both Pirate and Captor suffered the extreme penalty of the law, the latter meeting his end "very Christianlie," according to a chronicler of the time, in April of the year 1613.

(To be continued.)

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.

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OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

JAMES SINCLAIR, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., U.S.A.—We are pleased to learn that Mr. Neil Lindsay, Mr. Hugh Fraser, yourself, and other old friends of the *Celtic* have escaped the recent disastrous conflagration, although some have suffered serious financial losses. "This city will rise grander than before" is the cheering prospect with which our Caithnessian friend foreshadows the future.

DAVIDSON GENEALOGIES.—Sir,—Perhaps some reader of the *Celtic* may be able to supply information regarding the ancestry and descendants of Sir William Davidson of Currie Hill (born in 1611, died 1681?), and particularly of the descendants of Sir William's grandfather. Any information on these points will be welcomed by DAI.

ARE THE ANDERSONS A CLAN SEPT?

MY DEAR SIR,—I am one of those unfortunate Highlanders who does not know, or rather is not quite sure, which Clan he belongs to. There seems to be a tradition in the family that we are connected with Clan Mackintosh, but Mr. Frank Adam, in his book "What is my Tartan?" gives us (Andersons) as a sept of Clan Ross. Now in a book just out, "The Scottish Clans and Septs with their Tartans," it is stated that they are considered as a branch of "Clan Chattan, they having taken the protection of Mackintosh as early as 1400." If, sir, you can give me any light on this, to me, distressing subject, you will be doing a great kindness to—Yours very sincerely,

R. N. ANDERSON.

Birkenhead.

ON THE SURNAMES PIKE AND McPIKE.

THE question as to the origin of these names was raised in *Notes and Queries*, London, tenth series, ii., 249, and has been further discussed in *Scottish Notes and Queries*, second series, vi., 93, 126, 142, 174; vii., 79, 135. At the reference last given, appears a letter from Dr. Thos. Addies Emmet, of New York City, who says:—"The name Pike is quite common in Ireland, but I can find no such name as M'Pike, and it is an unnatural combination for either Scotland or Ireland. It is an Irish name—*pice*, the weapon, and the English is pronounced as the Irish word and taken from it, the c in Irish being pronounced k."

The present writer desires to inquire if it is not possible that the name Pike is of dual origin. What shall we say of Richard Peeke of Tavistock, a Devonshire worthy, flourishing in 1625, who confessed himself to be "better fitted to handle the pike than the pen?" —See *Notes and Queries*, London, tenth series, v., 218 (March 17th, 1906). His name appears as "Richard Pike or Peake" in a sketch in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

A London correspondent reports his inability to discover the surname M'Pike in any British records, and declares that it is "a modern combination—since 1760." The first American ancestor of the writer, in the direct male line, was James M'Pike, born probably in Edinburgh about 1751, who was sent to Dublin and migrated from there, about 1772, to Baltimore, Maryland. His father, who appears to have married a Miss Stewart, in Edinburgh, is described in traditions as an educated Scotchman (surnamed Pike), who engaged in business as a linen merchant, but seems also to have had, at one time, a minor position of some kind under the Stewarts. The dates do not appear quite correct.

As the name M'Pike seems to be rare or unknown in Great Britain, some examples of its early occurrence (also Pike) in America may be worth recording:—

Daniel M'Pike (cf. *Pennsylvania Archives*, third series, xxi., 393; xxii., 425, 588).
James M'Pike (*Ibid.*, xii., 632; xxi., 394).
John M'Pike (*Ibid.*, xxi., 393; xxiii., 582).
Rodger M'Pike (*Ibid.*, xxii., 561).
William M'Pike (*Ibid.*, xxi., 393).
Dennis M'Pike (*Ibid.*, xii., 718).
James Pike (*Ibid.*, xxvi., 491).
Richard Pike (*Ibid.*, xxiii., 3, 17).
Robert M'Pike (*Ibid.*, second series, x., 138).
James M'Pick (*Ibid.*, x., 88).
James M'Pike (*Ibid.*, x., 429, 496, 506).
Thomas M'Pike (*Ibid.*, x., 528, 567).
James M'Peak, of Henry County, Virginia, in "List of Persons Renouncing Allegiance to Great Britain and Swearing Allegiance to the Commonwealth of Virginia" (cf. *The Virginian Magazine of History and Biography*, ix., 12; Richmond, 1902).

In the work entitled *Archives of Maryland*, vol. 18 being "Muster Rolls and other Records of Service of Maryland Troops in the American Revolution, 1775-1783" (Baltimore, 1900), are these two entries (pages 150, 153):—James Pike, private, enlisted 21st March 1777, discharged 21st March 1780; and James Pike, sergeant, 16th April 1778, pt. 1st August 1778, discharged 22nd December 1779.

Chicago, U.S.A. EUGENE FAIRFIELD M'PIKE.

[In the list of emigrants to Barbados in November 1635, there is a John Pike; Register of Baptisms, Christ Church, Barbados, Dec. 1678, "Grace, ye daughter of Oliver and Grace Pike"; "Burialls" —Aprill 1678/9, Oliver Pike buried ye 22th." The above extracts from "The Original Lists of Persons of Quality, &c., who went to the American Plantations, 1600-1700," may interest our correspondent.—*Editor.*]

THE MACQUARRIES OF ULVA.

By Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair.

I. Guaire, son of Cormac son of Airbeartach, was the progenitor of the Macquarries. He was born about 1210, and lived in Argyllshire, possibly in Ulva. Guaire, in English Quarry, means excellent, noble.

II. Ceallach, son of Guaire, had a son named Torquill.

III. Torquill had a son named Ceallach.

IV. Ceallach, known as *Ceallach an Eineich* or Ceallach of the liberality, had a son named Paul.

V. Paul had four sons, Ceallach, Torquill, Guaire and Cormac.

VI. Ceallach was Chief of the Clan Macquarry about 1385. He was succeeded by Hector, who was probably his son or grandson.

VII. Hector was succeeded by his son John.

VIII. John witnessed two charters as John Macquarry of Ulva in 1463. He died in 1473. He left two sons, Dunslaff and Lachlan Mor.

IX. Dunslaff was Chief of the Macquarries in 1493, and became a follower of Hector Odhar Maclean of Duart. He was an associate of Lachlan Cattanach of Duart in seeking to restore the Lordship of the Isles under Donald Dubh in 1503 and under Sir Donald of Lochalsh in 1517. He was succeeded by John, who was either his own son or the son of his brother, Lachlan Mor.

X. John was Laird of Ulva in 1545, and took an active part, as an associate of Hector Mor of Duart, in the second rebellion of Sir Donald of Lochalsh. He was succeeded by his son Donald.

XI. Donald was succeeded by his son, Hector.

XII. Hector lived in the fighting days of Sir Lachlan Mor of Duart. In March 1593 we find him relaxed from the horn for some rebellious acts against the government. It is said that he married a daughter of Macneill of Taynish. He had two sons, Gillespie and Donald.

Gillespie, son of Hector, succeeded his father, and was Laird of Ulva in 1609. He died without male issue, and was succeeded by his brother, Donald.

XIII. Donald, brother and successor of Gillespie, married Christina, daughter of Lachlan Maclean of Torloisk, second son of Sir Lachlan Mor of Duart, and had Allan his successor, Hector of Ormaig, Lachlan of Laggan and John of Ballighartan. He had also two daughters, Una and Catherine. Una was married to Allan Maclean of Grulin, and had Lachlan, Charles, John, Margaret and Janet. Catherine was married to Donald Maclean of Aros, and had Alexander, Angus and Charles. According tc the Ardgour MS., Una was a daughter of Donald Macquarrie of Ulva by his wife, Ann, sister of Alasdair MacColla, the celebrated lieutenant-general of Montrose. If this statement be correct, Donald of Ulva must have been married twice, Ann Macdonald being his second wife and the mother of his daughters.

XIV. Allan, eldest son of Donald, married a daughter of Allan Maclean of Carn na Caillich, third son of Sir Lachlan Mor of Duart, and had one son, Lachlan. Allan was killed fighting under Sir Hector Roy of Duart, at the disastrous battle of Inverkeithing in 1651.

XV. Lachlan, son of Allan, married, first, Mora or Marion, daughter of John Crùbach Maclean of Ardgour, and by her had John his successor. He married, secondly, Catherine, daughter of John Garbh, 8th of Coll, and had Allan and Flora. Allan married Flora, daughter of Charles Maclean—Charles MacNeil Bane—in Tiree. Flora was married to Lachlan Maclean of Knockroy, and had Murdoch, who in 1785 became Laird of Lochbuie.

XVI. John, son of Lachlan, married Flora, daughter of Hector Maclean in Assapol, and had by her, Lachlan and Mora or Marion.

XVII. Lachlan, son of John, was born in 1715. He married, first, Alice, daughter of Donald Maclean of Torloisk, and by her had John, Donald, Lachlan, Allan, Mary, Flora, Elizabeth and Jean. He married, secondly, Ann Macquarrie, by whom he had Archibald, Amelia, Sibella and Janet. He was a widower in 1767. He received a visit from Dr. Johnson in 1773. He was deeply in debt and under the necessity of selling his estate in 1777. He entered the army in 1788. He was in the 74th, or Argyle Highlanders, which was stationed in Halifax, Nova Scotia, for a short time, and took part in the expedition against Penosbscot. He was a strong and active man, intelligent and polite, and very hospitable. He died at Glenforsa in Mull, January 14, 1818. It is said that his five sons died unmarried. Mary, his eldest daughter, was married in 1771 to Gillean Maclaine of Scallasdale, and had Allan, Archibald, Murdoch, John and Hector

Branches of the Clan Quarrie.

Hector Macquarrie of Ormaig was born about 1630. He was in the fortress of Cairnburgh in 1681, assisting the Macleans in their struggle with the Campbells of Argyll. He commanded a company under Sir John Maclean of Duart at the battle of Killiecrankie in 1689. According to one account, he married "a sister of Donald Macleod, Esq.," and had John, Donald, and Alexander. According to another account, he married a daughter of Neil Maclean of Drimnacross. It is likely that he was married twice, and that both accounts are true. In 1687, Sir

John Maclean of Duart appointed as factors for his estate, John Macleod in Mishnish, Archibald Maclean of Ardtun, Lachlan Maclean of Calgary, and Allan Maclean of Grulin. It is possible that the Macleod wife of Hector of Ormaig was a daughter of John Macleod in Mishnish. Who John Macleod was, I do not know. Two of Hector's sons, John and Alexander, died unmarried. Donald, his successor in Ormaig, married Margaret, daughter of Hector Maclean, 12th of Lochbuie—the gallant Hector who fought at Knockbreck and Killiecrankie in 1689. Donald had five children—Hector, Flora, Una, Janet and Mary. Flora was married to Hector Maclean, merchant at Assapol in Mull—a son of John Garbh, son of John Dubh of Morvern. Hector, 3rd Macquarrie of Ormaig, married Ann, fourth daughter of Sir John Maclean of Duart, and had John, Hector, Mary and Margaret. John studied medicine. There were several descendants of Hector of Ormaig in Ulva in 1838, but I do not know whether they were descendants in the male line or not.

Lachlan Macquarrie of Laggan seems to have married a daughter of Allan Maclean of Ardgour. John of Laggan married Flora, daughter of Charles Maclean of Ardnacross. John died at an early age. Captain Andrew Maclean, the poet, married his widow, and had several children by her.

Lachlan Macquarrie of Ballighartan was with his brother, Hector of Ormaig, in the Castle of Cairnburgh in 1681. John, his son, married Flora, daughter of Donald Macquarrie of Ormaig.

I have given all the genealogical facts about the Macquarries I can find. I shall feel thankful to any person or persons who will furnish additional information. I should like to know who the present Chief of the Macquarries is, and to get the names of the men through whom he is connected with the old Chiefs.

Belfast, P. E. Island, Canada.

SHINTY.

Rise up! rise up! ilk Hielan' wight,
The lark is up, the sun is bright;
Sieze the camac! grasp it tight,
An' haste awa' to Shinty.

Chorus.
Then drain the quaich, fill again,
Loudly blaw the martial strain;
An' welcome gie wi' might an' main,
To gude auld Hielan' Shinty.

Wi' bonnet blue, wi' kilt an' plaid,
Of ilka clannish hue array'd,
Up! muster in the greensome glade,
To fight this day at Shinty.
Then drain, &c.

Quick! doff your claes to kilt an' sark,
Wi' wistfu' e'en beware the mark,
An' shins look out for ruefu' wark!
This day at Hielan' Shinty.
Then drain, &c.

But see! the ba' flies owre the dale,
Now high!—now low!—now on the gale!—
Back and' fore, now gains the hale,
Weel done for Hielan' Shinty.
Then drain, &c.

Wi' awfu' noise, wi' glorious din,
Like deer behin' the ba' they rin;
Wi' mony a honest cheerfu' grin,
For gude auld Hielan' Shinty.
Then drain, &c.

'Tis owre,—for high amid the fun,
The piper's notes proclaim 'tis done;
An' victory is baith lost an' won,
This day at Hielan' Shinty.
Then drain, &c.

An' now, wi' social mirth an' glee,
To end the sport we a' agree;
Wi' whiskey bright, an' barley bree,
We'll drink to Hielan' Shinty.
Then drain, &c.

An' by my dirk, wi' gill an' stoup,
Wi' Hielan' mirth, an' festive loup;
We'll sen' auld care to Davy's roup!
An' far awa' frae Shinty.
Then drain, &c.

Rise up! rise up! a reel! a reel!
Ilk bonny lass, ilk gen'rous chiel;
An' min' 'tis a' for Scotland's weel,
An' gude all Hielan' Shinty.
Then drain, &c.

Quick! piper, quick! mair loudly blaw,
We'll dance it out, both great an' sma';
We'll keep it up, till morning's craw;
'Tis a' for Hielan' Shinty.
Then drain, &c.

Tho' death, wi' cauld relentless han',
Strikes one by one our social ban';
Before our game, he daurna stan',
For he's nae match for Shinty.
Then drain, &c.

Then may we' a', that now are met,
Till nature claims her final debt,
Be aye resolv'd, ne'er to forget
Our ancient Hielan' Shinty.
Then drain, &c.

EDUCATION IN THE HIGHLANDS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

By WILLIAM MACKAY, Solicitor, Inverness.

(*Continued from page 156.*)

THE progress of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge was marvellous. In 1711 it supported 12 schools, one of which was at Abertarff, from where, as will be remembered, a teacher had already been driven; and another in distant St. Kilda. In 1715 the Society had 25 schools open; 34 in 1718; 48 in 1719; 78, having 2757 scholars, in 1728; 111 schools in 1733; 128 in 1742; 159 in 1772; and 323 in 1795. In addition to paying the teachers' salaries, the Society supplied the children with school books, established public libraries in various parishes, and defrayed the expense of printing Gaelic Bibles and other books—among them being the

GAELIC AND ENGLISH VOCABULARY,

published in 1741 by Alexander Macdonald, the famous Gaelic bard, and one of the Society's schoolmasters. I cannot say to what extent the libraries were patronised by the people, but, judging from the incident I am about to relate, it was sometimes difficult for them to get at the books. I find from the records of the Presbytery of Mull that at a meeting of that Presbytery, held at Aros in March, 1730, Mr. Morrison, minister of Coll, reported "that Mr. M'Aula, his predecessor in office, carried off the library to the Harris, because he was not paid for his expenses in bringing them to Coll." The Rev. Aulay Macaulay, here referred to, was translated to Harris in 1712, so that, at the time of this report, the books had been in his possession there for 18 years; and it is not likely they ever saw Coll again. Thus it was that Mr. Macaulay contrived to have a library; and thus early do we find in the Macaulay family that love of books which reached its full development in the person of Lord Macaulay, the great-grandson of the thieving minister of Harris.

Great though the services of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge were, the need for other agencies arose as the desire for education increased.

THE GAELIC SCHOOL SOCIETY,

founded in 1811, existed till 1892, and during that period supported a large number of schools. In 1824 the General Assembly originated the Educational Scheme of the Church of Scotland, in connection with which Principal Baird, "the Father and Founder of the Scheme," and old Dr. Norman Macleod—"Caraid nan Gaidheal," the Friend of the Highlanders—did great and noble work. These two, along with Mr. Gordon, the first secretary of the Scheme, traversed every island and Highland parish, and reported that 90,000 persons between the ages of six and twenty could read neither English nor Gaelic. To their appeal for funds there was a generous response, and in a great speech which Dr. Macleod made in Exeter Hall, London, in May, 1844, he was able to state—

"The object of the scheme is not merely to supply the plainest elementary education where it is already wanted, but to raise the *quality* of education, and aim at its improvement throughout the whole land. For this purpose the Committee have a normal school in Edinburgh, in which 85 persons educating for the office of schoolmaster have attended in the course of last year, obtaining a practical knowledge of the art of teaching. A new building is in the course of being erected there, at the estimated cost of £8000; the Government generously agreed to pay one-half, and also to give an annual grant of £500, on condition that the Committee of Assembly engaged to find a similar sum, and the arrangement is also in the way of being made in regard to the very splendid normal institution in Glasgow; so that the Committee of the Scheme which I am now bringing under your notice are answerable for the sum of £1000 a year for those training schools, and for the expenses of maintaining 146 schools throughout the country. Nor do they despair, and why should they, remembering they have hitherto been so marvellously blessed of God? Methinks it is but as yesterday since I saw the first sovereign put into the hands of the venerable founder of this scheme; and now we have a capital invested in Government Stock of £10,000 sterling, the greater part of which, however, remains in stock by the condition on which it was obtained, as a fixed capital, available only in its annual produce, besides our ordinary income from collections and subscriptions throughout the bounds of our Church. No, my Lord [the Marquis of Bute was in the chair], we despaired not in the commencement of our great undertaking in the day of small things—and far be it from us to despair now, when the sapling of the Lord's own planting, and watered by the dew of heaven, has grown up as a cedar on our Lebanon, and that thousands of the rising generation find shelter and instruction under its wide-spreading branches. Yes, methinks it is but as yesterday since my friend, now beside me on the platform, and I beheld

THE FIRST SCHOOL-HOUSE

which was erected for our scheme—a white speck on the dark face of the bleak mountain of Dolenlongart, and a few children amusing themselves on the little green in front of it; and now we have lived to see 146 schools, besides our noble Normal Institutions, and 1400 pupils in regular attendance! The effect which these schools have had on the character of the Highlanders and on their comforts is most encouraging. In the course of the last five years 715 young men educated at these schools have left their native land to engage in employments not open to them at home, and for which they could not have been competent but for the information received at our schools. Thus have those fine young fellows, who would otherwise have sunk down into a state of poverty and inactivity, been enabled to raise themselves in the world, and to attain to comparative comfort in society. Scope has thus been allowed for a fuller development of their own native energies and characteristic virtues, such as they never otherwise could have enjoyed. These schools have sent forth land surveyors, overseers, civil engineers, road contractors, shipmasters, and clerks in banks and counting-houses, while 180 persons taught in these schools are at this moment themselves employed as schoolmasters in their native land."

Subsequently the number of scholars attending the Committee's Schools rose to 23,000.

AFTER THE DISRUPTION

the Free Church took up the cause of education with great vigour, and founded schemes similar to those already existing in connection with the Established Church; and these flourished for many years to the great benefit of many a Highland youth.

The Education Act of 1872 put an end to the old Parochial System, and virtually to the other agencies which it found at work, and, now, even Raining's School at Inverness, which has, since its foundation in 1757 by Mr. John Raining, of Norwich, sent innumerable students to the universities and the professions, has been closed. It is sincerely to be hoped that the Highland Education Trustees, who are now charged with the administration of the funds of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, including the Raining's School Endowment Fund, will find it possible and proper to perpetuate the generous founder's name by instituting a bursary or some other scheme to be called after him.

I shall now endeavour to show what kind of establishments

THE OLD HIGHLAND SCHOOLS

were, what manner of men laboured in them, and under what conditions they fulfilled their duty to the pupils placed under their charge.

The Privy Council's Act of 1616 and again the Act of Parliament of 1646, provided that a school should be planted in every parish. These made no condition, however, as to design or accommodation, and even the Act of 1696, which finally established the Parochial System, gave no further direction than that the schoolhouses should be "commodious." It was thus left to the heritors of each parish to determine what kind of building was necessary, and as they were themselves bound to defray the cost, it is not too much to assume that they were not too ambitious in their designs, or too extravagant in their estimates. As a matter of fact, the old country school—and this applies not only to the parochial schools but also to the charity schools supported by the Society—was as poor and comfortless as it well could be.

ITS WALLS WERE OF TURF,

or of dry, undressed, mason work, through the crevices of which the wind whistled, and the drifting snow found its way; its windows were irregular holes which despised the luxury of glass; its floor was the cold damp earth, rough and uneven as nature had left it; while its roof consisted of the usual three "black house" couples with roof-tree and cabers—all covered with "divots" or brackens which strove ineffectually to shelter teacher and pupil from the rain of heaven.

How vain the endeavour often was is shown by venerable books which we still find ornamented with large stars and stains, the result of mighty drops from the roof—drops which the divots retarded in their career to earth, but which they had at the same time greatly increased in size, and sooty consistency. There was no chimney or fire place proper; but on the floor blazed a pile of peats and wood, brought by the children from their homes; while the smoke, after voyaging round and round the chamber, and adding to the polished blackness of the cabers, made its exit through the *arlas* or smoke-hole in the roof, or through the holes in the walls which were flattered with the name of windows. The custom of "transporting" or removing the school from corner to corner of the parish did not tend to the improvement of the buildings. The early Society Schools—with the exception of Raining's School, in Inverness, which was erected in 1757 at a cost of over £500—were from time to time transported from place to place with the view of fairly distributing their benefits all over the wide districts which they were intended to serve; and the teacher had thus frequently to take up, not only his bed, but also the timber of his houses, and to remove to whatever corner of his educational vineyard most needed his services. In such circumstances, improvement came slowly; in some cases it came not at all. In 1865 the Commissioners appointed to enquire into the state of education in Scotland, found

A SCHOOL IN ARGYLESHIRE

which is thus described:—"The state of the schoolhouse is still deplorable, a small building on the side of a hill, little attempt to level the floor, a fire in the centre of the room, and a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape; the roof seems falling to pieces, and the windows are broken." At the same time the Parliamentary school at Killiemore, in Mull, is described as "uninhabitable; earthen floor, full of hills and valleys; two windows without sashes, woodwork having rotted away; general aspect of dilapidation." The parish school of the same district is not much better:—"Old building; low roof (eight feet); earthen floor; damp and mouldy appearance; three dilapidated windows on one side." These houses, too, were devoid of proper furniture—a deal table or desk, a rickety chair for the teacher, and a few rough forms, or boards resting on turf or stones, for the children, making up as a rule the educational machinery of the establishment.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S DWELLING-HOUSES

were scarcely superior to the schoolhouses. Before 1803 parochial teachers were not legally entitled to any domestic accommodation, and if

dwelling-houses were sometimes provided for them they were of the poorest description—black huts, as a rule, which refused to keep out the elements. In that year Parliament enacted that each parish schoolmaster should be provided with a residence, which residence, however, was to consist of "not more than two apartments including the kitchen." This statutory limitation was faithfully respected. Care was taken that the number of apartments did not exceed two, including the kitchen; and as these were not always of the largest dimensions possible, the schoolmaster's skill in mensuration was sometimes sorely put to the test to find room within the four lines of his but-and-ben for himself and his wife and his customary family of twelve children, with, perhaps, a maid-of-all-work thrown in.

(To be continued.)

RUAIRIDH BEAG SHABHAIRIDH.

THOSE who have read Dr. Norman MacLeod's "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish" will recollect the interesting chapter he has on the training of the manse boys and the description of the manse boat, the "Roe," in a storm, with Rory at the helm. The following song in praise of "Ruairidh," the minister's man, was composed by Rev. Norman MacLeod, D.D.—better known as "Caraid nan Gaidheal."

RUAIRIDH BEAG SHABHAIRIDH.

Air fonn—"Ruairidh Mhic Ailpein duibh."

Fàilt' air a' ghille,
Le 'chaog-shūilibh biorach;
Le chòta 's le bhriogaisean,
  Gasda de'n chlò.
'S math a dh'aithnichear air d'aogasg.
Gur Leòdaich do chinneadh
Siol Tormaid o'n Eilein
  Air an luidheadh an ceò.
O Aonghais mhic Ruairidh,
'S tu athair an deagh mhic.
'S tu dh'fhaodadh bhi moiteil
  Na m' bitheadh tu beò.
'S nach 'eil anns an sgreachd
Cho farsada, finealt'
Ri Ruairidh beag Shabhairidh,
  Hò i ho rò!

Cha 'n'eil Cléireach 'san dùthaich,
A's lùthaire shiùbhlas;
Ga'n tabhairt gu pùsadh,
  Bithidh tu dlùth air an tòir,
Cha 'n'eil Cléireach san t-Seanadh
Cho ro-mhath a stiùras
A' bhirlinn troimh chuantaibh
  Nan stuadhannan mòr,
'Nuair a sheideas an doineann
Na siùil o na crannaibh
'Sa chaillear gach cladach
  Le sioban 's le ceò—
An sin éighidh gach maraich'
O! 's ro-mhaith do ghabhail
A Ruairidh bhig Shabhairidh,
  Hò i ho rò!

'Nuair a sheinneadh tu 'n Iorram,
'S tu dhùisgeadh an spiorad;
Ann an guailibh nan gillean
  'Siad an glacaibh nan ràmh,
'Nuair a sheinneadh tu 'n duanag
Gum b'ait leam bhi suas riut.
Na m' shuidhe ri d' ghualainn
  'San t-searrag am làimh:
Cha 'n 'eil eadar so 's Ròag
A sheinneadh riut "Mòrag,"
'S tu 'g iomram le farum
  Ramh-bràghad an "Roe,"
An sin their iad ri Ruairidh
O, piseach 'us buaidh ort!
A Ruairidh bhig Shabhairidh,
  Hò i ho rò!

RORY BEG SAVARI.

(Translated by PROFESSOR BLACKIE.)

Long life to the boatman
Whose eyes twinkle brightly,
So trig with his breeches
And coat fitted tightly!
His clan and his country
Shine forth in his face—
The mist-mantled isle
And Sir Norman's proud race.
O Angus vic Rory,
Look down from the sky
With joy to have fathered
So gallant a boy!
In Morven no mother
Can boast such another
As Rory beg Savari, Ho i ho ro!

No clerk in the country
Can foot it so fleetly,
When he shoots like an arrow
Beyond you so neatly!
No clerk in the Synod
Like Rory can guide
The boat through the swell
Of the foam-crested tide;
When the tempest swoops down
With rude bluster and blore,
And the drift and the mist
Hide the rim of the shore,
What matter? we never
Catch harm with so clever
A pilot as Rory beg, Ho i ho ro!

When he strikes up the *iorram*,
And fires with new spirit
The mettlesome lads
Who rejoice in his merit.
O then I'd be near him
The first in the band;
With breath in my breast
And a flask in my hand.
No boatman in Morven
So sweetly can pour
His "Morag" while deftly
He feathers the oar;
May luck never leave thee,
May harm never grieve thee,
Rory beg Savari, Ho i ho ro!

"OHI MI SIN IS FUAIGHIDH MI SO."

LE DOMHULL MAC-FHIONGHAIN AN DUNEIDEANN.

(*Air a leantainn.*)

ACH cia air bith cho gaisgeil 's a fhuaradh an Gaidheal air muir 's air tir, bha e riamh, mar tha gun teagmh iomadh aon a bharrachd air, sgaoimeach roimh bhodaich 's roimh bhòcain. Ann an seann sgeul thaitneach mu churaidhean treuna an àm a dh' fhalbh, tha e air innseadh dhuinn gu 'n d' thainig eadar Cuchulainn is Conall Cearnach is Laoghaire Buadhach air son có b' fhearr an airidh air an toitean a bu bhlasda aig fleadh, cuid a' churaidh, no an curadhmir, mar theireadh iad fein; 's gu 'n d' thainig eadar an cuid ban air son cò bu chóraiche air an àite-thoisich an tigh na cuirme. Cha b' urrainnear a' chùis a shocrachadh an Ultaibh 's chaidh a cur, g'a réiteach, do Chrunachan, gu Ailill 's gu Mèabh. Rainig na curaidhean Cruachan 's fhuair iad an deagh ghabhail rompa, rogha 's togha bidh is dibhe is leapa. A dhearbhadh an gaisge, 's e chur Mèabh an caraibh nan laoch tri cait bheaga, an riochd "bhiasta druidheachda." Tha an sgeul ag innseadh gu 'n d' thug Conall Cearnach is Laoghaire Buadhach na sparran orra, a chlisgeadh, 's gu 'n d' fhan iad an sin fad na h-oidhche ag amharc air na cait ag itheadh an cuid bìdh, 's iad fhéin air an gonadh leis an acras. Sheas Cuchulainn a làrach, ach, ma 's fhior an Sgeul, cha d' ith prìomh laoch nan Gaidheil, greim bìdh 's cha do chaidil e neul air an oidhche ud. 'S e lan-aighir a th' ann dhuinne a bhi faicinn nan curaidhean treuna air theicheadh roimh phiseig chait; ach mar a thuirt iad fhéin. "Cha 'n ann ri biastan a chathaicheamaidne, ach ri daoine."

'S dòcha gu bheil am Bòcan a nis air call mòran d' a chumhachd. Cha 'n fhaicear cho tric e, 's cha 'n 'eil uiread eagail roimhe, ma 's e 's gu faicear e. Ach nach fhaod e bhith, gu bheil aig a mhor chuid dhinn, cùil no Cill shonruichte, fagus d' a sheann dachaidh, 'na shùil, a b' fhearr leis dol cuairt timchioll chnoc is ghlac, na dol ro dhlùth oirre, air marbh na h-oidhche? Tha e furasda gu leoir a bhi misneachail 's a' bhaile-mhòr, far an do chuir am "policeman" an ruaig air Bodaich 's air gràisg de gach seorsa, no air t-aineol, far nach 'eil fhios agad c'àite an coir sealltainn air son Bhòcan. Ach aig an tigh, far nach 'eil tom no fròg anns an do ghabh Bodach riamh tàmh nach aithne dhuit gu ro mhaith,—sin àit a' chruadail. Chi thu an sin Bodaich, far nach 'eil 's nach robh iad. Ach cha 'n 'eil am Bodach a nis 'na chuiseagail mar a bha e, 's tha sin cho maith. Tha cho beag sgaoim oirnn a nis 's gu bheil sinn deas gu feoraich is rannsachadh is ceasnachadh mu sheallaidhean 's mu shamhlaidhean nach tuig sinn. Tha cuid againn air fàs cho dalma 's gu 'n ean sinn feala-dhà de'n chùis. Agus cha 'n fhaigh thu comharra is cinntiche gu bheil a' Ghlaistig, a' Chaointeach, an Uruisg is Bòcain de gach dreach 's de gach gné, air fàs fann, na an uair a thoisicheas daoine air culaidhmhaghaidh a dheanamh de 'n gnothuch. 'S ann uidh ar n-uidh a thig a' chùis gus an ìre so.

Is cuimhne leam seana bhean a bha a' lànchreidsinn anns na Bòcain, ach dhearbh a giùlan air feasgar sonruichte gu robh an creideamh na co-dhiù an t-eagal, air fannachadh. Bha gleann uaigneach, fàsail, dlùth do dhachaidh na mnatha so, far am b àbhaist do na daoine beaga, ma b' fhìor, a bhi a' tighinn a mach á tulman gorm, 's a bhi a' dannsadh gu h-iollagach, ri solus na gealaiche. 'S ann troimh 'n ghleann a bha an rathad mòr a' dol. Bha am boirionnach còir aig cuirm ann an tigh bhàrr an rathaid. Bha ceum aig bonn a' ghlinne a bheireadh na bu luaithe gu a dachaidh i. Bha an dorcha a' tighinn 's ghabh i an t-athghoirid. Ach nuair a bha i seachad air fosgladh a' ghlinne 's an sealladh a tighe fhéin, bhuail e 'na ceann, cha'n 'eil fhios agam c' arson, bha am boirionnach làn àbhachdais 's bha i aig cuirm—ach bhuail e 'na ceann gu 'm faodadh na daoine beaga, 's maith a dh' fhaoidte na daoine mòra, bhi feoraich c'arson nach do ghabh i an rathad gnàthaichte. Stad i, thionndaldh i a h-aghaidh suas an gleann 's glaodh i, àirde 'cinn:—"An cluinn sibh mi, na tha 's an éisdeachd? Dh' fheucham fhein nach bi sibh a' smaointeachadh gur e eagal roimhibhse a chum mise gun tighinn troimh 'n Teampull an nochd. Cha 'n e idir. Ach dh' fhan mi modha 's fada aig "bangaid" bean Fhionnlaidh. Bha a' chuirm taitneach, 's bha a' chuideachd sunndach. Tha a nis an t-anmoch ann, 's tha cabhag orm dhachaidh. Tha fear-an-tighe o'n bhaile; tha an crodh ri am bleoghan, an t-suipeir r' a bruich, 's a' chlann r' an cur a luidhe. Sin a thug dhomhsa ceum na h-ath-ghoirid a ghabhail, 's thugaibh bhur ceart aire nach bi aon agaibh ag radh gur ann le eagal roimhibhse a sheachainn mise an Teampull an nochd." Bha mo bhanaghoistidh 'na boirionnach smiorail gun teagamh, agus mar thubhairt mi, bha i an déigh tigh na cuirme fhàgail. Ach is gann a shaoileas mi gu 'n labhradh a seann-mhathair cho neo-eisimeileach ri muinntir a' ghlinne 's a rinn ise.

Ri linn an Tàilleir bha an Sluagh gu léir, àrd is ìosal, lag is làidir, eolach is aineolach, a' lánchreidsinn 's na Bòcain. Agus an àite bhi lùghdachadh, 's ann a tha e gu mor a' meudachadh, misnich an tàilleir gu robh làn a chridhe de 'n eagal air, nuair a choinnich e an t-uamhas ud an Eaglais Chille-Chriosda. An àm cogadh Bhonapart chunnacas ao nuair saighdear

a' dol sìos do 'n bhlàr, 's áodann cho bàn ri bréid." "An sgagaire bochd," thuirt Oichear a bha 's an làthair. "Tha thu am mearachd," ars' Wellington. "Is léir do 'n t-saighdear a chunnart, ach cha'n 'eil moille 'na cheum. Cha till an duin' ud, 's e beò." 'S e an Diùc a bha ceart.

Ach cha ruigear a leas a bhi 'g iarraidh an sgeul an tàilleir teagasg no firinn nach 'eil innte. A réir a bheachdan 's a chreidimh thug an duine dearbhadh comharraichte air a mhisnich, agus is dòcha nach robh a' bheag tuillidh aig ùghdar an sgeoil 'na cheann. Ach cha b' fhìor-ghaisgeach air aon chor Tailleir na Manachainn. Cha 'n 'eil am fear is àirde misneach teom air a bhi deanamh bòsd as a threubhas, no bhi cur gheall mu Euchdan. Agus idir, idir cha teich e roimh. "Am fear nach teich, teichear roimhe." Bha beachd moran na bu chothromaiche aig Dughall Buchanan air an fhìor-ghaisgeach na bha aig Searmonaiche na Manachainn—

Cha bu ghaisgeach Alastair mòr,
No Cæsar thug an Roimh fo ghéill;
Oir ged a thug iad buaidh air càch,
Dh' fhan iad 'nan traill d' am miannaibh féin.

Ach 's gaisgeach esan a bheir buaidh
Air eagal beatha 's uamhunn bàis,
'S a chòmhlacheas le misnich cré
A h-uile ni a ta dha 'n dàn.

Ach ged tha so mar so, cha'n 'eil eisimpleir an tàilleir r'a chur an suarachas. Cha tig ar Bòcanne an cruth uamhais; is docha gu 'n tig e ann an riochd gu mor is caoimhneala 's is cunnartaiche. Ach thigeadh e mar thogras e—agus tighinn air aon doigh eile ni e—bidh e g' ar feum facal an tailleir a ghleidheadh air chuimhne—

"Chi mi sin: ach fuaighidh mi so."

[A' CHRIOCH.]

A' BHEAN CHOMAIN.

FONN—Dh'fhalbh mo bhean chomain
Cha tig mo bean ghaoil,
Gun d' fhalbh mo bhean chomain,
Bean thogail nan laogh.

Thig blàth air a' ghiubhas
Agus ùbhlan air géig,
Cinnidh gucag air luachair,
Ach cha ghluais mo bhean fhéin.

Thig na gobhair do'n mhainnir,
Beiridh aighean duinn laoigh
Ach cha tig mo bhean dhachaidh,
A clachan nan craobh!

Thig Màrt oirnn, thig Foghar,
Thig toghar, thig buar,
Ach cha tog mo bhean luinneag
Ri bleoghan, no buain.

Cha dirich mi tulach,
Cha shiubhail mi frith,
Cha'n fhaigh mi lochd cadail
'S mo thasgaidh 's a' chill!

Tha m' aodach air tolladh,
Tha 'n olainn gun sniomh,
Agus deagh bhean-mo-thaighe,
'Na laidhe fo dhion!

Tha mo chrodh gun an leigeil,
Tha'n t-eadradh aig càch,
Tha mo leanabh gun bheadradh,
Na shuidhe air a bhlàr!

Tha m' fhàrdach-sa creachta
'S lom mo leac, is gur fuar,
Tha m'ionmhas 's mo bheirteas
Fo na leacan na suain!

Uist! a chagarain ghràdhaich—
Caidil sàmhach a luaidh,
Cha tog caoineadh do mhathair
Dean bă-ba a nis uain!

Translation.

The apple will blossom, the birch tree grow green,
The tall tufted rushes, in summer be seen,
But with flowers and spring-time return will she never,
My darling has left us—yes, left us for ever.

The flock and the herd will return in the gloaming
From the hill and the valley, where far they've been roaming,
But the bonny, blithe milker, who tended the fold
'Neath the trees of the clachan, lies silent and cold.

The spring will return, and the bright harvest-time,
And the year wane to winter when past is the prime,
But never again will her sweet voice sing light
At shearing or shieling or ingle-side bright.

I climb not the mountain, I tread not the heather,
Nor roam the brown moorland we wandered together,
But lonely in sorrow, and desolate hearted,
Sweet wife and companion, I mourn since we've parted.

The web is unwoven, the wool is unspun,
The needle must rust in the garment half-sewn,
For 'neath the grey stone for aye she will rest,
The busy hand still on the cold, lifeless breast.

My child is uncherished, and wondering stands
As he shrinks from the touch of the stranger's rough hands,
And his sad, wistful eyes still he turns to the door,
Which the kind, loving mother will open no more.

For stern death came silent and ruthless one night
And stole from my dwelling the joy and the light,
And he left me to weep on my desolate hearth,
And hid my heart's treasure deep down in the earth.

But hush thee! and hush thee! my own little son,
My arms still enfold thee, the day now is done,
And close, love, thy blue eyes and cease thee to weep;
Our tears will not wake her. Sleep, little one, sleep.

IONE.

"A PIECE OF DELF AND OTHER FRAGMENTS" is the title of a most charming volume of poems by Dr. MacNaughton-Jones, just published. The verses treat of a variety of subjects, the Highland sympathies of the author finding expression in several pieces, such as "The Heather Hills of Scotland," "The Gordons," etc. The various poems are illustrated with many full page and vignette pictures of exquisite beauty; indeed we have never seen more beautiful illustrations in any volume. The gifted author has been fortunate in his artist. Dr. MacNaughton-Jones, who claims descent from the Clan MacNaughton, gives some interesting information regarding the ancient strongholds of the race.

A NIGHT WITH THE HERRING-FISHERS.

A BUSY sight indeed is Loch Boisdale or Stornoway in the herring season. Smacks, open boats, skiffs, wherries, make the narrow waters shady; not a creek, however small, but holds some boat in shelter. A fleet indeed!—the Lochleven boat from the east coast, with its three masts and three huge lugsails; the Newhaven boat with its two lugsails; the Isle of Man "jigger"; the beautiful Guernsey runner, handsome as a racing yacht, and powerful as a revenue cutter; besides all the numberless fry of less noticeable vessels, from the fat west-country smack with its comfortable fittings down to the miserable Arran wherry. Swarms of seagulls float everywhere, and the loch is so oily with the fish deposit that it requires a strong wind to ruffle its surface. Everywhere on the shore and hillsides, and on the numberless islands, rises the smoke of camps. Busy swarms surround the curing-houses and the inn, while the beach is strewn with fishermen lying at length, and dreaming till work-time. In the afternoon, the fleet slowly begins to disappear, melting away out into the ocean, not to re-emerge till long after the grey of the next dawn.

Did you ever go out for a night with the herring-fishers? If you can endure cold and wet, you would enjoy the thing hugely, especially if you have a boating mind. Imagine yourself on board a west-country smack, running from Boisdale Harbour with the rest of the fleet. It is afternoon, and there is a nice fresh breeze from the south-west. You crouch in the stern by the side of the helmsman, and survey all round you with the interest of a novice. Six splendid fellows, in various picturesque attitudes, lounge about the great, broad, open hold, and another is down the forecastle boiling coffee. If you were not there, half of these would be taking their sleep down below. It seems a lazy business, so far; but wait! By sunset the smack has run fifteen miles up the coast, and is going seven or eight miles east of Ru Hunish lighthouse; many of the fleet still keep her company, steering thick as shadows in the summer twilight. How the gulls gather yonder! That dull plash ahead of the boat was caused by the plunge of a solan goose. That the herrings are hereabouts, and in no small numbers, you might be sure, even without that bright phosphorescent light which travels in patches on the water to leeward. Now is the time to see the lounging crew dart into sudden activity. The boat's head is brought up to the wind, and the sails are lowered in an instant. One man grips the helm, another seizes the back rope of the net, a third the "skunk" or body, a fourth is placed to see the buoys clear and heave them out, the rest attend forward, keeping a sharp look-out for other nets, ready, in case the boat should run too fast, to steady her by dropping the anchor a few fathoms into the sea. When all the nets are out, the boat is brought bow on to the net, the "swing" (as they call the rope attached to the net) secured to the smack's "bits," and all hands then lower the mast as quickly as possible. The mast lowered, secured, and made all clear for hoisting at a moment's notice, and the lantern set up in the iron stand made for the purpose of holding it, the crew leave one look-out on deck with instructions to call them up at a fixed hour, and turn in below for a nap in their clothes: unless it so happens that your brilliant conversation, seasoned with a few bottles of whisky, should tempt them to steal a few more hours from the summer night.

Day breaks, and every man is on deck. All hands are busy at work, taking the net in over the bow, two supporting the body, the rest hauling the back rope, save one, who draws the net into the hold, and another who arranges it from side to side in the hold to keep the vessel even. Tweet! tweet! that thin cheeping sound, resembling the razor-like call of the bat, is made by the dying herrings at the bottom of the boat. The sea to leeward, the smack's hold, the hands and arms of the men, are gleaming like silver. As many of the fish as possible are shaken loose during the process of hauling in, but the rest are left in the net till the smack gets to shore. Three or four hours pass away in this wet and tiresome work. At last, however, the nets are all drawn in, the mast is hoisted, the sail set, and while the cook (there being always one man having this branch of work in his department) plunges below to prepare breakfast, the boat makes for Loch Boisdale. Everywhere on the water, see the fishing boats making for the same bourne, blessing their luck or cursing their misfortune, just as the event of the night may have been. All sail is set if possible, and it is a wild race to the market. Even when the anchorage is reached, the work is not quite finished; for the fish has to be measured out in "cran" baskets, and delivered at the curing-station. By the time that the crew have got their morning dram, have arranged the nets snugly in the stern, and have had some herrings for dinner, it is time to be off again to the harvest-field. Half of the crew turn in for sleep, while the other half hoist the sail and conduct the vessel out to sea.

Huge, indeed, are the swarms that inhabit Boisdale, afloat or ashore, during this harvest; but, partly because each man has business on hand, and partly because there is plenty of sea-

room, there are few breaches of the peace. On Saturday night the public house is crowded, and now and then the dull roar ceases for a moment, as some obstreporous member is shut out summarily in the dark. Besides the regular fishermen and people employed at the curing-stations, there are

THE HERRING-GUTTERS—

women of all ages, many of whom follow singly the fortunes of the fishers from place to place. Their business is to gut and salt the fish, which they do with wonderful dexterity and skill.

Hideous, indeed, looks a group of these women, defiled from head to foot with herring garbage, and laughing and talking volubly, while gulls innumerable float about them and fill the air with their discordant screams. But look at them when their work is over, and they are changed indeed. Always cleanly, and generally smartly dressed, they parade the roads and wharf. Numbers of them are old and ill-favoured, but you will see among them many a blooming cheek and beautiful eye. Their occupation is a profitable one, especially if they be skilful; for they are paid according to the amount of work they do. For the

FISHERMAN OF THE EAST COAST

likes to be comfortable. He is at once the most daring and the most careful. He will face such dangers on the sea as would appal most men, while at the same time he is as cautious as a woman in providing against cold and ague. How he manages to move in his clothes is matter for marvel, for he is packed like a patient after the cold water process. Only try to clothe yourself in all the following articles of attire—pair of socks, pair of stockings over them half up the leg, to be covered by the long fishing boots; on the trunk a thick flannel, covered with an oilskin vest; after that a common jacket and vest; on the top of these an oilskin coat; next, a mighty muffler to wind round the neck and bury the chin and mouth; and last of all, the sou'-wester! This is the usual costume of an east-country fisherman, and he not only breathes and lives in it, but manages his boat on the whole better than any of his rivals on the water. He drags himself along on land awkwardly enough; and on board, instead of rising to walk, he rolls, as it were, from one part of the boat to the other. He is altogether a more calculating dog than the west-country man, more eager for gain, colder and more reticent in all his dealings with human kind.

JUNIOR KINTYRE CLUB.—The Annual Excursion of this Club took place on 16th June to Balloch, Loch Lomond. A social meeting was held in the evening, at which Mr. John Mackay (Editor, *Celtic Monthly*), hon. president, presented the prizes to the successful competitors at the sports.

THE TRAWLERS' SONG.

Oh! who would wield a slavish pen
'Mid everlasting worry?
Or who, 'mong sturdy Tarbert men,
Would delve, or plough, or quarry?
A trawling skiff, a lively whiff
Across the blue Loch Fyne,
And we will truss, for sop and crust,
To the depths of the driving brine.

Oh! who would fling a lazy net
To wait on wayward fishes?
When they may off, the while you fret,
And disregard your wishes.
No knife will rust, no barrel burst,
For lack of caller herring,
While trusty trawl can bring a haul,
Where'er their fins are faring.

'Tis who would lack a wholesome meal
When herring schools are plenty?
We'll fill the widow's humble creel,
And send the rich a dainty.
A trawling skiff, a lively whiff
Across the blue Loch Fyne;
We'll drag the bight through burning night,
That all the world may dine.

CLAN LAMONT MONUMENT AT DUNOON.—The Council of the Clan Lamont Society intimate that a site has been obtained from the Commissioners of the Burgh of Dunoon, whereon to erect a monument to commemorate the spot where the clansmen of the Clan Lamont perished in the feud with the Campbells in 1646, and to record the names of the slain.

The site selected is on Tom a' Mhoid, the Hill of Justice, close to the actual scene of the tragedy. The monument will be about ten feet high, and will stand on raised ground, which will give it a total height of about fifteen feet. Two bronze scrolls will be attached to the base of the monument with an inscription and a list of the names of the victims. The terms of the inscription are now under the consideration of the Council.

THE STEWART SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the General Council of this Society held recently in the chambers of the treasurer at Glasgow, the president, Captain Steuart, of Westwood, occupied the chair, and among the councillors present were Colonel Stewart of Ardvorlich, Messrs. Archibald Stewart, Langside House, John A. Stewart, Rannoch Stewart, Ludovic Stewart, and the honorary secretary, Mr. J. K. Stewart. Applications for aid were considered, and a small committee appointed to attend to the more urgent cases. A benevolent fund has been founded, but much remains to be done before the benevolent work of the Society can be in any way commensurate to the many deserving claims which are continually coming in. At this meeting thirty new members were proposed and duly elected, and much satisfaction was expressed at the number of applications for admission which are being received by the Honorary Secretary.

KINTYRE CLUB.—For many years past this Society has presented a handsome, specially bound volume, to each school in Kintyre, for competition in the senior class; and to the Campbeltown Grammar School and Tarbert Public School, valuable gold medals. An attractive collection of books has just been forwarded to the various schools for presentation to the successful competitors.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following popular Hunting Song is by Duncan Ban Macintyre, the Bard of Glenorchy. It must have been composed shortly after the '45, for he refers in the second verse to the Disarming Act passed in 1746—

"The Whigs forbid us to bear arms—
With stringent laws they'd aye us tether—
I kept the Spanish gun for sport,
To-day it failed me in the heather."

There are several variants of the air. That now submitted is that generally sung in Lorn —where the bard lived.

FIONN.

ORAN SEACHARAN SEILGE.

Key C. *Heartily—beating twice in the measure.*

	r : d : —	r : m : —	s : — : r	m : — : m
SEISD—	Chunna'	mi 'n damh	donn	's na h-éildean,
	l :—.s : s	l : — : t	d' : — : m	r : — : r
	'Dìreadh a'	bheal -	aich	le chéile,
	r : d : —	r : m : —	s : — : r	m : — : m
	Chunna'	mi 'n damh	donn	's na h-éildean.
	m : — : f	s : — : s	l : — : t	l : s : —
RANN—	'S mi a'	teàrnadh	Coire-	Cheathaich,
	r : — : m	s : — : l	d' : — : t	l : s : —
	'S mór mo	mhì-	ghean 's mi gun	aighear,
	d' : — : r'	m' : — : m'	r' : — : d'	d' : t : —
	Siubhal	fhrìthe	ré an	latha,
	l : — : s	l : — : t	d' : — : m	r : — : r
	Thilg mi	spraidhe	nach d'rinn	feum dhomh.

Fine. *D.C.*

Ged' tha bacadh air na h-armaibh,
Ghleidh mi'n Spainteach thun na sealga,
Ge do rinn i orm do chearbaich,
Nach do mharbh i mac na h-éilde.
Chunna' mi 'n damh donn, &c.

'Nuair a dh'éirich mi sa' mhadainn,
Chuir mi innte fùdar Ghlaschu,
Peileir teann is tri puist Shas'nach,
Cuifean asgairt air a dhéigh sin.
Chunna' mi 'n damh donn, &c.

Bha 'n spŏr ùr an déis a breacadh,
Chuir mi ùille ris an acuinn,
Eagal driùchd bha mutan craicinn,
Cumail fasgaidh air mo chéile.
Chunna' mi 'n damh donn, &c.

Laidh an eilid air an fhuaran,
Chaidh mi farasta mu'n cuairt d'i,
Leig mi 'n deannal ud m'a tuairmse,
Leam is cruaidh gu'n d'rinn i éiridh.
Chunna' mi 'n damh donn, &c.

Rainig mise taobh na bruaiche,
'S chosg mi rithe mo chuid luaidhe ;
'S 'nuair a shaoil mi i bhi buailte,
Sin an uair a b' àird' a leum i.
Chunna' mi 'n damh donn, &c.

'S muladach bhi siubhal frìthe,
Ri la gaoith', a's uisg', a's dìle,
'S òrdugh teann ag' iarraidh sìthne,
'Cur nan giomhanach 'nan éigin.
Chunna' mi 'n damh donn, &c.

'S mithich tearnadh do na gleannaibh
O'n tha gruamaich air na beannaibh,
'S ceathaich dùinte mu na meallaibh,
A' cur dalladh air ar léirsinn.
Chunna' mi 'n damh donn, &c.

Bi' sinn beò an dòchas ro mhath,
Gu'm bi 'chùis ni's fhearr an ath la' ;
Gu'm bi gaoth, a's grian, a's talamh,
Mar is math leinn air na sléibhtibh.
Chunna' mi 'n damh donn, &c.

Bithidh an luaidh ghlas 'na deannamh,
Siubhal réith aig conaibh seanga ;
'S an damh donn a' sileadh fala,
'S àbhachd aig na fearaibh gleusda !

Chunna' mi 'n damh donn
'S na h-eildean.
Direadh a' bhealaich le chéile :
Chunna' mi 'n damh donn
'S na h-eildean.

HUGH ROSS.

The Celtic Monthly:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

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HUGH ROSS, MAYOR OF WIGAN.

Councillor Hugh Ross, the Mayor of the County Borough of Wigan, otherwise known as the Capital of the Lancashire Coalfield, was born at Loubcroy, Ross-shire, his father being Mr. Donald Ross, who for forty-five years was forester for the late Sir Charles Ross, Bart., and latterly postmaster and registrar at Rosehall, Sutherlandshire, where he carried on business as a general merchant, his son being engaged in the grocery and drapery departments of the establishment. The Mayor left Scotland in 1888, with the intention of proceeding to Australia, but he took a position with Messrs. George Munro & Co., of Bolton. On the death of Mr. George Munro he left the firm, and in 1894 established the firm of Messrs. Ross, Munro & Co., into which have been since absorbed a number of older businesses. Mr. Ross entered the Wigan Town Council in 1901 as a member of All Saints Ward, and he continues to represent that Ward, having been returned unopposed on two occasions. During the past year he filled the position of vice-chairman of the Health Committee, and also acted as Junior Whip of the Conservative Party. It is worthy of note that the Mayor was one of the founders of the Liverpool Scottish Volunteer Corps, in which he took the deepest interest for some years, and of which he is a life member.

He has inherited from his Scottish ancestry a stern intentness on the moral aspect of life, and it is in this spirit that he is seen at his best. The creed of Stevenson, "Still I believe in myself, and my fellow men, and the God who made us all," is the liberal spirit which ever animates him in his contact with his fellows. It is by the bond of sympathy, rather than any claims to a great personality that he has so early won the affection of the people with whom he has lived, and who have conferred upon him the highest honour that a citizen can have.

The various public institutions with which Mr. Hugh Ross is identified are too many to enumerate. One of the appointments in which he has a particular pride is that of Vice-Chairman of the Wigan Library Committee, which is one of the leading libraries in the Kingdom, and which is honoured by the fact that the Chairman is that learned and scholarly *savant*, the Earl of Crawford, K.T.

As a controversialist Mr. Ross does not largely figure in debate, but is ever prepared to take the initiative in any movement which he believes is for the public weal. All humanitarian efforts for the betterment of the condition of the people have his unstinted support.

In his youth he was regarded as an athlete, and had many prizes for hammer-throwing and kindred sports. To-day he is never so happy as astride a good horse, handling a gun, or playing with his rod beside some Highland stream. The breezy optimistic healthfulness that he gives you in greeting is one of the charms of his character, and despite the heat of politics which periodically intrudes upon the municipal life he has been able to administer the affairs of the Wigan Council with much approval to both parties. Within the Major's year of office he will lay the foundation stone of a new Carnegie library to be erected in Pemberton, a recently acquired township, which now forms a part of the County borough of Wigan.

Mr. Ross is local president of the National Lifeboat Institution, also chairman of the Property Owners Association, Governor of the Technical College and Grammar School, as well as an affiliated interest with several institutions in other towns, in which he has a business connection.

Since the subject of our sketch has only just touched forty, we may anticipate a larger growth for a career which has already achieved so much success.

EDUCATION IN THE HIGHLANDS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

By WILLIAM MACKAY, Solicitor, Inverness.

(*Continued from page 175.*)

THE Act of 1861 increased the necessary accommodation to three apartments *besides* the kitchen; but that provision was not everywhere carried into effect. In 1865 the Education Commissioners found the old but-and-ben still in use in some places—some of them being unfit for dogs. Of one dwelling-house it is recorded —"The roof does not protect it from the rain, and in wet weather the water has to be baled out of the inside of the house; a drain runs past the back of it, and, being on a higher level than the floor, the water comes inside in large quantities." There were others as bad; but, after the passing of the Act of 1872, these wretched buildings were swept away, commodious and ornate schools and dwellings speedily took their place, and now teachers and pupils all over the land enjoy a degree of comfort and convenience of which their less fortunate forerunners of the olden times did not dream.

A few words now regarding

THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER HIMSELF.

The gentleman who presided over the parochial school was invariably college bred. He was frequently a student in arts or in divinity, who looked forward to the pulpit as the goal of his ambition. More frequently he was a "stickit minister," whose heart hope deferred had long since made sick. That he was a man of education and culture the records of his time amply prove. The "trials" which he underwent at the hands of the Presbytery before he was licensed to wield the ferula were such as might stagger even good men of our own day of superior training. In theology, philosophy, and general literature he had to show himself fairly proficient, while with Latin he was expected to be as familiar as with his mother-tongue. I have found various references to the examination of schoolmasters in presbytery records. In 1673, for example, Alexander Rose, candidate for the Public School of Inverness, was examined in the third book of Horace, delivered a Latin oration *de vanitate humanæ scientiæ*, and passed through "all other tryalls usuall in the like case." In February, 1674, George Dunbar, who aspired to the mastership of the school of Dingwall, was appointed by the Presbytery to appear at their next meeting, and "to be readie to have ane oratione, and to give ane exegesis of these words of Boethius in his booke *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*:—

"Tu triplicis mediam naturæ cuncta moventem
"Connectens animam, per consona membra resolvis."

He accordingly came before the reverend court when it next met, and it is recorded of him that he "made ane oratione in Latine, with ane exegesis on the poesie formerlie mentioned, in both of which he did acquit himself to the full satisfactione of the hearers."

The standard by which the accomplishments of the teachers employed by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge were measured, was not so high—although even among them men were found who, like

ALEXANDER MACDONALD, THE GAELIC BARD,

to whom I have already referred, and whom Prince Charles appointed his poet-laureate, were good classical scholars. Candidates for the Society's schools were required to go to Edinburgh, where, after producing "attestation of their moral and religious character," they were examined by two of the ecclesiastical directors of the Society "not merely upon reading and spelling English, writing, arithmetic, and church music, but also, and most particularly, upon their acquaintance with the evangelical system, and their fitness for communicating the knowledge of it to others." The Society man, it must be remembered, was more than an instructor in the three R's. The scheme of 1710 bound him to be particularly careful to instruct his scholars in the principles of the Christian reformed religion, and for that end to catechise them at least twice a week, and to pray publicly with them twice a day. He was "*ex officio* the catechist of the district where he was stationed, and instructed to employ the time he could spare from the school on weeks days, and particularly the time of the vacation, in this exercise; and on Lord's Days, in districts where, on account of distance or other impediments, the people have not access to church, to meet with them for the purpose of religious worship and instruction." He was also, as a rule, precentor and teacher of psalmody." In teaching

THE OLD "GAELIC" TUNES

which were popular in his time, he avoided what was considered a too free and irreverent use of the Psalms of David, and sang the tunes to rhymes of his own making. In Glen-Urquhart, the following were favourite lines at Gaelic evening singing classes:—

Buntata pronn a's bainne leo
An comhnaidh dha mo bhroinn;
Nam faighinnsa na dh 'ithinn diu
Gum bithinn sona chaoidh!

Words which I have ventured to render into vulgar English thus:—

With mashed potatoes and good milk
May I be filled for aye.
With them we feed; then shall I joy
Until my dying day!

The lines to which the "English" tunes were sung were perhaps not so earthy. The following were common :—

One year begins, another ends,
Our time doth pass and go ;
All this to our instruction tends,
If we would take it so.

Another—

The flower doth fair in garden grow ;
The heather on the hill ;
The river doth to ocean flow ;
Then bide my end I will.

While grand old French had a descriptive verse all to itself—

Come let us sing the tune of French ;
The second measure low,
The third ascending very high,
The fourth doth downward go.

For many years the progress of education in the Highlands was greatly impeded by the absurd manner in which the language of the people was treated. The excellent Lowlanders who directed the affairs of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge in its early days, dreaded Gaelic as they dreaded the Pope, with whom they associated it ; and the same regulation that bound their schoolmasters to subscribe the "Formula against Popery" bound them also to "discharge [prohibit] their scholars to speak Earse [Irish or Gaelic]." The result was that, while the great majority of the children, who

KNEW NO LANGUAGE BUT GAELIC,

learned mechanically to read the Proverbs, Confession of Faith, Shorter Catechism, Vincent's Catechism, Protestant Resolutions, Pool's Dialogue, and Guthrie's Trials, which were their not too entertaining school-books, they utterly failed to understand what they read ; and that when they left school they left their books and their "learning" behind them. The directors of the Society at last realised the error of their ways ; and in 1767 they printed a Gaelic translation of the New Testament, which was used in their schools. Translations of other works followed, and in 1781 the directors were able to report "that their translations have been of the greatest utility, not only in opening the minds of the people to knowledge, but in giving a greater desire to learn the English language than they had ever before discovered." After this the teachers worked on a more rational system, and the ancient tongue was treated with some degree of respect. In the schools of the Gaelic School Society, which was founded in 1811, Gaelic spelling-books were used, and in 1817 similar books were issued to their schoolmasters by the older Society.

The bad old system, however, long survived in some districts. Mr. Daniel Kerr, for example, who presided over the Parish School of Glen-Urquhart during the closing years of the 18th century, and the first decade of the 19th, was an ardent believer in its merit. He made it his first duty, after the opening prayer, to hand to one of the boys a roughly carved piece of wood which was called "the tessera." The boy transferred it to the first pupil who was heard speaking Gaelic. The offender got rid of it by delivering it to the next, who, in his turn, placed it in the hand of the next again. And so the tessera went round without ceasing. At the close of the day it was called for by Mr. Kerr. The child who happened to possess it was severely flogged, and then told to hand it back to the one from whom he had received it. The latter was dealt with in the same manner ; and so the dreaded tessera retraced its course, with dire consequences to all who had ventured to express themselves in the only language which they knew. When the

MASTER WORE HIS RED NIGHT-CAP

in school, as he often did, it was observed that he was more merciless than at other times, and the children came to look upon the awful headgear as a thing of strange and evil influence. It was long before they discovered that the wearer's irritability on those occasions proceeded from a sore head brought on by the previous night's excessive conviviality. He never spared the rod ; but it was not his only instrument of punishment. The Fool's-Cap was the terror of the children ; yet they dreaded the Fox's-Skin and the Necklace-of-Old-Bones even more. Sometimes Kerr covered the offender's head with an evil-smelling skin of a fox, and placed around his neck a string of bones. Thus adorned, the boy had to proceed into the open, and suffer the jeers of his companions and of passers-by ; or he was made to stand in the centre of the schoolroom, while his fellows filed past, and spat on him as they went !

But even in the olden time school life was not without its bright seasons and pleasant features. The boys delighted in their sports—

THE SHINTY MATCHES

being especially exciting. More interesting still, perhaps, was the annual cock-fight. On the occasion of that great event, it was the duty of every boy to bring a well-fed rooster to school. If he failed in this he was bound to pay the value of a bird to the schoolmaster. The school-room was for the time converted into a cock-pit ; the fights took place before the pupils and their parents—the minister, as a rule, gracing the meeting with his presence, and the schoolmaster being umpire and master of ceremonies. The victorious birds were restored to their proud owners—perhaps to fight another day. The dead birds and the "fugies," or run-aways, became the property of the master,

whose modest stipend was thus in no small measure augmented.

The most extreme advocate of retrenchment cannot accuse the old Highland schoolmaster of having been unduly remunerated for his multifarious duties. The Act of 1646 provided—and the provision was repeated in the Act of 1696—that

THE PARISH TEACHER'S SALARY

should not be less than 100 merks (£5 11s 1⅓d stg.), nor more than 200 (£11 2s 2⅔d stg.) In addition to this, he usually received a small sum for acting as precentor and session clerk, and, in the earlier times, for filling the office of reader in the church. It was sometimes difficult to reach even the lowest limit of salary fixed by the Acts of Parliament. Thomas Fraser, a master of arts, who was schoolmaster of Kirkhill in 1677, and who was also "precentor and clerk, and read the Scriptures publicly every Lord's day, in the Irish [Gaelic], betwixt the second and third bell," received, as we have seen, annually for these combined offices the sum of £20 Scots (£1 13s 4d stg.), a chalder of victual, equal perhaps to other £20 Scots, and "the baptisme and marriage money." The Act of 1803 raised the lowest limit to 300 merks (£16 13s 4d), and the highest to 400 (£22 4s 5⅓d); and these limits were again raised in 1861 to £35 and £70 respectively. They stood at these latter figures when the Act of 1872 became law. In addition to their fixed salaries, the parochial teachers were entitled to such fees as they could collect, these, however, being frequently *nil*; and until well into the nineteenth century the Candlemas offerings annually made to them by the pupils, and the fowls killed or defeated at the yearly cock-fight on the floor of the school-room, were perquisites by no means to be despised.

THE SOCIETY'S TEACHER CHARGED NO FEES,

and for a long time his salary was a somewhat varying quantity. In 1729, when we first meet Alexander Macdonald, the bard, his salary is £16. In 1732 it is raised to £18. In 1738 it drops to £15, and next year to £14, while in 1744 it is reduced to £12. No wonder Macdonald looked for better things from Prince Charles, on whose arrival he not only threw up his school but also his creed—for he ceased to be a Protestant Catechist, and joined the Church of Rome. In 1775 the salary of Lachlan Maclachlan, teacher at Abriachan, and grandfather of the late Rev. Dr. Maclachlan of Edinburgh, a great friend of Highland education, was only £10, while his successor at the time of the Disruption had only £16. In 1802 John Macdonald, teacher at Bunloit, Glen-Urquhart, and a noted guide in the paths of religion, passed rich on £15 a year. This was raised in 1810 to £18, at which it stood till he retired in 1841 with a pension of £12. In addition to these salaries, each Society teacher possessed a free house, such as it was, and in many cases a kail-yard and sufficient land to maintain a cow.

It is not surprising that with such emoluments the old Highland schoolmaster sometimes found it difficult to

KEEP THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR.

Macdonald, the bard, was unable to meet the presbyterial visitors of his school in 1741, for the reason "that through the great scarcity of the year he was under immediate necessity to go from home to provide meal for his family." And long after his time we find teachers making the most piteous appeals for relief. One writes in April, 1810, when corn was scarce and prices high—"I humbly entreat for a little money, for I verily think if Providence does not open some unseen door of supply to me soon that both myself and the most of my family will die of famine; and I look upon it next to a miracle that we are not dead before now. My family frequently staid from church before their pale faces would be a gazing-stock. Our neighbours were and are very poor themselves, which rendered our case worse, for, if they had, we would not altogether want." And this poor man's case was not singular. Another writes—"From August till April I did not see one peck of meal in my house. I am at this same time a great sufferer;" while yet another states—"My salary would not support me in this place three-quarters of a year in meal and water, as the meal is always kept so high with the meal merchants. . . . I could not get one boll of meal at present, as I had no money, and that my salary was out in it before Whitsunday. I am now near a month without as much as a stone of meal got to my house, but living on the milk of one cow." Verily the men who thus suffered were heroes and martyrs in the cause to which they had consecrated themselves.

I have now endeavoured to trace the

PROGRESS OF EDUCATION

in the Highlands, and to give some idea of the conditions under which the old Highland schoolmaster lived and laboured. When we consider those conditions we cannot but marvel at the success that accompanied his work. Out of those miserable schools which I have described young men went forth into the world to make themselves famous as statesmen, as soldiers, as preachers, and even as men of letters. And while we marvel, it becomes us also to be thankful that we are not as our forefathers were in the olden times. We are prone to look upon the past through fairy spectacles, which conceal the evil and only show the good and beautiful. That is a pleasant exercise, and it

may not be altogether hurtful; but we shall be all the better men and women if we occasionally lay aside the enchanting glasses, and look at the evil and the good of the dead centuries with the naked eye of truth. Thus shall we be able the better to appreciate

THE BLESSINGS WHICH WE ENJOY,

but to which our fathers were strangers; and thus shall we grow in contentment and happiness. From the schoolmaster's point of view the world has in these latter days greatly improved; and, fascinating as it may be to linger on certain pleasant features and customs which undoubtedly belong to the past, few of the teachers of to-day would, I imagine, elect to be lifted, as it were, out of this present year of grace, and be thrown back to pass their remaining days in that world of kindliness and hospitality, but, withal, of poverty and privation, through which the old Highland schoolmaster struggled from the cradle to the grave.

(Concluded.)

SEALLADH 'O THULAICH.

(AIR FONN PIOBAIREACHD.)

URLAR.

Tha Tulaich leam mar bheinn
A tha sònraicht',
Tha sealladh uaip' gun mheang
Farsuinneachd gun taing,
Fada thar nan gleann
Gu Strath-Lòchaidh.
Chi mi Cruachan Beann,
Cuid de sluic is ghleam,
Aisling an daimh dhuinn
Bith i 'n còmhnuidh ann;
Tha Beinn Bheithir fuar
Chi mi fad i shuas,
Currac geal mu cluais
'S math leath' còmhdach oirr';
Bu tric oirr' ghabh mi cuairt,
Tàrmachan mu 'cruaich,
A Bheinn 's am bheil an uamh
'N robh na fògraich.*

SIUBHAL.

Dubhart 's Dunolla
Mu choinneamh a chéile,
Dubhairt gun Leathanach
Tharruing is thréig iad;
Dunolla le churaidh,
Ceann-cinne mòr gleusda,
Tàinnisteir cuideachd,
'S fear eile na dhéigh sin;
Gu ma fad iad 's an tuinneachd
'S an turid gu treubhach,
'S am fear a chaidh thairis
Gu ma fallainn gu'n teid dha.
'S na h-òighean maiseach
Mnathan-uaisle mòr, ceudach,
'S an tì sin a's sineadh
'S neo-mhinig is lèir dhuinn;
A samladh a'm maise
Am maitheas 's am beusan,
An nèarachd 's an dreachad,
'S i ceanalt' thar cheudan
Eireachdail, seireil,
Teistealach, eutrom,
Mileanta, filanta,
Bileanta, teud-ghuthach,
A làmh math gu grinneas,
'S air inneal a ghleusadh,
Làn onair gun dorran,
Tha sonas mu cheuman
A bhean uasal mhor fhlathail,
Caol mhala na Féinne.

D. MACDHUGHAILL.

* After the Battle of Culloden, Stewart of Ard-Shiel, who commanded the Clan while in this engagement, along with the other cadets repaired for safety to a cave which is situated on Beinn Bheithir, a high and rugged mountain which rises above Kintallin, and not far from Ard-Shiel House. *MacIain Stiubhart na h-Aphuinn*, the Chief, who was an old man, did not go out with the Prince; nevertheless, he joined the rest in the cave, and waited coming events. One day a war-ship sailed up Loch Linnie, and anchoring exactly opposite Ard-Shiel House, began, without much delay, to disembark marines. The lady of Ard-Shiel lost no time in getting provisions ready, and a messenger was urgently sought for to go to the cave and give warning. There happened to be one, Duncan MacColl, in the house at the time, and he volunteered to discharge this dangerous duty. Duncan was a young lad about sixteen or seventeen years of age, and had been "out" in the Rebellion. He managed to get out by a back window, and made his way to the cave, where the Stewarts, on hearing the news, made off as fast as they could to Glen Creran. I had the story a good many years ago from a grandson of Duncan, who was himself then an old man. Duncan told him that he could never forget the day, and old as the Chief was, he always remarked that he ran as fast as any pony in Appin could do. The cave is still known as Ard-Shiel's Cave.

A' OHUTHAG.

Thig fochunn, thig féur,
Mu'n goir a' chuthag.
Bidh bainn' aig an spréidh,
Mu'n goir a' chuthag.
Theid am minnein do 'n bheinn,
Mu'n goir a' chuthag.
Bristidh duilleach nan géug,
Mu'n goir a' chuthag.
Goiridh 'n ianlaith gu léir,
Mu'n goir a' chuthag.
Theid an t-earrach fo ghéill,
Mu'n goir a' chuthag.
'S a' Bhealltainn bhuig, shèamh,
Gu'n goir a' chuthag.
'S théid mise 'Loch-Tréig,
Mu'n goir a' chuthag.

"THE SCOTTISH FIELD" for July is a specially interesting issue, and contains a number of articles from competent writers suitable for the holiday season. Anglers will find their favourite hobby dealt with by visitors to Lochshiel, Sutherland, and Strathglass, who describe their fishing experiences, and the Hon. R. S. Erskine gives a sketch of the Royal Forest of the Birse, in Aberdeenshire. Altogether the *Field* is excelleht value for sixpence.

THE OLAN MACLEOD.

By Hugh Macleod, Writer, Glasgow.

(Continued from page 169.)

"As long as a cow gives milk
And waves beat upon a rock."
The Assynt Charter.

Let us now cross another Minch—this time to the mainland—right opposite Lewis—where as early as 1343 we find a great branch of the House of Lewis firmly established. That is in *Assynt*, a huge tract of country deriving its name from its configuration "in and out." It was then bordered on three sides by the countries of the Mackays, the Munros, and the Mackenzies, with the Minch or Western Ocean on the west side. Assynt was computed to be 100,000 acres in extent, a territory large enough to maintain a chief in semi-regal dignity and accordingly sufficient to excite the envy and covetousness of still more powerful neighbours. It has been aptly described as combining "the advantages of mountain, dale, "and muir, together with lochs and large sea "frontages." This country was, and is indeed, historically speaking, little known to the outside world apart from the life and adventures of its once and last laird, viz.,

NEIL MACLEOD THE XI.

of Assynt.

Now, so much has been said and written concerning this unhappy man, as being the worst of a bad type of humanity, inasmuch as he *betrayed* the great Marquis of Montrose, that it will be my endeavour to vindicate his character from so foul a charge. *Betray* is such an ugly word in our day that, while an act or course of conduct in the eyes of some might indicate moral debasement when analysed and examined, may, in the eyes of others, appear as a simple discharge of duty. Therefore, while I examine the facts in this case I shall ask you to bear with me, and in the end see if you do not agree with me that there is no foundation for the calumnies heaped on Neil MacLeod of Assynt. Partisan writers, as you see daily, take sides and know not impartiality. Take for example two great historical personages, Mary Queen of Scots and John Knox. These are put before you in histories alternately in the brightest light and the darkest shade by the partisans of each. So it is then that Royalist writers, as Gregory says in relation to Sennachies, "proceeding upon a principle not "unknown to the present day, that a fact how-"ever notoriously false, if perseveringly asserted "for a certain length of time, will at length be "received as true." In no instance in modern history is that observation more true than in the case of Neil MacLeod of Assynt.

Thus the writer of a recent book facetiously, I suppose, described as "Scenes and Stories of the North of Scotland," published with a three-fold purpose, as he states, of awakening interest, stimulating, and amusing its readers, has succeeded in the last purpose, so far as I am concerned at any rate, for this is what he states regarding our friend Neil:—"After a short "confinement in Ardvrock, MacLeod sur-"rendered his prisoner (Montrose) to the "authorities, who had offered a handsome "reward for his capture. The only recompense "which the Chief of Assynt received was 40 "bolls of oatmeal. Surely the prize was worth a "richer reward."

The most recent, and the ablest of writers of this stamp, however, is

MR. ANDREW LANG.

Mr. Lang in his book, "Pickle the Spy," in referring to Glengarry says—"Now his shade "may or may not 'blush to find it fame,' and "to be placed above Murray of Broughton, "beside Menteith and Assynt, legendary "Ganelons of Scotland." Now you will at once perceive from the company in which Assynt is placed—and by Assynt is meant Neil the XI. of Assynt—that Mr. Lang means and intends his readers to understand that Assynt was a traitor of the worst type, as Ganelon was in the days of Charlemagne; so also Burnet. "The name of his (Montrose's) "betrayer, his treacherous acquaintance and "professed friend, Lord Assin or Aston, deserves "to be held as eternally infamous." Every writer since then with a personal bias against the Covenanters write and declaim in a similar strain and what they say is this—(1) that MacLeod was a friend of Montrose's; (2) that MacLeod and his men fought under him in favour of the Stuarts; (3) that Montrose and the Earl of Kinnoul, after being in the wilds of Assynt without sustenance for three days, surrendered themselves to MacLeod, or rather that Montrose *entrusted* himself to MacLeod, and emphasis is laid on the word *entrusted*; and (4) that MacLeod in gross violation of this *trust* treacherously betrayed his trust and that for a sum of money. Now, in my opinion there is not a word of truth in all these charges, no more than there is in the statement that the Earl of Kinnoul died in the woods of starvation, a statement which one writer describes as a pure fable.

For, first, there is no evidence to the effect that MacLeod ever saw Montrose at all. (2) He never did serve under Montrose and against the Covenanters, but from a statement of the circumstances attending the loss of Assynt to the MacLeods, published for the first time in The Trans. of the Gaelic Society of Inverness,

1890, it is proved that the Earl of Seaforth joined Montrose at Inverness in 1646, taking advantage of MacLeod's minority and absence from home "fell upon Assints Estate, where "they made fearful havock, carried away "3000 cows, 2000 horses, 7000 sheep and "goats, and burnt the habitations of 180 "familys." This statement was written in 1738, or about forty years after the events last narrated therein. It is a document carefully prepared giving all the facts relating to Neil MacLeod, his birth, up-bringing, his hardships and harassments, his trials and his final spoliation, and was prepared for the purpose of enabling MacLeod of MacLeod to take legal action on behalf of his kinsman, Assynt, against the Earl of Seaforth and others of his oppressors. It gives a succinct account of the various measures adopted by and against Assynt, and forming as it does the information upon which MacLeod of MacLeod took legal action and in which action he was successful, we may assume it to be in the main strictly accurate. Keeping this treatment in view it is not likely that MacLeod would serve or had served under Montrose. MacLeod was a rigid Presbyterian, and an out-and-out Covenanter, and when Montrose was brought to his castle at Ard Bhreac he would have the same feelings towards him presumably as every other Covenanter had. Now, this much is here to be said that MacLeod was a Covenanter consistently throughout, and if it be true what Napier in his "Life of Montrose" says that MacLeod was an "adherent of Montrose," that must have been before the latter turned his coat. Keep in mind this that Montrose joined the Covenanters in 1638, and at 24 years of age he was in command of the Covenanting Army, and while in that position he negotiated with the King, joined him, left his friends and fought against them with that energy and success which has gained him so much fame and glory.

Montrose was thus the first traitor to his former principles and friends. Perhaps one may, to-day, make an allowance for his doing so. And certainly the brilliant genius of the man and what he accomplished with his Highlanders casts a romantic glamour over his life as seen through the mists of the past. But at the time, when passions were strong and fierce, and it is at that period that we must place ourselves before we can judge aright the leading actors in this tragedy, Montrose was the Arch Emissary of the Devil in their view, and to slay him was a work deserving of immortality. He first commanded them, then deserted them, then "smote them hip and thigh." No wonder that Munro of Lemlair, who was MacLeod's brother-in-law, wrote to MacLeod "desiring him earnestly to apprehend any of Montrose's party that should come to his country," and that Parliament deprived him of his estates and titles and practically put a price upon his head. But

DID MONTROSE ENTRUST HIMSELF

to MacLeod? The facts are that Montrose in 1650 landed at John o' Groats with some 1500 men or so of as wretched a crew as could well be imagined. Like Prince Charles subsequently he was deluded into the idea that the whole country would rise in his favour. Not one did, and why? Because he landed in a county where every one of the inhabitants was then and is now strictly Presbyterian, fiercely then in fact. He marched through the Sutherland country pursued by the Earl—the first Covenanter of his day—and met Col. Strachan as representing the Parliament, and the result was that Montrose and his miserable remnant of an army were utterly routed. Montrose then did not voluntarily go into MacLeod's country. By error, unusual on his part, he went about 60 miles off his intended course. Now, it seems to be the fact that

MONTROSE WAS NOT CAPTURED.

He voluntarily, and out of dire necessity, yielded himself up to some of the country people. By them he was brought to Ardvrack Castle, MacLeod being the Chief Civil Magistrate of that part of the county. MacLeod himself was not at home, but his wife was. She was a Munro of Lemlair of "narrow Calvinistic views, "hostile to Royalists and Cavaliers alike." Her brother was Captain Munro, the Chief Government Military Officer in the county, who was scouring the country for Montrose and in constant communication with his sister, the lady of MacLeod. Now, as we have seen, MacLeod was away—at least 60 miles the writer says, and in his absence Munro and his sister hurried Montrose away as a prisoner, and, as Mr. MacKintosh says, the story that Montrose offered Neil a large sum to permit his escape to Caithness, "is a fable."

Now the crucial point is

DID MACLEOD SURRENDER

Montrose, far less *betray* him? Fraser-MacKintosh, than whom there is no more impartial historian of matters Celtic, writing in the light of recent documents discovered by himself states:—"Neil MacLeod's misfortunes certainly "greatly exceeded his faults. The undoubted "betrayal of Montrose cannot be laid at Neil "MacLeod's door. It adds to our admiration "and regret, that the unhappy man, so far as is "known, never directly or indirectly, while "denying the charges against himself, indicated "the real culprit." But in view of what I have said and what comes hereafter, I demur to the words real culprit being used in this connection

at all. But even assuming, for the sake of argument, that MacLeod was at home and privy to the surrender of the great Royalist, what else could he have done? Leave out of account that if he set him free surreptitiously, Montrose would assuredly have been put to death by the country people in his attempt to escape, if he were caught. If he were not, it is equally certain that MacLeod would be rigorously, shall I say rancorously, prosecuted by the Roundheads for his conduct. He was a near relation of the Earl of Sutherland, his best friend then and afterwards, and the Earl was the head of the Covenanting party in a county which I have said was

RIGIDLY PRESBYTERIAN

to a man, and over and above all MacLeod was the highest civil official in his district, and bound by his oath on that behalf, even if his commission were from the King. So that in all these assumptions there seems to me to be no reasonable doubt that he could have done anything else but surrender Montrose to the Parliament. It was, in short, *a fronte praecipitium, a tergo lupus*—a precipice in front, a wolf behind. It is probable that MacLeod could himself at that time have exercised

HIS HERITABLE JURISDICTION

over Montrose, but if he refrained it is to his credit, while it is also to his credit that he surrendered him inasmuch as he could not foretell that Montrose would as matter of fact be executed and his body quartered. Bear in mind that this argument is of course on the assumption that MacLeod had met Montrose and was privy to his surrender. So that I do not see where the trust comes in at all, or where lies the much be-written treacherous breach of it. And what, now, was the sequel? This, in a word, is what the writer already quoted states:—"It is to be observed that after the "restoration Neil of Assint underwent great "disadvantages on accolt of Montrose, who had "been unluckily taken in his country, and for "which Neil was accused and pursued criminally "at Edinburgh, but he having proved that he "was, when Montrose was taken, at no less than "60 miles distance from his country, and that "he had no hand in it, he was by an Assize "assoilzied as innocent of the said Process." Prior to this, however, he had lain in the prison of Edinburgh for three years, as he puts it, on groundless accusations of the betrayal of Montrose. The matter did not rest there. MacLeod was again put upon his trial 14 years after, viz., in February 1674. On this occasion he was charged with several other minor offences evidently intended to bolster up the main and more serious one of betrayal of trust, but after a prolonged trial

HE WAS AGAIN ACQUITTED.

In the meantime, MacKenzie of Scatwell and Lord Seaforth are busily devastating Assynt's house, property, and tenants, they seize himself without warrant, rob him, as our informant says, to his very shirt, steal his charter chest, and, as a matter of fact, effected his utter veritable ruin. Poor Neil: the story of his trials is an interesting but sad one, and one which is anything but creditable to the Seaforths. For, notwithstanding that he fought them long and well with all the dash and vigour of his kinsmen Neil of Lewis and Rory Mor of Dunvegan—fought them, I say, with the sword and with the aid of the law and beat them, yet they ultimately succeeded, and of his once princely dominions of some 100,000 acres not one acre was left to him, and he died in "extreme poverty." So much for Mr. Andrew Lang and his Ganelons. Neil MacLeod of Assynt was by a long way more sinned against than sinning, and we now leave him—but for the present—trusting we have successfully cleared him of the cruel aspersions and calumnies so recklessly heaped upon him by Royalist writers and other prejudiced persons.

It thus came about that, to Neil at any rate, the cow ceased to give milk and the waves ceased to beat upon the rocks, and with these events, his and his heirs' connection with the ancient and extensive Barony of Assynt came to an end.

(To be continued.)

IN PRAISE OF CLAN GRANT.

O' a' the airts the win' can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the north,
For there are lads baith blithe and braw,
The wyle o' sense and worth.
And lasses fair, wi' heavenly air,
That every heart enchant,
And sic a race as this you'll trace
In a' the name o' Grant.

In southern climes let others stray,
By burnie, brae, or grove,
Gi'e me the lang and mirthsome day,
'Mong Highlan' hills to rove.
Tho' tempests lower, a cannie hour
At e'en ye ne'er can want,
And aye ye'll find a welcome kind
Beneath the roof o' Grant.

Nae meikle goud, nae meikle gear,
Nae titles proud I crave,
I wouldna be a Gartered Peer,
I wouldna be a slave.
But be my lot a Hielan' cot,
Wi' scrip ne'er fu' nor scant,
'Mong friends sae free as heart can be,
Just like the Laird o' Grant.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

NOT long ago it was my fortune to meet an aged gentleman who had known Sir Walter Scott. I was invited to have tea with him by one who knew of my interest in the great Scottish writer. It was a curious experience, to sit in the quiet drawing room and to listen to talk about Scott from one who had seen and spoken with him. "And do you remember him distinctly," I asked, "with his limp and his white hair and his Scottish accent?" "I see him before me now as plainly as if he stood in the room," was the reply. I could not help recalling Browning's lines to one who had seen another great poet—

> "Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
> And did he stop and speak to you?
> And did you speak to him again?
> How strange it seems, and new!"

If there is an ideal joy that I have coveted, it is to have seen and talked with Walter Scott. To have known him through his works "as in a glass darkly" has been one of the greatest delights of my existence. Life without Scott would be a poor thing to me. From the days when I spelt out the pages of the *Tales of a Grandfather* till now, he has been the chief source of my happiness.

> "Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
> Through secret woes the world has never known,
> When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
> And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone."

I have read Scott's poems and romances amongst the heather on the mountain side, and on the mossy banks of Highland lochs, and on the rocks washed by the clear waves of the sea, and amid the din of towns and cities. Everywhere alike they have the same inexhaustible and romantic charm. He has glorified our dear native land with a light of romance that will never fade. I never find myself in any place of which he has written that is not invested with a new interest because of its association with him. Even at the Cross of Glasgow, in spite of all the recent changes dictated by altered conditions and in spite of all the stir of modern life, I never look at the old Tron and Tolbooth Steeples without seeing with the mind's eye young Morton of Milnwood riding along the Gallowgate, or Bailie Nicol Jarvie traversing the plainstanes.

One more has been added to the books about Scott by the publication of a volume by Mr. Andrew Lang. Mr. Lang says that his book is intended for those who do not care to read Lochhart's great biography. Even to those, however, who have perused Lockhart's book, there is much in Mr. Lang's interesting volume which will be new. Familiar facts are treated in novel aspects. Fresh light is thrown on well-known incidents. The writer comes, as he says, from Scott's own countryside and has worked over much of his historical ground, and he has thus an advantage over writers who have learnt about their subject from books alone.

I will candidly confess that to me one of the most interesting passages in Scott's life is the story of his unhappy passion. This story is dealt with by Mr. Lang more fully than by Lockhart. In his youth he loved the daughter of Sir John Stewart Belches of Invermay. She never really returned his attachment, and in the end she married some one else. "Three years of dreaming," he says, "and two of wakening." The story is an obscure one, but in his poem "The Violet," he speaks of "my false love." The scar remained in his heart till the end, and he said that he always, in later life, dreamed of his lost love before any great misfortune. In age and sickness, after years of happy married life with wife and children, his journal shows that his thoughts ran much on her memory. Her name, although she had been long dead, "still had power to stir his heart." Here and there in his works he permits us to have a slight glimpse of his inner self. When we read in *Rob Roy* the description of Diana Vernon's farewell caress to Osbaldistone, as she stoops from her saddle in the dark, before riding into the night, we recognise that only one who had truly loved could write it. Sir Philip Sydney says in one of his sonnets that of all the kings of England he most admired Edward the Fourth, because he risked his kingdom to marry Lady Elizabeth Grey. I think I should revere Sir Walter Scott for this chapter in his life, if for no other.

Mr. Lang does full justice to the fine courage and endurance of Scott. Under a brave exterior he concealed a sensitive heart. He was often pierced by the arrows of outrageous fortune. Yet he rarely uttered a complaint. When in his old age the riches he had coined by his brain took wings and fled away, there is no unmanly repining, no peevish melancholy. He might have said with his own Baron of Bradwardine, "men and houses have stood long enough, if they stand till they fall with honour." His example is an inspiration to weaker men. To read how he stood erect amidst the ruin of his fortunes is a perpetual lesson in courage. But his life is full of noble lessons, and Mr. Lang's delightful work is welcome as one more text-book in patriotism and nobility of character for the instruction of the present generation.

J. A. LOVAT-FRASER.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JULY, 1906.

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THE MACKAY CHIEF AT ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY.—The University of St. Andrews on 6th July celebrated the Quater-Centenary of George Buchanan, Scotland's greatest scholar. There was a very large attendance of professors, students, and distinguished visitors, and it will doubtless be gratifying to Highlanders to know that the outstanding figure in this learned gathering was the head of an historic clan, Lord Reay, Chief of the Mackays, who represented the British Academy on this auspicious occasion. His Lordship is acknowledged to be one of the best linguists in Europe, and was himself a past Lord Rector of St. Andrews University. Lord Reay was invited to deliver the oration in honour of George Buchanan, which was delivered in the United College, and right well did the Mackay Chief justify his selection. Dr. Carnegie, the Lord Rector, in introducing His Lordship, after referring to his fame as a statesman and scholar, added that he was "known to them as Lord Reay, but to the Highlands he was known by an older, a prouder, and a more enduring title, 'The Mackay,'" a homely remark which elicited enthusiasm. Then for over an hour the Chief dealt with the life of the great historian: he said:—"They were justified in honouring the memory of Buchanan as the greatest scholar Scotland had produced. He was a typical Scot—his rugged independence of character, his love of liberty, his strenuous activity, his sense of duty to his king and country, his disinterestedness, his brilliant scholarship, his affection for his friends, his fortitude, his sincerity, and his simplicity were remarkable. (Applause.) They could only think of granite in connection with such a heroic figure. (Applause.) Buchanan's life was a constant struggle, and he died penniless. He did not seek to win either the favour of princes or that of the multitude." On the motion of Principal Donaldson His Lordship was cordially thanked for his brilliant address. Thereafter the Degree of LL.D. was conferred upon a number of distinguished scholars, and in the evening a Dinner was held in the Students' Union.

THE HALL OF MY CHIEFTAIN.

THE following poem is by Mrs. Hemans. The translation is by Mr. John Whyte, Inverness:—

The Hall of Cynddylan
Is gloomy to-night;
I weep, for the grave
Has extinguished its light;
The beam of the lamp
From its summit is o'er,
The blaze of its hearth
Shall give welcome no more!

The Hall of Cynddylan
Is voiceless and still,
The sound of its harpings
Has died on the hill!
Be silent for ever,
Thou desolate scene,
Nor let e'en an echo
Recall what hath been!

The Hall of Cynddylan
Is lonely and bare,
No banquet, no guest,
Not a footstep is there!
Oh, where are the warriors
Who circled its board?
The grass will soon wave
Where the mead-cup was poured!

The Hall of Cynddylan
Is loveless to-night,
Since he is departed,
Whose smile made it bright!
I mourn; but the sigh
Of my soul shall be brief,
The pathway is short
To the grave of my chief!

TALLA MO CHEANNAIRD.

Tha talla mo cheannaird
Fo dhubh nèul an nochd;
Chuir an uaigh as a sholus,
'S tha m' inntinn fo sprochd;
Dhubh an t-soillse bha oirdhearc,
Tha 'n lòchran gun stà,
'S o'n chagailte mhòir
Cha tig sòlas gu bràth.

Air talla mo cheannaird
Laigh tosdachd bhith-bhuan;
Cha chluinnear gu bràth ann
Fonn clàrsaich no duan.
O ionaid ro chianail,
Gu slorruidh bi balbh,
'S na dùisgear mac-talla
Na caithrim a dh' fhalbh.

Tha talla mo cheannaird
Lom, falamh, gun rath,
Gun chuirm is gun aoidhean,
Gun chas-cheum nam flath:
Tha 'n fhialachd air fhàgail;
O c' àit 'eil na suinn?
Tha feanntag 'san àit'
Sam bu ghnàth leo bhith cruinn.

Air talla mo cheannaird
Cha 'n ait leam bhith luaidh;
Tha 'n treum bha mar ghréin da
'Na shineadh 'san uaigh;
Tha mi 'gul, ach cha mhair
An trom acain tha 'm chliabh
Cha bhi 'n ùine ach geàrr
Gus an tàr mi gu m' thriath.

THE REEL OF TULLOCH.

A MACGREGOR LOVE STORY.

THE popular and well-known tune "na Tulaichean," commonly called the reel of Tulloch, is claimed by the inhabitants of Strathspey as being a composition connected with the district. There are many places in northern Caledonia known by the name "Tulloch," or more frequently "Tullich," and the Highlanders of Ross-shire, Deeside, and others,

"Would make bold to carry the honour away
From the far more musical banks of the Spey."

In support of its claim the district of Tulloch, in the parish of Abernethy, Strathspey, has the advantage of the annexed legend or tradition, more than two hundred years old, and a Gaelic song, agreeing in every point with the popular tradition. The song—of very antiquated composition—and sung to the measure of the tune, was learned by the writer from the mouth of an old Highlander, who some years ago died, bordering upon the age of 90 years. The song is here given, and from the strain of its composition and its marked coincidence with the popular tradition, will not fail to convince the Celtic reader, at least, that the district of Tulloch, Abernethy, has a right to claim this favourite tune as peculiarly its own.

The traditionary legend bearing upon the subject runs thus:—About two centuries ago the district of Tulloch was held in wadset from

THE LAIRDS OF GRANT,

by a race of petty chieftains of their own name, familiarly known by the patriarchal title of "Fear Thulach." At the time alluded to the head of the House of Tulloch had an only son of the name of Allan, and also a daughter, who was very widely known as "Iseabel Dubh Thulach," or in other words, Isabel, the dark-haired maid of Tulloch. The midwife who officiated at the birth of Isabel, was one of those who, according to the character of the times, was thought qualified to read the future destiny of newly-born infants, and from some dark and very inauspicious omens, in the present case, she prognosticated that if the young daughter of the house of Tulloch should survive to attain to the age of womanhood, her career would be one of blood and mischief. It is even asserted, that from the strength of this *wise woman's* declaration, a proposition was made for the immediate destruction of the baby, as the only sure means of frustrating the consequences which might reasonably be expected to result from those ill-starred appearances.

THE MAIDEN OF TULLOCH

was, however, it seems, spared the execution of this dread sentence, and lived to be a handsome, tall, and courageous young woman, and upon reaching the marriageable state, was courted and sought by many chivalrous and high-minded gallants, in whom the age was so very prolific.

But in her case also the old adage, viz., "the course of true love never did run smooth," was truly exemplified, and "Isabel Dubh" had a favoured but secret lover in the person of "Ian-dubh-gearr-MacGrigoir." This individual, who was a member of the proscribed but brave clan,

THE LAWLESS MACGREGORS,

and the veritable "Ian dugar" of Spalding, who acted such a conspicuous part in the troubles of Scotland about the time that quaint historian wrote. The immediate relatives of the lady were anything but friendly disposed towards any intercourse with MacGregor, and pointed to a more suitable match than the persecuted outlaw, a gentleman of the Robertson clan, and who was also passionately in love with this "fair maid of raven locks." MacGregor had thus only rare and but stealthy opportunities of indulging in the pleasant company of his beloved, whilst his more fortunate rival had every facility and encouragement from the friends of the lady, and although she with maidenly pride treated his advances with marked coldness, the dastard lover still persevered unflinchingly in his amour, and at length, taking advantage of the law as edicted against MacGregor and his clan, he formed the base resolution of compassing the destruction of Isabel Dubh's clandestine visitor.

Having at one time met MacGregor in his wanderings, Robertson attempted the capture of the outlaw, and procured the assistance of seven of a party for that purpose.

THE SINGLE-HANDED HIGHLANDER

was, however, more than a match for his would-be captors, and he made his escape after having dealt many heavy blows upon his assailants. As narrated in the song, MacGregor fled forthwith to Strathspey, and was warmly welcomed by the object of his sincere love, but thither an augmented party pursued, and eagerly sought out the lurking place of this much-persecuted son of Alpine, who, as was conceived, kept lurking in the neighbourhood of the home of her in whom his affections centred. A strict search was instituted, under the guidance of Allan Dubh, the brother of Isabel, and before she had the opportunity of communicating to him warning of his danger, the barn in which he happened to be concealed at the time was surrounded by armed men. The shrieks and well-known voice of his sweetheart—in tremulous accents, it may be supposed—were the first sounds to rouse him from his sleep. She encouraged him to active exertion, and as it

was now with him a mere matter of life or death, he determined that his capture would not be effected without the most vigorous resistance on his own part, and his devoted Isabel volunteered her assistance in a much more heroic manner than frail womanhood is commonly supposed to be capable of. Whilst

MACGREGOR STOUTLY DEFENDED THE BARN-DOOR

and by the gallant use of his claymore wounded and maimed whoever dared attempt to enter, Isabel actively employed herself at loading the deadly musket, which he at intervals discharged, and always with true effect. At the early part of the engagement she had imploringly commanded her lover to take sure aim at "him who wore the red waistcoat," this being her own brother, who was among the first to fall.

From the ancient metrical account of this bloody affair, the conclusion to be come to is, that the entire band of assailants were discomfited, and suffered death at the hands of MacGregor, who, in the exultation of the moment of victory, and the pleasurable sensation attendant upon enjoying for the first time undisturbed the society of his "ladye love," composed and danced

THE FAMOUS TULLOCH REEL,

which has continued to be so much prized by his countrymen of succeeding generations. It would, however, appear that the felicity of the lovers was but of short duration. The law laid a price upon the head of MacGregor, and Isabel Dubh was apprehended and incarcerated for the active part she had taken in this deed of blood.

It is asserted that "Ian-dubh-gear" was soon after shot whilst in the act of crossing the Spey at a place called the Black's Boat, and his head being carried and presented to Isabel Dubh for identification, the shock was too much for even her stout heart to bear, and she died in confinement, from the anguish and grief brought on by the last awful fate of him who upon earth she valued and loved the most.

An Luinneag.

'O Thulaichean gu Bealaichean,
'S 'o Bhealaichean gu Tulaichean;
'S mur faigh sinn leann 's na Tulaichean,
Gu 'n òil sinn uisigè Bhealaichean.

Bu Ghrigareach do rireamh,
A Ruadh shruth ann Gleannliomhunn,
A rinn an ceol tha riomhach;
Ris canar leinn na Tulaichean.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

B' ann an Tigh na Sraidè,
A thug iad ionnsuidh bhàis air,
'S mur bitheadh è ro ladair,
Bha ochdnar nàmh ro mhurrach air.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Ach labhair Iain-Dubh-Gearr riubh,
Bha mi ann 's a cheardaich,*
'S cha chrom mi sis mo cheann duibh,
Ge d' thionndadh sibh uile rium.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

'N sin bhuail iad uil' air còladh,
'S ge d' bha Iain Dubh na ònar,
Cha b-ann d' am buannachd toiseach,
Bha fuil mu' shroin na h-uillé fir.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

'S 'n uair thaisg e suas a gheur-lann,
'S a dh' ioc e mheud 's a dh' eigh è,
Thug e 'n sin Strath Spè air,
'S bha tè ann a chuir furan air.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Chuir iad cuideachd ladair,
Ann deigh Iain Duibh Mhic Phadric,
'S 'n uair shaoil leo è bhi 'n sàs ac',
'S e bàs bh' air a chumadh dhoibh.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Oir thainig fios an uaigneas,
Do 'n t-shabhal, 's è na shuain ann,
"Tog ort, Iain Duibh, 's bidh glusadh,
'S thoir as cho luath 's a 's urra dhuit."
'O Thulaichean, &c.

'S e thuirt a leannan ceutach,
"A ghaoil, cuir ort! 's bidh treunmhor,
Is dhuit bithidh mise feumail,
Oir eiridh mi gu 'd chuideachadh."
'O Thulaichean, &c.

"Thoir uidheam dhomh gu surdail,
Is lionaidh mi gu dlùth dhuit;
'N sin cumsa, ghraidh, do chùl rium,
'S do shùil air na h-uilè fear."
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Sheall e cia lion bh' ann diu,
Mu 'n rachadh e gu 'n ionnsuidh;
Bha dà fhear dheug, a's ceannard,
Co team air 's a b' urra iad.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Chum e riu a bhòtach,
'S bha Isabail 'g a chònadh,
Cha do thàr iad gus an eolas,
'S ann loen e gu h-ullamh iad.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Ghearr e leum gu h-eatrom,
Gu 'n ionnsuidh, agus fraoch air,
Cha d' fhag e ceann air h-aon diu,
Thoirt sgeul air an turas ud.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Mo bheannachd air an t-shealgair,
An-ad chuirean earbsa,
'S tu rinn an gniomh neo-chearbach;
'S tu dhearbh a bhi urramach.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Thurt Iain Dubh, 's e tionndadh,
"O n' rinn mi 'n gniomh bha shannt orm,
Ghaoil, grad thoir deoch do 'n leann domh,
'S gu 'n danns' mi na Tulaichean."
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Gach breitheamh fad na tirè,
Mu labhras iad an fhirinn,
Do 'n thig do cheol a filean,
Dhuibh 's e 'n righ na Tulaichean.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Tha Tulach-gorm is Seann-triubhas,
Ro ainmeil ann 's an am so,
Is ge do tha, cha samhl' iad,
Do m' annsachd, na Tulaichean.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Ge math a Chutach-chaol-dubh,
'S gach ceol ata re fhaotain,
Cha d-thig iad mar fhad glaoidhe,
Do m' ghaolsa, na Tulaichean.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

B' e 'n t-aidhear is an t-aoibhneas,
'N àm cruinneachadh re cheilè,
'N uair chluinneadhmid na teudan,
Ga 'n gleusadh do na Tulaichean.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Air fèillibh, no aig bàinnsibh,
'N uair theid an deoch nan ceannsa,
Gu 'n eirich fonn air seann daoin',
A dhannsadh nan Tulaichean.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Na 'm bithinn mar bu ghnath leam,
'S Mac Ailpain a bhi laimh rium,
Bu bhinn leam bhi ga èisdeachd,
'N uair thàreadh air na Tulaichean.
'O Thulaichean, &c.

Ge d' tha mi leth cheud bliadhna,
'S mo chiabhagán air liathadh,
Cha tugainn fein mo bhriathrean,
Nach iarrainn na Tulaichean.

'O Thulaichean gu Bealaichean,
'S 'o Bhealaichean gu Tulaichean;
'S mur faigh sinn leann 's na Tulaichean,
Gu 'n òil sinn uisgè Bhealaichean.

* Alluding to his being armed.

THE PIPER OF KEILL.

A Legend of Dunaverty Bay, Kintyre.

Sorrow and grief and woe
The Piper of Keill is playing,
Down in the cave on the rocky shore
Where the tide sweeps in with sullen roar,
Through tangled sea-weeds swaying.
Where far aloft the sea-mews sail,
Or beat their wings in the rising gale,
While wild wind echoes sob and wail,
Like souls in anguish praying.

Trembling in awe and fear,
For her lover waits the maiden,
She marks the white waves toss and curl,
The clouds like sable flags unfurl
With death and ruin laden.
The Piper plays with power and zest,
The storm rolls from the lurid west,
To rave and howl in fierce unrest
As spirits mourn lost Aiden.

Again, and yet again,
Above the tempest's shrieking,
She hears behind her in the glen,
The sleuth-hound's bay, the shouts of men,
Her lover they are seeking.
She clasps her hands in wild despair,
The cave yawns wide, there's safety there,
"Sweet Mary, save him," is her prayer,
The Virgin's aid bespeaking.

Louder, and louder still,
O'er strife of wind and water,
She hears the pipes' uncanny sound,
And fearfully she peers around,
And thinks of death and slaughter.
Weird shapes, strange faces flitting past,
Hoarse mutterings heard above the blast,
While following surely, hard and fast,
Men seek their chieftain's daughter.

Now on her startled gaze,
From the grim cavern stealing,
A bright, mysterious radiance streams,
On foam and flying wrack it gleams,
The storm's fierce wrath revealing.
And in the glen she sees him stand,
Her lover true, with beckoning hand,
While higher, more majestic, grand,
That ghostly strain is pealing.

Borne on the blast she hears
That tireless chase renewing;
Her kinsmen stern are on her track,
For her there is no turning back
To dare the fate pursuing.
Frenzied, with one mad leap she springs,
Close to that one beloved she clings,
Then on, as loud behind them rings
The clansmen's hoarse hallooing.

On, on for refuge, on,
Where can the lovers hide them?
Darkness and horror hem them round,
The pibroch's eerie, haunting sound,
The only clue to guide them.
Forward in frantic haste they press,—
Nor question ask, nor vaguely guess,—
One hope alone their hearts possess,—
That death may not divide them.

'Mid deafening crash and roar
Of raging storms that greet them,
The clansmen rush with oath and yell,
Like furious fiends let loose from hell
To where that radiance meets them.
But through its glow they cannot pass,
Unyielding as a wall of brass
A barrier stands,—in molten glass
An unknown power defeats them.

Laden with awful doom,
Destruction's cloud is lowering,
Before, an unseen foe,—behind,
A foe no mortal strength can bind,
The breakers all-devouring.
Yet can they die as brave men die,
Facing the last dread enemy
With dauntless mien, and steady eye,
Nor shrink as cravens cowering.

* * * *

Morn comes, from darkness born,
The sun-kissed waves are glancing,
Deep down below the sea-weeds twine,
Grasped in dead hands beneath the brine,
'Mid emerald glooms entrancing.
And on the strand the proud, hard chief
Mourns with a passionate, voiceless grief,
Remorse that cannot bring relief
His soul's dark hour enhancing.

Anguish and vain regret
The heart that knows not bending
May break.—With lagging steps, once more
He turns to leave that fatal shore,
His thoughts new torture lending.

When lo ! he sees sweet Moya's face,
He feels again her close embrace,
Pleading to grant her Kenneth grace,
Feud in forgiveness ending.

Gladness, and rest, and peace,
The Piper of Keill is playing,
Tender and true each thrilling note,
Clearly the echoes rise and float
On vagrant breezes straying;
They tell of bliss no sorrow drowns,—
Of hope that fears not Fortune's frowns,—
Of dangers shared, of faith that crowns,—
Love's laurels undecaying.

JANET A. M'CULLOCH.

NOTE.—The Piper of Keill is said to haunt the great cave of that name, but the legend, like many others, has almost disappeared: very few remember it. I have given my own version of the ending of a bitter and long-standing feud between the chiefs of the Macdonald and Campbell clans. J.A.M.

THE MACDOUGALLS AND THE BROOCH OF LORN.

IN the seventeenth century the MacDougals, once styled of Argyle, afterwards of Lorn, but now of Dunolly, while boasting of a most distinguished ancestry, and the chiefs of their clan, possessed but a comparatively small estate. Dunolly Castle, which overlooks the sea near Oban, and Goalen Castle in the neighbouring island of Kerrera, were their chief seats. In the civil war, the MacDougal of that day adhered to the royal cause, and suffered as much thereby as his ancestor had done by opposing it. In 1647 he was besieged in Dunolly by a detachment of General Leslie's troops under Colonel Montgomery. From the impregnable nature of the situation, he was successful in holding out his strength, but Goalen Castle was taken, sacked, and burned. Campbell of Inverawe, who took part in the latter affair, secured the brooch of King Robert, or, as it was now commonly called,

THE BROOCH OF LORN,

which he took into his possession as fair spoil, though he did not think proper to make his good fortune too well known, lest the MacDougal might have thought it necessary afterwards to attempt the recovery of the highly valued relic by force.

Time rolled on; the MacDougal of the early part of the last century lost his lands in consequence of embracing the cause of the Pretender in 1715, but his son regained them in consequence of keeping loyal in 1745. Meanwhile the brooch won at Dalree continued safe, amidst all the vicissitudes of the family fortunes, in the strong chest at Inverawe. To the MacDougals themselves it was not even known to exist. At length his precious relic passed into the hands of a

CADET OF THE INVERAWE FAMILY,

who at a subsequent time appointed it by testament to be sold, and the proceeds divided among his younger children. It was accordingly, about the year 1819, sent to Messrs. Rundell and Bridge in London, to be exposed for sale, the price put upon it being one thousand pounds. The late King George IV., then Prince Regent, is said to have offered L.500 for the brooch, but without obtaining it, and no customer appeared who was willing to give the large sum put upon it by the possessor. It must be understood that, when thus laid before the public, it was openly described as the *Brooch of Lorn* originally the property of King Robert the Bruce, yet the fact of its existence and exposure for sale did not become known to the representative of the MacDougal family till after it had been withdrawn from the market. Ultimately, in the year 1825, the late amiable

GENERAL CAMPBELL OF LOCHNELL,

being anxious to bestow some mark of grateful regard on his esteemed friend and neighbour MacDougal, purchased the brooch, and caused it to be presented to that gentleman by his chief, the Duke of Argyle, at a social meeting of the landholders of that county. It thus, after an interval of more than a century and a half, found its way back to the family, who, next to King Robert, and his heirs and representatives, were certainly its most rightful owners. It is at present kept with great care in Dunolly Castle.

The loss sustained by the MacDougals of their extensive possessions is given in a lucid and condensed manner by Mr. Donald Gregory, in the Introductory Sketch to his History of the Western Highlands and Isles of Scotland. "In the series of struggles for Scottish independence which marked the close of the thirteenth and the opening of the fourteenth centuries, the Lords of Lorn, who were closely connected by marriage with the Comyn and Baliol party, naturally arrayed themselves in opposition to the claims of Bruce. On the other hand, the Houses of Isla and the North Isles supported with all their power the apparently desperate fortunes of King Robert I.; and thus, when he came to be firmly seated on the throne, had earned the gratitude of that prince, in the same proportion as the family of Lorn, by the inveteracy of their hostility, had provoked his resentment. On the

FORFEITURE OF ALEXANDER, LORD OF LORN,

and his son and heir John, these extensive territories were granted by Bruce to various of his supporters; and among others, to Angus Oig, or *junior*, of Isla, and to Roderick or Ruari

MacAlan, the illegitimate brother and leader of the vassals of Christina, the daughter and heiress of Alan MacRuari of the North Isles. The Isles of Mull, the possession of which had for some time past been disputed between the Lords of Isla and Lorn, Jura, Coll, and Tiree, with the districts of Duror and Glenco, fell in this way to the share of Angus Oig. Lorn Proper, or the greatest part of it, was bestowed on Roderick MacAlan, to whom his sister Christina gave at the same time a large portion of her inheritance in Gamoran and the North Isles. The lordship of Lochaber, forfeited by one of the powerful family of Comyns, seems to have been divided between Angus Oig and Roderick. The former likewise obtained in this reign the lands of Morvern and Arduamurchan, which seem previously to have been in the hands of the crown. But while Bruce thus rewarded his faithful adherents, he was too sensible of the weakness of Scotland on the side of the Isles, not to take precautionary measures against the probable defection of any of the great families on that coast, who might with ease admit an English force into the heart of the kingdom. He procured from Angus Oig, who was now apparently the principal

CROWN-VASSAL IN KINTYRE,

the resignation of his lands in that district, which were immediately bestowed upon Robert the son and heir of Walter the High Steward, and the Princess Marjory Bruce. At the same time the fortifications of the Castle of Tarbert between Kintyre and Knapdale, the most important position on the coast of Argyleshire, were greatly enlarged and strengthened, and the custody of this commanding post was committed to a royal garrison. Following out the same policy in other places, the keeping of the Castle of Dunstaffnage, the principal messuage of Lorn, was given by Bruce, not to Roderick MacAlan, the *High Chief of Lorn*, but to an individual of the name of Campbell, who was placed there as a royal constable."

It appears that John, the son and heir of Alexander MacDougal of Lorn, who encountered Bruce in Glen-Dochart, received a great portion of his family possessions from David II., consisting of the Isles of Isla, Gigha, Jura, Scarba, Colonsay, Mull, Coll, Tiree, and Lewis, and the districts of Morvern, Lochaber, Duror, and Glenco. The representatives of the MacDougals of Lorn had married a niece of the King, which facilitated his restoration to these portions of his family estates. His daughter and heiress carried Lorn Proper to her husband Robert Stuart, founder of the Rosyth branch of the House of Stuart, by whom the lordship was sold to his brother, John Stuart of Innermeath, ancestor of the Stuarts, Lords of Lorn.

Yet Bruce did not subdue the indomitable MacDougals without an infinitude of trouble. After his return from the exile occasioned by his defeat at Dalree and the unbending opposition of the Lord of Lorn, he resolved to take the first opportunity of requiting the latter for the injuries he had received.

MARCHING INTO ARGYLESHIRE,

he laid waste the country, carrying every thing before him, until he came to the formidable and narrow pass between Dalmally and Bunawe, along the verge of the vast and precipitous mountain Cruachan-Ben, and guarded on the other side by a precipice overhanging Loch Awe. No position is apparently stronger, but the genius of Bruce overcame the difficulty. While his main body engaged with the men of Lorn, and kept their attention directed to the point, Bruce ordered James of Douglas, Sir Alexander Fraser, Sir William Wiseman, and Sir Andrew Gray, to ascend the mountain with a select band of archers, who obtained possession of the heights commanding the pass. A volley of arrows intimated to the men of Lorn that resistance was now useless, and they betook themselves to a precipitate flight. Barbour informs us that the deep and rapid river of Awe was even in that early period passed by a bridge, which the Argyleshire men attempted to demolish; but the followers of Bruce were too close upon their rear, and they were dispersed with great slaughter. John of Lorn, anticipating the issue of this conflict, had early betaken himself to his galleys upon Loch Awe. After this decisive engagement Bruce laid waste Argyle and besieged Dunstaffnage Castle, which he compelled to surrender, and, as already intimated, placed a royal garrison in that principal stronghold of the Lords of Lorn.

Notwithstanding all the vicissitudes of fortune, owing to their hereditary enmity to the house of Bruce, the MacDougals of Lorn continued to survive the loss of power, and, says Sir Walter Scott, they "afford a very rare, if not an unique, instance of a family of such unlimited power, and so distinguished during the Middle Ages, surviving the decay of their grandeur, and flourishing in a private station.

THE CASTLE OF DUNOLLY,

with its dependencies, was the principal part of what remained to them, with the right of chieftainship over the families of their name and blood. Nothing can be more wildly beautiful than the situation of Dunolly. The ruins are situated upon a bold and precipitous promontory, overhanging Loch Etive, and distant about a mile from the village and port of Oban. The principal part which remains is the donjon or keep, but fragments of other buildings, overgrown with ivy, attest that it

had been once a place of importance, as large apparently as Artornish or Dunstaffnage. These fragments include a court-yard, of which the keep probably formed one side, the entrance being by a steep ascent from the neck of the isthmus, formerly cut across by a moat, and defended, doubtless, by outworks and a drawbridge. Beneath the castle stands the present mansion of the family, having on the one side Loch Etive with its islands and mountains, on the other two romantic eminences tufted with copse wood. There are other accompaniments suited to the scene; in particular, a huge upright pillar, a detached fragment of that sort of rock called plumb-pudding-stone, upon the shore, about a quarter of a mile from the castle. It is called

CLACH-A'-CHOIN, OR THE DOG'S PILLAR,

because Fingal is said to have used it as a stake to which he bound his celebrated dog Bran. Others say that when the Lord of the Isles came upon a visit to the Lord of Lorn, the dogs, brought for his sport, were kept beside this pillar. Upon the whole, a more delightful and romantic spot can scarce be conceived, and it receives a moral interest from the considerations attached to the residence of a family once powerful enough to confront and defeat Robert Bruce, and now sunk into the shade of private life.

THE MACGILLIVRAYS OF MULL.

By Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair.

There is no reference to the Macgillivrays in any of the old genealogical manuscripts. It is thus impossible to trace them back, name by name, to their progenitor. They had apparently their earliest home in Mull, and occupied the lands of Pennyghael. Their chief was one of the sixteen councillors of the Lords of the Isles. After 1493, they followed the Macleans of Duart. The name Gille-bhràth, in English, Macgillivray, means servant of judgment.

Hugh Macdonald, the Sleat historian, tells us that the principal surnames in Morvern in 1130 were Macgillivray and Macinnes, and also assures us that the Macgillivrays and the Macinneses were the same clan. As a matter of fact there were neither surnames nor clans in Morvern in 1130. So far as known to authentic history, the Macinneses never called themselves Macgillivrays. It is certainly possible that Gillebhràth, the progenitor of the Macgillivrays, was born in 1130, but the probability is that he was not born earlier than 1200, or even 1230.

I have read or heard that the Macgillivrays are descended from Gille-breac, the freckled youth, Gille-bhràighe, the young man of the brae, and from Gillebride, the servant of St. Bridget; that their ancestor placed himself under the protection of the MacKintoshes in 1263; and that one of them was killed in a battle with the Camerons about 1430. There is not a particle of truth in any of these statements.

Among the men who were treacherously seized by Lord Ochiltree and Bishop Knox in 1608, and imprisoned in Dumbarton or Edinburgh, were Hector Og Maclean of Duart, Lachlan Og, his brother, Neil MacIlduy and Neil MacRory, Captain of Duart. In 1616, Hector Og of Duart appeared before the Privy Council and named under oath the following persons as his principal vassals:—Lachlan Og, Allan, Gillean and Charles his brothers; Hector, son of Lachlan Og; John Garbh of Bunessan; Lachlan Odhar of Ardchraosnish; Hector, son of Allan of Ardtornish, Neil MacIlvra; and Donald MacRory, Captain of Duart. Neil MacIlduy is evidently an error for Neil MacGilvry or Gilvra. Neil is the first of the Macgillivrays of Mull whose name appears on record in a public document.

Charles Maclean, brother of Allan of Ardtornish, married Julia, daughter of Neil Macgillivray of Glencannir, and by her had Lachlan of Achacreig and John Diurach. Neil Macgillivray—the Neil who appears on record in 1608 and 1616—held the lands of Pennyghael by charter from the Macleans of Duart. He may also have held a tack of the lands of Glencannir. It is possible, however, that Neil of Glencannir was a different person from Neil of Pennyghael. But whether he was or not, he must have belonged to the Pennyghael family.

In 1618, we find several of the Macleans of Duart, and Donald Macgillivray of Pennyghael, denounced as rebels. Their chief crime was that they had not been as active as they should have been in getting the crown dues collected and paid. They simply lacked the political wisdom which causes men to delight in paying taxes. Donald Macgillivray married Florence, daughter of Allan Maclean of Ardtornish.

Martin, second son of Macgillivray of Pennyghael, was born about 1598, graduated at the University of Glasgow in 1626, and became minister of Tiree and Coll in 1630. He was translated to Killean in 1631, to Kilfinichen in 1642, to Iona in 1643, and to Kilninian and Kilmore in 1650, where he was succeeded by John Beaton in 1689. He was a man of great strength and resoluteness, and could wield the sword almost as dexterously as Lachlan Odhar of Ardchraosnish. He married, first, Isabel, daughter of Lachlan Og Maclean of Torloisk, and had at least one daughter by her. He

married, secondly, Janet Campbell. He died sometime before 1701.

Donald Maclean of the Torloisk family married a daughter of the Rev. Martin Macgillivray, and had by her Lachlan and others. Lachlan married Janet, daughter of Hector Maclean, in Assapol, and had Julia and others. Allan Maclean of Garmony married Julia, and by her had John, who became laird of Lochbuie in 1751, and had the pleasure, or annoyance, of a visit from Dr. Johnson in 1773.

John Macgillivray of Pennyghael was served heir to his uncle, the Rev. Martin Macgillivray of Pennyghael in May 1701, and probably was about seventy years of age at the time.

Alexander Macgillivray of Pennyghael married Una, daughter of Lachlan Maclean of Grulin, eldest son of Allan of Grulin, and had a daughter named Una. He was probably a grandson of John of Pennyghael.

Charles Maclean of Killunaig, second son of Allan of Grulin, was born in 1674 and died, March 6, 1743. Dr. Alexander Maclean, his fifth son, married in 1760 Una, daughter of Alexander Macgillivray of Pennyghael, and had by her Archibald and Catherine. Alexander was probably the last Macgillivray of Pennyghael. Dr. Maclean purchased the lands of Pennycross about 1798.

It is impossible to construct a genealogical account of the Macgillivrays of Mull from the foregoing facts. Perhaps some person or persons will kindly furnish some additional facts from records of sessions, registers of baptisms, inscriptions on tombstones or other sources. Possibly the name of the Rev. Martin Macgillivray's father can be found in the register of the University of Glasgow. For anything I know to the contrary, the Macgillivrays of Pennyghael may be extinct. Even if they are extinct, those who claim descent from Lachlan Lùbannach of Duart should not forget that the Macgillivrays fought and bled side by side with their forefathers at Harlaw, Flodden, Gruinnart, Kilsyth, Inverkeithing, Sheriffmuir and Killiecrankie. It is to be hoped that the day will never come when the Macleans shall have no interest in the history and welfare of the Macgillivrays, Macquarries, Mackinnons, and the Macneils of Barra.

The following is the pedigree of a member of the Pennyghael family who was probably living in 1845:—Alexander, son of Ewen, son of Alexander, son of John, son of Donald, son of Malcolm, son of Malcolm Gorm, son of Mr. Martin, son of Ferchar Liath or Gray Farquhar. This pedigree may or may not be correct. It is possible that the Rev. Martin Macgillivray had a son who was known as Malcolm Gorm; but it is also possible that Mr. Martin is an error for Martin.

Sir John Campbell, son of the Earl of Argyll, obtained possession, through marriage, of the estate of Calder or Cawdor in 1510. It is probable that Duncan Macgillivray settled in Dunmaglass—a part of the Calder Estate—about the year 1525. Ferchar, Duncan's son, was tacksman or wadsetter of Dunmaglass in 1547. Ferchar, son of Alister Mor, son of Duncan, purchased the lands of Dunmaglass from Sir John Campbell, fourth of Calder, in 1626.

As Gillebhràth was a very rare name, we are not warranted in jumping to the conclusion that the Macgillivrays of Mull and the Macgillivrays of Dunmaglass had different origins. According to the traditions of the Macgillivrays of Dunmaglass, their forefathers came from the Western Islands. But the first Western Island—indeed, the first place in Scotland—in which we find Macgillivrays, is Mull. It is probable, then, that the Macgillivrays of Dunmaglass were of Argyllshire origin. There may have been Macgillivrays in Inverness-shire and Nairnshire before 1510, but Duncan Macgillivray's father may not have been one of them. Duncan may have been connected with the Campbells through his mother, and may have been taken from Argyllshire to Dunmaglass by Sir John Campbell. But where Duncan was born is a matter of little or no consequence. He was a man of sense and business capacity, and was the ancestor of a good race of men. His present representative is chief of all the Macgillivrays in Scotland or elsewhere.

Andrew Macgillivray—Anndra Mor nam Madadh-alluidh—won a name and fame for himself by killing wolves. As he was one of the last wolf slayers in Scotland, we may fix upon the year 1600 as the probable date of his birth. Andrew Ban Macgillivray, a descendent of Andrew Mor, was born in Arisaig about 1755, and came to Nova Scotia in 1791. He settled, along with his two brothers, Alexander and Angus, in the county of Antigonish. He married Janet, daughter of Ranald Macdonald of Kenlochmoidart, by his wife Marcella—Marsaili nan Aoirean—daughter of Angus Beag Macdonald of Dalelea. I was intimately acquainted with two of his grandsons who were priests, the Rev. Andrew Macgillivray and the Rev. Ranald Macgillivray. They were both genial, manly, clear-headed and estimable men. Father Ranald had a good deal of poetic ability and composed several Gaelic songs. He wrote a valuable and interesting account of the early settlers of the county of Antigonish. John Macgillivray, the piper and poet, was a son of Andrew Ban Macgillivray, but did not come to

Nova Scotia until 1818. Here let me say that I am quite delighted with "The Lads in Tartan,"—a translation of one of the piper's songs by Mr. Duncan Livingstone, Ohio, U.S.A. It is a good thing to find a busy lawyer like Mr. Livingstone giving his brain a rest from legal perplexities, by studying and translating the charming, cheering, care-burying songs of the old Highland bards. I may state that Judge Macgillivray of Antigonish is, through his mother, a descendant of Andrew Ban Macgillivray, and also of Angus Beag of Dalelea. Of course, my interest in Angus Beag, arises from the fact that he was a brother of Alasdair MacMhaighstir Alasdair, the celebrated Gaelic bard.

We have five Gaelic-speaking judges in the Maritime Provinces: Duncan C. Fraser and Angus Macgillivray in Nova Scotia, Hector C. MacDonald and Neil Macleod in Prince Edward Island, and James G. Forbes in New Brunswick—all excellent men. They are all sons of farmers, and rose to the bench, not by the aid of inherited wealth, but by brains, energy, and diligence in pushing along. They had good tongues, but their tongues were of no use to them in getting the education and training they needed; they were of service to them only after they had become lawyers and politicians.

In my article on the origin of the Macleans, I am represented as saying, Cu means dog, and metaphysically, a grand fighter or hero. Perhaps metaphysically will do, but what I wrote was "metaphorically."

CHIEFTAINSHIP AND THE CLANS.

By Wm. J. Thomas.

(Continued from page 157.)

In ancient Europe, we have so far seen that the migratory tribal-holdings characterised primitive Aryan society and not the totemic village-group, which belonged to an older and more barbaric state of society. The identity, therefore, between the

CELTIC AND TEUTONIC TRIBAL SYSTEMS,

it was clear, resulted in the formation of the dual Anglo-Celtic holdings where two racial elements, otherwise so opposite in sentiment, found it possible to coalesce into a united, though not necessarily harmonious, whole. Let us now pass on to discuss from economic and philological grounds the relationship of the village-community in Scotland and Ireland, more particularly in the former during the periods of Fir Bolg, Pictish, and Gaelic supremacy.

To begin by assuming that the Indo-Fir Bolgian village-community was, in a former age, the sole unit of society which crossed the Highland line is one thing, to prove it quite another. Treating the subject from present day evidence makes the problem none the easier to solve, and the difficulties in the way become only more embarrassing when it is taken into consideration that the Celtic tribal-holding is everywhere the dominant factor in the Highlands, as the Anglo-Celtic is in the Lowlands. Such village-communities as produce the non-Aryan evidence sufficient for the purpose of reconstructing the economic history of Indo-Fir Bolgian Scotland, are restricted chiefly to the coastal districts, or pitched solely by the main rivers. The large majority of Highland villages are indeed nothing but the direct descendants of the old Celtic holdings, and the peculiarities of the more ancient totemic groups —totem-pillars, village and individualistic totems, religious festivals, processions, sacrifices (animal and human), added to many other savage or immoral usages and rites—are all, with few exceptions, unrepresented. They are thus villages in the limited sense of the term—the surviving relics of vanished patriarchal tribes (Pictish and Gaelic), and quite opposed in formation to the totemic (and indirectly, matriarchal) village-communities.

Now were we to allow the assumption as not altogether untenable, but perhaps applicable only to some particular period of a pre-Celtic Age, we would virtually admit at the same time that a

PRE-CELTIC RACE—

(in this case, the Fir Bolgs are taken)—really existed and was not mythical. In such case it would be showing off the helplessness of one's ignorance to class the Fir Bolgs as earth-powers or sea-powers, and to consign them to the spheres (or elsewhere), there to live as dark-faced deities shining from on high. Did we credit them with superhuman powers, we would at once violate the previous admission, which infers only that they were a genuine race, non-mythical, but assuredly of non-Celtic origin. Thus far let it be granted, but before adducing further evidence in favour of our Scottish Fir Bolgs, let us first attempt to swallow some of the opinions of modern research.

Referring to

PRE-CELTIC ANTIQUITIES,

the highly talented author of 'Literature of the Celts' says in a manner not to brook criticism: "Beyond their material survivals and the people who where supposed to have been descended from them, there is absolutely (!) no record of these vanished races. They belong to the prehistoric times" (*sic.*) [p. 2].

It is difficult to say exactly what the author meant here by 'prehistoric times.' It seems a plain confession that non-Aryan savagery and immorality did not, sporadically or not, survive the beginning of the Historic Period. Possibly, however, that golden period of Erin's history, when the Fir Bolgic cannibal cook-house smoked merrily away in the more western parts of Ireland, is intended; prehistoric because distant; golden, from the Irishman's point of view, because there is no evidence to support the theory that ten-o'-clock closing existed there! The author's misconception, caused probably by ignorance of where to look for material, is pardonable. The period referred to is a little 'old-fashioned'; modern research is apparently limited in scope, and the average Highland mind is seldom able to keep abreast of the times.

Fortunately, all Highland minds are not so. Some, curiously enough, develop a broadmindedness of quite remarkable proportions. Witness the following where, though not directly mentioned, the Fir Bolg is evidently understood (or misunderstood) to be the connecting (or missing) link:—"In books of African travel we are told that *bana* is the name the blacks give to a white man; and *bàn* or *white* as applied to complexion, is universally well-known. On looking at the

LANGUAGE OF THE ESQUIMAUX,

there can be little doubt that it ought to be classified as Gaelic or Celtic as much as any of the languages to which that name is given. It may ultimately prove of unspeakable advantage in following out the history of the dispersion of the human race (from the Garden of Eden, say!) if the language of people so remote as the Esquimaux should prove to be Celtic." Who could not help but agree with the Rev. Mr. Campbell that the subject would prove both interesting and "unspeakable"? Nevertheless, though as a Scot we appreciate a broadminded view of things, whether Celtic or Saxon, Hindu or Hottentot, we feel it necessary in this particular instance, to draw the line. The statement is not 'unspeakable' enough, and in order that it become so, we earnestly recommend the reverend gentleman's attendance on an excellent series of lectures intended for Celtic hystericists. A Highland spiritualist confidently assures us that (the late) Prof. Blackie, of ever blessed memory, holds forth to-morrow night part II. of "Lectures for Celts: Picts and how to write philological truth," to be delivered, 12 p.m., in 'Celtic Rooms (3rd floor), Satanic Institute, Mag Mell." As the brilliant company will include O'Flaherty, Keating, Vallancey, Pictet, Toland, Macpherson, and a host of other shining lights, the reverend gentleman and his compeers need not fear being overlooked—provided "they wear not the garb of a sinful world," as a raw English divine once said. We infer from this that 'breeks' are tabued there—(rather awkward for some whose legs may not improbably resemble Ossian's trees—"bowed at an angle!")

In more serious tones we reiterate our former belief that Fir Bolgs were genuine 'humans.' Eochaid, son of Erc, is given as the last of the nine (!) Fir Bolgic Kings in the Annals of Clonmacnois the "Leabhar; Gabhala," Keating and O'Flaherty. Evil days then came upon the race after the

BATTLE OF MAGH TUIREADH.

"The small number of Fir Bolg who escaped out of this battle departed in flight before the Tuatha Dé Danann, so that Ara (Aran islands in Galway Bay), Ile (Islay), Reachra (Rathlin Isle), Inse, Gall, and many islands besides, were inhabited by them, and they dwelt there until the time of the provincial kings being in the sovereignty of Ireland, that is, until the Cruithnigh banished them out of those islands." Afterwards we hear of a Fir Bolg revolution, when the helot class arose, massacred the Celtic nobility and placed Cairbre Cinncait on the throne. In Highland tales they appear as the "Bolg"; in the Gaelic Ballads they appear as 'Bolg' and 'Fir Bolg.'

"Chaidh foi 'n chrann an ceann nam Fear bolg"
—(p. 142.)

At anyrate we would not raise them like supernumerary deities to some other world, and like them, elevated to be dragged down. Yet even Celtic tribes themselves are not exempt from Highland authors' 'mythical' propensities. 'Pre-historic Times,' speaking later of the full-caste Celtic Fomorians, says:—"The Fomorians, who dwelt in Lochlann, vicious and troublesome *invaders* as they were, may in their origin be considered as none other than the

SEA-POWERS PERSONIFIED—

the rough chaotic tumult of the Atlantic Ocean, against which in the west of Ireland the various settlers had to contend. They might more literally represent "*the Vikings.*" It is no easy task to reconcile the adverse theories offered here in one and the same sentence. Not that any of them may be wrong (they may be all right and wrong at the same time), but obviously they are one too many. A Celtic argument loses nothing in point if what is laid down as law in one part of the sentence is confuted in the next. The Fenians come in next for their full share. Dr. Skene believed "that they were a race distinct from the Gaels, probably allied to, or even identical with, the Picts."

(*To be continued.*)

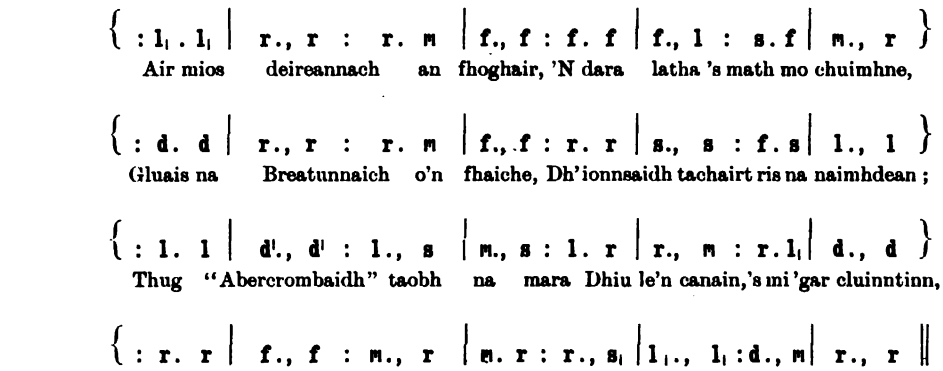
OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

ON LOOKING over the Syllabus for the forthcoming Mòd, it is pleasing to observe that the Committee have again decided to offer a Prize for the best rendering of an "*Oran Mòr.*" For the past three Mòds much interest has been centred in this competition. Among the songs selected for this year's contest is "*Blàr na h-Olaind,*" the composition of Corporal Alexander Mackinnon, the Morar Bard. He was born in Morar in 1770, and enlisted in the 92nd Regiment, or Gordon Highlanders, about 1799. He was at the battle of Egmont-op-Zee (Holland) 2nd October, 1799, and describes it most graphically in the following song. He was also present at the battle of Alexandria, March 13th, 1801, where he was severely wounded. This battle he describes in a poem called "*Blàr na h-Eiphit.*" Among his other poems is the famous Gaelic nautical song "*An Dubh-Ghleannach.*" He died at Fort-William in 1814. The air is known as "*Alasdair Ghlinne-garradh,*" and partakes of the nature of a recitative. The song will be found complete in "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry."

ANNETTA C. WHYTE.

BLAR NA H-OLAIND.

Key E. *Moderato.*



Thriall "Abercrombaidh" 's "Mùr" na féile
Le 'n laoich-euchdach thun a' bhaiteil,
Tharruinn iad gu h-eòlach treubhach
Luchd na Beurla ri uchd catha ;
Nuair a dhlù na h-airm ri chéile
Dhubhadh na speuran le 'n deathaich
'S bu lionmhor fear a bha 's an éisdeachd,
Nach do ghluais leis féin an ath-oidhch'.

Dh' fhàg iad sinne mar a b' annsa
Fo cheannardachd Mhorair Hunndaidh,
An t-òg smiorail, fearail, naimhdeil
Nan teannadh ain-neart ga'r n-ionnsuidh
Le 'bhrathaichean siod' a' strannraich,
Ri 'n cuid crann a damh's le mùiseag ;
'S na fir a toghairt 's na Frangaich
B' iad mo rùin-sa clann nach diùltadh.

Bha 'n leoghann colgarra gun ghealtachd,
Le mìle fear sgairteil làmh ruinn,
An Camshronach garg o'n Earrachd,
Mar ursainn-chatha anns na blàraibh ;
Dh' aontaich sinn mar aon 's a' bhaiteil
Le faobhar lann sgaiteach stàillinn,
Cha bu ghniomh le 'r laoich gun taise,
Faoineis air an fhaich' le làmhaich.

Bhrùchd na naimhdean le 'n tróm làdach
Air muin chàich an àite teine ;
'Nuair fhuair Sasunnaich droch chàradh,
Phill iad o'n àirich 'n ar coinneamh.
Ghlaodh Ralph uaibhreach ri chuid àrmunn
Greasaibh na Gàidheil 'n an coinneamh
'S tionndaidh iad an ruaig mar b' àbhaist
An dream àrdanach, neo fhoilleil.

COLONEL FORBES, C.B.

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THE LATE GENERAL SIR JOHN FORBES, G.C.B., OF INVERERNAN.

A BRILLIANT Highland soldier, the hero of many an Indian fight, has passed away in the person of General Sir John Forbes, G.C.B., of Inverernan, who died on the 6th ultimo at his London residence, 36 Onslow Gardens, in his ninetieth year. Descended from a long line of Forbeses both on his father's and his mother's side, his father, the Rev. Dr. George Forbes, laird of Blelack, and for twenty-five years parish minister of Strathdon, was a brother of Sir Charles Forbes, the first baronet of Newe. His mother, the heiress of Inverernan, came of the Skellater stock, and was directly descended from "Black Jock," a famous Jacobite, the first laird of Inverernan, baron baillie for Kildrummie to the Earl of Mar, and grand-uncle to Ian Roy of Skellater, "the Marshal" of the Portuguese army. Black Jock went out with the Earl of Mar in the '15, and having been taken prisoner at Sheriffmuir, where he was captured, wounded, he was condemned to death, but died in Carlisle gaol the night before the day on which he was to be executed.

John Forbes was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, and at the time of his death was probably its oldest surviving member. In 1835, when a lad of eighteen, he entered the military service of the Honourable East India Company, having been nominated to a commission in the cavalry by his cousin, John Forbes, the eldest son of Sir Charles Forbes of Newe. He landed in India for the first time on the 5th July, 1835, and on the 24th of February, 1841, when the army under General Nott was marching on Kujjuck in the first Afghan War, we already find him described by Neill of the 40th as "my brother adjutant Forbes."

To go over the details of his military career in the Bombay Cavalry would simply be to tell the story of our strengthening our hold on India from 1840 to the close of the Mutiny. It will

View of Strathdon at Inverernan.

suffice to say that he was a prominent figure in many of the notable actions which took place in Afghanistan, Sindh, Persia, and Central India, during the next twenty years; and that on every occasion his services gained him the approbation of his superiors and won him distinction and rapid promotion. He took an active part in the stubborn fights of Oba and Ghoaine during the advance of the army of General Nott through Candahar to Ghazni and Cabul, and on the termination of the Afghan War we find him serving on the staff of Sir Charles Napier in Sindh, an appointment which he held for five years, and thus became intimately acquainted with one of the most remarkable men of his time. It was in 1843, what Napier himself describes as the "hard battle" of Hyderabad was fought. Forbes took part in the action and in the subsequent operations. Later on we find him working zealously, and intimately associated, with John Jacob, Edwardes, Merryweather, and Malcolm; and finally associated with his friend Sir Bartle Frere, in the administration of Sindh. He commanded the 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry in the Persian Expedition of 1856-7, under Sir James Outram, and led them to victory in the celebrated action of Khushab. Attached to the Northern Central Field Force in the terrible days of the Mutiny, we find him fighting against enormous odds at Koonch and Galowlee, Calpee, and Jhansi, winning the highest appreciation of that gallant Highland soldier, the late Sir Hugh Rose, who frequently mentioned Captain Forbes in his despatches, and finally referred to him as being "always as zealous as he was useful."

With the Indian mutiny his active service ceased, and he returned to his Highland home a Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel. But in the following year we find him present at the battle of Solferino, with the Staff of the King of Italy, and such apparently was his reputation as a cavalry leader that he received an invitation from Garibaldi to come and fight for him. Rapidly promoted from one appointment to another, he became a Major-General in 1869. When General Napier was appointed to command the Abyssinian Expedition he selected Forbes to command the cavalry, but this appointment was prevented by considerations of seniority. On arrival at Poona, however, he was given the command of the Reserve Division at Karachi. Subsequently he commanded the Northern and then the Mhow Division of the Bombay Army. In 1899 he was created a G.C.B., and in 1904 he was gazetted Colonel of his old Regiment, the 33rd Queen's Own Light Cavalry, in succession to His Majesty the King, who became Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment. At the time of his death, Sir John Forbes was the Father of the C.B.'s, and, with the exception of General Blake, was the Father of the Indian Army.

To the end of his life, Sir John Forbes followed with the keenest interest everything connected with military affairs, both at home and abroad, but such was the soldierly modesty of his nature, that he was much averse to having his memoirs written, although he was frequently requested to allow and assist in the preparation of some fitting record of his varied life and renowned achievements.

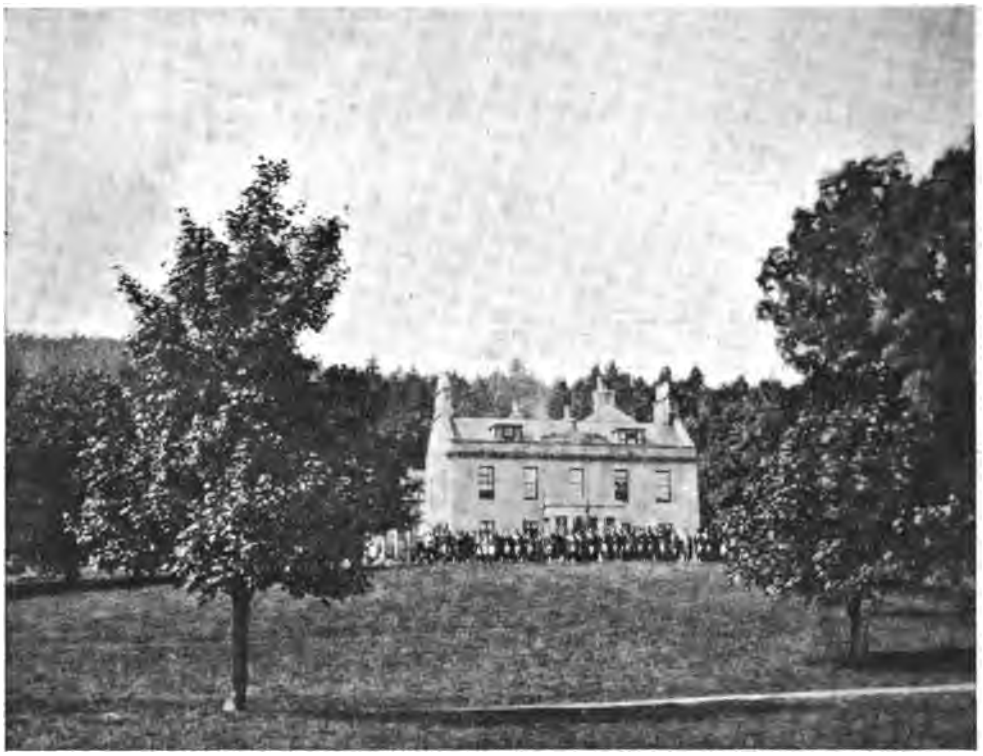
But it was not only as a soldier that the late Sir John Forbes will be remembered. He is also well entitled to recognition as an administrator. As far back as 1847 he is found as a Commissioner in Sindh, devoting his energies to promoting the prosperity of that arid province by means of canals and waterworks, and so great was his success that in June, 1848, General Jacob wrote to the following effect:—"It is all right now about the Sonewah, thanks to your having exerted your influence with His Majesty—many thirsty souls will bless you, and much food for man and beast will be created by your *Meerbanee*!" His name is gratefully remembered in some parts of Sindh to this day for the benefits derived from the water supply which was provided during his administration.

It was whilst in Sindh that he married, in 1848, Emily, daughter of the late Colonel Adam Augustus Drummond, of the Megginch family, Perth, and he is survived by this lady and five sons and five daughters. His life as a soldier and as an administrator has been continued in the careers of several of his sons. In the South African War he was represented by three sons, two grandsons, and a grand-nephew. One of his sons, Gordon S. D. Forbes, D.S.O., is a leading member of the Legislative Council of Rhodesia, and is a Past President of the Rhodesian Chamber of Mines. Another is Captain A. J. Forbes, who is at present Staff Officer to Colonel Mackenzie, C.B., C.M.G., commanding the Field Force operating against the Zulus in Natal; and a third son is Major W. Lachlan Forbes, now Secretaary to the Royal Scottish Geographical Society.

On the death of his mother, in 1848, Sir John succeeded to the Estate of Inverernan, and kept in constant touch with it during his career in India, and when he returned to his well-earned leisure he devoted himself heartily to the manifold duties of a Highland landlord. He succeeded his father as President of the Lonach Highland and Friendly Society; having joined it himself in 1823 as a boy of six years old; and remained to the end of his days one of

its most enthusiastic supporters, and at the annual "Lonach" the venerable president was one of the chief attractions of this Highland gathering. He was greatly devoted to the keeping up of old Highland customs and the retention of the national dress, and we find him as far back as 1866 giving "Premiums for Home-made Plaids and Tartan for Kilts." Generous and kindly, he proved himself an admirable landlord, and won the affection and esteem, not only of his own tenants, but of the whole people of Strathdon. He was for many years a Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant of his county. He is succeeded in the estate by his eldest son, Mr. Georgs Forbes, who is a Justice of the Peace for Aberdeenshire.

It is not too much to say that the death of Sir John Forbes of Inverernan has cast a shadow of gloom and sorrow over the whole of Strathdon; and it was amid many manifestations of sincere regret that his funeral took place on Thursday the 12th ult. to the Parish Church of Strathdon and its old churchyard. The remains of the deceased General had been brought up from London on the previous day, and as the sad cortege passed up his well-loved



INVERERNAN HOUSE, WITH THE LONACH HIGHLANDERS.

Strath it was worthy of notice that the blinds were all drawn in the windows of the dwelling-houses along the route. Sir John was one of the most distinguished men whom this district has produced. He rose to high rank, and achieved great fame in his profession; and has left a name of which his district and his family may well be proud. Long before the appointed hour all classes of the community, many coming from a distance, commenced to assemble at Inverernan House, where the mournful strains of a lament, as the piper, Mr. Macgregor, Foggiemills, played "The Flowers of the Forest" and "The Land o' the Leal," two of Sir John's favourite airs, re-echoed the saddened feelings of those present.

The entire gathering having been marshalled in front of Inverernan House, the coffin, of handsome polished oak, enveloped in the broad folds of the Union Jack, with his own Forbes tartan plaid showing at the foot, was carried out to the open space in front of the House. Upon the top were placed the late General's Collar, Badge, and Star of a Grand Companion of the Order of the Bath; his medals for the Afghan campaign of 1840; Sindh, 1843-4; Persia, 1856-7; and the Indian Mutiny, 1857-8; his broad Highland bonnet and General's sword,

A beautiful wreath from his widow, Lady Forbes, was placed at the head; two other wreaths, one from his grandchildren, John and Elyne Forbes, and another from the servants at Inverernan, were placed at the foot.

The first part of the funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Archibald Thomson, Corgarff, and Rev. William Watt, B.D., Strathdon.

And then to the mournful strains of the pipes the solemn procession started on its three mile route to the churchyard of Strathdon, where the ancestors of the deceased Laird have been interred for so many generations.

The spectacle was truly an imposing one, and was at once pathetic and picturesque. The Highland custom of placing the pipers in rear of, and at the head of the coffin, was in this instance departed from, and they marched at the head of the procession, while following them, in honour of Sir John's military career, came a firing party from "B" Coy., 4th V.B.G.H., under the command of Sergeant-Instructor Currie, and accompanied by Lieutenant Charles Christie, which marched in front with reversed arms. The coffin, borne by eight of the Lonach Highlanders, was immediately followed by the chief mourners—Mr. George Forbes, yr., of Inverernan; Major W. Lachlan Forbes (sons); Mr. M. A. F. Dennis (grandson), and Mr. H. Call, R.N. (grandnephew), representing his father, Colonel Call, R.E.; after whom came the relatives and friends—followed by the Lonach Highlanders. The presence of these sturdy clansmen, in their dark green doublets, and kilts and plaids of Forbes tartan, recalled to mind the devotion and faithfulness of their ancestors in byegone days, which, it was plainly evident, had been handed down to the present generation. Then followed the tenantry and people of the district, with the public mourners bringing up the rear.

As the procession slowly moved away from the ancestral home and along the highway, where yet other members of the community waited to join the cortege, the pipers played the following Laments at intervals:—"The Flowers of the Forest," "Lochaber no more," "My lodging is on the cold, cold ground," "Lord Lovat's Lament," and "An old Highland Air," played at the funeral of the late Queen Victoria.

As the head of the procession reached the church door, the firing party halted and turned inwards, resting on their arms reversed, whilst the coffin passed through them, borne on the shoulders of the eight representatives who had previously borne it from the House of Inverernan.

The Church of Strathdon was filled by a large congregation, including Miss Forbes and Miss C. M. Forbes (daughters). The coffin was placed in the centre of the church, in front of the pulpit, which was heavily draped with black, and almost covered with wreaths sent by sympathetic friends. The three standards of Sir John's regiment, which were presented by the officers to its "dear old commander," who had "led them in their grandest feat," were brought into the church and set up beside the coffin and crossed above its head. In other parts of the church, on pews, and on the walls, as well as on the pulpit, a large number of wreaths had been arranged. Among the most beautiful of these was one presented by the officers of his old regiment, made up with coloured flowers to correspond with the colours of the regimental standards, and on the accompanying card the following words were inscribed:—"From the 33d Queen's Own Light Cavalry. In respectful and affectionate remembrance of their late Colonel and of a brave and gallant soldier."

A simple but impressive service was then begun, which will long be remembered by all those who were present. At the conclusion of the service the "Dead March" in Saul was impressively rendered by Miss Mitchell.

The coffin was then borne to the grave by the same bearers who had borne it into the church. The last rites were performed at the grave-side, and when the coffin had been lowered into the family vault, the grave in which had been carefully lined with heather, three volleys were fired by the Volunteers, who then formed up and marched off to the strains of "Captain Forbes of Inverernan," played by Mr. Duncan Fleming. At the conclusion of the ceremony the spectators, who were assembled in considerable numbers, were allowed the opportunity of viewing the coffin. The inscription upon it was as follows:—

General Sir JOHN FORBES, G.C.B.,
of Inverernan.
Born 10th June 1817.
Died 6th July 1906.

It has been recognised that with the burial of Sir John Forbes the grave closed over a brave man, a faithful and straightforward friend, and a kind-hearted and sympathetic landlord. The "General" of the Strathdon people; the "Forbes Sahib" of the Bombay Army, lies at rest.

While the remains of the deceased General were being laid at rest in Strathdon, an impressive memorial service was being conducted by Rev. Archibald Fleming, D.D., in St. Columba's, Pont Street, London. Among those present were—Lady Forbes, Sir John's aged widow, and Miss K. S. Forbes, Colonel

Call (nephew) and Mrs. Call, Sir Charles and Lady Forbes of Newe, Mrs. Charles Forbes and Miss Forbes, the Dowager Lady Sempill, Hon. Katherine Forbes Sempill, Lord Sempill, Lord Haddo (representing the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and the Countess of Aberdeen), Lord Leith of Fyvie, General Sir John Gordon, General Sir Henry Green, Colonel Sir Curzon Wyllie, and many others. "Now the labourer's task is o'er" and other hymns of mourning were sung by the choir boys, and the organist, Mr. John Lowe, played the "Land o' the Leal" and Handel's "Dead March" very impressively at the end of the service.

From Photo. by Mr. Charles MacHardy, Corgarff.

SERVICE IN THE CHURCH OF STRATHDON.

A BIT O' HEATHER.

A bit o' heather cam' to me
Frae aff a dainty Highland lea;
An' as I viewed the bonnie gem,
Mair fair to me than diadem,
A dream o' ither days cam' back
To cast a sunbeam in my track,
An' made me feel the holy flame
That used to lowe aroun' my hame.

A wee bit heather frae the glen
Made me a king 'mang hunners ten:
Again I heard the lav'rock's sang,
As up it soared the cluds amang;
Again I list the shepherd's lay,
An' see the daisy-sprinkled brae,
An', oh! what signifies much fame
Compared wi' a' the sweets o' hame?

A dainty sprig o' heather braw
Cast ilka clud of care awa'—
Brocht recollections back again,
Transplanted me to Highland glen.
Whilk made my blood pulse like a rill
That daily glances doon the hill,
Till a' my heart was in a flame
As I reca'd my Highland hame.

A bit o' heather cam' to me,
An' dowered my heart wi' mirth an' glee;
An' tho' my pow is turnin' white,
The lowe o' love burns clear and bright,
An' cross the misty path o' years,
An' thro' the surgin' storm o' tears,
I ha'e a joy I daurna name
In dreaming fondly o' my hame.

Manchester. DUNCAN MACLEAN.

FORBES ARMORIAL.—Regarding the coat-of-arms of Sir John Forbes of Inverernan, on page 201, the following notes may interest some readers:—The *Falcon* is the crest of the Lord Forbes of Pitsligo who was attainted after the '45, and to whom Sir Charles Forbes of Newe was served heir in 1833, the arms and supporters being granted him at the same time. Sir John Forbes' grandfather being Sir Charles' brother, Sir John adopted this crest at the same time, and gave up the old Newe crest.

The *hand and dagger, with the boar's head*, is the crest of the Skellater family: *they were the only branch of the Forbeses who were not Covenanters.* They joined the Gordons at this time and in the Civil War, and took this crest and the motto *Solus inter Plurimos* instead of their old crest and Lord Forbes' motto, *Grace me guide, in hope I byde.*

THE ISLE OF DREAMS.

FAR into the tortuous and rebellious night the storm raged with unprecedented fury, and there were many sore hearts in the little Island of Veriskay, because of the absence of the brave lads at sea, who were now tossing to and fro on the angry waves, far out yonder where myriads of dangerous currents abound. What a night of strange happenings—of peculiar murmurings of the falling rain and the sharp, nay, penetrating wind! And it was the eve of Sabbath too—the night prior to the welcome day of rest. It seemed as if God had sent a Judgment upon the little Isle of Dreams, for never before had such a storm visited this dreamy people—the people of the mist, who lived so many miles away from the cities of sin and vice and crime.

There was one woman in particular who almost broke her poor heart for her son, who formed one of the fishing fleet—a fine brawny lad he was, with the dark and flashing eyes of the Britons. And he was her only support—her only helpmeet during the years she had been a widow. And now he was away on the storm-tossed billows—away from his little home, and the grey-headed mother he loved so passionately. There was no one who looked upon the Isle of Dreams with more pride than Angus Mackinnon, for he loved Veriskay as well as the parvenu does the gay cities. Here was a youth who might have shone to advantage in the world of education, for he was, in perfect truth, a brilliant scholar. Alas! he succumbed to the vanities and the dissipations of the city in which he studied; he returned to Veriskay broken in health and with a queer story of how the money that had been sent to him by his only aunt was squandered. He and his mercenary friends had spent the best part of a fortune! It meant that he would require to start *de novo*. And he took to the sea, which to him and to all confirmed dreamers, is filled with the divine wonderment.

On this treacherous night the lad's mother sat by the dwindling fire with her head resting on her hands, and her feet outstretched. Outside, the storm continued as fiercely as ever; the wind moaned and shook the rafters; the rain played its strange accompaniment on the window panes, and the terrible darkness struck terror into the bravest of hearts. The pallid countenance of the woman was haggard; the eyes were filled with tears; the mouth trembled suggestively.

She hobbled out to the passage and, lifting the latch on the battered door, looked out. She could hear the waves breaking in upon the shore, and the sad cry of the wild birds as they dashed hither and thither in the surrounding gloom. Tears started to her eyes as she resumed her seat at the fire—tears of sorrow for those at sea on such a night as this. The month of the year was May, and not December when the Omnipotent Storm-king chastises the highest and the lowest. She prayed fervently that God might intervene and cease the storm, not for her son's sake alone, but for all who had friends and relatives on the turbulent sea. She prayed, and prayed, and prayed, and yet it seemed as if the passionate outpourings from the heart of that frail little woman found no response. Verily, a Judgment had come upon the beautiful Isle of Dreams.

* * * *

When the morning dawned, Angus Mackinnon, looking more like a figure that had arisen from the grave, tapped gently at the door of his mother's dwelling. And when a nervous old dame opened the door she put her arms round his neck and kissed him lovingly. Safe, safe at last! Aye, but what of the others?

"I am the only survivor," he said, emotionally, "the rest are drowned."

"God save us!" cried the widow.

"Yes, they all went down except myself," he continued, taking off his dripping garments. "And they were all married . . . . . I cannot tell you how it happened, it was so sudden. There was no time at all. The night was so dark that it was impossible to render any assistance. It was just a case of every man for himself. As for myself, I was in the water for three hours. It seemed eternity; I don't know how I managed it. Only that I caught hold of a broken spar I should also have been drowned."

Soon the sad tidings became known in the Isle of Dreams. And so there were five more widows now! And Mona MacNeil's father was among the dead. Angus Mackinnon and Mona were lovers; they had plighted their troth years ago, and now——. How could he go to her and tell her what had happened to her father? Would she reproach him for his cowardice? He did not well know what to do. And yet she must be told. He would go to her now and explain everything.

He met her coming along the almost muffled road, accompanied by her mother. Both women were deeply affected.

"And is it true, Angus, that father is drowned?" Mona enquired, bursting out into tears.

"Too true, too true," was the brief reply. And then he told them of the terrible experience of himself and his companions, of his narrow escape from drowning, and how he had drifted for miles until the darkness of the night vanished.

* * * *

It was summer and the Isle of Dreams wore its most bewitching smile. And yet a peculiar silence—a silence so often associated with weird happenings—pervaded the place. Down by the sea-shore stood Mona MacNeil, looking far out across the vast expanse of water. Aye, she was a dreamer like Angus Mackinnon—a visionary, a woman whose eyes were filled with strange sights which she never seemed to get rid of. Here, by the sea-shore, she had often paced to and fro along with stout-hearted Angus Mackinnon telling him to be of good cheer, to keep his eyes upwards, and never to lose faith and hope in the Author of their being.

To-day Mona MacNeil was alone. Since her father died the girl had become a brooder; sorrow had left its indelible mark upon her angelic face; it had entered into her heart of hearts—nay, it had blasted her brightest ideals. There she was, on that beautiful summer's day, standing as immovable as a statue, watching the waves gambol one with another.

"Sweet Isle of Dreams," she exclaimed. "Isle of my heart! You are dearer far than all the treasures at the bottom of Loch Noidart. Isle of my youth! Isle of Dreams! My——."

She stopped suddenly. A sudden gust of wind blew a pencilled note in her direction. Her cheeks crimsoned; there was a peculiar noise in her ears. She picked up the note from the shingle and read:—

"Dear Angus—when this letter reaches you I will be thousands of miles away from Scotland. Five years have lingered since last we met—to me they have been years of glorious hopes and to you——I wonder! But you were always a wanderer—always an incessant gleaner in the harvest fields of this uneventful life of ours. Did you not tell me when you were here at the University that you would never rest content until you had scoured the whole world? No wonder you call Veriskay the Isle of Dreams, for none other than yourself have made it so. And have your dreams been realised, love of my heart? Have you been able to say to yourself—this is the real life—this is something worth striving after? If not, your dreams have all been in vain.

And, now about myself, dearest. You and I were drawn together—by what? We were strangers when we met; we parted good friends, but the occasion was one of deep sorrow, to me at anyrate. How long have we been friends? Let me see. Yes; I met you five odd years ago. You were then eighteen and myself—— but what does it matter how old I was or am? I am a woman now—a little eccentric you may add, but still a woman. You must have attained to the coveted ranks of manhood by this, and I can imagine you, a tall broad-shouldered Celt, reclining on the glassy slopes of Ben Mhal, and trying to remember on all the pleasant times you spent when you donned the kilt and played with the lads. Those halcyon days!

What a host of things have happened since we parted! Maybe Veriskay is not the Veriskay of my youth; maybe death has been busy in the Isle of Dreams. The world has been in a whirl all the while. And I have often thought of my Angus—Angus with the swinging step and the proud, proud eyes. I always think of you when I am alone; I think of that night when I lied to you. Oh! yes, I told you a falsehood, but God will surely not punish me, because I am a good woman. That horrid lie! I never lie down to rest at night without thinking about it and—you! You will see by the signature at the end of this note that my real name is Catherine MacNeil. How can you ever forgive me for my untruthfulness? But I lied to you just because it was the best for both of us, Angus. I left Veriskay when you were a little fellow, and I have been away ever since. I never heard a word about the old people at home; they may be all dead and laid to rest by the sea. I am an outcast—I have friends, but their hearts are cold, and when you get this note, I shall be miles from my own sweet Isle of Dreams. It is best that it should be so. Although I am a woman, I am still young. I am going far, far away into the wilds of India with people whom I can understand. Pray for me, Angus—think of me at night when you sing the psalms, and I will think of you, dearest, living out there in the midst of beautiful scenes, and listening to the music of the birds and the drip! drip! of the pure rain.—Your old friend—Catherine."

* * * *

Darkness has stolen over the Isle of Dreams, and the atmosphere seems to smell strongly of —blood! The forms of frail little men flit to and fro, and there are little groups of sorrowful lads at gable ends.

"My God! is Mona dead?" asks Angus Mackinnon, excitedly—"Speak man, speak!"

"Aye, the lassie's dead," was the reply. "The minister's man found her doon at the sea quite dead. An' she had a letter in her han'."

"God!" exclaimed the affrighted youth, raising his hands. "Mona dead! That letter killed her. What a miserable wretch I have been!"

And three hours afterwards, when the heavens were bathed in the glorious light of the moon, Angus Mackinnon was seen hurrying from his unpretentious dwelling and proceeding towards the sea. The grim form of a shivering, heart-

broken, grey-haired woman appeared at the door of a cottage with a lighted candle in her hand. "Angus! Angus!" she cried against the wind, but there was no response, save the faint echo of that passionate cry.

MARGARET FRASER.

AM FEAR A RUG AN FHEANNAG.

CHUALA mi iad air ag radh ri balachan beag air dha bhi ag innseadh rudan nach bu choir dha tighinn thairis—"Is math nach robh thu leam an latha a rug mi an fheannaig." Cha robh an seanfhacal idir ùr dhomh, agus tha mi cinnteach nach mò a tha e ur do luchd-leughaidh an leabhair so, ach theagamh gu bheil cuid cho aineolach 'sa bha mi fhéin, an uair a chuala mi an toiseach e mu'n dòigh anns an do sgaoil an t-iomradh mu'n fhear a rug an fheannag. Ma's math mo chuimhne, is ann rud-eiginn mar a leanas a thachair a' chùis. Bha dà dhuine an Lathurna-iochdrach ag obair còmhla air latha àraidh, agus thoisich iad air bruidhinn mu'n mnaithean-pòsda, agus gu sonraichte na mnà aige fhéin, an aghaidh an fhir eile, a bha ag radh gu'n robh iad uile tuilleadh 's fada 's an teangaidh, agus nach fhac 's riamh té d'am b' urrainn rud a chumail uaigneach. Thuirt am fear eile ris a dhol dachaidh agus Màiri a chur gu deuchainn, agus ciod sam bith a dh'earbadh e rithe, chuir e geall gu'n innseadh i do na coimhearsnaich e. Air an rathad dhachaidh dh' amais Donnachadh socharach, bochd air feannaig mharbh, agus chuir e fo sgiobail i, a' cur roimhe cleas a thoirt à Màiri, agus e lan chinnteach, leis cho earbsach 's a bha e as a fireantachd, gu'm buidhneadh e an geall air Calum. An am dol a laidhe an oidhche sin, fhuair e an fheannag a thoirt do'n leabaidh leis gun fhios do Mhairi. Anns a' mhaduinn gabh e air a bhi ro-thinn agus gun chomas cas e chur fodha. Cha robh fhios ciod a' bha céarr, agus bha Donnachadh ann an cor truagh, agus ma bha, bha Màiri freasdalach, caoimhneil m'a thimchioll, agus fo iomaguin chruaidh. Fad an latha bha Donnachadh eadar tinneas is fiabhrus; ach mu chlaonadh an fheasgair, rinn e smèideadh air Màiri gu taobh a leapaich, agus ars' esan rithe ann an cagar—"O nach ann ormsa thàinig, ciod a ni mi, ciamar a bheir mi m' aghaidh a mach air dorus. Mo nàire 's mo losgadh." "Ciod air thalamh a thachair dhuit"; dh' fheòraich Màiri. "Nach mise a bhios na'm chulaidh-fhochaid ma chluinneas duine beo ciod a thàinig orm," thuirt esan gu buaireasach. "Ciod a' tha thu ciallachadh, a Donnachadh mo ghaoil," arsa Mairi; "ciod sam bith a th'ann cha ruig na coimhearsnaich leas fios fhaighinn air. Leig a' chluinntinn ciod a rinn thu." Tha nàire orm," ars esan, "an geall thu nach cluinn duine beo gu bràth e ma dh' innseas mi dhuit e?" "Cha chluinn gu dearbh," arsa Mairi; "b' olc an airidh gu'n sgaoilinnse tuaileas no droch iomradh air mo Dhonnachadh bochd—ciod a th'ann?" "Rug mi feannag," arsa Donnachadh, agus e ga tarruing a mach bho'n aodach. "Ciod a ni mi?" "O, mise? mise?" ghlaodh Mairi, "curaidh sinn am falach i, agus cha'n abair sinn facal ri duine bu bràth mu'n ghnothuch, air neo faodaidh sinn an dùthaich fhàgail." A chiad latha a chaidh Donnachadh a mach a dh'obair, thuirt Callum ris, "Seadh ma ta, nach d' thuirt mi riut. Ciamar tha an fheannag? A bheil fhios agad gu'n d' innis Màiri an gnothuch do'n mhnaoi agamsa an oidhche sin fhein ma'n deachaidh i a laidhe; agus faodaidh tusa bhi toilichte mur lean an t-ainm riut cho fad 's is beo thu—"Am fear a rug an fheannag." Chaill Donnachadh còir an geall, agus dh'fheumte aideachadh nach robh Mairi aige-san, math agus mar a bha i, eucomasach air rud a chumail uaigneach. Sin mar thoisich an seann ràdh—"Is math nach robh thu leam an latha a rug mi an fheannaig."

I. B. O.

HIGHLAND GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS.

I HAVE no doubt many of your readers are interested in some of the old Highland games and the rhymes associated with them. Perhaps the following may induce some of your readers to contribute others.—FIONN.

FALACH A' PHUTAIN.

A.—Cuir seachad so. Dé th'ann a so? Tha isean circe, 'sa chas briste, 's beirt air a mhuin.

B.—Cuir seachad so. Dé th'ann a so? Tha dà crann-lacha 's isean circe 'sa chas briste 's beirt air a mhuin.

C.—Cuir seachad so. Dé th'ann a so! Tha ceithir sraibh-muilcinn tri eòin ghura, da chrann-lacha, 's isean circe 'sa chas briste 's beirt air a mhuin.

D.—Cuir seachad so. Dé th'ann a so! Tha sia mucan-biadhta, coig fainneachain òir, ceithir sraibh-muilcinn, trì eòin ghura, dà chrann-lacha-'s isean circe 'sa chas briste 's beirt air a mhuin.

E.—Cuir seachad so. Dé th'ann 'an seo? Tha seachd gobhair ghioragacha, gharagacha, dhaite, sia mucan-baidhta, còig fainneachan òir, ceithar sraibh-muilcinn, trì eòin-ghura, dà chrann-lacha, 's isean-circe, 's a chas briste, 's beairt air a mhuin.

F.—Cuir seachd seo. Dé th'ann 'an so? Tha ochd cailleachan miogagacha, magagacha, màgach; seachd gobhair ghioragacha gharagacha dhaithte sia mucan-biadhta, coig fainneachan-

óir, ceithir sraibh-muilcinn, trì eoin-ghura, dà chrann-lacha, 's isean-circe, 's a chas briste, 's beairt air a mhuin.

G.—Cuir seachad seo. De th'ann an so?
Tha cóig gerrain diag dhubha, dhubha, dhughorm,
Ceithir capuill dhiag dhubha dhubha dhughoirm,
Le'n ceithir searraich dhaig dhubha dhubha dhughorm,
Tri mnathan diag geala, geala, geal bhréideach,
Dà ghille dhiag bhreac-luirgneach,
Aon-fheadag dhiag fhag-speireach;
Deich bà ceannfhionna croidheanna, cràcach;
Naoi tairbh mhaola, dhonna, choro-chluasach,
Ochd cailleachan miogagacha, magagacha, màgach.
Sia mucan-biadhta, cóig fainneachan óir,
Ceithir sraibh-muilcinn, tri eòin ghura
Dà chram-lach! 's isean circe, 's a chas briste,
'S beairt air a mhuin. Cuir seachad so.

In connection with fireside amusements there are several rhymes associated with "knocking-out" games. Here is one version of a favourite rhyme:—

LAORA-POCAN.

Laora-pocan, lara-pocan; pocan seipin; seipein Seònaid; dà mheur mheadhain; meur mhic Iain; Dùghall glas nach leigeadh às, a cheann 'sa chaola; caol na slaite; dhuine so, 'sa dhuin' ud eile; fhir so bhos na coise deise, stoc a stigh, an dalmag.

Here is a somewhat different version of the same rhyme:—

Iomadan beag, amadam beag, Gioba-gobha gioba-gabha, gioba-gall, gall-seipein, seipein siubhlach; aon bhò lleach dà mheur-mhadhoin, meur Mhic Iain, Dughall glas, 'ga leigeil as, an ceann 'sa chaolan, taobh na slaite, innse cruitean, aimhse meitein, boineid, a muigh, stoc a stigh!

Here is another rhyme used for "knocking-out" when playing at "forfeits." The company sit round the fire. The person on the right thrusts a green hazel stick into the red embers, and as soon as it begins to burn he pulls it out and repeats the following rhyme. If the flame expires before he ends the rhyme the holder of the stick pays a forfeit:—

GILL'-IODA-GOC.

Cha'n'eil clach no crann,
No maide caol cam,
'Sa choille ad thall,
Nach tuit mu d' cheann.
Ma leigeas tu bàs Gill'-ioda-goc.

FEUCH CO THEIR GUN STAD AIR ANAIL.

Deich amaill is deich tuill na'n deich cinn,

Naoi	...	naoi	...	naoi	...,
Ochd	...	ochd	...	ochd	...,
Seachd	...	seachd	...	seachd	...,
Sia	...	sia	...	sia	...,
Cóig	...	cóig	...	cóig	...,
Ceithir	...	ceithir	...	ceithir	...,
Trì	...	trì	...	trì	...,

Dà amall is dà thòll 'nan dà cheann,
Amall agus toll na cheann.
Cuir seachd so!

DEOCH GUN BHRIGH GUN BHLAS.

Is fhada on a chuala sinn an t-oran:—

"Tha buaidh air an uisge bheatha,
Tha buaidh air 's cha chòir a chleith,
Tha buaidh air an uisge bheatha,
'S gur ra-mhath teth is fuar e."

BHA am foirfeach bàn de'n cheart bheachd, ged nach fhaca duine riamh e 's barrachd aige 's a bha math dha. Cha robh uair a rachadh e do thigh a' mhinistear a shocrachadh cùisean na h-Eaglais nach tugadh am ministear gloinne math dha, is cha d-òl am foirfeach riamh làn gloinne gun altachadh a dheanamh, mur gu'm biodh e faotainn làn thràth. Bliadhna bha sin bha ùpraid mhór am measg sluaigh mu stuamachd, agus air do'n mhinistear mhór dol do Dhùn-Eideann gus an Ard-Sheanadh, nach do chuir iad impidh air e fhéin a cheangal ri Comunn na Stumachd. Tha mi creidsinn gu'n do ghiùlain eun beag an naidheachd so do'n sgìreachd mu'n do thill am ministeir. Co-dhiu, làtha no dhà an déigh dha tilleadh dhachaidh, chaidh am foirfeach bàn, mu bheul an fheasgair, a thadhal air a' mhinistear mar bu ghnàth leis, a dh' fhaotainn sgeul an Ard-Sheanaidh.

Chuir am ministear fàilte chridheil air agus dh' iarr e air suidhe, agus chaidh e mar a b' àbhaist dha do 'n chuilidh bhig a bh' ann an oisinn an t-seòmair, ach an àite botul dubh is gloinne beag a thoirt a mach 's ann a chlisg am foirfeach bàn 'nuair a chual e fuaim mur gu 'm biodh urchair gunna ann, agus a shìn am ministear dha gloinne mór a chumadh leth-bhodach 's é cur thairis le còbhragach, ag radh —"So a Dhòmhnuill, òl sin gu 'n anail, air neò caillidh e bhrìgh 'sa bhlas." Ghlac Dòmhnull na laimh e, ach mu'n do chuir e r'a cheann e thuirt esan gu tàmailteach ris a mhinistear—"Mo mhollachd air an deoch nach seas ris a' bheannachadh." Cha deachaidh an còrr a ràdh aig an am—thuig iad a chéile; 's tha iad ag ràdh—ged is ioma rud a bhitheas iad ag ràdh nach 'eil fior—ged a chum am ministear bóidean na Stuamachd mar bu dùth dha, nach do thairg e riamh na dhéigh deoch-chóbhragaich do Dhòmhnull, gu'n robh daonan deur beag 'sa bhotul dhubh a feitheamh air 'nuair a ruigeadh e am ministear.

Tha iad le chéile 'nan laidhe 'sa Chill-àluinn an diugh. An cuid de Phàrras dhaibh! 'S ann a' tilleadh o'n chill as déigh tiodhlacaidh an fhoirfich bhàin a dh' innis an gobhainn an naigheachd dhomh, agus ars' esan "ged a dh' innis an foirfeach bàn dhòmhsa an naigheachd ghuidh e orm a cumail dhomh fhéin, ach ars' esan—"A ghobhainn eadar-inn fhéin, is beag ormsa an deoch a dh' fheumas tu òl mar gu 'm biodh pùrgaid-thilgidh agad."

FIONN.

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, 1906.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Next issue completes our Fourteenth Volume, which makes the "Celtic Monthly" one year older than any previous Highland Magazine. Subscriptions for Volume XV. (4/- post free) are now due, and should be remitted at once to Mr. John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow.

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

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE REEL OF TULLOCH.

DEAR SIR,—I notice that Mr. Charles Stewart, in his "Killin Collection of Gaelic Songs," gives a somewhat different version of the details of story related in your last issue.

John Macgregor was set upon by eight men at St. Fillan's Market in the year 1700, at Killin. Being a very strong man and superior swordsman, he vanquished them all; but fled the district. He went to Strathspey, and there married Isobel Anderson. Next, twelve Breadalbane men went to attack him. He and his wife defended a barn with a gun and pistol, and discomfited the whole attacking party, after which the song and tune were composed, and the new Reel invented. Macgregor made several successful "creachs" in Breadalbane, and became a man of substance and the progenitor of the famous Dr. Gregory, who compounded the equally famous "Mixture."—Yours, etc.,

Glen Devon, 17th July 1906. K. MATHESON IX.

HIGHLAND REGIMENTAL COLOURS AND UNIFORM.

[THE following letter from an officer in an English Regiment in India, a member of an old landed Reay country family, will doubtless interest many of our readers.—EDITOR.]

THE REAY FENCIBLES' COLOURS.

In the book "Sutherland and the Reay Country" there is a plate with the colour of the Reay Fencibles, "which now hangs in St. Giles, Edinburgh." However, we have in our family a pair of colours which were carried by the Reay Fencibles in Ireland. From what the aged Misses Scobie of Smoo said, and my late father also, they seem to have been made by the wife of Major John Scobie for the regiment. The first of our colours has the Thistle and motto and the Union in the corner, the other has the Thistle and Roses intertwined, with "Reay Fencible Highlanders" on a scroll below; both are blue, or rather now a bluish grey owing to age. How then is there a set and a half, for I presume there is only one colour hanging in St. Giles, as the plate mentioned above only depicts one as "the colour of the Reay Fencibles"? If you could find out about it I should be glad, and the matter may be of interest to many Mackays also. My father knew their history well, but as he died when I was quite young, I never fully got to know the facts. I hope to clear up this mystery sometime when I get home and can go into it. One is so exiled and handicapped out here.

NEW WORK ON THE BAGPIPE.

By-the-bye, have you heard yet anything about the new book on the Pipes, which I was told was being brought out by Dr. Fraser, Falkirk. If you have heard anything about it, please let me know. It should be an exhaustive work, as the writer is a well-known authority and performer on the pipes.

I ALWAYS WELCOME THE "CELTIC"

every month, but there is one thing I have missed of late, and that is the absence of photos, etc., in it. However, I hope you will get hold of some soon. Photos, etc., lend such an additional interest and finish to a paper, especially such fine ones as you have had up to lately in *The Celtic*. I'm very glad to see that it flourishes so well, and long may it occupy its position as the foremost Magazine for the Highland race!

I read the letters on the

MODERN HIGHLAND DRESS

with interest, but I hardly agree with powder horns or pistols nowadays. It is making a *fancy dress* of our grand national costume! It recalls a story I heard in Oban once. At the Oban Meeting balls a 'Saxon' lady saw some of the Highland gentlemen adorned with these same powder horns, and anxiously inquired if they were used for carrying whisky in! About the modern dress of Highland regiments, I don't know if you ever read an article in the "United Service Magazine" of August, 1904, treating of this subject. It is an exceedingly good article, written by someone who knew what he was talking about, and I advise you to read it if you can get hold of it.

MACMILLANS OF URQUHART.—My ancestor, John MacMillan, with his wife (Christiana MacIntosh), left Kilmore, Parish of Urquhart, Inverness-shire, in July, 1774. I am anxious to learn what family he came from, and whether any relatives are there now. Can any of your readers assist me with information?

Kansas, U.S.A. A. T. M'MILLAN.

MEMO. RELATIVE TO THE CAMPBELLS OF KILMARTIN, ARGYLLSHIRE.

(Drawn up in reply to an enquirer.)

By CAPTAIN DOUGLAS WIMBERLEY.

THE lands of Kilmartin, in the parish of that name, appear to have belonged to Campbells of three different families between the early part of the seventeenth century and the middle of it.

I. The first of these three appear to have held church lands and been designed "Parsons of Kilmartin."

In 1617, Master Neil Campbell, parson of Kilmartin, leased to Archibald Campbell of Kilmorie and Catherine his wife the lands of two-fourths of the parsonage and vicarage of the Chapel of Kilbryde at Lochfyneside, which were part of the parsonage of Kilmartin.

In 1627 Alexander Campbell was decreed heir to his father, Master Neil Campbell, whom we may fairly take to be "the Parson of Kilmartin" in the lands of Auchynd in the Barony of Ardskeodnish, extent 3 merks, with office of bailie in the said lands £8 3s. 4d., in the lands of Kilmartin and Ardskeodnish of the old extent of £5, viz.—the 3 merks lands of Glencharn, 3 merks of Fernoch, 20 penny lands of Laggan with the office of bailie of these lands, the lands called the Clerk's Aiker, all the tenements, as well houses as grounds or gardens of the town called the Clachan of Kilmartin, in Ardskeodnish, of the extent of 24 bolls victual, and the lands of Ormaig, old extent 4 merks (see *Origines Parochiales*, p. 94).

In 1629, or thereby, we find in the Valuation of the Presbytrie of Argyle, under Parish of Kilmartine, the lands of Kilmartin, Laggan, Auchafin, Ormaige, and Largyes over and nether, pertaining to Alex. Campbell of Kilmartin, *assessed* for parsonage and vicarage teyndis, and the lands of Auchinellan pertaining to Mr. Donald Campbell, Minister, assessed for both parsonage and vicarage teynd. In the same valuation there is mentioned of Archibald, Lord Lorne, as undoubted patron of the Kirk of Kilmartin; of the said Mr. Donald Campbell, *Person* (sic), and vicar of the said Kirk and titular of three-quarters of the teindis belonging to the said Laic patronage; of the said Alex. Campbell of Kilmartin as tacksman and possessor of the fourth quarter of the said Teindis called the Bishop's quarter be Tacks and right thereof proceeding from the Bishop of Lismoir, titular of the same; and of the lands of Kilmichael Beig, pertaining to Archibald Campbell of Kilmorie, by and within the said parish of Kilmartin assessed for teynds.

In the same Valuation, under Kilmichael Glasstrie, Alex. Campbell of Kilmartin is assessed for lands of Ardarie, and under Parish of Kilchrennan for Narrachan and others. [*All which at a later period formed part of the Kilmartin Estate.*]

In 1639 the above-named Mr. Donald Campbell was settled as the first Presbyterian minister in parish of Kilmartin (New Statistical Account), but apparently his contemporary, Alex. Campbell, Kilmartin, who was son of Mr. Neil Campbell, and was served heir to the latter in certain lands in 1627 was of a different family perhaps that of Neil Campbell, who was chosen Bishop of the Isles in 1632 and deposed in 1638; this Neil, according to *Grub's Ecclesiastical History*, was minister of the Parish of Kilmichael before he became a Bishop, and son of Neil Campbell who was appointed Bishop of Argyll about 1580. Mr. Neil Campbell is described in the Valuation of Tiends, Kilmichael, in 1629, as "present minister of said parish, parson and vicar thereof," and again as "Mr. Neil Campbell, Titular."

Further we find, by the Retours of Service of Heirs, Master Neil Campbell of Kilmartin, served heir to Alexander, his father, in the 2 merk land of old extent of Ardarie within the Lordship of Glasrie in 1659; and later Neill Campbell, quondam of Kilmartin, now of Auchinellan, mentioned in the Session Records of 1693.

[In my opinion, this Neil and his father, Alexander, were probably ancestors of the Campbells, Auchinellan.—D. W.]

II. But from this Neill Campbell the lands of Kilmartin seem to have *passed* in 1673 to *another* Neill Campbell, apparently laird of Duntroon, for in 1674 the Earl of Argyll, on the resignation of *Neill Campbell of Duntroon*, granted among other lands the £5 lands of Kilmartine to Archibald Campbell of Inveraw.

III. *Archibald Campbell of Inveraw* in the same year granted a charter of these lands to Alexander Campbell, his brother, and the heirs male of his body, which failing to Dougall Campbell, his brother german, and the heirs male of his body, which failing to return to Archibald Campbell of Inveraw and the heirs male of his body.

Archibald Campbell of Inveraw, and Alexander Campbell, who thus got Kilmartin, were not full brothers.

Their father, Dougall Campbell of Inveraw, married, first, Agnes or Agneta (according to others Anne), daughter of Sir Robert Campbell of Glenfalloch (who later succeeded his brother as "of Glenorchy") probably in 1633, and had issue by her:—1. Archibald, his successor; Duncan, evidently of Cruinachie; 3. Dougall; 4. John

Dougall married secondly Agnes M'Neill, and had by her Alexander, who became of Kilmartin.

I have various extracts from the Sasine Registers showing how Archibald Campbell of Inveraw acquired that property (viz., Inveraw) under a charter of alienation granted by John Campbell, fiar of Glenurchy, with consent of Sir Robert Campbell of Glenurchy, his father, viz.—the lands of Crunachie, Glens and Barrhallachan, Barmaddie, Innerguiseachan (this name occurs a little below as Inver-guyssagan), and Kinloch Etive, in all 8 pound land of old extent in Lorne, as held by him from Archibald, Marquis of Argyll. Signed at Inveraray and Balloch, 6th and 10th December 1649.

Also the right of Reversion, confirmed by Dougall Campbell of Inverawe, for himself and as administrator in law for his lawful sons, Duncan, John, and Alexander Campbell, according to contract betwixt said Dougal Campbell of Inverawe and John Campbell, Fiar of Glenorchy, with consent of Sir Robert Campbell, whereby for 8000 merks paid by said Dougall Campbell, one half for said Duncan and the other half for John and Alexander equally, the said John Campbell, Fiar of Glenorchy, disponed to said Dougall Campbell, and to his said sons in these proportions, after his decease, the lands of Crunachie, Glenoe, and Barhallachan, Barmaddie and Inver-guyssagan and Kinloch Etive, under reversion for 8000 merks Scots. (Fiar means possessor *in fee*).

INVERAWE remains in the possession of these Campbells of Inverawe and their descendants, and is now the property of Mrs. Campbell, Dunstaffnage.

But KILMARTIN was made over by Archibald Campbell of Inverawe to his half-brother Alexander Campbell, as appears below.

Archibald got a charter from Archibald Earl of Argyll, of the 5 pound land of Old Extent of Kilmartin in Ariskeodnish, viz.:—3 merk land of Glenavernan, 3 merk land of Fernach, 20/ each of Laggane with the town and clachan of Kilmartin, dated 30th May 1674.

Then, Alexander Campbell, eldest lawful son of umquhil Dougal Campbell of Inverawe, procreat betwixt him and umquhil Janet M'Neil, his spouse, on charter granted by Archibald Campbell, now of Inverawe, to said Alex. Campbell and the heirs male of his body, whom failing Dougal Campbell, brother german of said Alex. Campbell and the heirs male of his body, whom failing said Archibald Campbell of Inverawe, and the heirs male of his body, and his assignees, of heritably and irradeemably the 5 pound land of Old Extent of Kilmartin in Ariskeodnish, 3 merk land of Glencavernan, 3 merk land of Fernathie, 20/ of Laggan—the town and clachan of Kilmartin: the manor place of Kilmartin, 3 merk land of Auchynend in Barony of Ariskeoduith with office of Bailliary of said lands: also 3½ merk land of Upper Largie, and 3½ merk land of Lower Largie. Signed at Inveraray, 7th July 1674, by Archibald Campbell of Inverawe before John Campbell, his brother german. Zachary MacCallum of Poltalloch, and Donald Campbell, in Inverinan witness seisin, 25th March 1675.

1. Alexander of Kilmartin died probably about 1686.
2. Alexander of Kilmartin, his son, married probably Catherine, daughter of Donald Campbell, Ardintallan; died probably 1729.
3. Dugald of Kilmartin, his son, married———; died about 1768.
4. Margaret, his daughter, married her cousin, Dugald of Barmaddy, afterwards of Cruachan.
5. Colin Mor, her son, married Duncan Campbell, daughter of Campbell of Combie; died 1811.
6. Dugald, his son, born 1779, married Helen Lamont Campbell; died 1827. No issue.
7. John of Kilmartin, brother of Dugald, married Mary Hemsworth; died 1856. No issue.
   (7. John sold the Argyllshire Estate and pur- Blackhall on Deeside, or rather the Kilmartin Trustees did so, under an entail.)
8. Colin of Kilmartin, nephew of two last, son of Alexander (brother of Dugald and John), married Helen Charlotte Campbell, his cousin, daughter of Maj. Neil Campbell, the brother of 7. Dugald and 8. John.
9. Alexander Douglas of Kilmartin, only son of Colin and Helen Charlotte, married Isabella Macdonald, daughter of John Robertson, Greshornish, Skye; died 22nd July 1901.
10. Colin Olaf Macdonachie, had two brothers died young, and has a sister.

Alexander Douglas Campbell, under provisions of a recent act affecting entails, sold the property to which he succeeded, viz.:—Blackhall, otherwise Kilmartin, on Deeside, in the County of Kincardine—which had been purchased by Col. John Campbell, marked 7 on other side, after selling the old family Estate of Kilmartin in Argyllshire, to Poltalloch, and A. D. Campbell purchased a small property in Glenurquhart, Inverness-shire, to which he transferred the name of Kilmartin: he left this property to his widow.

CAMPBELLS OF INVERAW.

Colin, Earl of Argyll, granted a charter of the Searjeandice of Over Lochow, with fees and profits thereof, with a precept of Sasine relative to an old charter thereof, with seasin following to his beloved cousine, Dugald Campbell, in which he is designed of "Inveraw."—Dated 20th December 1486.

There is also Transumpt of a charter granted by Archibald, Earl of Argyll, to Archibald, sone and apparend air to umquhile Dowgall Campbell MacDonche of Inveraw, makand mention that the said umqh. Dowgall in his lifetime obtenit ane chartour and seasings of said landis, Salmond fishings, &c., conform to

the evidents of umquh. Archibald Campbell, father to said umquh. Dowgall. These presents were in confirmation to our beloved cousin, Dougald Campbell, son and apparent heir of Archibald Campbell of Inveraw.—Dated 30th July 1561.

CAMPBELLS OF DUNTROON.

M'Dhonnachie-Mhor, or Campbell of Duntroon. This family is by some supposed to be really descended from a natural son of Colin of Lochawe (died 1390), but the tradition of a special brotherly alliance between it and the families of Dunstaffnage and Melfort, in accordance with which, on the death of any one of the three, the two others laid the one the head and the other the feet of the deceased in the grave, seems to argue a very ancient community of interest, if not of descent.

Of Duntroon the Campbells of Raschoilly, Oib; Tayness, Knap, and Rudale, were cadets —(The late Principal Campbell's account of the Clan Iver).

With reference to the above, I got the following many years ago.

The family of *Dunstaffnage* is descended from Dugald Mor, son to Colin Iongantach, Knight of Lochow, by his second wife. *Duntroon* is descended from Duncan, a younger son of same Colin: *Melfort* is descended from Sir Colin Oig, grandfather to Colin Iongantach.

INVERNESS, 13*th July* 1906.

STRATHNAVER NO MORE.

Bonnie Strathnaver, extinct are the fires
That glowed on the hearths of our true-hearted sires,
Where we sat at the gloaming and learned at the knee
The deeds of the Clan in the days of the free.

Red-handed Oppression, that calls itself Law,
Has swept through the land, spreading havoc and awe;
And, fierce as a whirlwind, laid low in the dust
The sheltering homes of the brave and the just;

Laid low to the earth the abodes of the men
That once were the glory and pride of the glen,
Who fought for their country when Duty appeal'd
And Victory summoned her sons to the field.

Brave men and true women were fruits of the line,
And grew on our moors in the old happy time,
Ere the land was considered God's gift to the few
With absolute right to possess and subdue;

Ere hucksters succeeded the noble and brave,
And robbed us alike of a home and a grave,
And cared not for harvests of barley and corn,
While deer could be hunted and sheep could be shorn;

While cattle and grouse could be turned into gold,
And men like our fathers, those heroes of old,
Brave in heart, strong in hand, clear of purpose and head,
Were worthless as merchandise, living or dead.

So the cot was pulled down, and laid waste the kail yard,
And turned into wilderness fruitless and hard
For the sheep or the deer and the shy ptarmigan—
For anything, everything, rather than man.

Bonnie Strathnaver! we see thee in dreams,
Thy craigs and thy corries, thy braes and thy streams;
We tread the green heath, we clamber the Bens,
And wail for the woe of the desolate glens,

And think of the time when a perishing realm,
That rivals invade and that foes overwhelm,
Shall call, but in vain, for the aid unsuborned
Of the men it misgoverned, insulted, and scorned:

Shall call, but in vain, in its right of endeavour,
For the help it has banished for ever and ever,
Of the clansmen, the noble, the strong and the brave,
Who wander afar o'er the wild western wave.

Strathnaver! Strathnaver! farewell evermore,
We're banished afar from thy beautiful shore;
But cherish the hope through all sorrow and pain
That Right shall be Might in Strathnaver again

CHARLES MACKAY.

IN THE GARDEN OF PEACE.

(To the ever sweet memory of our beloved Mother.)

O, mother! our dearest and best, our sore hearts are crying for thee still,
In the garden of peace thou art sleeping, my sweet, on the brow of the hill;
Where the sound of the swift-flowing Spean disturbs not thy beautiful dream;
For the soul that was pure as white heather, hath passed o'er life's turbulent stream.

O, dark was the night when we parted, in the chill of the cold winter's snow,
At rest though we knew thee beloved! the salt tears of sorrow would flow,
As we looked on the dear chair so empty, and thought on the days we must thole;
The smile on the lips that had kissed us, God's seal on the peace of thy soul.

Through the dark vale of tears where we wander alone as we seek thee in vain,
O, mother our dearest! be with us thine orphans in joy or in pain:
As ever thy kind heart received us, look down from thy bright starry throne,
For the light of thy faith is before us, around our life memories grown.

In the land that had loved thee, thou blessing of the sick and the sorrowful ones,
By the snows, in the mountains thou sleepest, watched o'er by Lochaber's true sons:
Since the day when they bore thee so gently to rest on the pine covered hill,
With the wail of the 'Piobaireachd' before thee by the sound of the waters grown still.

In the trust of our clan who watch o'er thee in the garden of peace with our dead,
'Mid the heather and snows we have laid thee, God's sunshine so soft on thy bed;
Our souls are in unison 'meudhail,' tho' severed the frail silver cord,
With thy priceless true soul beyond rubies at rest in the arms of our Lord.

London. ALICE C. MACDONELL of Keppoch.

THE OLAN MAOLEOD.

By Hugh Macleod, Writer, Glasgow.

(Continued from page 188.)

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

Montrose was one of the most remarkable men of his own or any day. A Cromwell, but different from him as day is from night. He was one of those meteors that flit across the political sky with dazzling brilliancy, to be seen at intervals in all the ages. He had a few short hours of glory, assuredly in his case "worth a cycle of Cathay." His

FINAL CONFLICT,

which was his undoing, took place on 27th April, 1650, at Carbisdale. Montrose himself had his horse shot under him, and, according to the chronicles of the time, was covered with wounds. The latter may very well be doubted, but it is certain Montrose lost all his baggage, including his papers, while, according to the veracious Gordon of Sallagh, "the countrie men "of Rosse and Sutherland continued the kill-"ing of such as escaped from the battle many "dayes thereafter!" Messrs. Murdoch and Simpson, the editors and authors of "Deeds of Montrose," who hesitate not to apply every particle of evidence, real or apocryphal, to the end of condemning MacLeod, have failed to get any authentic account of the circumstances attending Kinnoull's death. Yet one would expect the contrary. But nothing was to be gained by investigating that fact; far more by detailing the number of hairs on the "golden head." The anonymous author of *Montrose Redivivus* is very emphatic that Montrose knew Neil MacLeod well, and expecting to find friendship at his hands, willingly disclosed his identity—"the lord of Aston being greedy of "the reward." But Robert Monteith, who published in 1661 an account of the events, states quite explicitly that it was Sinclair of Brims who *betrayed* Montrose. No doubt there is frequent reference in Sir James Balfour's Annals and in the Acts of Parliament to a money payment being made to MacLeod, but if one were to hazard an opinion without a careful scrutiny and collation of the original papers one would conclude that this refers merely to compensation for the laxity of the Government in punishing the "Clan Menzie, Clan Kay, and "the Laird of Glengarey," who had "spoyled "his countrey." The reverend gentlemen—already referred to—who wrote the "Deeds of Montrose," true to' their honourable calling, while sneering at Wodrow, yet emulate him—if they don't surpass him, and Burnet and Wishart *et hoc genus omne* in the violence of their language and the rancour of their deductions concerning Assynt, while they fulsomely glorify their idol, him of the "golden head." These gentlemen nonchalantly hurl charges of "base greed, rapine, treachery, bloodshed, no "religion apart from self-interest," and such-like against Highlanders of the 17th century, yet they calmly forget that similar charges, and worse, are laid at the door of that hybrid communion, the Episcopal Church of Scotland, of which they seem to be bright ornaments. They would do well to wipe off the slate the terrible tales of the sufferings of the Covenanters before they seek for the main-springs of Highland politics in, to use their own elegant phraseology, "the obscure and repulsive annals "of petty feuds." Be that as it may, however, I said we would leave Neil alone—at least, for a while—and I shall now proceed to show what the end of "the excommunicat traitor of 1650" was, for it is more on account of the treatment—rather the barbarous treatment after death—which Montrose received which caused all this obloquy to be cast upon Neil MacLeod, rather than any share which the latter may be assumed to have had in his fate. And this is how the subject is treated by a historian of Scotland, who, whatever else his merits, is credited with impartiality. I mean

JOHN HILL BURTON.

He says:—"It is between those who remain true to a cause and those who break from it that political hatred finds growth for its direct strength . . . The deserter, traitor, renegade, apostate, or whatever other name he may be called by, has no claim to the courtesies due to the consistent and natural enemy. To Huntly, Haddo, Airlie and their kind, Papists and Prelatists, something was due that could not be granted to him who had stood foremost for the Covenant, and had banded a horde of cut-throat savages against the Covenanters, &c. He might say he went with his friends of the Covenant until he found them choosing devious courses, still he was the man who had stood foremost among the children of God, and was now serving under his true master, the Devil." That, of course, is the view the Covenanters took of the matter, but, while holding these fierce views we must consider their times, and we must also remember the fact that political necessity, much more than personal rancour, dictated the course which they followed concerning Montrose. It is true that the tragedy was not performed with all the decorum which marks similar events of a later day, and that "ribaldries and humiliations, unsuited to so "solemn an occasion, were heaped upon the victim," but then, as Hill Burton says, that was an "ungraceful habit of the day in which the Covenanters took their free share."

A COMMISSION OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY consisting of, among others, James Guthrie and Hugh MacVail, attended upon Montrose on the scaffold "to bring him to repentance," but as Montrose would have none of their importunities and prayers the sentence of excommunication passed on him was not relaxed, and they left him, as their Sentence reads, with sad hearts "under that sentence until the judgement of the great God, under the fearful impression of that which is bound on earth God will bind in Heaven." Guthrie and MacVail not long after shared the same fate as martyrs on the side of the Covenant. This may be away from my subject proper, but it may interest you to know how Montrose appeared on the scaffold: "He was very richly clad in fine scarlet, laid over with rich silver lace, his hat in hand, his golden hat band, his bands and cuffs exceeding rich, his delicate white gloves on his hands, his stockings of incarnate silk, and his shoes, with their ribbons, on his feet, and sarks provided for him with pearling about, above ten pounds the ell. All these were provided for him by his friends, and one pretty cassock put on upon him upon the scaffold wherein he was hanged." That was on the 21st of May 1650, and the place the Mercat Cross in the High Street of Edinburgh.

'Twere idle now to recount the barbarities which accompanied his execution. These were in all conscience inglorious enough. On 7th January 1661, his trunk was raised from under the gallows on the Burgh Moor and on 11th May following, the body, excepting his heart, was consigned to rest in St. Giles Cathedral with all the pomp and ceremony befitting a king. In the words of his latest biographers—"He now became a candidate for immortality, changing this poor mortal life for the life of eternal bliss." So let us hope.

It was my intention to deal with one or two other notable members of the Clan MacLeod, and in particular, with Norman XIX. of MacLeod, and endeavour to clear his name and memory of the charges and accusations laid against him by Murray of Broughton and Andrew Lang and others, but that must be left for another occasion. Meantime, then, we take leave of one of the most remarkable families in Britain, remarkable as regards their ancient and unbroken lineage, remarkable as regards their learning and military prowess in ancient and modern days, remarkable as regards their love and patronage of the sisters arts of poetry and music, but most remarkable in recent times in respect of their extraordinary gifts of poetry and oratory, not alone in Gaelic, but in English and classical literature. Of no other clan or family that I know of can it be said that their chiefs, for at least 700 years, dwelt under the one roof and transmitted that chiefship down to the present day in one unbroken descent, practically from father to son, for 23 generations, and those of us who know the present Chief will, I feel sure, wish him and the next 23 generations at least undiminished lustre.

(Concluded.)

NOTE.—*By the courtesy of the Editor a further series of the MacLeod papers may appear hereafter.*

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

THE following translation of this popular song is the work of a Mr. MacLeod, a native of Lewis, who was resident in Barrow-on-Furness some thirty years ago:—

AM CRUINNEACHADH NAM BO.

O, éisdibh uile bhuachaillean,
Tha gluasad feadh a' ghlinn,
Is innsidh mi sgeul-rùin dhuibh
Nach tuig an cùirteir grinn,
Ciod e an ni 's mò sòlas
A dh' iarradh duine beò?
'Se e bhi sùgradh ri nigh'n bhòideach
Aig am cruinneachadh nam bò,

Aig am cruinneachadh nam bò,
Aig am cruinneachadh nam bò,
Eadar liath-fheasgar 's an dorch,
Aig am cruinneachadh nam bò.

Cha 'n ann fo thiodal diùca,
'S cha 'n ann fo chrùn an rìgh,
Cha 'n ann air uiridh bheilbheid,
No air leab' iteag ghrinn
'S ann fo sgeith na beathaig sgaoiltich,
Gun smaoin mu neach tha beò
Ach mo chaileag bhòidheach, ghaolach,
Aig am cruinneachadh nam bò.

Nach staireach a tha 'm buachaill' ud
'Mall-ghluasad bruach an t-sleibh?
Tha chaoirich anns a' bhuaile
'S tha uain 'nan suain gu seimh;
Ach cha 'n urr' e dhol gu tàmh,
Oir tha chrì 'na lasair bheò,
'Dol an coinneamh 'chaileag àluinn
Aig am cruinneachadh nam bò.

Tha deàrrsadh anns an t-sùil aig,
A nochdas rùn a chrì',
Tha fior ghaol anns gach cagar,
Agus aighear anns gach aoibh;
Co roghnaicheadh dha crùn
Le chuid cunnart, cliù is sògh
'S a thréigeadh cruinneag bhòidheach
Aig am cruinneachadh nam bò.

Beir uam le cliù is saibhreas
Ciod an t-aoibhneas a bheir iad?
'S na h-uile ni d'an gnàth
Bhi 'cuir 'ur trioblaidean am meud,
Thoir dhomhs' a ni's mò sòlas
Bha riamh aig crì' gun ghò;
Mo chaileag laghach, bhòidheach
Aig am cruinneachadh nam bò.

CHIEFTAINSHIP AND THE CLANS.

By Wm. J. Thomas.

(Continued from page 199.)

Mr. MacRitchie, fortunately unaware of the existence of humanity in Africa, Asia, or America, discovered them to be the fairy-folk; and Dr. Macbain, following others, considers *Find* as "*probably* the incarnation (!) of the chief deities of the Gaels, and his band of heroes as a kind of terrestrial Olympus." Doubtless the author's mind at the time when it considered this would have approached closely an ideal proto-plastic incarnation! Then as regards the Fir Bolgs,

DR. MACBAIN

flounders happy-go-lucky along in the following fashion:—"The Fir Bolgs, the earth-powers most probably," it is said, "are harassed by the sea-powers, the giant Fomorian race, while the Tuatha De Danann overcome them both and assert themselves clearly as the Gaelic gods" (Inv. Gael. Soc. Trans. x. 218). The Fir Bolgs are clearly earth-powers or sea-powers; at last the dark-faced savages may rest securely in an upper sphere, safe from the bite of the tempter, free from the bickerings of an evil world.

"Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Fir Bolgs take the highest station!
O what joy the sight affords!"

For the nonce we allow them to be earth-powers, "placed alongside," wearily continues Dr. MacBain, "the Dagda and his compeers in whom

MODERN RESEARCH

(*sic*) recognises the old deities of the Gael." We cannot but apply to "Modern Research" the dictum which "Prehistoric Times" applied to something or some one else,—"a sweeping statement withal, yet the thoughtful finding of an eminently studious and dispassionate mind." Let us quote no more. Procrastination may be the thief of time, but quoting is doubly so as regards paper and inky energy. Returning to our original assumption. Though the celestial hallucination may appear romantic, though the sagest "swelled head" may deny the earthly existence in Scotland of a dark-featured, protruding-stomached Fir Bolg population whose lofty civilization was much superior to the elephant's or chimpanzee's, it remains indisputable that there was a real substratum of non-Aryan populations on which rested the upper and more complicated strata of Pictish, Gaelic and Saxon economies. The four strata are easily distinguishable because they were laid down under economic conditions differing in each case. Separately they are able to produce evidence characteristic of the period and race represented. Hence they all agree in being fossilferous, thus presenting a marked contrast to the present age which, paradoxical as it may seem, produces innumerable living fossils of a truly rural type.

The stratum of non-Aryan populations would, as an unconformity, without the least improbability, show strong evidence of unequal tension and wherever the pressure from the upper decreased, that from the lower would correspondingly increase. This, however, would be local, and not spread over a large area. Were it not local, it would mean something more than an ordinary unconformity. So in the same way, when we find the village-community purely local, and obtruded amongst a younger

FORMATION OF TRIBAL-HOLDINGS,

it naturally follows that Aryan pressure has there been less. Non-Aryan influence, therefore, would be local only and not general. Wherever it would cease to be local, it would simultaneously cease to be of unquestioned non-Aryan origin. Economically considered, of course, the continuance of the influence of the non-Aryan village-community would, among Picts or Gaels, vary with the degree of economic dependence of the conquerors.

All branches of the Aryan Picts were, for instance, not economically independent of the "submerged tenth." Nennius in his 'Historia Britonum' says of them, that they "conquered Alba, the noble nurse of fruitfulness, without destroying the people or their houses, from the region of Cat to Forcu," from which we are justified in drawing the inference that as the Pict preceded the Gael in Scotland, so had the agricultural Fir Bolg with his village-community, preceded the later Pictish immigrant. What the Picts had to face was an enemy as real as a Kaffir. When they did fight, they did not struggle against earth-powers, vapouring sea-powers, Gaelic gods, or unspeakable pre-historic times!

Therefore it is that from many such like inferences and expressions in old texts, one may readily conclude that tradition had already assigned a definite place to a population having a civilisation distinct from either that of

THE PICT OR THE GAEL.

The one could not then be wholly included in the other, since the manner of thought, customs, and modes of subsistence differed essentially in each case. Only, indeed, after time had smoothed away the bitterness of national rancour, and had obliterated—or almost so—the memories of ancient animosities and racial feuds, would the Pict become united with the Fir Bolg he understood not, and thus allow the later Gaelic superimposed population to confuse

the genuine Celtic traditions of the Picts with those styled "Indo Fir Bolgian," because the common property of a limited group of races dispersed in four continents. And as this limited group possesses the village-community proper, and is, besides, agricultural, it is impossible under the circumstances to make an exception of the Scottish Fir Bolg. The Scottish Fir Bolg, who spoke his own language in Argyleshire as well as in the wilds of Galloway, even later than the second century A.D., possessed the village-community. He was undoubtedly a husbandman living on the fruits of his industry. And though with the advent of the Celt agricultural Alba changed anew into pastoral Alba, and the warring Celtic shepherd of the plains drove out the unfortunate Fir Bolg or left him with nothing save "gloomy memories" or a primitive Caschrom with an exchange-value of a deadly rural fossil or a carbolicised Celtic scholar of the Iona School; nevertheless, in subsequent ages, the older population would not be wholly forgotten; somewhere there would remain (as they do) the marks of primitive agricultural implements which would assuredly point to the existence of early tillage of the soil and at the same time to the presence of the agricultural communities.

All this being so, to prove that

THE PICTS WERE 'NON-ARYANS'

(that is, of Indo Fir Bolgian blood), it is necessary to prove *first*, from the economic side, that they were an agricultural race, and therefore living in village-communities; *secondly*, that they lived in the Totemistic stage of society, and therefore universally in matriarchal, according to the Totemic laws governing the relationship of the sexes among other races; *thirdly*, that from philological considerations, the compounding and agglutination of all Pictish indeclinable substantives follow the proper constructive laws of Indo Fir Bolgian comparative grammar. A substantive, therefore, in order to be genuinely Pictish (*i.e.*, "non-Aryan") must, after being tested by an Indo Fir Bolgian phonetic law, be common to the limited class of languages in non-Aryan India, Central and Southern Africa, as well as to the massive non-Aryan vocabulary of ancient Europe.

Of course all this would lead to disprove that the Scottish Fir Bolg was a myth, a fairy, a Fenian, a Pict or a Gael, and at the same time would prove that the Fenian, Fomorian, Pict or Gael were not Fir Bolgs. Now, however, that we are delving more particularly into Pictish economics, let us for the present assume with the majority of modern 'Pictish cobwebs' that the Picts are "non-Aryans" or "pre-Aryans"; "non-Celtic" or "pre-Celtic"—that is, let us, according to the following authorities, agree that the Picts are of Indo-Fir Bolgian origin.

A redintegrated Monsieur in a volume called 'Les premiers habitants de l'Europe,' and which from internal evidence appears to have been written in pre-Aryan times, makes the remarkable discovery that the 'autochthonous non-Aryans' of ancient Europe were troglodytes; quotes Æschylus, Virgil and the Bible to clinch arguments (Ossian's doggerel would have done quite as well!); feels convinced of the justice of his cause, and the wisdom of his heart as he nods contentedly in his 'Lost Atlantis'; and finally declares them Finns, Cyclopes, Pelasgians, Cretans, Etruscans, and so on, wasting thereby the extent of his vocabulary and the fertility of his imagination.

ANOTHER WRITER (PROF. ZIMMER),

finds that the "Picts formed the pre-Aryan (pre-Celtic) primitive population of Britain and of Ireland. On British soil they had been subdued and Celticized in the last quarter of the first century of our era, with the exception of the independent tribes of Caledonia." Euphemistic Mr. MacRitchie knows too well that the "connection between Fians, Fairies, and Picts is well marked," and sagely confesses that he is "struck up" to find anyone disagreeing. Prof. Rhys tells us, with few qualms of conscience, that the "study of language (non-Aryan Oghams!) and institutions suggests the view that the earliest inhabitants were of a non-Aryan race, namely, that represented probably by the Picts of history." This dictum is unfortunately repeated. Nevertheless, his "Welsh People" may with justice be set beside its neighbourly 'Premiers Habitants.' To both may we apply one of 'Prehistoric Times'' dicta: "Cast up like flotsam and jetsam in a late age and treasured in the high places of learning, they both add a lustre and a glory now to our ancient language and literature which we would otherwise in vain desiderate."

(To be continued.)

AN AUTUMN DAY.—LOOH LONG.

Across the lonely loch the heron flies,
The rowans red bend o'er the waters blue;
High hills are set 'gainst background of blue skies,
Soft shadows clothe them in deep purple hue.

Fain would I keep the mem'ry in my heart—
The mem'ry of the sunlight on the hills,
Where sweet the heather grows, and sunbeams dart
Through the bright-tinted trees on rippling rills.

Land that I love! My father's land! My home!
Though I should fane to lands o'er farthest seas
Ever to thee my wandering thoughts would roam—
Where the wild heather scents the mountain breeze.

M. T. MACGREGOR.

THE WORLD MOTHER

(SCOTLAND).

By crag and lonely moor she stands,
  This mother of half a world's great men,
And kens them far by sea-wracked lands,
  Or orient jungle, or western fen.

And far out mid the mad turmoil,
  Or where the desert places keep
Their lonely hush, her children toil,
  Or wrapped in wide world honor sleep.

By Egypt's sands or western wave
  She kens her latest heroes rest,
With Scotland's honor o'er each grave,
  And Britain's flag above each breast.

And some at home.—Her mother love
  Keeps crooning wind-songs o'er their graves,
Where Arthur's castle looms above,
  Or Strathy storms or Solway raves;

Or Lomond unto Nevis bends
  In olden love of clouds and dew;
Where Trossach unto Stirling sends
  Greetings that build the years anew.

Out where her miles of heather sweep,
  Her dust of legend in his breast,
'Neath aged Dryburgh's aisle and keep,
  Her wizard Walter takes his rest.

And her loved ploughman, he of Ayr
  More loved than any singer loved
By heart of man amid those rare,
  High souls the world hath tried and proved;

Whose songs are first to heart and tongue,
  Wherever Scotsmen greet together,
And far-out alien scenes among,
  Go mad at the sight of a sprig of heather.

And he her latest wayward child,
  Her Louis of the magic pen,
Who sleeps by tropic crater piled,
  Far, far, alas! from misted glen;

Who loved her, knew her, drew her so,
  Beyond all common poet's whim;—
In dreams the whaups are calling low,
  In sooth her heart is woe for him.

And they, her warriors, greater none
  E'er drew the blade of daring forth,
Her Colin* under Indian sun,
  Her Donald† of the fighting North.

Or he, her greatest hero, he
  Who sleeps somewhere by Nilus' sands,
Grave Gordon,‡ mightiest of those free,
  Great captains of her fighting bands.

Yea, these and myriad myriads more,
  Who stormed the fort or ploughed the main,
To free the wave or win the shore,
  She calls in vain, she calls in vain.

Brave sons of her, far severed wide
  By purpling peak or reeling foam;
From western ridge or orient side,
  She calls them home, she calls them home.

And far, from east to western sea,
  The answering word comes back to her;
"Our hands were slack, our hopes were free,
  We answered to the blood astir;

"The life by Kelpie loch was dull,
  The homeward slothful work was done;
We followed where the world was full,
  To dree the weird our fates had spun.

"We built the brig, we reared the town,
  We spanned the earth with lightning gleam,
We ploughed, we fought, mid smile and frown,
  Where all the world's four corners teem.

"But under all the surge of life,
  The mad race-fight for mastery,
Though foremost in the surgent strife,
  Our hearts went back, went back to thee."

For the Scotsman's speech is wise and slow,
  And the Scotsman's thought it is hard to ken,
But through all the yearnings of men that go,
  His heart is the heart of the Northern glen.

His song is the song of the windy moor,
  And the humming pipes of the squirling din;
And his love is the love of the sheiling door,
  And the smell of the smoking peat within.

And nohap how much of the alien blood
  Is crossed with the strain that holds him fast,
Mid the world's great ill and the world's great good,
  He yearns to the mother of men at last.

For there is something strong and something true
  In the wind where the sprig of heather is blown;
And something great in the blood so blue,
  That makes him stand like a man alone.

Yea, give him the road and loose him free,
  He sets his teeth to the fiercest blast;
For there's never a toil in a far countrie
  But a Scotsman tackles it hard and fast.

He builds their commerce, he sings their songs,
  He weaves their creeds with an iron twist;—
And making of laws or righting of wrongs,
  He grinds it all as the Scotsman's grist.

* * * *

Yea, there by crag and moor she stands,
  This mother of half a world's great men,
And out of the heart of her haunted lands
  She calls her children home again.

And over the glens and the wild sea floors
  She peers so still as she counts her cost,
With the whaups low calling over the moors,—
  "Woe, woe, for the great ones she hath lost."

W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

Ottawa, Canada.

*Colin Campbell of Lucknow. †Sir Donald Mackay, of the famous Mackay Dutch Regiment (called by Gustavus Adolphus his "Invincible Regiment") that helped to save Holland in the Thirty Years' War. ‡Gordon of Khartoum.

EVICTIONS IN APPIN.—A correspondent enquires if there is any literature relating to, or any means of ascertaining particulars of, "the eviction of Appin tenants a century-and-a-half ago"? Can any reader assist?

THE SPELL OF THE TARTAN.

THE following appeared in a New York paper this month:—Judge Crane in the County Court, Brooklyn, yesterday granted Louis Brodsky, a dealer in candy, stationery and cigars at 148 Jay Street, permission to change his name to Brody (Brodie). In his affidavit the petitioner said that "with some people whose custom and trade the petitioner seeks and desires to have, your petitioner finds that a name terminating with the syllable 'sky' is a sign of foreignness and undesirability in the person who bears it."

"THE BOOK OF MACKAY" is now ready, a very handsome volume of about 500 pages of letterpress, with many beautiful plates, and subscribers will doubtless have received their copies ere this. Copies can be had for 26/- post free, from the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow. The entire edition is already nearly exhausted.

GAELIC ODDS AND ENDS.

By "Fionn."

Air do ministear a bhi 'ceasnachadh sean bhean d'a luchd éisdeachd, dh' fheòraich e dhi mar so:—"Nach 'eil fhios agad gur h-ann de shliochd Adhaimh thu; agus gu'n do thuit thu annsan? Fhreagair ise "gu'n robh dòchas aice nach b' ann; gur h-ann a bha ise de na daoine còire, na Caimbeulaich, daoine foghainteach ris nach robh ni sam bith riamh ri ràdh."

Bha fear ann an Ile ris an abradh iad "Iain mòr nam madadh," air son cho feumail 's a bha e air faotainn chon do na tuathanaich feadh an eilein. Bha e 'n a dhuine làidir geur-fhoclach; caoin-shuarach mu dhol an dàil ni 'sam bith. Bha e 'coiseachd na Tràighmòire aon oidhche 's e air mhisg, agus gun a bhi 'toirt fainear a' bhogha 'bh' air an tràigh, bha 'n a inntinn gu 'n leanadh esan dìreach air aghaidh co dhiubh a rachadh e troimh oir na fairge no nach rachadh. Air dha leantuinn dìreach air aghaidh bha e mach mu dheireadh ann am briseadh nan tonn. Mar a bha e mach gu math 's e 'faicinn tuinn mhòir a' tighinn, ghlaodh e gu h-éiginneach. "A Dhia, cuidich leam!" 'Nuair a chaidh an tonn seachad gun Iain a chur bhar a chas thuirt e gu caoin-shuarach, "O cha ruig thu leas, ni mi fhéin a' chùis."

Bha tuathanach ris an abradh iad Iain Orra aig biadh ann an tigh Lighiche uair, agus a thaobh gu'n robh Iain car geur-chuiseach seach a' chuid eile de na h-aoidhibh thuirt an Lighiche 's e 'misneachadh Iain gus a' bhiadh, "Ithibh Iain Orra"; 's e am freagradh a fhuair e "cha 'n ith iad Iain Orra"; dh' éirich Iain 's e ag ràdh nam briathran a' leigeadh air gu'n robh e 'dol a theicheadh.

Air do 'n Urr, Mr. G——, dol aon là do'n chladh, 'nuair a' bha am maor eaglais a sìos gus na cluasan ann an uaigh 'g a cladhach, 's e 'tilgeadh a nìos nan cnàmh, thuirt e ris mar so—"Ma ta, Alastair, tha an obair sin féin aig am bheil thusa 'n dràsd, gle fhreagarrach air duine a dheanamh breithneachail. Tha ioghnadh orm nach 'eil thu 'gabhail aithreachais de d' shlighibh olca." Fhreagair Alastair 's e 'leigeadh a chudthrom air ceann na spaid 's e 'gabhail snaoisin, "Shaoil mi, uasail, gu 'm b' aithne dhuibhse nach robh aithreachas 's an uaigh."

An Dronn.—Bha e 'na chleachdadh aig na seann daoine 'n uair a mharbhadh iad mart no caora "an dronn," no sgrìob-an-droma, a chur air leth mar chuid a' bhàird. Tha e air aithris air do neach éigin mart a mharbhadh, gu'n d' thàinig triùir bhàrd g'a thagairt, agus bha e duilich do 'n duine a dheanamh a mach co dha a bhuineadh an dronn, agus 's e 'n dòigh a ghabh e gu breith a thoirt 's a chùis. Dh' iarr e orra le chéile rann a dheanamh agus gu'n deanadh esan a mach an sin co dha a bhuineadh an dronn. Bitheadh a bheachd fhéin aig a' h-uile neach a réir na leanas co bu chòir fhaighinn; ach tha e air aithris gur h-e am fear mu dheireadh a bhuannaich:—

O'n chuir i cos air an fheur,
'S a chriomadh i bàrr an fheòir,
Tha sgrìob na druinne air mo bheul,
Eadar fhuil is chnàimh is fheòil.

'S math mo chòir air an dronn,
'S olc mo chòir air a' chall,
'S toigh leam aiteal a' chùil duinn,
'S e rium 'na dhitheannan saill.

Mo chridhe air chrith thun na druinn,
'S e rium 'n a dhitheannan saill,
Dh fhàg mi m' bùrn air ghoil;
'S e chuid 's fheàrr a leigeil leinn.

DEOCHANNA SLAINTE GAIDHEALACH.

Ar cinneach, ar dùthaich, 's ar Righ.
Clanna nan Gàidheal ri guaillibh a chéile.
Fear nach cur cùl ri 'charaid no ri 'nàmhaid.
Fear a gheibhear le 'charaid 's le nàmhaid far am fàgt' e.
Fear nach reic, 's nach ceannaich a' chòir
Fear nach tréig a chaileag no 'chompanach.
Fialaidheachd do 'n fhògarrach 's cnàmhan briste do 'n eucorach.
Tìr nam beann, nan gleann, 's nan gaisgeach.
Tìr nan gleann, nam beann, 's nam breacan.
Dùthaich nan cluaran, nam fuaran,
Nan cuaran, 's nam fuar-bheann.
Coinnichidh na daoine ged nach coinnich na cnoic.

Deoch an Doruis.

Bha dà uasal a' fàilteachadh a chéile gu cridheil, 's 'g am moladh féin air son cho stuama 's a bha iad. "A nis, a charaid, am faca tu mise riamh," arsa aon diubh, "le barrachd 's a b' urrainn mi a ghiùlan?" "O cha 'n fhaca gu dearbh," ars' am fear eile, "ach shaoil leam iomadh uair gu 'm b' fheàrr duit dol dà uair an tòir na bha agad."

AN DROBHAIR MAC THAMHAIS.

So agaibh uaigh Phara Mhic Thàmhais,
Drobhair Gà'lach—baraisg gun iochd!
Bho 'n Fhéill-rathainn gus an Fhéill-Mhàrtainn
Là cha bhiodh Paraig ionnar bho 'n dibh!
Seachnaibh a choluinn a chnuimheagan pàiteach
Fòghnaidh a fàileadh gu'r fàgail air mhisg!

Dh' fheòraich bean-uasal aon uair d' a Lighiche co dhiù a bha snaosain cronail do 'n eanchainn? "Cha 'n 'eil," ars esan, "oir cha do ghabh fear aig an robh eanchainn snaosain riamh."

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

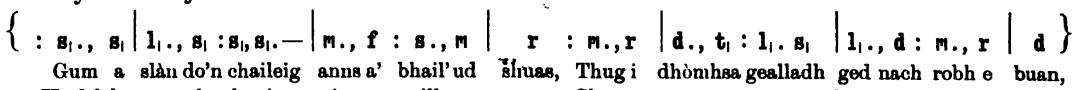
THE following humorous song is the composition of Neil Macleod, the Skye Bard, and will be found in "Clàrsach an Doire." The air is known as belonging to an old song called "An té channach ruadh." The translation is by "Fionn."

ANNETTA C. WHYTE.

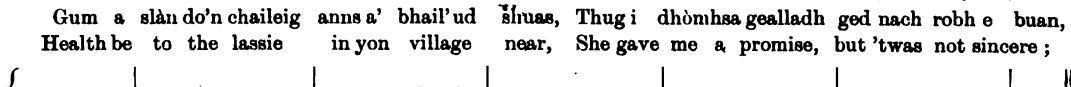
AM FEAR A CHAILL A LEANNAN.

(THE FICKLE MAID.)

Key G. *Lively.*



Gum a slàn do'n chaileig anns a' bhail'ud shuas, Thug i dhòmhsa gealladh ged nach robh e buan,
Health be to the lassie in yon village near, She gave me a promise, but 'twas not sincere;



Nuair a dh' fhàg mi sealladh chuir i car na cluais, 'S ghabh i mach am bealach leis a' ghille ruadh.
When I left her presence, thought she seemed so coy, She went off, the vixen, with the young Rob Roy.

Fhuair mi taigh is fearann
Agus beagan guail,
'S rud a dheanadh banais,
'S thug mi fios do 'n t-sluagh;
Chruinnich iad gu geanail,
'S dhealaich iad le gruaim,
'S mhallaich iad le caithream
Ainm a' ghille ruaidh.

Their a nis gach bean rium,
Agus sin le uaill,
"C' àite 'bheil do leannan,
'Amadain gun bhuaidh?
Na 'm biodh tusa smiorail,
Fearail, mar bu dual,
Chumadh tu do chaileig
Dh' aindeoin gille ruaidh."

Ma bhios mise maireann
Gus an tig Di-luain,
Siùbhlaidh mi gach baile
'S leanaidh mi an ruaig;
Gus am faigh mi deannal
Dhe mo chaman cruaidh,
'Fhiachainn air an drannaig
Aig a' ghille ruadh.

Bha mi 'n raoir na m' chaithris,
'S aithreach leam mo dhuais,
'G amharc air gach bealach
'S mu gach bad is bruaich;
'S bhòidich mi fodh m' anail
Ged 'rachadh mo luadh,
Gu 'n tugainn-sa ruith-phrannaidh
Air a' ghille ruadh.

Shaoil leam, mar bu mhath leam,
'N uair a ghabh mi cuairt,
Gu 'm faca mi am balach
'Falach aig a' chruaich;
Thug mi leum le cabhaig
Gus a bhi 'n a ghruaig,
Ach 's e bhuail mi bannas
Gearran Choinnich ruaidh.

Ma gheibh mis' an garach
Air an taobh so 'n uaigh,
Ni mi 'cheann a sgaradh,
Ged a b'ann le tuaigh—
Mis' ag cur nan car dhiom
Ann an leabaidh fhuair,
'S ise 'rinn mo mhealladh
Aig a' ghille ruadh.

I got all things ready
And was full of glee,
Then invited people
To our marriage spree;
They all met together
Pleasure to enjoy,
But dispersed with cursings
On the young Rob Roy.

Say the village gossips—
And they seem so cool,—
"Where is now your sweetheart?
O, you silly fool!
If thou had'st been plucky
And no simple toy,
Thou would'st ne'er have let her
With the young Rob Roy."

If I'm spared till Monday
Hotly I'll pursue,
Till I find some traces
Of that heartless two.
Then my sturdy shinty
I will soon employ,
To *improve* the visage
Of the young Rob Roy.

Yester night when watching
In the farmer's yard,
Though I lay till morning
Small was my reward.
Then I cursed the villain
That did me annoy,
And I vowed I'd "give it"
To the young Rob Roy.

Once I thought I saw him
At the dawn of day,
Lurking in the shelter
Of the stacks of hay.
Down came my shillelah
His right eye to close—
'Twas MacKenzie's filly
I hit on the nose.

If I find that fellow
On this side the grave,
I'll give him a thrashing—
Nothing can him save;
Here alone I'm tossing,
Scanty is my joy,
While my fickle maiden
Sleeps with young Rob Roy.

From Photo. by Messrs. Eliot & Fry, London.

GENERAL SIR JOHN FORBES, G.C.B.,

OF INVERERNAN.

NORMAN LAMONT, M.P.

The Celtic Monthly:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

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NORMAN LAMONT, Yr.,

of Knockdow, M.P.

THE Lamonts of Knockdow are one of the oldest cadets of the Clan Lamont. Their ancient patronymic was M'Gorre, and they claim descent from Geoffrey, or Gorre, son of John Lamont, Lord of Inverchaolain, who flourished in the fifteenth century. This family is the only one still in possession of its ancient territories, and its present head, James (XIV.) formerly represented Buteshire in Parliament, and distinguished himself as an Arctic explorer.

Mr. Norman Lamont, younger of Knockdow, is the elder and only surviving son of Mr. James Lamont, XIV. of Knockdow, a younger brother, Lieut. Alexander Lamont, of the Gordon Highlanders, having met his death at Dargai. His mother is a daughter of Sir George Denys, second Bart., Drycott Hall, Yorkshire. Young, good-looking, well educated, a genuine Highlander, a cultivated man of the world, and a ready speaker, the subject of our sketch proved himself an excellent candidate at the Bye-Election of 1905, winning the seat for his party by a considerable majority, and maintaining it in the face of considerable opposition at the General Election.

Mr. Lamont was educated at Winchester, and afterwards, instead of proceeding to Oxford or Cambridge, he went through the course at the Agricultural College, Downton, when he obtained the certificate of proficiency in Practical Agriculture. On leaving he assumed the management of the family estate of Palmiste, in the island of Trinidad. His tastes are varied, and embrace History, Natural History and Botany, with a turn for Genealogy and Heraldry. He has published papers on such different subjects as "Grasses," "The West Indies: A Warning and a Way," etc. When the Clan Lamont Society was formed in 1895 Mr. Lamont and his sister took a deep interest in the organization. At the first Annual General Meeting of the Clan Society he read an interesting and valuable paper on the Clan from the earliest times; and since then he has read other papers bearing on the Clan, which it is expected may form the groundwork of an exhaustive treatise on the Lamonts, the aim of the Society being to produce and issue "The Book of the Clan Lamont."

Mr. Lamont is an advanced Liberal in politics, and stands for educational progress, especially in technical and agricultural directions, and he has a peculiar leaning for the development of forestry. He advocates the taxation of Land Values and all other practical measures of land reform. The esteem in which he is held by his political chief is indicated by the fact that he is one of his private secretaries.

He is a cultivated, ready, and interesting speaker, who ever endeavours to raise politics to a higher level, and bases policy on principles. He is a J.P., and a Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Argyll. He is also a County Councillor for Argyllshire, and an active member of his Clan Society.

THE ISLE OF SKYE: ITS HISTORY AND ROMANCE.

EARLY in the month in which English tourists descend on the Continent in a shower of gold, it has been my custom, for several years back, to seek refuge in the Hebrides. I love Loch Snizort better than the Mediterranean, and consider Duntulme more impressive than the Drachenfels. I have never seen the Alps, but the Cuchullins content me. Haco interests me more than Charlemagne. I confess to a strong affection for those remote regions. Jaded and nervous with eleven months' labour or disappointment, *there* will a man find the medicine of silence and repose. Pleasant, after poring over books, to watch the cormorant at early morning flying with outstretched neck over the bright frith; pleasant, lying in some sunny hollow at noon, to hear the sheep bleating above; pleasant at evening to listen to

WILD STORIES OF THE ISLES,

told by the peat-fire; and pleasantest of all, lying awake at midnight, to catch, muffled by distance, the thunder of the northern sea, and to think of all the ears the sound has filled. In Skye one is free of one's century; the present wheels away into silence and remoteness; you see the ranges of brown shields, and hear the shouting of the Bare Sarks.

The benefit to be derived from vacation is a mental benefit mainly. A man does not require change of air so much as change of scene. It is well that he should for a space breathe another mental atmosphere—it is better that he should get release from the familiar cares that, like swallows, build and bring forth under the eaves of his mind, and which are continually jerking and twittering about there. New air for the lungs, new objects for the eye, new ideas for the brain—these a vacation should always bring a man; and these are to be found in Skye rather than in places more remote. In Skye the Londoner is visited with a stranger sense of foreignness than in Holland or in Italy. The island has not yet, to any considerable extent, been overrun by the tourist. To visit Skye is to make a progress into "the dark backward and abysm of time." You turn your back on the present and walk into antiquity. You see everything in the light of Ossian, as in the light of a mournful sunset. With a Norse murmur the blue Lochs come running in. The Canongate of Edinburgh is Scottish history in stone and lime; but in Skye you stumble on matters older still. Everything about the traveller is remote and strange. You hear a foreign language; you are surrounded by

MACLEODS, MACDONALDS, AND NICOLSONS;

you come on gray stones standing upright on the moor—marking the site of a battle, or the burial-place of a chief. You listen to traditions of ancient skirmishes; you sit on ruins of ancient date, in which Ossian might have sung. The Loch yonder was darkened by the banner of King Haco. Prince Charles wandered over this heath, or slept in that cave. The country is thinly peopled, and its solitude is felt as a burden. The precipices of the Storr lower grandly over the sea; the eagle has yet its eyrie on the ledges of the Cuchullins. The sound of the sea is continually in your ears; the silent armies of mists and vapours perpetually deploy; the wind is gusty on the moor; and ever and anon the jags of the hills are obscured by swirls of fiercely-blown rain. And more than all, the island is pervaded by a subtle spiritual atmosphere. It is as strange to the mind as it is to the eye.

OLD SONGS AND TRADITIONS

are the spiritual analogues of old castles and burying-places—and old songs and traditions you have in abundance. There is a smell of the sea in the material air; and there is a ghostly something in the air of the imagination. There are prophesying voices amongst the hills of an evening. The raven that flits across your path is a weird thing—mayhap by the spell of some strong enchanter a human soul is balefully imprisoned in the hearse-like carcass. You hear the stream, and the voice of the kelpie in it. You breathe again the air of old story-books; but they are northern, not eastern ones. To what better place, then, can the tired man go? There he will find refreshment and repose. There the wind blows out on him from another century. The Sahara itself is not a greater contrast from the London street than is the Skye wilderness.

The chain of islands on the western coast of Scotland, extending from Bute in the throat of the Clyde, beloved of invalids, onward to St. Kilda, looking through a cloud of gannets toward the polar night, was originally an appanage of the crown of Norway. In the dawn of history there is a noise of Norsemen around the islands, as there is to-day a noise of seabirds. They fought, as old sagas tell, Anund, the stanchest warrior that ever did battle on wooden leg. *Wood-foot* he was called by his followers. When he was fighting his hardest, his men used to shove toward him a block of wood, and resting his maimed limb on that, he laid about him right manfully.

From the islands also sailed Helgi, half-pagan, half-Christian. Helgi was much mixed in his faith; he was a good Christian in time of peace, but the aid of Thor he was always certain to invoke when he sailed on some dangerous expedition, or when he entered into battle.

OLD NORWEGIAN CASTLES,

perched on the bold Skye headlands, yet moulder in hearing of the surge. The sea-rovers come no longer in their dark galleys, but hill and dale bear ancient names that sigh to the Norway pine. The inhabitant of Mull or Skye perusing the "Burnt Njal," is struck most of all by the names of localities—because they are almost identical with the names of localities in his own neighbourhood. The Skye headlands of Trotternish, Greshornish, and Vaternish, look northward to Norway headlands that wear the same or similar names. The Hebrides have received a Norse baptism. Situated as these islands are between Norway and Scotland, the Norsemen found them convenient stepping-stones, or resting-places, on his way to the richer southern lands. There he erected temporary strongholds, and founded settlements. Doubtless, in course of time, the son of the Norseman looked on the daughter of the Celt, and saw that she was fair, and a mixed race was the result of alliances. To this day in the islands the Norse element is distinctly visible—not only in old castles, the names of places, but in the faces and entire mental build of the people. Claims of pure Scandinavian descent are put forward by many of the old families. Wandering up and down the islands you encounter faces that possess no Celtic characteristics; which carry the imagination to

"Noroway ower the fæm";

people with cool calm blue eyes, and hair yellow as the dawn; who are resolute and persistent, slow in pulse and speech; and who differ from the explosive Celtic element surrounding them as the iron headland differs from the fierce surge that washes it, or a block of marble from the heated palm pressed against it.

THE HEBRIDEANS ARE A MIXED RACE;

in them the Norseman and the Celt are combined, and here and there is a drop of Spanish blood which makes brown the cheek and darkens the eye. This southern admixture may have come about through old trading relations with the Peninsula—perhaps the wrecked Armada may have had something to do with it. The Highlander of Sir Walter, like the Red Indian of Cooper, is to a large extent an ideal being. But as Uncas does really wear war-paint, wield a tomahawk, scalp his enemies, and, when the time comes, can stoically die, so the Highlander possesses many of the qualities popularly ascribed to him. Scott exaggerated only; he did not invent. He looked with a poet's eye on the district north of the Grampians—a vision keener than any other for what *is*, but which burdens, and supplements, and glorifies—which, in point of fact, puts a nimbus around everything. The Highlander stands alone amongst the British people. For generations his land was shut against civilisation by mountain and forest and intricate pass. While the large drama of Scottish history was being played out in the Lowlands, he was busy in his mists with narrow clan-fights and revenges. While the southern Scot owed allegiance to the Jameses, he was subject to

LORDS OF THE ISLES,

and to Duncans and Donalds innumerable; while the one thought of Flodden, the other remembered the "sair field of the Harlaw." The Highlander was, and is still so far as circumstances permit, a proud, loving, punctilious being: full of loyalty, careful of social distinction; with a bared head for his chief, a jealous eye for his equal, an armed heel for his inferior. He loved the valley in which he was born, the hills on the horizon of his childhood; his sense of family relationship was strong, and around him widening rings of cousinship extended to the very verge of the clan. The Islesman is a Highlander of the Highlanders; modern life took longer in reaching him, and his weeping climate, his misty wreaths and vapours, and the silence of his moory environments, naturally continued to act upon and to shape his character. He is song-loving, "of imagination all compact"; and out of the natural phenomena of his mountain region—his mist and rain-cloud, wan sea-setting of the moon, stars glancing through rifts of vapour, blowing wind and broken rain-bows—he has drawn his poetry and his superstition. His mists give him the shroud high on the living heart, the sea-foam gives him an image of the whiteness of the breasts of his girls, and the broken rainbow of their blushes. To a great extent his climate has made him what he is. He is a child of the mist. His songs are melancholy for the most part; and you may discover in his music the monotony of the brown moor, the seethe of the wave on the rock, the sigh of the wind in the long grasses of the deserted churchyard. The musical instrument in which he chiefly delights renders most successfully the

CORONACH AND THE BATTLE-MARCH.

The Highlands are now open to all the influences of civilisation. The inhabitants wear breeches and speak English even as we. Old gentlemen peruse their *Times* with spectacles on nose. Young lads construe "Cornelius Nepos," even as in other quarters of the British islands. Young ladies knit, and practise music. But the old descent and breeding are visible through all modern disguises; and your High-

lander at Oxford or Cambridge—discoverable not only by his rocky countenance, but by some dash of wild blood, or eccentricity, or enthusiasm, or logical twist and turn of thought—is as much a child of the mist as his ancestor who, three centuries ago, was called a "wilde man" or a "red shanks"; who could, if need were, live on a little oatmeal, sleep in snow, and, with one hand on the stirrup, keep pace with the swiftest horse, let the rider spur never so fiercely.

It is in the Isles, however, and particularly amongst the old Islesmen, that the Highland character is, at this day, to be found at its purity. There, in the dwelling of the proprietor, or still more in that of the large sheep farmer—who is of as good blood as the laird himself—you find the hospitality, the prejudice, the generosity, the pride of birth, the delight in ancient traditions, which smack of the antique time. Love of wandering, and

PRIDE IN MILITARY LIFE

have been characteristic of all the old families. The pen is alien to their fingers, but they have wielded the sword industriously. They have had representatives in every Peninsular and Indian battle-field. India has been the chosen field of their activity. Of the miniatures kept in every family more than one-half are soldiers, and several have attained to no inconsiderable rank. The island of Skye has itself given to the British and Indian armies at least a dozen generals. And in other services the Islesman has drawn his sword.

MARSHAL MACDONALD

had Hebridean blood in his veins; and my friend Mr. M'Ian remembers meeting him at Armadale Castle while hunting up his relations in the island, and tells me that he looked like a Jesuit in his long coat. And lads, to whom the profession of arms has been shut, have gone to plant indigo in Bengal or coffee in Ceylon, and have returned with gray hairs to the island to spend their money there, and to make the stony soil a little greener; and during their thirty years of absence Gaelic did not moulder on their tongues, nor did their fingers forget their cunning with the pipes. The palm did not obliterate the memory of the birch; nor the slow up-swelling of the tepid wave, and its long row of frothy thunder on the flat red sands at Madras, the coasts of their childhood and the smell and smoke of burning kelp.

KINTYRE CLUB.—Mr. John Mackay, President of this well-known Society, presented the Club's prizes to the successful scholars in Southend School recently, and in doing so referred to the necessity for an improved standard of education in Scotland, as the new English Education Act made competition in all spheres of life more severe for Scotsmen than it had been in the past.

STORIES OF THE FAIRIES.

AMONG the various spiritual beings to whom the credulity of mankind has given an imaginary existence, the fairies occupy a prominent place, and are specially worthy of notice. The fairy is distinguished by one peculiarity from every other being of a similar order. Other spirits, such as dwarfs, brownies, elves, and such like, are represented as deformed creatures, whereas the fairy is a beautiful miniature of "the human form divine." It is perfect in face, delightful in figure, and more of angelic than human appearance. These points of distinction, with generally a dress of bright green, mark the personal individuality of the fairy. The origin of the fairy superstition is ascribed to the Celtic race; hence in Ireland, the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and Wales, the fairies are even to this day believed by some to exist. They were usually called "good neighbours,"

"DAOINE-SITHE," MEN OF PEACE,

and yet, if offended, they became very inveterate in their spite. They readily kidnapped unbaptised children, and even adult men and women, particularly young married females, to become nurses to the fairy children. They lived under ground, or in little green hills, where the royal fairies held their courts. In their places all was beauty and splendour. Their pageants and processions were far more magnificent than any that Eastern sovereigns could get up or poets devise. They rode upon milk-white steeds. Their dresses were brilliant beyond conception, and when they mingled in the dance, their music was more sublime by far than mortal lips or hands could ever produce. The fairy legends are numerous and various. From an early period every fairy annalist concurred in giving to the king and queen of the fairies the name of Oberon and Titania. Titania, though not under this name, figures in the tale of Thomas Lermont, commonly called Thomas the Rhymer, one of the earliest traditions relative to the fairy tribe.

The "sithiche," or fairy, is the most active sprite in Highland mythology. It is a

DEXTEROUS CHILD-STEALER,

and must be carefully guarded against. At birth many covert and cunning ceremonies are still used to baffle the fairy's power, otherwise the new-born child would be taken off to fairy-land, and a withered, little, living skeleton of a child laid in its stead. If offended, they are wantonly mischievous, and hurt severely, and perhaps kill with their arrows, such as annoy them. These arrows are of stone, like a yellow flint, and shaped like a barbed arrow-head. They are called "saighdean sithe," or fairy arrows. These arrow-heads must have been

extensively used in their warfare by the aboriginal people of the Isles (and not, of course, by the fairies), as they are still picked up here and there in the fields, and are all much of the same size and shape. In Skye, and in the Hebrides in general, the fairies dwelt in green knolls or hillocks, called "sitheanan," and there is hardly a parish or district which has not its "sithean," or fairy-hill. I knew

AN OLD MAN IN SKYE

who died about thirty years ago, at the age of about 100, whose name was Farquhar Beaton. He so firmly believed in fairies and other superstitions that in his "grace before meat" he prayed thus:—

O Thi bheannuichte, cum ruinn, agus cuidich leinn, agus na tuiteadh do ghras oirnn mar an t-uisge air druim a' gheoidh. An uair a bhios fear 'na eigin air gob rutha, cuidich fein leis; agus bi mu'n cuairt duinn air tir, agus maille ruinn. Gleidh an t-aosda agus an t-oga, ar mnathan agus ar paisdean, ar spreidh agus ar feudal, o chumhachd agus o cheannas nan sithichean, agus o mhi-run gach droch-shula. Bitheadh slighe reidh romhainn, agus crioch shona aig ar turas.

Which may be translated thus:—

O Blessed One, provide for us and help us, and let not thy grace fall on us like the rain-drops on the back of a goose. When a man is in danger on the point of a promontory at sea, do thou succour him; and be about us and with us on dry land. Preserve the aged and the young, our wives and our children, our sheep and our cattle, from the power and dominion of the fairies, and from the malicious effects of every evil eye. Let a straight path be before us, and a happy end to our journey.

Many throughout the Highlands and Islands entertained the same firm belief in the existence of fairies as poor old Farquhar Beaton did. They were generally deemed harmless sprites—"Daoine-sithe,"—beings that loved kindness and peace, yet they had their differences and quarrels; and desperate were their disputes when they took place. Old Farquhar spoke of many occasions when the fairy fights became fast and furious.

The Macleods of Dunvegan, and the Macdonalds (commonly called the Lords of the Isles) at Duntulm, had their particular pipers, and their

PIPE-MUSIC COLLEGES.

The Macleods had the distinguished race of MacCrimmons for centuries, as family pipers, and they had their college at Boreraig, a tenement near Dunvegan, which they held free. In the same way, the Macdonalds had the famed MacArthurs as pipers, with the free possession of Peingowen for their college. A continued rivalry existed between the MacCrimmons and MacArthurs for supremacy in the musical art, and both had their particular fairy friends, who were said to supply them with reeds, and even, at times, with sets of bagpipes. As the famed Muses of Parnassus inspired their favourite bards with poetic powers, so the fairies conferred the requisite power on these family pipers to progress in the proficiency of their art. But at times, so keen were these gay coadjutors for the success of their particular musical protegès, that they disputed, and actually fought for the victory, thereby causing their "sian" dwellings to ring with the din of the conflict.

Old Farquhar, when questioned as to his belief in these things, would raise his hands, and say, "Mo dha shuil fein a chunnaic iad; mo dha chluas fein a chual iad." (My own two eyes beheld them; my two ears heard them.) Farquhar was a thin, spare, hard-featured, little man, who prided himself on his ancestry, as a race distinguished for their knowledge of medicinal herbs. He could trace his genealogy from son to sire, back to ten or twelve generations, as many others in Skye could do in regard to themselves.

The fairies were said to be

VERY FIERCE AND VINDICTIVE

when altercations and differences took place among themselves, and particularly so, when enemies injured or assailed those with whom they were on friendly terms. The Jameses, who were jolly monarchs, were in general most auspicious partisans of these fantastic tribes; at least they considered those royal personages as such. Perthshire was of old a noted district for the intrigues of the fairies. The Clan Donnachaidh, or Robertsons of Struan, were not generally favourites with them. During the minority of James V., this powerful clan committed bloody outrages over the district of Athole, at which the fairies were so enraged that they contrived means whereby the enemy waylaid the laird of Struan, while visiting his uncle, and basely assassinated him in the presence of his relative.

In ancient times, the residence of the Athole family was a lofty, turreted mansion, possessing an air of grandeur characteristic of feudal times. It is said that it was within this lordly mansion that the cruel assassin of our first James meditated his bloody purpose. If credit can be given to Lindsay, the historian, it was here also, about a century afterwards, that

AN EARL OF ATHOLE

entertained, in the most sumptuous manner, King James V. On that occasion, his Majesty entered the district of Athole with a numerous retinue, to hunt the deer of the Grampian hills. A banquet of extraordinary magnificence and splendour was furnished for the Scottish Monarch. A separate banquetting-hall was prepared, at a vast expense, for the entertain-

ment of his Majesty and his retainers. Lindsay says, "That there was no want of meates, drinkes, and delicacies, that were to be gotten at that time in Scotland, either in brugh or land. So that he (the King) wanted none of his orders mare than he had been at home in his own palace. The King remained in this wilderness (i.e., Athole) at the hunting the space of three days and three nights, as I have shewn. I heard men say it cost the Earl of Athole every day in expenses a thousand pounds."

No sooner had the royal visitor taken his departure than Athole, instigated, as was said, by the fairies, caused his Highlandmen to set fire to the temporary palace and huts which had been reared for the occasion, "that the King and the ambassadors might see them on fire." Then the ambassador said to the King, "I marvel, Sir, that you should thole your fair palace to be burnt, that your grace has been so well lodged in." Then the King answered,—"It is the use of our Highlandmen, though they be never so well lodged, to burn the lodgings when they depart."

"It would seem," says Lindsay, "the next visit the King paid to his Highlandmen, was not marked with so much merriment and banquettings as the former, for when the King passed into the isles, and there held justice courts, and punished both thief and traitor, according to their demerits, syne brought many of the

GREAT MEN OF THE ISLES CAPTIVE

with him; such as Mudyart, Maconnel, Macloyd, Mackay, Macloyd of the Lewis, MacNeil, Maclaine, Macintosh, John Mudyart, Mackenzie, with many others that I cannot rehearse at this time. Some of them he put in ward, and some bade in court, and some he took pledges for good rule in time coming. So he brought the isles, both north and south, in good rule and peace."

It was believed by the natives in these times, that the King had acquired power over these chieftains through the influence of the fairies, or some other evil spirits that had not been on friendly terms with the natives of the Isles, on account of some injuries received at their hands. Superstition in those days was at no loss to find a cause for every revolution and change.

Speaking of the fairies in olden times, they seem to have exercised their various pranks in different localities, still pointed out in the shires of Fife and Forfar, as well as in the counties around.

THE OLD CASTLE OF GLAMMIS,

a venerable and majestic pile of building, has several fairy legends connected with it. In an underground part of this old edifice, there was a secret room, which was only known to two, or at most three individuals, at the same time, and these were bound not to reveal it, but to their successors in the secret. It is said to have been haunted, and at times taken possession of by ghosts and fairies. It has frequently been the object of search with the inquisitive, but the search has been in vain. Tradition gives one account, that Malcolm II. was murdered in this room in 1034, and that the murderers lost their way in the darkness of the night, and by the breaking of the ice were drowned in the loch of Forfar. Fordun gives a different account, and states that the King was mortally wounded in a skirmish near the Castle, and that an obelisk or large stone of rude design was erected to commemorate the murder, and not to represent the King's gravestone, as he was buried at Iona.

Near the summit of Carmylie hill is a large burrow or tumulus, which was believed at one time by the natives to be a

FAVOURITE HAUNT OF THE FAIRIES,

where, with much splendour, they held their nightly revels. It still bears the name of "Fairy-folk hillock."

In the parish of Lunan, in Forfarshire, there is an immense variety of "knaps" or round hillocks, in different places. Very probably the knaps had been used as beacons in ancient times, to give notice of alarm on the approach of an enemy, by means of fires lighted upon them. It is, however, the case, that various fairy superstitions were connected with these "sians" or tumuli, of which mention is made to this day. One ancient practice existed, that the relatives of the dead, the day after the funeral, carried the chaff and bedstraw on which the body had lain to the knap nearest to the house, and there consumed them by fire. This superstition was prevalent in several parts of Scotland.

ORIGIN OF THE DEWERS.—This surname is of ecclesiastical origin. The anchovite and pilgrim had in Gaelic the names of "disertach" and "deòradh"—in fact, a pilgrim or stranger was a "deòradh." It is now the surname Dewar, or MacIndeor, the former common in Perthshire, the latter in Argyll, and especially in Islay, The Dewars appear in the 14th century in connection with Glendochart as possessors of the Coygerach of St. Fillan; the lands of Eoich in Glendochart are in 1336 confirmed to Donald M'Sobrell Dewar Coigearach—the Dewar of the Crozier. Finlay Jore has his Coigearach rights reaffirmed in 1428. Malice Doire has a renewal of the same in 1487, under letters from the Privy Seal. In 1552 the Dewar lands, which were hitherto free, were made to pay taxes, being regularly feued then to Malice Dewar. The Campbells got them in 1575, sold by Don. Dewar, who got other lands for them. The Cogerach relic was in Malice Dewar's possession at Killin in 1782, though the Dewars were then landless. After being carried to America by the family, the Crozier of St. Fillan is now in the Edinburgh Antiquarian Museum.

SEANA CHLEACHDAIDHEAN GAIDHEALACH.

(Le "Fionn.")

Cha 'n 'eil neach a bheir smaoin do na chi 's na chluinneas e o bhreith gu bàs nach aidich gu bheil mòran de na seana chleachdaidhean ceanalta a bh' aig ar n-athraichean a' dol á cleachdadh gach bliadhna, agus gu bheil an saobh-chràbhadh a bha 'nam measg air dol á cuimhne 's á cleachdadh, agus ged a dh' fhaodas fuigheal bheag dheth bhi ri fhaotainn thall 's a bhos, gu bheil òigridh na linn so tur aineolach air an aobhar air son an robh an athraichean ag cur earbsa anns na cleasan 's na cleachdaidhean sin. Ged a chaidh moran de na cleachdaidhean air dhì-chuimhn', agus ged a bhiodh nàire oirnne tha cho làn foghlum is teagasg aideachadh gu 'n robh sinn a cur earbsa annta, no tabhairt géill do na seana chleachdaidhean sin, air a shon so uile, 'n uair a tha sinn ann an imcheist, ciod a ni sin? bheir sinn cothram do 'n t-seana chleachdainn buaidh a thoirt oirnn. Abair gu 'n tainig thu a dh' ionnsaidh aite anns a bheil an rathad mor a dol na dha mheur, agus gu bheil thu ann an imcheist co dhiu a ghabhas tu; cha ghabh e ach tiota a thoirt ort dol a dh' ionnsaidh na laimh-deise, a chionn gu 'n robh na Gaidheil o shean a creidsinn gu 'n robh gach rath is sògh a' tighinn o'n deas, mar a tha 'n sean-fhacal ag àithne "Deiseil air gach ni."

Cha robh nì ris an cuireadh an seana Ghaidheal a làmh o'n bhreith gus a bhàs nach robh rann no dàn, òran no port freagarrach aige dha. Thig e dhomh a ràdh ann a so gun do chuir an t-uasal ceanalta sin Alasdair Mac Illemhicheil Gaidheil fo mhór chomain leis an dà leabhar eireachdail, a chuir e mach o chionn a ghoirid air na seana Laoidhean is orraidhean e thionail e ann an Uibhist. Mar tha fhios agaibh lean a mhor chuid de 'n t-sluagh anns na h-eileanan sin ris an t-seana chreideamh, oir cha do ràning tonn mór an Ath-Leasachaidh na h-eileana sin, tonn a sguap air falbh ioma seana chleachdadh air tir-mór agus anns na h-eileanan eile, gun ni a b' fhearr a chur nan àite.

Theagamh gu 'm bi e nis fhasa dhuinn a chéile thugsinn ma thòisicheas sinn aig breith an duine, agus a leanailt troimh a chùrsa anns an t-saoghal so, gus an càirich sin gu sàmhach anns a' chill e—a deanamh aithris air gach cleachdadh a tha ceangailt ris anns gach suidheachadh anns am faighear e eadar a bhreith 's a bhàs.

Aig breith an oighre, anns a' chaisteal bha aig a' phiobaire ri Fàilte a' chluich—agus ma bha bàrd aig laimh bha e deanadh oran do 'n oighr' òg, 's bha gach sean is òg ri aighear, 's ri òl, 's hóro-gheallaidh aca air—

Olaidh sinn deoch-slàinte 'n oighre
'S toigh leam fhìn i là 's a dh' oidhche
Sùgh an eòrna fear mo choimhneis
'S cha bhi foighneachd ciod a pris.

Bha e mar fhiachaibh air gach teaghlach aire a thoirt nach rachadh an naoidhean a ghoid leis na sithchean, mu 'n rachadh a bhaisteadh. Bha am baisteadh mar b' fhior ga dheanamh eucomasach do na sithchean beanachd dha. Chum na sithchean a chumail air falbh, bha fòid mhòna dearg air a gabhail anns an deas-laimh agus an leanabh agus a mhàthair air an cuartachadh seachd uairean deiseil leis an éibhle bheò so. Bha sin ri bhi air a dheanamh moch is anmoch h-uile latha gus an robh an leanabh air a bhaisteadh. Air eagal 's nach fóghnadh so leis fhein, bha snaithne dearg air a cheangal mu chaol-duirn an leanaibh agus am Biobull air a chur anns a' chreathall leis.

Fa chomhair baisteadh an leanaibh bha bonnach air a dheasachadh, ris an abradh iad am "bonnach baistidh," a bha air ar cheangal ann an annart geal agus air a leagail air broilleach an leanaibh 'n uair a bha e air a ghiùlan do'n eaglais. Bha a h-uile h-aon a thachradh air muinntir a bhaistidh ri crioman de'n bhonnach baistidh itheadh. Anns an eaglais ma bha tuille agus aon leanabh ri bhaisteadh dh' fheumadh iad an aire thoirt nach robh cailleag air a baisteadh roimh leanabh mic air neo bhitheadh i fiosagach—agus bhiodh am balach bochd gun riob air a bhus! An deigh a bhaistidh bha fèisd air a cumail. O shean b' abhaist do athair an leanaibh aran agus càise a chuir ann an cliabh agus an crochadh car tiota air a' chromag os cionn an teine a bha air meadhon an urlair, aig a cheart àm bha an leanabh air a shìneadh tarsuinn air an teine a chumail air falbh gach droch shùil.

Tha e ri fhaicinn gu soilleir o'n na seanfhacail gun robh na Gaidheil toigheach air clann.

"Tigh gun chù, gun chat, gun leanabh beag, tigh gun ghean gun ghàire." Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach eil so gle fhior, ach tha cuid ann a their gu bheil an sean-fhacal so nis dluithe air an fhirinn—

"Is truagh an fheadhain aig am bi iad, is truagh an fheadhain aig nach bi iad."

Gu'n robh oilean agus giùlan na cloinne a leigeil ris an seòrsa dachaidh a bh' aca theireadh nan Gaidheil

"Aithnichear leanabh air a bheusan" agus theireadh iad

"An leanadh a dh' fhàgar dha fhein cuiridh e a mhàthair gu nàire."

Nach fior an seanfhacal a tha 'g ràdh

"An rud a chì na big 'se ni na big
Na chluinneas iad 'se chanas iad."

Agus tha an ràdh so a leanas a leigeil ris gu'n

robh na pàrantan a creidsinn anns an t-seanfhacal a dh' aithris mi, oir theirear—"Cha dean am bòdach breag 'sa chlann a stigh." Bha eagal air a bhodach droch eisempleir a chur fa chomhair a chloinne, ged a dh' fhaodadh e breug innseadh anns a bhaile-mhargaidh.

O shean, 'nuair thigeadh a mac a bu shine gu aois, bha aige ri bean a' phòsadh agus an sin bha aige ri dol an toir air fearunn. Ach o'n a bha aige ri bean a thaghadh an toiseach thig e dhuinn facal no dha a ràdh mu phòsaidhean anns a' Ghaidhealtachd. Ma theid sinn air ais gus an am 's an robh na fineachan Gaidhealach nan lan neart chi sinn gu 'n robh e mar fhiachaibh air a cheann-fine mnathan fhaotainn do luchd-leanailt. Bha duin' uasal anns an Eilean sgiathanach d'am b' ainm Màrtainn. Rinn a' cuairt air eileanan na Gaidhealtach 'sa bhliadhna 1696, agus anns an leabhar luachmhor a sgriobh e mu'n turuschuain sin tha e 'g innseadh dhuinn gu 'n robh aig Mac Neill Bharra ri mnathan a thaghadh d'à dhaoine, agus 'nuair a gheobhadh fear dhiu am bàs thigeadh a bhantrach bliadhna an deigh bàs a fir, agus gheibheadh Mac Neill fear eile dhi.

Anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, 'n uair a bha na Fineachan air dòigh, b' abhaist do 'n cheannfine no an t-uachdran cìs a thogail air parantan na càraid òig ma bhuineadh iad do chroitearan no coitearan—bha so mar gum b' ann a leigeil ris nach robh cead pòsaidh aca mar faigheadh iad bho'n uachdaran e. Bha a chis a réir inbhe nam parantan, agus gu tric 'se caora no agh, mart no capull a bha air a thogail leis an uachdaran. 'Nuair a bha an t-Olla Mac Iain air chuairt anns a Ghaidhealtachd 'sa bhliadhna 1773, tha e 'g innseadh dhuinn mu eilean Ulbha, gu 'm b' àbhaist do 'n uachdaran—Mac Ghuaireadh—caora a thogail mar chìs air gach càraid a phòsadh, ach mu'n am anns an robh an Doctair air chuairt gu'n tug e 'nuas a chìs gu còig tasdain.

Mar tha fhios agaibh 'nuair tha càraid dol a phosadh tha an toiseach an reiteach beag, no an còrdadh beag ann, 'n uair a bhios cothrom aig na seann daoine air labhairt mu na daoine o'n tainig a chàraid, air an dà thaobh. Aig an réiteach tha latha na bainnse air' áinmeachadh —Dir-daoin no Di-mairt ann am fàs na gealaich. Na dheigh so bha na gairmean air an cur a stigh, agus bha aire air a thoirt gun tachradh am pòsadh mu 'n robh a' ghealach aig a h-àirde, air neò bhiodh a bhochdain anns a chùis—cha bhiodh rath air a chàraid. Goirid na dhéigh so bha an réiteach mór, no an còrdadh mor ann 'n uair a bha gach cùis mu 'n bhanais air a shocrachadh, na fleasgaich 's na maighdeanan air an taghadh. Na dhéigh so cha robh saoghal fada aig na cearcan 's na tunnagan, oir bha e mar-fhiachadh air gach h-aon a fhuair cuireadh a dh' ionnsaidh na bainnse, rud eigin a thoirt mar chuideachadh airson feisd na bainnse. Air latha na bainnse dh' fheumadh fear, agus gu sonraichte bean-na-bainnse gach ni a dheanamh deiseil, ma bha toil aice bhi sonadh.

Anns an am a th' againn 'san am bitheantas ann an tigh muinntir bean na bainnse tha chàraidh air am pòsadh ach o shean 's anns an eaglais a b' abhaist do gach càraid a bhi air am pòsadh. Ma bha 'n t-astar fada bha bean-na-bainnse a tighinn air muin eich. Bha bean-na-bainnse agus a cuideachd a dol an toiseach a dh' ionnsaidh na h-eaglais agus fear-na-bainnse agus a chuideachd-san nan deigh. Bha á cheart òrdugh air a chumail a fagail na h-eaglais an deigh a' phòsaidh. Tha so gu soilleir re fhaicinn anns a chunntas a th'againn am beul-aithris air pòsadh Mhic an Tòisich o chionn còrr agus trì cheud bliadhna. So mar tha 'n naigheachd mhuladach air a h-innseadh.

Bha e 'n dàn do Mhac an Toisich an latha ud bàs fhaotainn le breab o'n each dhubh a b' àbhaist dha mharcachd. Ged a bha fhios aig Mac an Tòisich air so cha robh toil 's am bith aige gu'm faiceadh a dh' aoine gun robh fiamh no eagal air, agus a dh' aindeoin earail a chàirdean cha robh each 'san stabul a bu docha leis a mharcach gu feill na bainnse nan t-each dubh. Air latha a bhainnse bha e air muin an eich dhuibh a bha cho luaineach, cheann-laidir 's a chunnacas riamh e. Mu dh' eireadh dh' fhàs an teach dubh cho sgaoimeach rag-mhuinealach gu n do chaill Mac an Toisich smachd air fein 's air an each, agus ann an corruich tharruing e 'n dag a bha na chrios agus chuir e urchair troimh cheann an eich dhuibh, 's dh' fhag e siud e. Fhuair iad each eile dha, agus ghabh e fhein 'sa chuideachd do'n eaglais. An déigh a phòsaidh thug a chuideachd an aighaidh air dachaidh muinntir bean na bainnse. Bha bean na bainnse agus a maighdeanan air eich bheaga bhàna, air thoiseach. Beagan nan deigh bha fear na bainnse—Mac an Tòisich—agus a chàirdean. A dol seachad air closach an eich dhuibh gabh an t-each air an robh Mac an Toisich a marcachd sgaoim roimh chlosach an eich dhuibh, agus thilg e am marcaiche agus shaltair e fo chasan e mu 'm b' urrainn a chairdean a theisriginn, 's an an tiota bha fear-na-bainnse gun deò. A thaobh 's gun robh car anns an rathad mhor aig an àite so, cha 'n fhaca bean-na-bainnse no a cuideachd ciod a thachair, 's bha ise 'sa maighdeannean gu cridheil ceolar a deanamh air tigh-na-bainnse cho luath 's a b' urrainn iad. Ma's fior beul-aithris 's i bean-na-bainnse—'s i nis na banntrach a rinn an cumha tiamhaidh sin ris an abrar Cumha Mhic-an-Tòisich. Cha 'n e mhain gu'n do chuir i na

facail an òrdugh ach sheinn i iad aig an tòrradh, 'si na suidhe air a chiste-mhairbh, 's cha do sguir i gus an do ghiùlain a càirdean air falbh o'n uaigh i. Bu chruaidh da-rireadh a corr, bha i mar a tha i 'g aithris san dàn; na maighdean, na bean-phòsda agus na banntrach 'san aon latha—

Och nan och ! leag iad thu
Och nan creach ! leag iad thu
Och nan och ! leag iad thu
'Am bealach caol a ghàraidh.
Moch-thràth 'n diugh bha mi 'nam òigh,
Thàinig tra-neòin 's bha mi ris pòsd'
Ach mu'n d' chlaon a' ghrian 's na neòil,
'Am bhanntraich bhrònach bhà mi.

Leag an t-each guanach thu,
Bhreab an t-each luaineach thu
Mharbh an t-each guanach thu
Am bealach caol a' ghàraidh.
'S mise tha tùrsach 'g ionndrain mo rùin
Tha iad a càradh nis anns an ùir,
Gus an sìnear mi le m' ùigh
Gum bi mi tùrsach cràiteach.

(Ri leantainn.)

AN T-ALLT.

TRANSLATION.*

(THE BROOK, BY TENNYSON.)

Bho àite-còmhnuidh ghrìoch is lach
Tha mi tigh'nn 'mach gu h-aithgheàrr,
A dealradh slos measg fheur is chlach,
'Dol ann am dheann troimh 'n ghleannan.

'N am chabhaig slos deich 's fichead cnoc,
'Doll null troimh fhichead baile
Mi tigh'nn mu'n cuairt mu iomadh croit,
'S troimh leth-cheud àth gun mhaille.

Fa-dheòidh aig fearann Fhionnlaidh chòir
Gu 'n aon mi ris an amhainn,
O thig, is falbhaidh daoin' gu leòir,
Ach 'n so bidh mis' gu maireann.

Mi tormanaich air ùrlar ghlinn,
Feadh ròidibh garbha carach,
'N sin chi thu mi 'n am linne ghrinn,
Fàs suas le feur is canach.

Mi torman, torman mar bu chòir
Gus 'n aon mi ris an amhainn,
O, thig is falbhaidh daoin' gu leòir,
Ach 'n so bidh mis' gu maireann.

Mi cuidhleadh slos, a stigh 'sa muigh
Is flùrain orm a seòladh,
An siod 's an so tha breac a' cluich,
Is bradan tarraigheal bòidheach.

An siod 's an so tha cobhar glan
Air m' uachdar féin air tional,
'S mi bristeadh mach mar airgead geal,
S mi falbh os ceann a' ghrinneil.

Bheir mi leam na h-uile seòrs',
Gus n-aom mi ris an amhainn,
O, thig is falbhaidh daoin' gu leòir,
Ach 'so bidh mis' gu maireann.

O, sgaoileam slos air leana 's raoin,
Bidh 'n doire tric 'g am chòmhdach,
Gluasidh mi na flùrain ghaoil
'Tha fàs air son nan òighean.

Mi sleamhnachadh, mi dùr, mi snàg,
Na gobhlain-ghaoithe mar rium,
Na gathan gréin' a' danns' o'n àird,
Ri m' chladach eu-domhain gaineamh.

Mi torman anns an fhàsach mhór
Ri solus reult is gealaich,
Mi deanamh dàil air grinneal òir,
'S mi snàgail ri mo chladach.

An sin gu'n cuidhill mi mach de m' dheòin,
Gus 'n aon mi ris an amhainn;
O, thig is falbhaidh daoin' gu leòir,
Ach 'n so bidh mis' gu maireann !

* Translated by D. W. Mackenzie, a native of Lewis.

COILLTEACH UR NA MOR-THIR.

THE following translation of "The Birks of Aberfeldy" is by James Munro, and appears in the "Filidh."

FONN :—A nionag òg a's bòiche gnùis,
A's bòiche gnuis, a's bòiche gnùis,
Am falbh thu leam air chuairt a nunn
Do choilltich ùir na Mòr-thir.

Tha'n Samhradh soillseach feadh nam blàth,
'S a' boisgeadh air na h-alltain àill
Thig, caitheamaid na làithean àigh
Feadh fhàsaichean na Mòr-thir.

Na h-eòin gu greannor ann a seinn,
'S na geugan caltuinn os an cinn,
No 'sgiathais thall, ri sùgradh grinn,
Feadh choilltean binn na Mor-thir.

Mar bhalla suas na bruachan àrd,
Fo choip am bùrn a brùchd le stàirnn,
'S na geugan cùrraidh sgaoilt' fo bhlàth,
Thar sruithean àill na Mòrthir.

Na stùcan liath fo choroin fhlùr,
Na h-easan càir-gheal slos na'n spùt,
'S an ceò ag éirigh 'n àird na dhrìùchd,
Air coilltibh ùr na Mòr-thir.

Cia bith is dàn domh ré mo chùrs'
Cha 'n éirich smuairean orm mu 'n chùis,
'S mo shonas iomlan leats' a rùin,
'An coilltibh ùir na Mòr-thir.

S. M.

FIRST USE OF TERM CLAN.—The term "clan," as applied in English to a body of people, is not so very old. Wyntoun, Prior of Lochleven (c. 1425), in his description of the famous clan battle fought on the Inches of Perth in 1396, was the first to use the word in English literature. As applied to the Highlands of Scotland the word is generally used to designate the various communities divided from each other topographically and by distinctive surnames. "Clan" was also used in the public records of Scotland in the sixteenth century to designate the freebooters of the Borders, as in the well-known Act of Parliament passed June 8th, 1594. "For punishment of thift, reif, oppressioun and sorning," So early indeed as the fifteenth century the Government had so far recognised the tribal institutions or clans that by an Act of Council of the reign of James IV. the chiefs were held responsible for the execution of writs against their followers.

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.

SEPTEMBER, 1906.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

This issue completes our Fourteenth Volume, which makes the "Celtic Monthly" one year older than any previous Highland Magazine. Subscriptions for Volume XV. (4/- post free) are now due, and should be remitted at once to Mr. John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow.

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

CELTIC STUDIES AT THE SCOTCH UNIVERSITIES.

Now that we have not only a Chair of Celtic Languages and Literature at Edinburgh University—occupied by Prof. Mackinnon—but also a Celtic Lectureship at Glasgow University, with Dr. George Henderson as lecturer, it will interest many of our readers if we give particulars of the respective courses as detailed in the calendars of these Universities.

Edinburgh University Celtic Chair.

The course for 1906-1907 will be arranged as follows:—

1. Lectures.—Course of fifteen to twenty lectures each will be delivered on (1) The History and Literature of the Gael, from the commencement till the 1000 A.D.; (2) Celtic Phonetics.

2. Reading and Exposition.—(1) Modern Gaelic: Extracts for Reading II., Ossian's Poems; (2) Old Gaelic: Extracts for Reading Part II., Windisch's Irische Texte; (3) Grammar and Composition, weekly exercises, Stewart, O'Donovan, and Windisch's Grammar.

3. Translation from English into Modern and Old Gaelic.—Any student who attends this class with a view to graduation in Arts must previously have passed an examination (under Section IV., Sub.-sec. III. of the Ordinance), which will be in Scottish Gaelic, or Irish Gaelic or Welsh, and will include translations from and into English, with grammatical, literary, and easy philological questions.

The fee for a student who attends with a view to graduate is £3 3s.

An advanced class will meet in the winter session 1906-1907 on three days of the week at 3 p.m. The class will read Old Gaelic texts from print and manuscript. Fee, £1 1s.

An elementary class in Scottish Gaelic, meeting on two days of the week, will be formed in the winter session of 1906-1907 if a sufficient number of students give in their names. Fee for this class £1 1s.

Glasgow University Celtic Lectureship.

The course now qualifies for graduation in Arts. Any student who attends with a view to this must previously have passed a preliminary examination in Scottish or Irish Gaelic, or in Welsh, including translations from and into English, with grammatical, literary, and philological questions. The course for 1906-1907 will embrace:—

(A) Language—The principles of Celtic philology, phonology, grammar of the Gaelic language; Introduction to Old Irish, Windisch's Irish Grammar (trans. by Moore); Strachan's "Pardigms" and "Selections from the Old Irish Glosses."

(B) Literature—Windisch's "Irische Texte mit Worterbuch"; Kuno Meyer's "Voyage of Bran, the Son of Febal" (Vol. 1), and Meyer's "Early Irish Texts"; "Leigheas Cois o' Cein" (ed. Henderson); the Poems of Alexander Macdonald of Ardnamurchan; selections from the standard literature of the modern period of Scottish Gaelic.

(C) Palæography—Readings from facsimiles of old Gaelic texts.

The class will meet daily at an hour to be arranged.

THE FIRST CLAN SOCIETY.—The "History of the Clan Mackay," by Rev. Angus Mackay, just published, contains an interesting paragraph regarding the "Clan Mackay Benefit Society," founded as early as 1806. I expect it was the first of our clan societies. The following is an extract from the constitution of that pioneer clan society:—"We, in our own name and in the name of all who may hereafter be actuated to join us from a sense of personal and social duty, did upon the 21st day of July, 1806, by Divine aid, constitute ourselves into a society, under the title of "Mackays' Society," and in order that friendship may be maintained, we determine in this method to raise a fund for mutual help of each of us in the time of afflictive dispensation."

The society was to consist of none but Mackays "of good, moral character," and "it is understood that no Roman Catholic shall be admitted into the society." For the maintenance of due decorum at their meetings it is enacted that "if any person shall swear by the name of God in the time of the meeting he shall be fined one shilling for each oath."

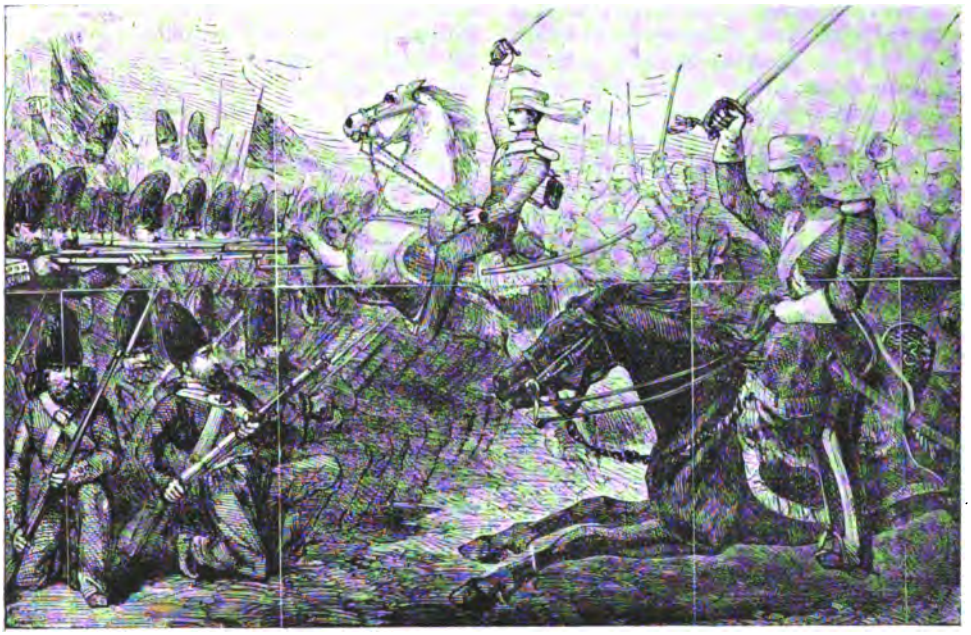
THE BATTLE OF KHUSHAB.

(THE CELEBRATED CAVALRY CHARGE.)

BY MAJOR FORBES.

THE cause of the Persian War of 1856-57 was the Persian invasion of Herat in March, 1856, and the occupation of the town on October 26, after a siege of several months. On November 1, 1856, the Governor-General of India declared war with Persia for having seized upon the city of Herat—"the key of India"—and thus broken her engagement of January 25, 1853, to send no Persian troops to Herat, and not to interfere with its internal affairs.

The Expeditionary Force sailed from Bombay on the 12th and 13th of November, under the command of Major-General Stalker of the Bombay Army, and anchored off Bushahr or Bushire on the 5th of December. A landing was effected on the 7th at Halila Bay, some 12 miles south of Bushahr, and on the 9th the fort of Rishahr, six miles from Bushahr, a strong position defended by a garrison of 400 local levies, was attacked and carried after two hours of hard fighting. The cavalry had been posted near the sea to cut off the fugitives in the direction of Bushahr. As one of the troopers was about to cut down a Persian who held up his hands for mercy, Colonel Malet, the commander, ordered him to be spared, but as he himself passed on, the wretch whose life he had just saved snatched a matchlock con-



cealed in a bush, and killed his benefactor from behind. Colonel Malet was thereupon succeeded in the command of the 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry by Captain Forbes. On the following day, when the British troops appeared before it, and the fleet had bombarded it for nearly four hours, Bushahr surrendered. In his despatch of December 12, announcing these successes, General Stalker mentioned Captain Forbes, to whom his best thanks were due.

It was not till January 27, 1857, that Lieutenant-General Sir James Outram arrived at Bushahr and assumed the command-in-chief. By that time the Persian General, the Shuja'u-'l-Mulk, with the Ilkhani, a hereditary chief of the Persian nomads, had assembled an army and formed an entrenched camp at the village of Barazjān, 46 miles inland from Bushahr and 12 miles from the base of the mountains which separate the sandy littoral from the tableland of Persia. This Persian army consisted of some 5,000 infantry, 800 cavalry, and 18 guns. Deeming it a menace to Bushahr, Outram decided to assume the offensive, and marched out of Bushahr on the 3rd of February with 419 native cavalry, 2,022 native and 2,212 European infantry, and 18 guns. After a march of 46 miles in 41 hours they reached Barazjān on the morning of the 5th and found the entrenched position abandoned. As the enemy had retired with their guns to strong positions in the passes, Outram did not deem it prudent

to follow them; after occupying their position for two days and destroying their magazines, which contained some 40,000 lbs. of powder with shot, shell, and small-arm ammunition, he commenced on the evening of the 7th his return march to Bushahr, but was followed by the Persian commanders, who made some attempts at a night attack and then desisted. This occurred some five miles from Barazjān at the village of Khushāb. At daybreak on the 8th the Persian army, 6,000 or 7,000 strong, with some guns, was discovered on the British left rear drawn up in order of battle. "Our artillery and cavalry," wrote General Outram in his despatch of February 10, "at once moved rapidly to the attack, supported by two lines of infantry, a third protecting the baggage. The firing of the artillery was most excellent, and did great execution. The cavalry brigade twice charged with great gallantry and success. A standard of the Kaskhai Regular Infantry Regiment was captured by the Persian Horse, and the 3rd Light Cavalry charged a square and killed nearly the whole regiment. Indeed, upon the cavalry and artillery fell the whole brunt of the action, as the enemy moved away too rapidly for the infantry to overtake them. By ten o'clock the defeat of the Persians was complete." The Persians fled utterly disorganised, leaving at least 700 men dead and two guns on the battlefield. The British bivouacked for the day close to the battlefield, resumed their march in the evening and advanced the following day to Bushahr, General Outram having thus secured by this victory at Khushab the safety of Bushahr, was enabled to move to Muhammara and the Karun, and there strike a decisive blow at the most vulnerable point of Persia.

The following passages from an officer's letter give us a graphic and vivid account of the charge of the 3rd Bombay Cavalry:—"When Forbes, who commanded this regiment, gave the order to charge, he and his adjutant, young Moore, placed themselves in front of the 6th troop, which was the one directly opposite the nearest face of the square. The others, Moore, Malcolmson, and Spens, came the least thing behind, riding knee to knee, with spurs in their horses' flanks, as if racing after a hog. In rear of them rushed the dark troopers of the 3rd, mad to avenge the death of poor Malet at Bushire. In spite of steel, fire, and bullets, they tore down upon the nearest face of the devoted square. As they approached, Forbes was shot through the thigh, and Spens' horse was wounded, but, unheeding, they swept onward. . . . The barrier was broken, and the entrance once made, in and through it poured the avenging troopers. On and over everything they rode, till, getting clean out, they re-formed on the other side, wheeled and swept back—a second wave of ruin. Out of 500 Persian soldiers of the 1st Regular Regiment of Fars, who composed that fatal square, only 20 escaped to tell the tale of its destruction. Thus the 3rd Light Cavalry, to use their own phrase, gave our enemies "a jewab (answer) for the death of Malet Sahib Bahadur."

General John Jacob, who succeeded General Stalker in command at Bushahr, gave the following account of this cavalry charge in a despatch dated June 13, 1857, in recommending Major Forbes for the decoration of the Victoria Cross:—"Major Forbes, commanding 3rd Regiment Bombay Light Cavalry. At the battle of Khooshab, Major Forbes, observing a column of the enemy's infantry advancing towards him, immediately proceeded to attack them. Major Forbes had with him at the time 120 men of his regiment—that is, a number equal to one weak squadron. Observing his advance on them, the enemy's column halted and formed a square in the most regular manner. The column consisted of one strong regiment; one side of the square was just equal to the front of Major Forbes's attacking squadron. The square was formed with perfect regularity, with bayonets fixed, and the front ranks kneeling; its fire was given closely, rapidly and steadily. The enemy's infantry appeared fully confident in the strength of this array, and there appeared to be no wavering in their ranks. Major Forbes led the squadron, at the utmost speed of their horses, straight down on the square, and, without the least check or hesitation, every horseman went through the kneeling and standing ranks. In one instant the square was broken to pieces, great numbers of men who had composed it were left dead on the spot, and the remainder dispersed in flight. In closing with the infantry square Major Forbes was severely wounded by a musket shot through the thigh; but, notwithstanding his wound, after executing the destructive charge on the square, Major Forbes, with Captains Moore and Wren, and such men as they had been able to keep together, after riding through the infantry, instantly fell on the Persian artillery, about 200 yards in rear of the infantry square. Major Forbes himself killed two of the artillerymen, and Captain Moore three of the drivers of one of the guns (a brass 9-pounder), which they thus took, and for a considerable time kept possession of under a heavy fire of musketry from the Persian infantry, who were around them. In this encounter Captain Moore's horse was killed, and this accident alone prevented him from at once carrying off the gun they had taken,

which was ultimately left on the ground. After the fight at the gun, Major Forbes was compelled by loss of blood to leave the field."

It may well be added here that Major Forbes did not receive the Victoria Cross for which General John Jacob thus recommended him: it happened that only two of this much-coveted decoration were available, and as he himself had recommended two others for this honour, he earnestly supported his own recommendations in preference to his own claims. He was, however, promoted Major and made a Commander of the Bath. The prowess and success of Major Forbes as a skilful cavalry leader were speedily manifested and promptly recognised on several occasions during the Indian Mutiny when he served with Sir Hugh Rose. But it is with the celebrated charge and brilliant victory of Khushab that the name and fame of the late General Sir John Forbes will be historically associated: it is commemorated on the Outram Shield; Sir Hugh Rose referred to it in a despatch when according recognition to Major Forbes for another noteworthy feat of arms; the officers of his old regiment, now the 33rd Queen's Own Light Cavalry, described it as "their grandest feat," when presenting to its "dear old commander" the regimental standards as heirlooms; and quite recently the present Commander-in-Chief in India ordered an account of this celebrated charge to be read out to all the cavalry regiments in India.

THE TREASURE SEARCH AT TOBERMORY.

STORY OF THE SPANISH SHIP FLORENCIA.

The Macleans and the Dons.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

WHILE the treasure-seekers are busy in quest of gold, silver-plate, and jewels on board the sunken galleon Florencia, the treasure-ship of the Spanish Armada, in Tobermory Bay, a short epitome of the story, still surrounded with such a halo of romance, will be interesting. Capain Burns, of the British Marine Salvage Association, who has had thirty years' experience in work of this description in various parts of the world, a level-headed Scot, and the very last man to go on a dream quest, is at the head of the enterprise. He has had access to all the records extant on the subject, all the documents bearing upon the lost Spanish galleon in Spanish and Italian, the records of the Clan Maclean, the archives in Genoa, as well as those in Inveraray Castle, the charts and maps connected with all the searches and investigations since the ship went down. He has also read "El Armada Invencible," by Fernan Ouen, Captain R.S.M., published in Madrid, 1884.

COMMERCIAL SIDE OF SEARCH.

Taking the unromantic part of the account first, let us begin with the report made upon the wreck by the expert from Sweden who was the first man to handle the sunken galleon after she went down. Our correspondent, who has closely studied the matter, and who has been present during the operations at Tobermory since they began in 1903, daily visiting the diving ship, lays great stress upon the fact that the narrative, charts, and plans of the experts who found the wreck both in 1661 and 1669 are in the hands of the present salvagers, who have entered into an engagement for several years with the Duke of Argyll regarding the recovery of the wealth on board the sunken Armada ship in Tobermory Bay. During the whole of this season the time of the mining expert, the divers and the staff on board the diving lighter will be taken up with probbing and digging in order to locate the hulk of the Spanish galleon, and Captain Burns and the syndicate will be thoroughly satisfied if the divers this season find the spot where she lies embedded in the ooze of Tobermory Bay.

EARLY ATTEMPTS.

The expert from Sweden who began the search, for the Marquis of Argyll in 1661, says he "made a careful examination of the spot, and found that the deck and a considerable portion of the sides of the galleon were blown off from the mizzenmast forward, and that the hull of the vessel was full of mud and sand. The poop, however, which was not damaged by the explosion, was standing up, and the heavy oak beams and planking of the sides intact. The bow of the ship was in eight fathoms and the stern in eleven fathoms at low water spring tides." He also found that cannon and other materials were scattered about the vessel within a radius of sixty feet. Under the poop were the lazar-house and the strong room containing the chests of gold and the wealth in silver and gems. The salvors, working under the direction of this Swede, "proceeded to tear away the planks and beams, and while they were thus engaged the Clan MacLean drove them away from their work, after they had recovered five or six heavy iron cannon." The Clan MacLean, who had not been paid for food supplied to the Spaniards on board, looked upon the wreck and the contained treasure as their private property, and the salvors had to desist owing to the threatening attitude of the islanders. The next attempt made to salve the ship was also frustrated by the MacLeans, who drove away the salvors when they were very expectant of success. The MacLeans

built a fort overlooking Tobermory, in an ideal spot for watching the approach of friend or foe. The remains of this fort are still to be seen on a rocky height near the present shooting range of the Argyll and Bute Artillery Volunteers.

IS THE TREASURE STILL THERE?

Now we may be asked why is it so difficult to find the whereabouts of the hulk of the Spanish galleon, so well known in 1661 and 1669? Is not the spot marked on the charts of these years which have been preserved in the archives of Inveraray Castle? The spot is marked on these charts as exactly as possible between the various points on the opposite shores of the bay, but it is not possible to come upon it now without much experiment and search, as no permanent marks were left by these salvors of the seventeenth century, and the shores have in several places become altered by the exigencies of time. And the vessel is not now on the surface, where she was in 1669; but is understood to have gone down thirty or thirty-five feet in the silt, and to have made a bed for herself. And this sinking of the heavy keel, keelson, and frames has vastly increased the difficulty of the undertaking. And writers ask whether the fishing-up of the golden doubloons has been postponed for the convenience of his Grace the Duke of Argyll and the syndicate to which he has delegated his rights by ancient Royal charter to recover and possess what treasure may be found. To that question Captain Burn's reply is that the treasures which went down are still in the hulk of the Florencia beneath the waters of Tobermory Bay, because no treasure-hunters were ever able to take them out, as none of them had implements able to cope with the difficulties of the task.

SOME OF THE RELICS.

In 1669 the ninth Earl of Argyll employed a Swede, with a diving-bell, who worked on the wreck for months, and in one of his letters the Earl reports that "two canone" had been recovered. His interest in treasure-hunting soon afterwards ended under the blade of the "maiden" at Edinburgh. In 1672 Sir William Sacheverell, Governor of the Isle of Man, had another try at the sunken treasure-ship with a diving-bell, but the results are unrecorded; and in 1687, when a new species of diving apparatus was invented by an expert named William Phipps, the Argyll of that day undertook a search, the outcome of which is unknown. In 1740 John, second Duke of Argyll, who had inherited the family interest in the Spanish galleon, had out the diving-bell again, and secured a bronze cannon of the most elaborate workmanship, which is still to be seen at Inveraray Castle. This beautiful piece of ordnance, 10ft. 10in. in length, is the work of Benvenuto Cellini, whose monogram is upon the gun. It also bears the arms of Francis I. and the fleur-de-lis. With this large gun were others bearing the English founders' mark of "R. and G. Phillips, 1584," with a crown and "E.R." At the same time there were recovered many gold and silver coins.

DEFECTIVE RELICS.

This brings the story of the search down to the days when the present Duke of Argyll was Marquis of Lorne. In the seventies of last century he sent a diver to investigate, and his finds may be given in his own words:—"A few pesetas, a piece of worm-eaten oak, and a brass stanchion were all that was brought up by our diver. Meantime, I refrain from publishing the map giving the position of the Florencia." We are now up to the recent operations, and in a position to review the former attempts. Modern experts are at one in affirming that the apparatus used up to the present century was of no avail in combating the difficulties in the case of a strongly-built ship of the type of the Florencia, which was constructed of black African oak, the planks of which still are quite fresh and retain their full elasticity. The limitations of the diving-bell are now clearly recognised. At a depth of five fathoms light work can be done satisfactory, but at eight fathoms its tendency to capsize renders its use highly dangerous. Now, in 1661 the stem of the Florencia, we are told, lay in eight fathoms and the stern at eleven at lowest spring tides; and it is on record that several salvors who were engaged in this work under these clumsy contrivances nearly lost their lives, and that the operations had to cease more than once owing to the men not being inclined to run the risks involved. From these diving-bells the men wrought with tong-like appliances, and others in the form of crooks and hooks. Notwithstanding the lack of tangible result in connection with the present Duke's search, referred to previously, the evidence of hidden wealth continued. When a foreign barque was weighing anchor in the bay a few years ago a Spanish doubloon was found sticking to the anchor.

PRESENT OPERATIONS.

In 1903, when the recent operations began under the control of Captain Burns, the syndicate, employing two divers of note and a diving lighter with powerful machinery on board, made preliminary investigations over various parts of the bay, and were successful in finding another large bronze Cellini gun, with breach-block filled with its charge of powder and a stone cannon ball ready for the application of the match, several blunderbuses, swords and

scabbards, a gold ring, and forty-five doubloons, some bearing the names of Ferdinand and Isabella, others that of Don Carlos of Spain. These lie in Glasgow Museum. A pair of compasses of antique pattern was perhaps as interesting as any of the finds of this year.

This was very encouraging, and in 1905 the syndicate entered into a five-years' engagement with the Duke of Argyll for the recovery of the galleon and its contents, the Duke allowing the syndicate at first one-fourth and afterwards one-half of the proceeds of the search, while the latter bore all the expense. Last year, accordingly, there began a most determined effort to reach the sunken vessel and its precious cargo. The services of a distinguished mining expert, who had great experience in the locating of metals both below water and underground, were secured, and photographs of the bottom of the bay were obtained which showed, where the operations of 1905 were carried on, a considerable swell or mound of sand corresponding to the space likely to be occupied by a vessel of the dimensions of the Florencia. On this sand bank there was a depth of seven fathoms, and on the surrounding area an almost uniform depth of ten fathoms. In ascending this mound the diver had to clamber on his hands and knees, and the hypothesis was that this formation was caused by an accumulation on and around the sunken ship. Indeed, Captain Burns was, during several weeks of the search last summer, quite satisfied that this theory was correct, for ever since they commenced working in this sandbank relics of the Spaniards, in the shape of broken scabbards, blunderbuses, boarding hooks, pieces of guns, pistols, the ramrod of a cannon, rolled round with lead bandage fashion, cannon balls, both of stone and iron, bottles of unique design, copper powder pans, pieces of Spanish oak, and other interesting curios were come upon, which showed that the searchers were nearing materials of much greater value.

EXPLORING THE SAND BANK.

This sand bank, accordingly, was thoroughly explored. The vessel lay stem up and stern down, and in the stern was hid the treasure. Every effort was, therefore, concentrated on locating this section of the wreck. For some weeks Captain Burns employed a powerful sand-sucking pump, the diver loosening the materials when boulders were encountered. The pump used was a centrifugal one capable of discharging 120 tons per hour. It was wrought from the deck of the diving lighter Beamer, and discharged through a boxed-in sieve over the stern of the lighter. The diving was entrusted to Mr. James Gush, of Greenock, who comes of a family of divers, and his assistant, Mr. W. Mackenzie, who was engaged also in the operations of 1903. The divers, in addition to keeping a clear passage for the action of the pump, kept a sharp look-out for relics and coins. After the suction pump had been at work for three weeks, Captain Burns tried the Priestman digger to clear away a solid obstruction, and to pierce shafts, as was fondly supposed, close to the stern of the galleon, for the divers were almost certain they were working in the forehold, where were found so many cannons, cannon-balls, and other munitions of war. While the digger was at work, several articles, among them an antique specimen of a candlestick, were come upon, and Captain Burns, afraid of damaging valuable pieces of vertu, such as silver crucifixes, or silver-plate, of which much was said to be on board the galleon, again reverted to the use of the sand pump. Six weeks were thus spent last summer, but the operations were confined to exploring a prescribed area of about 100 square feet of the sand bank, mapped out on the old chart. The divers also spent some time probing the sea bottom with a long spear, but all without the desired result, for the sand bank did not contain the Spanish galleon. Yet the result, far from daunting the searchers, has only made them more confident of ultimate success. Through the vessel having been blown up, the search has been rendered so much more troublesome, as portions of the equipment of the vessel carried away by the explosion have often led the salvors on a wrong course.

NEW METHODS.

This year new methods are being employed. Mr. Cossar, the famous expert, who by means of delicate apparatus can indicate where metal or wood in any quantity is buried underground even though covered by the sea, has prospected the bottom over a wider area, and by his instructions the search this summer is only conducted at certain spots where he believes wood or metal exist. On these marked sections boring operations are carried on by means of long jointed steel rods capable of being extended to 140 feet, which are worked by handles from a staging alongside the diving steamer. These rods are sunk well into the sand, and when a solid obstruction is encountered the big Priestman digger is at once set to work to excavate down to it, so that the diver may descend and ascertain what the obstruction consists of. This is the process followed at present, and it is thus that with patience and energy the ship is expected to be discovered.

HIGHLAND LITERATURE.—If you wish a volume treating of any particular subject or district, write to the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*.

HAAKON THE FEARLESS.

A Legend of Skye.

"They shall not pass," the lady cried
With angry voice and flashing eye,
"They shall not pass whate'er betide,
Though every clansman true should die,—
Though every crack should open wide,
And every stone in splinters fly.

"My kinsmen, now has come the hour
That my dead sire would fain have seen,
Yonder appears grim Norway's power,
Well know we what the leaders mean:
To hang, ruin, and devour,
Yet we may baulk then still, I ween."

She watched the galleys speeding on
Like dove-winged birds athwart the wave,
No colour from her cheek had gone,
A chieftain's daughter, she was brave,
Of fears or falterings knew she none,
Though peace her woman's heart might crave.

Last scion of a warrior-race
Her least behest the clan obeyed,
No man but served her in his place,
Not one her slightest trust betrayed,
She ruled them with a regal grace,
Their Flower of Skye, their Royal Maid.

Straight for the sunny rock-strewn shore
Came the great galleys broad and strong,
Each prow a hero's emblem bore,
Emblems renowned in tale and song;
The waves beneath each helm and oar,
Made music as they swept along.

Haakon the Fearless, staunch and bold,
Foremost and last in bloody fray,
To storm and take the lady's hold,
Onward had led that grand array;
And ere the Autumn day grew old
He dropped his anchors in the bay.

Slow passed the hour,—from yon grey pile
No sign, no sound of menace came,
The world with gladness seemed to smile
As sank the sun in robes of flame,
And the fair morn rose to beguile,
Men's hearts, and gentler moods to frame.

Outspake stern Haakon, "Never yet
Was battle won where woman led,
This maid her distaff would forget
To grasp her father's sword instead.
By Odin's red right hand I'll let
No woman thwart me!—I have said."

Against the sturdy mast he leant,
His sombre eyes the ocean scanned.
Within his soul deep discontent
That naught had prospered as he planned,
When lo! like some night vision sent
A little boat shot from the strand.

Onward it sped into the light
Of the fair moon's illumined track,
It's rower but a stripling slight
Who fiercely strained nor once looked back,
Until he stayed his headlong flight
By the great galley's bulwarks black.

"Now, who art thou so youthful, bold,
That treads unasked this deck of mine?"
"A thrall escaped from yonder hold
An', if it please thee, thrall of thine,
To lead thee where that lady's gold
Is stored, if thou thine ear incline.

"Say, wilt thou dare? The secret gate
Is open,—I the way can show,
Thy Vikings may thy signal wait
To seize the fort without a blow."
His finger raised, his look elate,
Answer he craved with eyes aglow.

Stern Haakon laughed,—the stripling's cheek
Grew red as fire, then deadly pale,
As twice the Norseman strove to speak,
And twice his laughter would prevail.
"Ho!—come my men, all ye who seek
A goodly jest, and hear this tale."

Quickly they gathered, hemming in,
Mocking, and mirthful faces peered,
And ever o'er the clamourous din
Rang Haakon's laugh,—sound to be feared—
Telling of that wild soul within,
Relentless, fierce, when danger neared.

He spoke at last,—"In Norway's land
No maid in boyish garb is seen,
Nor does the thrall with silken band
Bind up his locks their length to screen,
Nor dare he wear on wrist or hand
His lady's gauds of glittering sheen."

Then grew that lady cold her lips,
And dumb she stood in dread surprise,
As fails the sun in dark eclipse,
So failed the light in her sweet eyes.
Alas! she that in plotting slips
May of herself make sacrifice.

Again he laughed in scorn, "I wis'
No clansman of thy purpose recked,
Else had'st thou never came like this
With maiden's ornaments bedecked,
To lure me with false tales to miss
My triumph, by thy trickery checked."

Then suddenly his laughter stilled,
Into the lady's eyes he gazed,
Those lovely eyes that slowly filled
And to his own were mutely raised,
The hero's heart was strangely thrilled,
Wild thoughts, wild hopes within it blazed.

Bluntly his thoughts found vent at last
"Lady, thy fate thou shalt decide:
Wilt pine a thrall in bondage fast,
Or reign a Viking's honoured bride?
Whate'er the choice thy lot is cast,
For, natheless, by it I abide."

A breathless space they watched her stand
Irresolute, but queenly, calm,
Then stretched she forth her jewelled hand
And laid it in the hero's palm,
And swiftly stooping, kissed his brand,
While frantic shouts were bridal psalm.

* * * * *

Norseman and Celt in kinship band,
Through centuries have held their own
In arms, in arts, in lore profound
Their valour, power, and greatness shown,
On native soil, on alien ground,
By lonely hearth or monarch's throne.

Note.—It is a well-known historical fact that for some time the Norsemen either held complete possession of, or had colonies in several of the Western Isles, though how they first gained a footing is not clearly understood. That they intermarried with the native Celts cannot be disputed,—in some of the more outlying isles of the Hebrides the people show a marked Norwegian strain, many of them being tall, large limbed, and fair or red haired. I have chosen one of the Viking raids as the key-note of this Legend of Skye.

Janet A. M'Culloch.

THE TEACHING OF GAELIC IN SCHOOLS.

SIR.—The letter from Mr. Charles Stewart published in *The Times* of July 21st, endorsed as it was by that journal in a leading article, has received considerable attention in the Scottish press, including *The Glasgow Herald*, and especially among the people of the Highlands. So far as I have seen no Scottish newspaper shares in the views and apprehensions therein expressed, and, as regards the letter itself, the writer of it is so manifestly ill-informed on certain important points that his warnings have given rise to feelings more akin to amusement than to alarm. Great prominence has, however, been given to the subject of Gaelic in schools, and it is therefore proper, for the sake of such as take an interest in the subject but may not be sufficiently informed regarding it, that the case should be fairly stated.

The Times lays stress on the fact that Mr. Stewart is

"A MEMBER OF THE APPIN FAMILY."

He is a descendant of a family which at one time held an estate in the district of Appin. That estate was, however, lost more than a century and a half ago, since which time neither he nor his forefathers have to any extent resided in the Highlands, with the exception, in his own case, of an occasional autumnal respite from the cares and duties of a busy London life. It is therefore much to his credit that he is so attached as he is known to be to the country, garb, and traditions of his ancestors. But it is easier to admire Highland scenery, wear the Highland dress, dance the Highland fling, and listen to the Highland tale than to learn the Highland tongue, and, unfortunately, Mr. Stewart has not had an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of Gaelic, literary or colloquial, or of making himself personally and practically acquainted with the peculiar educational needs of the Gaelic-speaking child. Clearly, therefore, he cannot, notwithstanding his Appin blood, be accepted as an authority on the question whether the old tongue is rich or poor, useful or useless, or on points of educational policy within the districts in which it is spoken. He speaks not only for himself, but for others who "are neither few nor foolish nor obscure, but prefer not to take a public part in a controversial subject." It would be more satisfactory if these gentlemen gave their names to the public. It is known that within the last few months Mr. Stewart has addressed letters to Highlanders of position on the lines of his letter to *The Times*. How many are led into a concurrence in his views I cannot say. But I do know that he did not succeed in obtaining support in every instance.

THE HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION.

"An Comunn Gaidhealach,"—I trust Mr. Stewart will not find in the French-looking word "Comunn" the "seed" of a revolution—is the chief promoter of the Gaelic movement in Scotland. Its first object is "to promote the teaching of Gaelic." From a paper before me it appears that Her Royal Highness Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) is president, and that among its supporters are the Duke of Argyll, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Marquis of Tullibardine, the Marquis of Graham, the Countess of Cromartie, Lady Macdonald of the Isles, Sir Hector Munro of Foulis, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, Cameron of Lochiel, the Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Cluny Macpherson, and many other landed proprietors and leading men in the North. These are all deeply interested in the welfare of the Gaelic people, and it is not to be supposed that they would countenance any movement which could possibly result, not in welfare, but in hurt and detriment.

Mr. Stewart appears to have been moved to write his letter by the favourable reception which the Secretary for Scotland gave in April last to a strong deputation which waited upon him on the subject of

GAELIC TEACHING,

and which consisted of Members of Parliament, landed proprietors, and professional and business men, interested in education in the Highlands. It was then that the Education Department gave expression to the "degree of official sanction" which he deprecates. He, however, misapprehends the demands of the deputation. The gentlemen who composed it did not ask, and no responsible person has, so far as I am aware, ever suggested that the old tongue should be artificially fostered at the expense of English or of any other more useful subject. What they submitted was:—

> "That Gaelic-speaking children ought to be taught by Gaelic-speaking teachers, and that, in the educational interests of the Highlands, it is necessary that a clause providing for the selection and training, for the teaching profession, of an adequate number of Gaelic-speaking pupils, should be inserted in the regulations of the Scotch Education Department."

As a member of the deputation I was asked to state the case to the Scotch Secretary, and in doing so I used words which I may be allowed to quote from a newspaper report:—

> "We desire to assure you that we have not come here on any sentimental errand. Those of us who know the Gaelic language and its literature value it for its own sake, and we feel that the man who knows Gaelic and English is, linguistically and intellectually, a better equipped man than he who knows English only. That, however, is not the point on which we wish to dwell to-day. What we desire to impress upon you, and upon my Lords of the Education Department, is the necessity of making adequate use of Gaelic in the education of children whose home language Gaelic is, if such children are to be thoroughly grounded in English and to be properly fitted out for the duties and struggles of life. In short, our great object is to secure the efficient education of the child, by a rational use of the only language with which he is familiar."

Mr. Stewart believes that the number of children who have no knowledge of English is very small. Educational experts who know the Highlands estimate the number at between 25,000 and 30,000. What the friends of those Englishless children demand is that they should be

TAUGHT BY GAELIC-SPEAKING TEACHERS—

not solely for the purpose of teaching them to read Gaelic (which in their case is in itself a desirable thing, and easy if the teacher knows the old tongue), but mainly for the purpose of giving them an intelligent knowledge of English and of the subjects which form the ordinary school curriculum. It is at this time of day surprising to hear Mr. Stewart say that "young children who can speak Gaelic only will learn English quickest if they never hear the Gaelic tongue on the lips of the teacher." That system was long ago tried and found wanting. In 1710 the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge, now the Highland Education Trust, established schools in various parts of the Highlands. One of their regulations bound their schoolmasters to "discharge" (that is, prohibit) "their scholars to speak Earse." The result was that, while a great majority of the children, who know no language but Gaelic,

LEARNED MECHANICALLY TO READ ENGLISH,

they utterly failed to understand what they read, and that when they left school they left their books and

their "learning" behind them. In time the directors of the society realised the error of their ways, and in 1767 the use of Gaelic was allowed. In 1781 the directors reported that the result of the new rule was satisfactory, "not only in opening the minds of the people to knowledge, but in giving a greater desire to learn the English language than they had ever before discovered."

The same necessity for the use of Gaelic as a medium of general education still continues, although, of course, not to the same extent; but, unfortunately, there is a dearth in the Highlands of Gaelic-speaking teachers. Mr. Stewart does not think there is any real desire among parents that their

CHILDREN SHOULD LEARN GAELIC.

I speak from my own knowledge of the condition of matters in many a Highland parish when I say that where Gaelic is the home language there is now a very strong desire among parents that their children should learn to read it, and that use should be made of it in conveying to them an intelligent knowledge of English. The Gaelic question was prominent at some of the School Board elections last spring, and where that was the case results were favourable to the "friends of the Gaelic." Colonel Gardyne of Glenforsa, has in a letter to *The Times* given good reasons why children whose home language Gaelic is—in which their worship and their conversation are conducted—should be taught to read it. That, in the case of a Gaelic-speaking child, is, as I have already said, an easy task, which does not involve much time. But the language as a language deserves some little time. Gaelic-speaking scholars know what a valuable aid it is in the acquisition of Latin and the modern languages which have come from Latin. No one would have expected to find Mr. Stewart searching it for the technical terms of modern science and art; but it is otherwise a wonderfully full and rich and suggestive tongue.

The apprehension of Mr. Stewart and *The Times* that the Gaelic movement in the Highlands may have ultimate political results favourable to

HOME RULE AND SEPARATISM,

and unfavourable to national and imperial unity, is—I cannot help saying it—very absurd. No suggestion has ever been made, and is not likely ever to be made, that the Highlands should have Home Rule. The country is too small and the population too sparse for that, even if there was any desire for it, which there is not. I have heard of one other person who objects to Gaelic on that ground, and, curiously, he also is a Stewart. I am myself a Unionist, and have worked for thirty years in the Conservative cause. It has never occurred to me that Gaelic is the mortal enemy of the Union, or the death of the Tory party!

No "degree of official sanction" to the use of Gaelic in Highland Schools has recently been obtained from the Education Department. The sanction that now exists has existed for years, during which the bilingual teaching of children who are only Gaelic-speaking on their coming to school has been encouraged by the Education Code. The only new thing is that under the General Aid Minute, published shortly after the deputation's interview with the Secretary for Scotland, a grant of £10 per annum for one Gaelic-speaking teacher in each school is offered. The administrative working of the £10 grant is, of course, in the hands of the Department, and, as a Gaelic-speaking man who has for many years served on School Boards in town and country, and on the Boards of the Highland Education Trust and other educational institutions, and who is keenly interested in the education and well-being of Highland children, my view and expectation is that the effect of the subsidy, small as it is, will be that the intellectual training and building up of Gaelic-speaking pupils will become much more perfect than it has hitherto been.

There has for many years been nothing in the Department's regulations

TO PREVENT THE TEACHING OF GAELIC

in any school as a language, provided that the syllabus is officially approved. There has, however, been no attempt to devote time to it which ought to be devoted to more useful subjects. Highlanders love their language, but they love success in life even more; and the commonsense of parents may be trusted to keep in check any attempt to sacrifice the material prosperity of their children to blind sentiment. To use a common saying, they know too well on which side their bread is buttered.—I am, &c.,

Inverness. WILLIAM MACKAY.

A HIGHLAND FUNERAL.

WE are assembled on the green sward. Each face is sad. Solemnity is everywhere traced in the features and movements of every one present. The scene is one which cannot be studied by itself. As we gaze upon it we are hurried along on the swift wings of imagination, and halt not till we find ourselves, as the sun reddens in the west, among the hushed crowd that assembled on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, to hear him "who spoke as man ne'er spoke." Each one seemed to make sorrow his. For my own part, whenever I looked at my neighbour, I felt as if I could weep. I felt that choking sensation which I remember feeling when, for the first time, I left my father and mother—my brother—my gentle sister—my home, with its old and dear associations. (But ah! I have here touched a chord which makes me even now feel as a child!) Many unsympathizing hearts may laugh at me when I say I felt in this wise; while others, who try to study the philosophy of facts, may call me a poor, simple being. Simple I am, or I should not be writing this, and that *simplicity* (we call it simplicity to meet the demands of the philosophy of facts) filled the hearts of all those present—the best and bravest of men on earth. Old men and young, all sat with heads uncovered. Even the sprightliest were loath to enter into conversation. Every person appeared to be thinking (some, perhaps, for the first time) and each one thought it an unholy thing to interrupt the current of thought—whether religious or otherwise—that flowed through the other's mind. With regard to myself, although impressed by the sacredness of the scene, I allowed my boyish fancy free play among those mysterious problems met in the contemplation of death and the grave. But my reverie is suddenly ended. We are arranged in pairs, with a space between each pair. And now the mortal remains we are about to convey to their last resting place are

slowly carried out by friends, who experience a mournful pleasure in thus paying the last rites to one who can no more feel grateful for any work of affection. The bier is reverently raised on the shoulders of the first two pairs. Friends and relations walk close behind it. In front there paces a saint-like man, with "measured step and slow." He is, in this case, an old soldier. At every hundred or two hundred paces, according as the distance to the cemetery is far or near, he cries out "Relief," which is a signal for those under the bier to halt for a few seconds, until those coming next assume their places. Whenever they do so, those relieved stand still till the whole line passes them, and then they join in the rear. This process is repeated all the way. Were it otherwise the men would be very much wearied; for sometimes they convey the dead in this manner to a distance of twenty miles or more, and very frequently along the roughest roads. Should any person chance to meet the funeral, he would be showing the greatest dishonour to the dead unless he uncovered his head. This idea of respect is something similar to another very common in the Highlands—that of adding a stone to the lonely cairn set up in memory of some poor unfortunate who was not blessed by being buried in the tomb of his fathers. The Russians and most northern peoples observe both customs.

When the churchyard is reached the body is lowered at the gate, and carried to the grave by friends of the deceased. On its being lowered into the grave every one present uncovers his head, and, as freely submitting to the will of the Creator of all, says "Amen." The earth is then returned into its place by some of those present, the chief mourners all the time standing at the head of the grave.

Females do not take part in Highland funerals. It is their chief duty to go to the house of affliction, and to comfort sorrowing ones. In Orkney and Shetland, however, it is no strange thing to see women present at funerals. But in these parts, I have observed, the female portion of the community knows what its rights are. I cannot see why women should not pay the last honour that is in their power to pay to the dead, unless, indeed, the practice might be objected to on account of the ebullitions of sorrow which the fairer and softer sex would naturally give vent to on such occasions.

Here I may say a word or two with reference to a notion that has somehow or other crept to the south—that a great deal of intoxication takes place at Highland funerals. No scandal was ever of a more creeping and lying nature than this. Because the foresight of the "son of the mist" has told him to provide himself with a small supply of his favourite beverage when he is at a funeral where the nearest churchyard is fifteen or twenty miles distant, and where the only road is a sheep-track across snow-covered moors and ice bound hills, are we on that account so destitute of charity as to call him a drunkard—a savage who celebrates the death of his nearest, his dearest friend in the most repulsive and inhuman manner? I should think not. Those who know anything of Highland character know that it is not characteristic of the Highlander to ridicule the solemn or make light of the sacred. He may claim, without boast, the first place in nobleness of soul, in purity of morals and in religious sentiment. These are the qualities to which it is owing his name is rendered so notoriously famous throughout the whole world. The most dull eye is all aglow when it sees, on printed page and painted canvas, the noble deeds of heroism displayed in the person of the Highlander; and the ear, at first reluctant to hear, is made to tingle when it hears rehearsed the chivalrous exploits and cool daring of the hardy son of Caledonia. The dreamy philosopher and the sleepy theologian are aroused from their lethargic musings on the selfish and depraved state of man when they find that here, if not elsewhere, is a race whose moral nature is benevolent, and whose soul is filled with an all-inspiring fear of its God. And all, in fact, who are possessed of the rare power of thinking for themselves, and basing their observations on facts, and not on the authority of others, will find that this matter with regard to funeral "sprees" is scarcely worth the paper and ink wasted in its refutation.

RAIBEART MAC-AN-ROTHAICH.

THE MACCORQUODALES.—The History of the MacCorquodales, which is to be printed for private circulation only, will shortly be ready. As a prelude, a piece of music entitled "MacCorquodale's Lament," was rendered recently by the scholars attending Inveraray Public School. Mr. Peter Macintyre, merchant, Inveraray, is largely responsible for the compilation of the forthcoming history of the MacCorquodales.

JUNIOR KINTYRE CLUB.—The opening meeting of the session takes place on 12th October, in the Christian Institute, when the Hon. President, Mr. John Mackay, Editor *Celtic Monthly*, will deliver a lecture on "Dunaverty Castle, Kintyre," in which he will treat of the history of this ancient stronghold of the great Lords of the Isles, ending with the massacre of 1647 when 250 Highlanders were put to the sword. A number of romantic tales associated with Dunaverty and Southend district will be introduced.

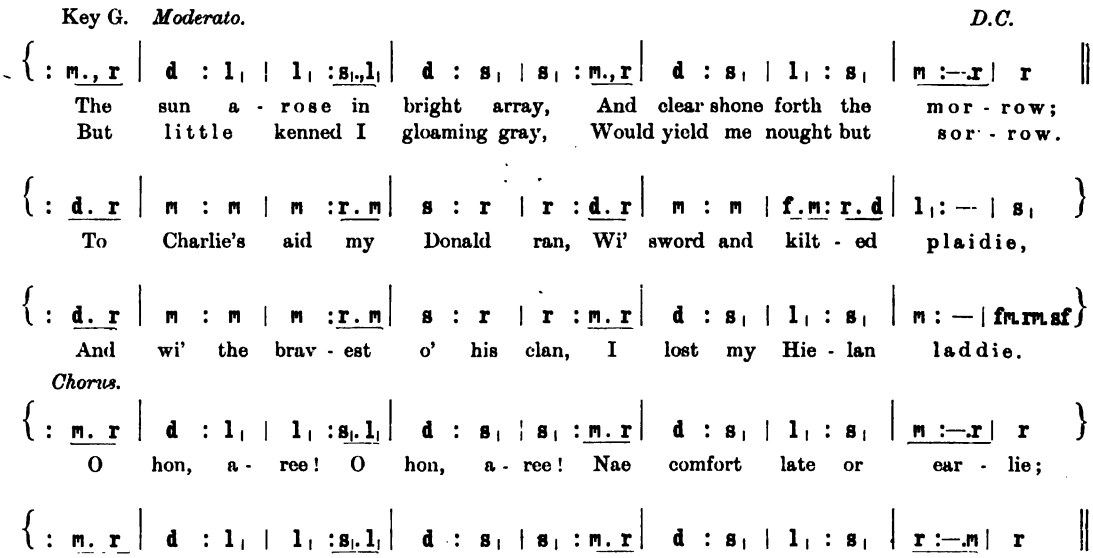
CLAN MACKINNON SOCIETY.—A very interesting syllabus of lectures and entertainments for the winter months has just been issued by this Society. The Annual Gathering takes place on 2nd November, under the chairmanship of the chief, Mackinnon of Mackinnon.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following Lament seems to breathe the real spirit of the old Gaelic music, but I can give no very satisfactory account of it. The Air is known in the Highlands as "*Na bi goid no coille orm*," while it will be found in some collections of Pipe music under the name of "The Isle of Skye Local Militia's March." I cannot say who composed the English words.

FIONN.

Lament for Prince Charlie.



Nae mair his pibroch's strain I'll hear
Glenlochy's echoes swelling;
Our early haunts are dull and dree,
And desolate his dwelling.
Glenlyon's streams that ran so clear,
To me noo's dark and muddy;
Sin' Scotland's lost her Royal heir,
And I my Hielan' laddie.
O hon, a-ree, &c.

Oh! what can cheer a heart so wae?
Oh! what can comfort gie me?
Can I forget that waefu' day
When last he came to see me?
His manly form, his graceful mien,
His dress so trim and gaudy;
He was a match for ony queen—
My winsome Hielan' laddie.
O hon, a-ree, &c.

THE MACQUARRIES OF ULVA.

SIR,—I write this note to correct a few errors in my account of the Macquarries of Ulva. I overlooked the fact that Guaire, the progenitor of the Macquarries, and Fingon, the progenitor of the MacKinnons, were possibly brothers. It is certain that Fingon must have been born about 1180. I assume then, that Guaire was born about that time.

It is slightly probable that Ceallach, son of Paul, married a daughter of John Dubh Maclean, father of Lachlan Lùbanach of Duart and Hector Reaganach of Lochbuie, whilst it is fairly certain that Hector, son of Ceallach, married Fingula, daughter of Lachlan Lùbanach and grand-daughter of John, first Lord of the Isles. Hector had a son who was killed at Harlaw in 1411, and whose name was probably Lachlan. He had also a son named Guaire. John, son of Guaire, had two sons, Dunslaff and Lachlan Mor. Dunslaff died without lawful male issue. Lachlan Mor married a daughter of John, son of Malcolm Macgregor. Hector, son of Lachlan Mor, married a daughter of Macneil of Barra, and had John, who was laird of Ulva in 1545. Lachlan, nineteenth in descent from Guaire, sold his estate in 1777, and entered the army as a captain in the 74th or Argyle Highlanders. His commission was dated December 23, 1777. He retired from the army in 1783.

Yours truly,

Belfast, P.E. Island. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.