

## S L O G A N S.

SLOGAN was the name given in Scotland to the war-cry common throughout Europe in the middle ages. The French called it *cri de guerre*; and an old Italian writer, Sylvester Petra Sancta, quaintly terms it *clamor militaris*. The object was to animate the troops by some common and endeared subject of reference at the moment of attack. Hence war-cries were generally one of three things—the name of the leader, the place of the rendezvous, or the figure on the standard. For an example of the first class, the cry of the family of Bourbon was simply the name *Bourbon*. Sometimes an encomium was added, as in the case of the cry of the Counts of Hainault—*Hainault the Noble*; or that of the Duke of Milan—*Milan the Valiant*. In 1335, the English, led by Thomas of Rosslyne and William Moubray, assaulted Aberdeen. The former was mortally wounded in the onset; and as his followers were pressing forward, shouting *Rosslyne! Rosslyne!* ‘Cry Moubray,’ said the expiring chieftain; ‘Rosslyne is gone!’—*Border Minstrelsy*, i. 174. Examples of the kind which consisted in a reference to the place of rendezvous were abundant in Scotland, in consequence of the localisation of clans in particular districts, and the practice which prevailed, of collecting them at a particular place in times of danger by means of a messenger or the *fiery cross*.

War-cries were also taken from the names of patron saints. That of the king of England was *St George*.

'Advance our standards, set upon our foes;  
Our *ancient word of courage*, fair *St George*,  
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!  
Upon them!'

*Richard III.\**

The king of France cried *Montjoye St Denis*, the former word being in allusion, it is supposed, to certain little mounts on which crosses were erected on the way from Paris to St Denis, for the direction of travellers. Edward III. of England, at a skirmish near Paris in 1349, cried, '*Ha, St Edward!* (meaning the Confessor); *ha, St George!*'

There were a few war-cries of kinds different from the above. An old French herald speaks of *cries of resolution*, of which that of the Crusaders, *Dieu le veut* (God wills it), was a notable example; *cries of invocation*, an instance of which he cites in the Lords of Montmorency, *Dieu aide au premier Chrétien* (God assist the first Christian), this being said to have been the first family converted to Christianity in France; and *cries of exhortation*, as that of the emperor, *A dextre et a sinistre* (To the right and left), a sufficiently emphatic direction to the soldiers of the chivalrous times.†

When modes of fighting changed, war-cries were laid

\* In an old art of war quoted in Nares's Glossary, there occurs this injunction to the English: 'Item, That all soldiers entering into battail, assault, skirmish, or other faction of armes, shall have for their common cry and word, *St George forward*, or *Upon them St George*, whereby the soldier is much comforted.' The favourite battle-cry of the Irish was *Aboo!* Henry VII. passed an act prohibiting its use, and enjoining *St George* instead, or else the name of the king for the time being.

† The following are French slogans of the middle ages, communicated by a correspondent:—

Bretagne . . . . .	A ma vie!
Anjou . . . . .	Los!
Lorraine . . . . .	Prigny! Prigny!
	(A château near Nancy.)
Dinan et Montafilan . . . . .	Hary avant!
Loras . . . . .	Un jour L'oras!

The following belong to Brittany:—

Molac . . . . .	Cric à Molac! [that is, Silence á Molac.]
Coëtmen . . . . .	Idem! idem!
Penlivet . . . . .	Ret eo! [that is, Il faut!]
Chastel . . . . .	Mar car doe! s'il plait à Dieu!
Coltquelfen . . . . .	Beza e peoch! Vivre en paix!
Quillemadic . . . . .	Hep remet! Sans remede!

aside, or transferred as mottos to the crests of the families by which they had been used. The latter is the case with a large proportion of the slogans of our Scottish families.

The following Scottish slogans are chiefly from a list kindly furnished to me in 1825 by Sir Walter Scott:—

THE KING OF SCOTS.

St Andrew!

THE EARL OF DOUGLAS.

A Douglas! a Douglas!

\* \* \*

While Douglas and his menzie all  
Were coming up upon the wall.  
Then in the tower they went in hy [haste]:  
The folk was that time halily [wholly]  
Intill the hall at their dancing,  
Singing, and others was playing:

\* \* \*

But ere they wist, richt in the hall  
Douglas and his rout coming were all,  
And cried on hicht, 'Douglas! Douglas!'  
And they that ma war than he was,  
Heard 'Douglas!' cried hideously;  
They were abasit for the cry.

\* \* \*

—Description of the taking of Roxburgh Castle by Sir James Douglas, in *Barbour's Bruce*.

THE EARL OF HOME.

A Home! a Home!

Nisbet, in his heraldry, speaks of this as an example of the class of war-cries consisting of the name of the place of rendezvous, which, in this case, he says, was Home Castle. But, as the name of this noble family was Home, there seems no reason to suppose that it was not merely an expression of the name of the leader, as in the case of the preceding slogan.

THE EARL OF WINTON.

Set on!

A rebus upon the family name—Seton. Perhaps there might be some reference to this cry in the motto of the crest of the Earls of Winton—*Hazard zit forward!*

'About a score of weapons at once flashed in the sun, and

there was an immediate clatter of swords and bucklers, while the followers on either side cried their master's name; the one shouting, "Help! a Leslie! a Leslie!" while the others answered with shouts of "Seyton! Seyton!" with the additional punning slogan, "Set on! Set on!—bear the knaves to the ground!"—*Description of a street conflict in The Abbot.*

## STEWARTS, EARLS OF LENNOX.

Avant, Dernele!

(Forward, Darnley!) the latter word being the name of a place in Renfrewshire, where the family first were settled, and which being their second title, and therefore borne by the eldest son, acquired, through well-known circumstances, a haplessly conspicuous place in Scottish history. The etymology of the word gives, I believe, the sense of the lea or field of concealment. *Avant, Dernele!* the war-cry of the family, was in time adopted by them as a motto. In the early part of the last century, there was extant at Temple-Newsom, in Yorkshire, an old bed, said to have been that in which the Lord Darnley of Scottish history was born, and on the cornice of which was inscribed in gold, AVANT DARNLE, JAMAIS ARRIERE, AVANT DARNLE. *Jamais arriere* was the motto of the Douglas family, of which the mother of Darnley was a daughter.

## SCOTTS OF BUCCLEUCH.

A Bellendaine!

Bellendean, near the head of the Borthwick Water, in Roxburghshire, was the gathering place of the clan Scott in times of war; for which purpose it was very convenient, being in the centre of the possessions of the chiefs of this name. *A Bellendaine!* is accordingly cited in old ballad books as their gathering word or war-cry.

## THE CRANSTOUNS.

Henwoodie!

The Cranstouns were a powerful family in the southern part of Roxburghshire, and Henwoodie, on Oxnam Water in that district, was their place of rendezvous.

'One fact has been rescued from the general oblivion connected with Henwood, in the immediate vicinity of the

Crag Tower. Into its deep and impervious fastnesses, which covered extensively the western banks of the Oxnam and the grounds adjacent, the Border chiefs, accompanied by their feudal and military retainers, were wont to betake themselves, when their dangers were pressing and great. Hence an occurrence, exceedingly frequent and alarming, gave rise to the memorable war-cry, A Henwoodie!—which made one and all grow fierce, seize the readiest weapon, and hasten eagerly to the forest, of all others the most safely commodious place, both as a rendezvous and refuge. By this watch-word, too often the signal for indiscriminate burning, devastation, and slaughter, no less than by the many ruins of a dignified but gloomy cast with which this frontier parish abounded, we are sadly reminded of the troubles and rude habits so prevalent in that age; and are led forcibly to contrast these with the growing civilisation and peaceful occupations that characterise the present times.'—*New Statistical Account of Scotland, art. Oxnam.*

THE MAXWELLS.

I bid you bide—Wardlaw!

Wardlaw is a hill overlooking Carlaverock Castle, in Dumfriesshire, the rendezvous of the clan.

THE JOHNSTONS.

'Light, thieves a'.

The Johnstons are said to have adopted this as a war-cry in consequence of their chief having been accustomed to use the phrase while acting as warden of the western Borders, in the course of his proceedings for the suppression of depredators, whom he thus commanded to descend from their horses and submit to the law.

THE HEPBURNS.

Bide me fair!

THE CLAN GORDON.

Gordon, Gordon, Bydand!

*Bydand* (that is, abiding or waiting), the more important part of this slogan, has been adopted by the family as a motto to their crest.

## THE CLAN FORBES.

Lonachin!

Lonachin, a hilly ridge in Strathdon, Aberdeenshire, was the rendezvous of this clan.

## THE FARQUHARSONS.

Cairn-na-cuen!

That is, *Cairn of Remembrance*—a mountain in Braemar. The Farquharsons are a powerful clan, occupying the south-west corner of Aberdeenshire.

## MACPHERSON.

Craig-dhu.

Place of rendezvous—literally, the *Black Rock*; a dark conspicuous eminence in Badenoch, the country of the Macphersons.

## GLENGARRY.

Craggan an Fhithich.

Place of rendezvous—literally, the *Rock of the Raven*; a place in the Glengarry country, used as the rendezvous of the clan in times of danger.

## MACKENZIE.

Tullich-ard.

Tullich-ard is a hill in Kintail, on the side of Loch Duich, a few miles from the ruined castle of Ellandonan, the original seat of the clan Mackenzie. It is said to have commanded veneration in ancient times, and, like the temple of Janus, indicated peace or war. 'When war commenced, a barrel of burning tar, on the highest peak, was the signal at which all the tenants around Seaforth assembled, in twenty-four hours, at the castle of St Donan. The mountain yet forms the crest of the Seaforth arms.'—*Laing's Caled. Itin.* vol. i. p. 71.

## GRANT.

Stand fast, Craigellachie.

Craigellachie, a wooded hillock or rock in Strathspey, near the inn of Aviemore, on the side of the great road leading

from Perth to Inverness, was the place of rendezvous of the clan Grant. The war-cry is now the motto of the chief, the Earl of Seafield.

## MACFARLANE.

Loch Sloy!

Place of rendezvous—a small lake between Loch Long and Loch Lomond.

‘While Monmouth threw himself from his horse, and rallying the Foot Guards, brought them on to another close and desperate attack, he was warmly seconded by Dalzell, who, putting himself at the head of a body of Lennox Highlanders, rushed forward with their tremendous war-cry of *Loch Sloy*.’—*Old Mortality*.

## BUCHANAN.

Clare Innis! (or Inch.)

From the place of rendezvous—a small island in Loch Lomond.

## CLAN MACDONALD.

Frieich!

That is, heather—the heath being the cognisance of this clan, and borne in their bonnets in battle.

## CLANRANALD.

A dh’ ain deoin co ’heireadh e!

Translated literally, *In spite of who would say it*. That is, *to the contrary*; indicating a very strong and fearless resolution.

‘After forming for a little while, there was exhibited a changing, fluctuating, and confused appearance of waving tartans and floating plumes, and of banners displaying the proud gathering-word of Clanranald, *Ganion Coheriga* (Gainsay who dares); *Loch Sloy*; *Forth, fortune, and fill the fetters*, the motto of the Marquis of Tullibardine; *Bydand*, that of Lord Lewis Gordon; and the appropriate signal-words and emblems of many other chieftains and clans.’—*Description of the Highlanders’ March to Preston, in Waverley*.

## MACGREGOR.

O’ ard choille!

Place of rendezvous—signifying *from the woody height*.

## MERCER OF ALDIE.

## The Grit Pule!

That is, *Great Pool*. This was probably a well-known spot in the territories of the Laird of Aldie, and the rendezvous of his dependants. The phrase afterwards became the motto of the family.

## DUMFRIES.

## Loreburn!

'The motto [of the town arms] is *Aloreburn* or *Loreburn*—a word of which the precise import has never been ascertained. It is certain, however, that it was the ancient slogan or war-cry of the inhabitants; and it is believed to be a corruption of the words *Lower Burn*, having reference to a small rivulet, the banks of which used to be the rendezvous of the burgesses, when they assembled in arms on the approach of a hostile force. Accordingly, a street in the immediate neighbourhood of the original course of the stream in question bears the name of Loreburn Street.'—*New Stat. Account of Scotland, article Dumfries*. It is not easy to believe that the rivulet was called *Lower Burn*, as distinguishing it from some other rivulet, *nether* being the word usually adopted in Scotland to express such an idea; but the stream might be called the Loreburn, with reference to some other peculiarity. *A Loreburn!* is probably the right form of this war-cry.

## HAWICK.

## Terri buss and Terri oden!

The war-cry of the inhabitants of Hawick is introduced in a conspicuous manner in a poem produced a few years ago by one of them, on the occasion of a riding of their marches, and of which the following are the first and burden verses:—

England mustering all her forces,  
 Trained to war both men and horses;  
 Marched an army under Surrey,  
 Threatening Scotia's rights to bury.  
 Terry Buss and Terry Oden,  
 Sons of heroes slain at Flodden  
 Imitating Border bowmen,  
 Aye defend your rights and common.

Of the slogan itself, I am not aware of any explanation having ever been given.

JEDBURGH.

Jethart's here !

'The inhabitants of Jedburgh were so distinguished for the use of arms, that the battle-axe or partizan which they commonly used was called a *Jeddart Staff*, after the name of the burgh. Their bravery turned the fate of the day at the skirmish of Reedswair [1596], one of the last fought upon the Borders, and their slogan or war-cry is mentioned in the old ballad which celebrates that event—

'Then rose the slogan with a shout,  
To it, Tynedale !—Jeddart's here.'

*Scott's Border Antiquities.*

DISTRICT OF GLENLIVAT.

Boghail !

DISTRICT OF STRATHDOWN.

Knock Ferghaun !

HIGHLANDERS GENERALLY.

Albanich !

This was simply the name by which they distinguished themselves from the Sassenach or low-country people. Its effect would be to remind them of their national honour.

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