The Book of the Fell

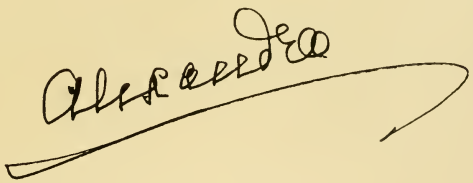
THE BOOK
OF
THE FEILL

Alexandra

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE
PALL MALL

I am glad to accede to the request made to me by the Edinburgh Highland Feill Committee to send a message of good wishes for reproduction in the "Book of the Feill".

I wish the undertaking all possible success, and trust that through its means all necessary comforts for our gallant Highlanders serving at the Front will be provided for them.



THE
BOOK OF THE FEILL

A MEMENTO OF THE FEILL HELD IN THE
MUSIC HALL, EDINBURGH, FOR THE PURPOSE
OF PROVIDING COMFORTS FOR THE SOLDIERS
OF OUR HIGHLAND REGIMENTS
29TH–31ST MARCH 1917

ISSUED BY
**THE ASSOCIATION OF HIGHLAND SOCIETIES
OF EDINBURGH**

EDITORS

FRED. T. MACLEOD
DAVID MACRITCHIE
W. G. BURN MURDOCH

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A PIBROCH
Somerled Macdonald

Introduction

ONE bright, relieving feature, which stands out strikingly against the dark background of this devastating war, is the magnificent response made by the public to all sorts of appeals on behalf of our fighting men. War had hardly been declared when the Prince of Wales Fund was opened in the interests of dependents of our sailors and soldiers, and since then, notwithstanding enormous increases in the rate of taxation, continual calls for investment in Treasury Bonds and War Loan Stock, and the steady advance in the prices of food stuffs, appeals, in various forms, and with widely different objects, have been made with marked success. In pre-war days, we were not unaccustomed to occasional appeals for assistance, launched in consequence of some sudden calamity to a community. Such calls for sympathetic consideration of the needs of others seldom failed to evoke an adequate response, but it was left to this great war to reveal the inexhaustible patience and generosity of the British public. Tapped, for nearly three years, by a sustained succession of appeals, the people to-day are as sensitive to the needs of our sailors and soldiers and as responsive to all demands as they were in the first days of the war. When we add to the financial assistance thus freely given the voluntary self-sacrifice of our women, in various branches of war work, we are able to form a partial estimate of the spirit in which this war has been, is being, and will be, carried on.

We recognise that the greatest sacrifice we can make, in money or in health, is nothing in comparison with the daily and hourly sacrifices of the men whose bodies are as a shield to us. We remember the number of those who, with youth and manhood before them, faced the awful actualities of modern warfare, and made the last great sacrifice of all that we might live, and, so remembering, we realise that what we regarded as our liberality is but the first instalment payment of a debt past due.

We are not forgetful of past mistakes, of things worse than mistakes, of tragedies connected with former wars which ought never to have occurred. Shortages in supplies, insufficient medical and nursing arrangements, no attention paid to necessary sanitary matters, men dying of hunger and of preventable diseases—these are, we trust, things of the past. Witness the change to-day in these respects! Valuable lives are saved which in former days would have been lost, and this satisfactory state of matters has been achieved mainly because of the sympathetic interest and financial assistance of the people at home.

Edinburgh has done well in this respect. There are many Scottish regiments which have benefited greatly by the generosity of the citizens, and our gallant

Highland regiments have not been forgotten. It was natural that the Highland community in the city should move directly in this matter, first in assisting recruiting for these regiments, and second in seeing that the men received as many comforts as possible. For this purpose the Association of Highland Societies of Edinburgh was formed in August 1914. The war has resulted in overcoming what were thought to be insuperable obstacles in many directions. In pre-war days, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to have formed a union of our Highland, Clan and County Associations, but that difficulty melted away in the presence of a common interest.

This is not the place to refer in detail to the excellent work done by the Association in regard to recruiting for, and the provision of comforts to, the men of the Highland regiments. All that need be said here is that the recruiting authorities at the time acknowledged gratefully the assistance given by the Association, and the many letters received from officers at the front, written in acknowledgment of comforts received, speak for themselves. The Association has all along been in close co-operation with the Lord Provost's (now the Municipal) Comforts Committee, and, thus, overlapping has been avoided.

It should be borne in mind that, in so far as our Highland regiments contain men who are not Highlanders, these men have received exactly the same consideration as their Highland comrades, the policy of the Association being to render assistance to the regiments and not to particular men in those regiments.

Across the Atlantic, throughout the cities and towns of the United States, the same generous, sympathetic spirit towards ourselves and our Allies is manifest. The magnificent work done by the Allied Relief Committee of New York cannot be too highly estimated. The homeless and starving people of France, Belgium and Serbia have each, in turn, received most generous and timeous aid, and, to-day, our Highland Regiments are being remembered. That Society has recently issued an appeal in support of the work carried on by our Association, and we await the result with interest. The appeal was prepared by this Association, on the invitation of that Committee, and we think it may appropriately find a place in this Introduction.

It is, however, necessary, in order properly to understand the opening words, to state that coloured representations of the flags of the Highland Regiments, in many cases mere ribbons, faded by age and tattered by service, formed a festoon across the top of the first page. We also print the letter written for the occasion by "Ian Hay."

COLD must be the heart and thin the blood of that man or woman who can gaze unmoved on these historic emblems of Scotland's bravest sons. The eloquence of Demosthenes pales into insignificance in comparison with the unspoken language of these silent witnesses of the past.

There pass before us, as in a panorama, campaign after campaign in each of

which the men of our Highland regiments took the foremost part and earned for themselves imperishable glory. Wherever the battle raged hottest, wherever Britain's need was greatest, there were the men of the Highlands to be found. The Black Watch, the Camerons, the Seaforths, the Gordons, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the Highland Light Infantry—these are names to conjure with. We remember Sir John Moore and his Highlanders at Corunna, and Havelock and his Highlanders, whose hands women and children gratefully kissed as the tartan kilts swung, to the martial music of the pipes, into the midst of the beleaguered garrison of Lucknow. Pride of blood, devotion to their leaders, refusal to accept defeat—these are the characteristics that have made these regiments famous, throughout the whole world, for all time. No wonder, therefore, that when the King's call went forth, in the early days of August 1914, the ranks of these regiments soon filled to overflowing. Additional battalions were formed, and still the rush was maintained. The call was irresistible. It was a call to the blood. The mantles of their fathers—Crimean and Indian Mutiny veterans—fell upon the children. All classes were represented —proprietors, tenants, crofters, and cottars. The keeper came from the moor, the shepherd from the hills, and the fisherman from the sea, until few were left in the Highland glens, and in the islands of the west, save old men, women and children. New honours have been gained, new names fall to be emblazoned on the regimental flags, and the glorious traditions of former days have been more than maintained. But at what a cost!

There is weeping to-day among the children of the Gael for fathers, sons and brothers who will never more return. Those who have passed through the Gate of Shadows are beyond our aid, but what of those who are daily returning to their homes, broken in limb or in health, and in great need of rest? The casualty lists are long and they must be longer yet. We, the Association of Highland Societies of Edinburgh, are doing what we can to comfort our men in the fighting line to-day, but we realise that, if adequate provision is to be made for the future, we must call in aid the generous sympathy of our brothers and sisters across the sea. Is there not a strong, an unbreakable, bond of sympathy in the fact of kinship?

> 'From the dim sheiling in the misty island
> Mountains divide us and a waste of seas;
> But still our blood is strong, our hearts are Highland,
> And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.'

In addition to furnishing comforts for the men in the firing line, this Association is deeply interested in a scheme for training disabled soldiers of Highland regiments, to fit them for agricultural pursuits, and has voted a sum for the furtherance of this object.

We ask not of your charity. We appeal to the love we know you have for our Highland hills and glens and for our Highland people. Who, and what, inspired the genius of Sir Walter Scott to write the magic words that earned

for him the name of "The Wizard of the North"?—the Highlanders and the Highlands; and can we ever forget that a Highland girl called forth from Scotland's sweetest singer the exquisite lines to "Highland Mary"? For the sake of the broken men themselves, and for their dependent women and children, we send out this Appeal with an overwhelming sense of confidence in the result.

This Appeal is being issued by the Association of Highland Societies of Edinburgh, which is composed of delegates from most of the Highland and Clan Societies in the city. The Association is registered as a War Charity under the War Charities Act of 1916. Its accounts have been and are regularly audited, and any subscriber to this Appeal can at once satisfy himself, or herself, that the money is applied for the objects of the Association. The Association has just issued its first Report and Abstract of Accounts, a copy of which will be sent at once to any intending subscriber.

One of the main objects of the Association is to provide for the disabled men of the Highland regiments. Various schemes are being considered, and, already, the Association has helped to establish a farm colony in the North of Scotland where disabled men of our Highland regiments returning from the front will be provided with a home, and with the necessary instruction to enable them, ultimately, to earn their own living. Funds for this particular scheme are urgently required, as the calls upon the liberality of the Association are daily increasing.

Another object of the Association, and one which is no less urgent, is the provision of comforts for the men in the trenches. In this direction the Association has done splendid work, work which has only been limited by the funds at its disposal. More money is also urgently needed for this purpose.

Wounded men of Highland regiments returning from the front have been visited in hospitals and supplied with necessary comforts.

The Association is always willing to assist any Highland soldier who has been disabled for military service, but who is yet fit for civil employment, to obtain such employment. There are many cases of clamant distress among families of soldiers belonging to the Highland regiments which the Association would be only too glad to alleviate were its funds sufficient for this purpose.

IAN HAY'S LETTER.

You are asked to read the attached appeal on behalf of the Highland Regiments, issued by the Association of Highland Societies of Edinburgh, Scotland.

It may interest you to know that:

When "Kitchener's Army" was formed, it was a Scottish Division which was ready first, and which was the first to set foot upon the soil of France.

At the great Battle of Loos, where the British Army, in conjunction with the French, took the offensive for the first time, two Scottish Divisions led the way into action on that ten-mile battle front. Loos itself was captured by a Highland Brigade.

The Scottish Divisions have since gained fresh distinctions on the Somme.

In each of these tremendous battles the Divisions which led the way suffered so severely that practically none of the original members are now serving.

When you realize what that must mean—when you think of the men who have come home disabled; of the men who are never coming home again; of the wives who are now widows, or else charged with the care of a crippled husband—there should be no need to urge you to sympathetic effort. Scotland is a little country; its population is far less than that of New York; so we ask you to help her in a manner proportionate to the contribution that she herself has made to the cause of Liberty and Civilization.

IAN HAY BEITH,
Captain, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

In preparing this Book of the Feill, one primary consideration has been kept in view,—to produce something truly reminiscent of the Highlands and of our Highland Regiments. "Occasional" books, as a rule, lose their interest after the events which have called them forth have happened; but we hope that these pages will be read in days to come when, Peace having returned, and the official seal of silence having been removed from men's lips, we shall hear, with unabated interest, how our Highland lads, throughout this grim and ghastly war, upheld the reputation their sires had earned for valour and self-sacrifice.

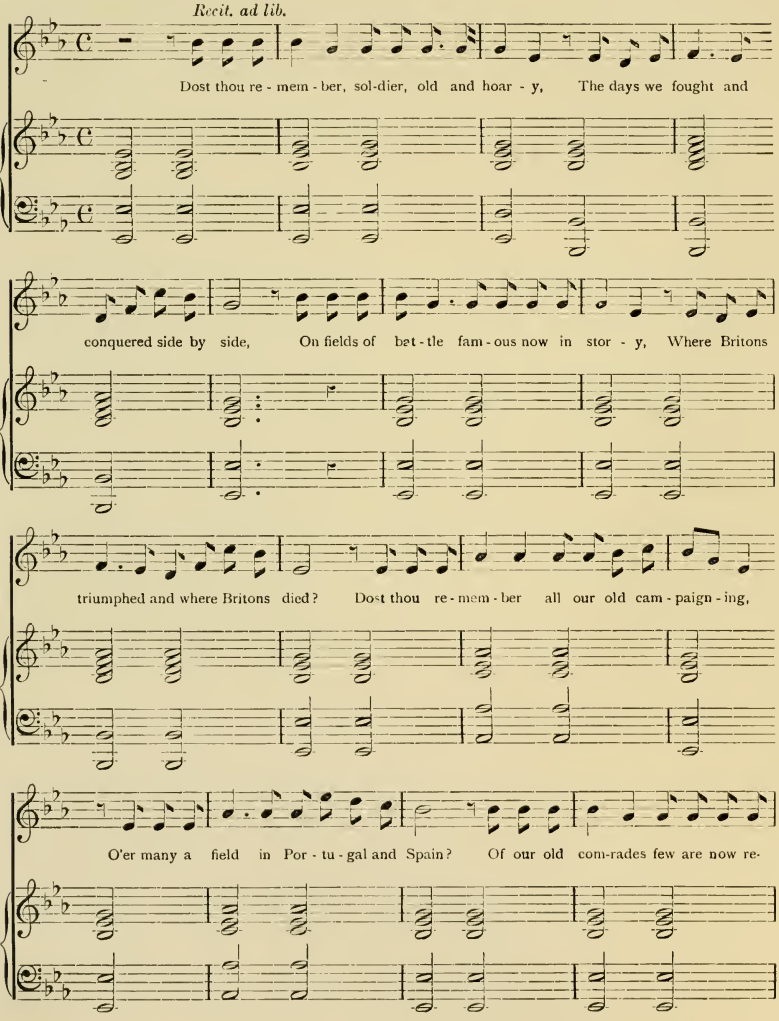
A single sentence must suffice to express the thanks of the Association to all who have laboured on behalf of the Feill. We believe that success is assured. To our Convener, Mr Hugh Mackay, whose enthusiasm and determination to carry the Feill through to a successful issue have been infectious, to the Feill Honorary Secretaries, Mr Geo. W. Millar and Mr Peter Morrison, and to the Feill Honorary Treasurer, Mr Don. S. Mackinnon, the Association proffers its deepest thanks.

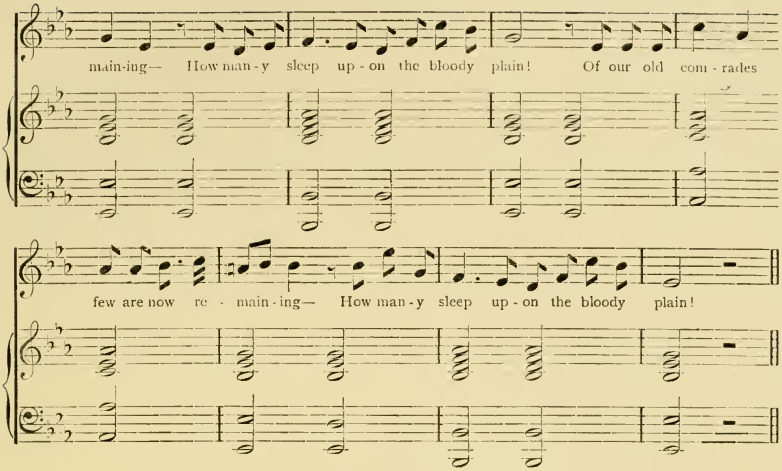
FRED. T. MACLEOD

Dost Thou Remember?

Words by the late Norman MacLeod, D.D.,
of the Barony Parish, Glasgow.

Air—Te souviens-tu?
disait un Capitaine.





DOST thou remember, soldier, old and hoary,
The days we fought and conquered side by side
On fields of battle, famous now in story,
Where Britons triumphed, and where Britons died?
Dost thou remember all our old campaigning
O'er many a field in Portugal and Spain?
Of our old comrades few are now remaining—
How many sleep upon the bloody plain!

Dost thou remember all those marches weary
From gathering foes, to reach Corunna's shore?
Who can forget that midnight, sad and dreary,
When in his grave we laid the noble Moore!
But ere he died our General heard us cheering,
And saw us charge with vict'ry's flag unfurled;
And then he slept, without his ever fearing
For British soldiers conquering o'er the world.

Rememb'rest thou the bloody Albuera!
The deadly breach in Badajoz's walls!
Vittoria! Salamanca! Talavera!
Till Roncesvalles echoed to our balls!
Ha! how we drove the Frenchmen all before us,
As foam is driven before the stormy breeze!
We fought right on, with conquering banners o'er us,
From Torres Vedras to the Pyrenees.

Dost thou remember to the war returning,
—Long will our enemies remember too!—
We fought again, our hearts for glory burning,
At Quatre Bras and awful Waterloo!
We thought of home upon that Sabbath morning
When Cameron's pibroch roused our Highland corps,
Then proudly marched, the mighty Emperor scorning,
And vowed to die or conquer as of yore!

Rememb'rest thou the old familiar faces
Of warriors nursed in many a stormy fight,
Whose lonely graves, which now the stranger traces,
Mark every spot they held from morn till night?
In vain did cuirassiers in clouds surround them,
With cannon thundering as the tempest raves;
They left our squares, oh, just as they had found them,
Firm as the rocks amidst the ocean's waves!

Those days are past, my soldier, old and hoary,
But still the scars are on thy manly brow,
We both have shared the danger and the glory,
Come, let us share the peace and comfort now.
Come to my home, for thou hast not another,
And dry those tears, for thou shalt beg no more;
There, take this hand, and let us march together
Down to the grave, where life's campaign is o'er.

[1] The above song, as will at once be seen, was composed at a time when the great events of the Peninsular War and the Waterloo campaign were fresh in the minds of all, and when many veterans of the struggle were still in our midst. We feel sure that the gallant sons of France, now our friends and allies in a noble cause, will not feel the slightest resentment at any allusion in these verses, knowing that at that date our respective nations had not forgotten their former enmity, to which each nation then gave expression. The song has, by special request, been given for insertion in this book by Miss Jane MacLeod, daughter of the author of the words. A few simple chords have been added as an accompaniment, because the air was originally sung more as a recitative.

A more elaborate accompaniment will be found in *Songs of a Highland Home*, edited by Lady Wilson (A. C. MacLeod), the music arranged by Arthur Somervell, published by Joseph Williams 32 Great Portland Street, London, W.

Our Highland Regiments

[The following information regarding the Battle Honours, History, and other details relating to our Highland Regiments is entitled to a prominent place in The Book of the Feill.]

THE BLACK WATCH

(ROYAL HIGHLANDERS)

Badges.—The Royal Cypher within the Garter. The Badge and Motto of the Order of the Thistle. In each of the four corners the Royal Cypher ensigned with the Imperial Crown.

Battle Honours.—The Sphinx (superscribed "Egypt"): Guadaloupe, 1759; Martinique, 1762; Havannah; North America, 1763-64; Mangalore; Mysore; Seringapatam; Corunna; Busaco; Fuentes d'Onor; Pyrenees; Nivelle; Nive; Orthes; Toulouse; Peninsula; Waterloo; South Africa, 1846-7, 1851-2-3; Alma; Sevastopol: Lucknow; Ashantee, 1873-4; Tel-el-Kebir; Egypt, 1882-84; Kirbekan; Nile, 1884-5; Paardeberg; South Africa, 1899-1902.

1st Battalion.—Originally known as Black Watch; raised 1729; embodied as a regiment—the 43rd—in 1740. It became in 1749 the 42nd Regiment.

2nd Battalion.—Raised in 1779 as a second battalion of the Black Watch. It became a separate regiment in 1786—the 73rd Perthshire Regiment. Linked as a second battalion with the Black Watch in 1881.

3rd Battalion.—Formerly Royal Perth Militia.

Uniform.—Scarlet. *Facings*, Blue. *Tartan*, Black Watch (Pipers—Stewart).

Regimental District.—The Counties of Fife, Forfar, and Perth.

Depôt.—Perth. *Record Office*, Perth.

THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY

Battle Honours.—The Castle and Key (superscribed "Gibraltar, 1780-3," and with the motto "*Montis Insignia Calpe*" underneath). The Elephant (superscribed "Assaye"). Carnatic; Hindoostan; Sholinghur; Mysore; Seringapatam; Cape of Good Hope, 1806: Roliça; Vimiera; Corunna; Busaco; Fuentes d'Onor; Ciudad Rodrigo; Badajos; Almaraz; Salamanca; Vittoria; Pyrenees; Nivelle; Nive; Orthes; Toulouse; Peninsula; Waterloo; South Africa, 1851-2-3; Sevastopol; Central India; Tel-el-Kebir; Egypt, 1882; Modder River; South Africa, 1899-1902.

1st Battalion.—Formerly the 73rd Regiment (Lord Macleod's Highlanders), raised in 1777; became in 1786 71st Regiment.

2nd Battalion.—The 74th Highland Regiment of Foot raised in 1787. Linked with 71st in 1881 and the whole regiment named The Highland Light Infantry.

3rd and 4th Battalions.—Formerly Royal Lanark Militia.

Uniform.—Scarlet. *Facings*, Buff. *Tartan*, Mackenzie.

Depôt.—Hamilton. *Record Office*, Hamilton.

THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS

(ROSS-SHIRE BUFFS, THE DUKE OF ALBANY'S)

Badge and Motto.—In each of the four corners the late Duke of York's Cypher and Coronet. The Motto "Cuidich'n Righ."

Battle Honours.—The Elephant (superscribed "Assaye"); Carnatic; Hindoostan; Mysore; Cape of Good Hope, 1806; Maida; Java; South Africa, 1835; Sevastopol; Koosh-ab; Persia; Lucknow; Central India; Peiwar Kotal; Charasiah; Kabul, 1879; Kandahar, 1880; Afghanistan, 1878-80; Tel-el-Kebir; Egypt, 1882; Chitral; Atbara; Khartoum; Paardeberg; South Africa, 1899-1902.

1st Battalion.—Formerly the 78th Regiment (Seaforth Highlanders), raised in 1778. In 1786 the number was changed to 72nd. In 1823 the regiment was named "The Duke of Albany's own Highlanders."

2nd Battalion.—78th Regiment. Raised by Mackenzie of Seaforth in 1793. A second battalion of the 78th was raised in 1794 and named The Ross-shire Buffs. The two battalions were amalgamated in 1796. The 78th was linked with the 72nd as a second battalion in 1881.

3rd Battalion.—Formerly Highland (Rifle) Militia.

Uniform.—Scarlet. *Facings*, Buff. *Tartan*, Mackenzie.

Depôt.—Fort George. *Record Office*, Perth.

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS

Battle Honours.—The Royal Tiger (superscribed "India"); The Sphinx (superscribed "Egypt"); Mysore; Seringapatam; Egmont-op-Zee; Mandora; Corunna; Fuentes d'Onor; Almaraz; Vittoria; Pyrenees; Nive; Orthes; Peninsula; Waterloo; South Africa, 1835; Delhi, 1857; Lucknow; Charasiah; Kabul, 1879; Kandahar 1880; Afghanistan, 1878-80; Tel-el-Kebir; Egypt, 1882, 1884; Nile, 1884-85; Chitral; Tirah; Defence of Ladysmith; Paardeberg; South Africa, 1899-1902.

1st Battalion.—Formerly 75th Stirlingshire Regiment, raised in 1787.

2nd Battalion.—Formerly 100th Regiment. Raised by the Duke of Gordon in 1794. The number was changed and the regiment became the 92nd in 1799. In 1881 the 92nd was linked with the 75th as a second battalion.

3rd Battalion.—Formerly Royal Aberdeenshire Militia.

Uniform.—Scarlet. *Facings*, Yellow. *Tartan*, Gordon.

Depôt.—Aberdeen. *Record Office*, Perth.

THE QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS

Badge.—The Thistle ensigned with the Imperial Crown.

Battle Honours. — The Sphinx (superscribed "Egypt"); Egmont-op-Zee; Corunna; Busaco; Fuentes d'Onor; Salamanca; Pyrenees; Nivelle; Nive; Toulouse; Peninsula; Waterloo; Alma; Sevastopol; Lucknow; Tel-el-Kebir; Egypt, 1882; Nile, 1884-85; Atbara; Khartoum; South Africa, 1900-02.

Raised in 1793 by Alan Cameron of Erracht as the 79th Regiment. The 79th was called "The Cameronian Volunteers" from 1793 to 1804 and "The Cameronian Highlanders" from 1805 to 1806. In 1807 it received the name of "The Cameron Highlanders," in 1873 of "The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders." In 1881 the Cameron Highlanders were the only Highland regiment with one battalion. A second was added in 1897.

3rd Battalion.—Formerly Highland (Light Infantry) Militia.

Uniform. — Scarlet. *Facings*, Blue. *Tartan*, Cameron (Erracht).

Depôt.—Inverness. *Record Office*, Perth.

ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS

(PRINCESS LOUISE'S)

Badge.—A Boar's Head with the motto "*Ne obliviscaris*" within a Wreath of Myrtle, and a Cat with the motto "*Sans Peur*" within a Wreath of Broom, over all the label as represented in the arms of the Princess Louise, and surmounted with Her Royal Highness's Coronet. In each of the four corners the Princess Louise's Cypher and Coronet.

Battle Honours.—Cape of Good Hope, 1806; Roliça; Vimiera; Corunna; Pyrenees; Nivelle; Nive; Orthes; Toulouse; Peninsula; South Africa, 1846-7, 1851-2-3; Alma; Balaklava; Sevastopol; Lucknow; South Africa, 1879; Modder River; Paardeberg; South Africa, 1899-1902.

1st Battalion.—Originally the 98th Argyllshire Highlanders. It was raised in 1794 by the fifth Duke of Argyll. In 1798 the number was changed and the regiment became the 91st Argyllshire Highlanders. From 1809 it was known as the 91st Foot, from 1821 as the 91st Argyllshire Regiment, from 1864 as the 91st Argyllshire Highlanders, and from 1872 to 1821 as the Princess Louise's Argyllshire Highlanders.

2nd Battalion.—First known as General Wemyss's Regiment of Infantry. It was raised by General Wemyss of Wemyss in 1800, and was afterwards numbered the 93rd Regiment. In 1881 the 91st and 93rd were linked as two battalions of Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

3rd Battalion.—Formerly Highland Borderers Militia.

4th Battalion.—Formerly Royal Renfrew Militia.

Uniform.—Scarlet. *Facings*, Yellow. *Tartan*, Sutherland.

Depôt.—Stirling. *Record Office*, Perth.

LOVAT'S SCOUTS

(YEOMANRY)

Battle Honours.—South Africa, 1900-02.

Raised by Lord Lovat during the war in South Africa.

Uniform.—Blue. *Facings*, Blue.

Headquarters.—Beauly.

SCOTTISH HORSE

(YEOMANRY)

Badge.—St Andrew's Cross. In each of the four corners the Thistle ensigned with the Imperial Crown.

Battle Honours.—South Africa, 1900-02.

Raised by Lord Tullibardine during the war in South Africa.

Uniform.—Atholl Grey. *Facings*, Yellow. *Plume*, Black Cock Feathers.

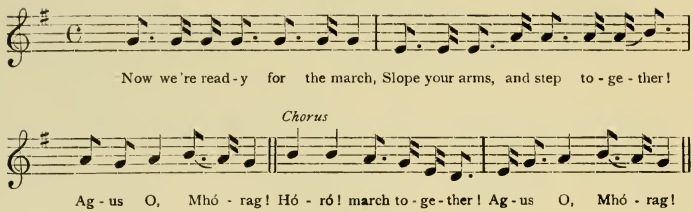
Headquarters.—Dunkeld.

JOHN BARTHOLOMEW.

THE WAR PIPE
J. Cadenhead

A Highland Marching Song

AIR—*Agus O, Mhórag.*



NOW we're ready for the march,
Slope your arms, and step together!
Agus O, Mhórag!

Chorus—Hó-ró! march together!
Agus O, Mhórag!

Keep your fours, and march in order,
Singing chorus altogether.

Lift your heads and step out proudly,
Look not down, or round about you.

He that wears the kilt should be
Erect and free as deer on heather.

When he hears the bagpipe sound,
His heart should bound like steed for battle.

Think of them who went before us,
Winning glory for the tartan!

Vainly did the mighty Roman
Check the Caledonian valour;

Still from each unconquered glen
Rose the men no yoke could fetter.[1]

With the Bruce they drew the sword,
On the gory field of Bannock.[2]

In the ranks of great Gustavus[3]
With the bravest they were reckoned.

'Neath the banners of Montrose
Like a storm-cloud swept the tartan[4];

And when fell Dundee victorious,
On Rinrory's blood-stained heather.[5]

On the field of Fontenoy[6]
They held nobly up their banner.

[1] A.D. 79-420. [2] 24th June 1314. [3] 1629-32.
[4] 1644-46. [5] 27th July 1689. [6] 42nd, 11th May 1745.

In the steps of Royal Charlie
Many a laurel did they gather,

From the rout on Preston brae
Till the day of black Culloden[1] :

And in Fortune's darkest hour
Closer round him did they rally.

Thy green earth, Ticonderoga,
Keeps their glory fresh for ever.[2]

A Quebec their pibroch shrill
Up the hill went breathing terror.[3]

On the sands of Aboukír
Rang their cheer 'mid hail of bullets.[4]

When Sir Ralph, the good and brave,
On Iskandria's plain was stricken,

Heedless of life's ebbing tide,
He stood beside his Forty-Second.[5]

Many were their deeds of arms
'Gainst the swarms of Hyder Ali.

The grim fort of Savendroog
They refused not to adventure ;

And the dizzy rock they scaled,
Which none dared before or after[6] :

Leaguered close in Mangalore,
Tippoo and his hordes they baffled[7] :

And the Sahib's cruel power
'Neath Seringa's towers they buried.[8]

First of many a field of war,
Where great Arthur ruled the battle,

Do their colours tell the tale
Of the famous fight of Assaye.[9]

So the story is of Maida,
Where the pride of France they levelled.[10]

On Corunna's bloody shore
Their onset gladdened Moore in dying[11] ;

And on many a field of Spain,
To their ancient fame they added :

Talavera,[12] Fuentes d'Onor,[13]
Vittoria,[14] Salamanca[15] !

Badajoz,[16] Ciudad Rodrigo,[17]
Pyrenees,[18] and San Sebastian[19] !

When they crossed the Bidassoa,[20]
Still before them Soult retreated :

[1] 21st September 1745 to 16th April 1746
[2] 42nd, Fraser's Highlanders (then 78th), Montgomery's Highlanders (then 77th), 7th July 1758.
[3] Fraser's Highlanders, 13th September 1759.
[4] 42nd, 79th, 92nd, 8th March 1801.
[5] 42nd, 79th, 92nd, 21st March 1801.
[6] 71st and 72nd, 21st December 1791.
[7] 73rd, May 1783 to 30th January 1784.
[8] 73rd and 74th, 4th May 1799.
[9] 74th, 78th, 23rd September 1803.
[10] 78th, 4th July 1806.
[11] 42nd, 71st, 92nd, 16th January 1809.
[12] 79th, 91st, 27th-28th July 1809.
[13] 42nd, 71st, 74th, 79th, 92nd, 5th May 1811.
[14] 71st, 74th, 92nd, 21st June 1813.
[15] 74th, 79th, 22nd July 1812.
[16] 74th, 6th April 1812.
[17] 19th January 1812.
[18] 42nd, 71st, 74th, 79th, 91st, 92nd, 28th July 1813.
[19] 92nd, 31st August 1813.
[20] 42nd, 71st, 74th, 79th, 91st, 92nd, 7th-9th October 1813.

Nivelle [1] — Nive [2] — Orthes [3] — Toulouse [4]—
Scarce the Muse their steps can follow!

On the slopes of Quatre Bras
The Frenchmen saw them stand unbroken.

On the day of Waterloo
The pibroch blew where fire was hottest.[5]

When the Alma heights were stormed,
Foremost went the Highland bonnets [6];

And before their "thin red line" [7]
The Cossack rider turned and vanished.

When on India's burning plains
Dearly saved was Britain's honour,

Outram, Havelock, and Clyde,
Led the Highlanders to conquest.[8]

Joyful rang the pibroch loud
Through the sounding streets of Lucknow;

And, like angels sent to save,
Came the brave ones to the rescue.[9]

When Ashantee's savage lord
Loosed his dusky hordes for havoc,

Through Adansi's horrid wood [10]
In order good they led the battle;

And their stately tramp awakened
Thy forsaken streets, Coomassie [11]!

When we smote the Afghan bold,
As of old there shone the tartan:

From Cabul to Candahar,
Glorious was the march with Roberts:

Nor shall he that war who ruled,
Donald Stewart, be forgotten [12]!

On Egyptian sands they bore,
Yet once more, the brunt of battle:

Rushing, with terrific cheer,
On Tel-el-Kebír resistless [13];

As the Red Sea's mountain tide
Swept o'er Pharaoh's pride triumphant!

As it was in days of yore,
So the story shall be ever:

Where the doughtiest deeds are dared,
Shall the Gael be forward pressing:

Where the Highland broadsword waves,
There shall graves be found the thickest.

But when they have sheathed the sword,
Then their glory is to succour;

Hearts that scorn the thought of fear
Melt to tears at touch of pity;

Hands that fiercest smite in war
Have the warmest grasp for brothers:

[1] 10th November 1813. [2] 9th December 1813. [3] 26th February 1814
[4] 10th April 1814. [5] 42nd, 71st, 73rd, 79th, 92nd, 16th and 18th June 1815.
[6] 42nd, 79th, 93rd, 20th September 1854. [7] 93rd, 25th October 1854.
[8] July 1857 to November 1858.
[9] 78th, 25th September, 1857. 42nd, 78th, 79th, 93rd, 19th March 1858.
[10] 42nd (with 135 of the 79th), 31st January 1874. [11] 4th February 1874.
[12] 72nd, 92nd, 8th-13th August, 1st September 1880.
[13] 42nd, 72nd, 74th, 75th, 78th (2 companies), 79th, 13th September 1882.

And beneath the tartan plaid
Wife and maid find gentlest lover.

Think, then, of the name ye bear,
Ye that wear the Highland tartan!

Jealous of its old renown,
Hand it down without a blemish!

Agus O, Mhórag!
Hó-ró! march together!
Agus O, Mhórag!

ALEXANDER NICOLSON.

NOTE BY THE REV. WALTER SMITH, D.D., IN EDITING THE VERSES PUBLISHED IN 1893.

[The air and leading words of the chorus are borrowed from one of the most popular songs of Alexander M'Donald (MacMhaighstir Alasdair), the Tyrtæus of the '45, in which Prince Charlie is addressed as a beautiful golden-haired maiden named Mórag (Little Marion). The peculiar rhyme of the Gaelic (assonance—"march" and "arms," "order" and "chorus," etc.) is imitated. 'Mhórag,' pronounced *Voerak*, is the voc. case of 'Mórag,' and the three leading words of the chorus mean simply, *And O, thou little Marion!* an impassioned expression of affection towards the young Chevalier.

Pains have been taken to make this composition a correct historical summary of the chief achievements of Highland warriors, from the earliest times to their latest battle. The dates are given in chronological order, with one exception. The regiments engaged from 1745 to 1815, and the dates, are given chiefly on the authority of General Stewart of Garth. The first edition of the song was made in 1865. It is impossible to say when it will end.]

Trade and Trade Conditions in the Town and County of Inverness in the Olden Times.

I HAVE been invited to contribute something to the Book of the Highland Feill, and I trust that the subject which I have chosen will be found appropriate. It is, however, wider than the space at my disposal, and my paper must therefore be short, and will probably be found sketchy.

Hector Boece, whose history first appeared in 1526, informs us that King Ewin, who reigned before Julius Cæsar landed in Britain (55 B.C), "biggit ane othir town on the river of Nes, quhilk is yit namit Innernes, quhair sum time wes gret repair of marchandis, quhilkis come out of Almany [Germany] to seik riche furringis, as martrikis [martens], bevaris, and siclik skinnis, quhilkis aboundis in that regioun. This town remanis yit, under the auld name, full of marchandise and guddis." The story is repeated in George Buchanan's history, first published in 1582; and in a petition presented in 1626 by the inhabitants of Inverness to James the Sixth the statement is made that the Town's "foundation was long before the birth of Christ." These statements, although historically unreliable, may not be far from the truth. It is certain that in the sixth century Inverness was the seat of Brude, King of the Picts, whose sway extended from the Forth to the Orkneys; and it may be assumed that long before his time a small community gathered round the primitive fort on the naturally strong Castle Hill (*Tom a' Chaisteil*) and gradually increased, enjoying the fort's protection and the benefits of its own more than ordinarily favourable geographical position at the crossing of the ancient trade routes from the east to the west and from the north to the south, and in the immediate vicinity of the safe haven of Inverness (*Inbhir-Nis*, the Mouth-of-the-Ness). Native traders— Picts they were, speaking the Pictish branch of the Celtic language, in the time of Brude and for centuries before and after him—bought and sold within the narrow bounds of the Town which had thus gradually evolved itself, and supplied the men of the Bens and the Glens with

such commodities as were at their command, in exchange for the produce of the country and the spoil of the chase. Gaels (or Scots) came into the Town from Ireland, and from the Gaelic or Scotic kingdom of Dalriada on the west coast of Scotland, between the sixth and eighth centuries as preachers and teachers of Christianity, and, latterly, as the result of the union of the Kingdoms of the Picts and the Scots; and in the twelfth century Flemings, Frisians, and Lowlanders joined the community as traders and merchant adventurers. These strangers and their descendants, as well as settlers of later periods, intermarried with the native race, and the population which thus arose was, notwithstanding what Lord Macaulay and other historians, who never saw the Burgh's ancient records, have said to the contrary, mainly Celtic. As I have shown in my introduction to the first volume of those records (published by the New Spalding Club), and in a paper about to appear in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness* on the Celtic Element in Old Inverness, Gaelic soon superseded Pictish, and was the tongue of the home and of the street down at least to the seventeenth century; and no burgess who did not know Gaelic could trade with many of the inhabitants of the Burgh, or with any of the inhabitants of the Shire, except a few clergy and landed gentry.

After the end of the Pictish kingdom Inverness continued to rule the North as the chief town of the Mormaers of the Province of Moray, which embraced the country from the Spey to the Beauly, and from the Moray Firth to Lochaber. Those Mormaers, the chief of whom was Macbeth, who fell in battle against Malcolm Canmore in 1057, claimed to be independent of the Scottish kings. Time after time they and their Gaelic followers bravely and strenuously fought for freedom: but in 1135 David the First succeeded in definitely attaching the Province to the Crown, and built the first stone castle on the Castle Hill. In connection with this consolidation David made Inverness the seat of the government of the North of Scotland, a position which gave it the name and status of the Capital of the Highlands, and of which it was not deprived even during the English occupations of Edward I. in the thirteenth century and of Oliver Cromwell in the seventeenth. David also gave royal recognition to a system of organisation and trade privileges which had already grown up in the Burgh; and that system was reduced to writing by his grandson, William the Lion, who between 1180 and 1200 granted to the Burgh three charters, which still exist. Under these charters the Burgh for four hundred years or more claimed, and to a great extent exercised, an exclusive right to trade in staple goods within a territory extending to more than a third of Scotland—namely, the Shire of Inverness, which originally embraced

not only the present county of Inverness, which is the largest in Britain, but also the Hebrides, the present extensive counties of Ross and Cromarty, Sutherland, and Caithness, and the portion of the modern county of Argyll which lies to the west of Loch Linnhe and between Loch Eil and the Sound of Mull. The privileges were from time to time added to and extended by succeeding sovereigns, and all were in 1592 confirmed by James the Sixth in the Golden Charter of the Burgh. The country between Loch Eil and the Sound of Mull was transferred to Argyll by Parliament in 1633. In 1649 Parliament separated Ross, Cromarty, Sutherland, and Caithness from Inverness.

The original Shire was very important from an administrative point of view—for, as has been seen, its Burgh was the seat of the government of the North of Scotland, at the head of which was the King's representative, supported by the garrisons of the Royal Castles of Inverness, Urquhart, and Inverlochy, and possessing almost regal powers. It was of equal importance as a field for trade. Boece, as we have seen, specially mentions the trade in furs. The Town Council's records, which as preserved go back to 1556, show that furs, wool, and the skins of sheep, goats, deer, roe, martens, weasels, and otters were sent not only to England and the Lowlands, but also to various parts of the Continent, and that there was also a large export trade in leather, tartans and plaids, all manufactured in the Burgh or in the Shire. Butter and cheese came in from the country for consumption in the Town. At a time when trees were scarce in the South of Scotland the oak woods of Loch-Ness-side, and the fir woods of Glenmoriston and Strathglass, were of great value; and, not only was native timber made into ships at the mouth of the Ness, but timber was sent to the South for the construction of houses and ships. Shipbuilding was indeed known in our Town at a very early period. Matthew Paris informs us that in 1249 the Earl of St Pol and Blois, when preparing to accompany the King of France to the Holy Land, had a wonderful ship (*navis miranda*) built for him at Inverness, which carried himself and his followers and their horses to Palestine. At a later period an even more famous ship was built at our harbour. Between the years 1643 and 1645, as a contemporary, the Rev. James Fraser of Kirkhill (a native of Inverness), informs us, Captain George Scot built there a war frigate of "a prodigious bigness" with which he sailed to the Mediterranean, and, entering the service of Venice, became vice-admiral of the Venetian fleet and the terror of Mahommedan navigators. With this frigate Scot "so cleared the Archipelago of the Mussulmans that the Ottoman famely and the very gates of Constantinople would quake at the report of his victoryes; and did so ferret them out of all the creeks of the Hadrrattick

Gulfe [Adriatic], and so shrudly put them to it, that they hardly knew in what port of the Mediterranean they might best shelter themselves from the fury of his blows." Numerous ships, seldom exceeding forty or fifty tons burden, were built on the Ness, which sailed the seas to Leith, London, Cork, and the Hebrides, and to Continental ports, from Norway and the Baltic to Spain and Italy. On the other hand, Hamburg and Dutch ships are frequently found in Inverness; and sometimes there is bad blood between their crews and the men of the Town. Meal was sent round the North of Scotland to the West Coast and the Islands, and sometimes oats were exported to England and the Continent. Pickled beef, packed in barrels the staves of which were brought from Norway and the Baltic coasts, and the hoops from the hazel woods of Glen-Urquhart and Stratherrick, was also sent abroad; and in fish there was a large trade, not only with London and Leith, but also with Continental seaports, from Rotterdam round to Venice, the exporters timing their ships as a rule to reach their destinations before the beginning of Lent. With the exception of the salmon from the Town's own stretches on the Ness, the salmon and sea fish were purchased from Highland chiefs and lairds, who, despite their proneness to war, were shrewd business men.

In return for their exports the Inverness merchants imported articles and goods of various kinds—timber, barrel staves, iron, glass, etc., from Danzic, Sweden, Norway, and Hamburg; spices and fruits from French and Dutch ports; salt from Hamburg, Rotterdam, and Calais; and brandy and wines from French ports. These were partly disposed of in the Burgh, but mainly in the several districts of the Shire, and even in Orkney.

Cattle, sheep, goats, and pigs were gathered at the various local Feills, which were held in every parish—mostly on Saints' festival days, but sometimes on Sundays—and driven to Inverness, where they were purchased by the burgess-merchants. These important men were also the purchasers of the furs, skins, and other produce sent in from the country. They were not mere shopkeepers, but merchants in the larger sense of the term, who had their stores and counting-houses, and became wealthy. Many of them married into the landed families of the County, and some of them became landed proprietors themselves.

The free burgesses and the guild brethren were a very close corporation. Except them no one was legally entitled to trade in staple goods, or to dye, brew, or distil. Unfreemen were, however, from time to time licensed by the magistrates to set up stalls for the sale of various articles of merchandise. These were the

stallangers, who are referred to in one of King William the Lion's charters, and whom we meet frequently in the old records. For the licence they paid about 16s. per annum of stallanger silver—on the condition that they faithfully respected the statutes and ordinances of the Town. Another class of small traders was the booth-holders, who on their entry paid a licence of 10s. and gave a banquet to the bailies, and who paid the Town about £2 a year as rent for the booths. Any unlicensed person attempting to sell stock or commodities was punished by fine and forfeiture of his goods; and so strictly was the prohibition against unlicensed trading enforced that even dwellers in such important places as Dingwall, Tain, and Fortrose were prosecuted and punished for trading without authority. Authority was, however, usually granted in exchange for a money payment. Regarding unlicensed traffic, and the custom of letting the right to trade, I do not know that I can do better than quote the following passage from my introduction to the *Burgh Records*, a volume which has been printed only for the members of the Spalding Club.

"Forestallers and unlicensed traders were a great trouble to the Town authorities, and numerous prosecutions appear on the Records. On 27th February, 1563, John Bane becomes surety for Donald M^c^Conyll M^c^Innes (Donald, son of Donald, son of Angus) that in time coming he shall not be found using forestalling by selling any manner of graith near the Town, and especially any staple goods, under certification that if he be found acting to the contrary, his whole goods and gear shall be forfeited to the Queen and the Burgh; and at the same time James Paterson becomes surety in like manner for Gillespyk M^c^Conquhie Roy (Archibald, son of Red Duncan) in Urquhart. In November, 1566, David Johneson, John Colleing, and David Malice, citizens of Perth, were found guilty of forestalling in buying plaids, skins, benoks (a kind of leather), and other merchandise, especially at St Martin's Fair in the Black Isle. They pleaded in defence that St Martin's Fair was a free market at which it was lawful to all manner of men to buy and sell. The Court found that such a right had been given by the Kings of Scotland to the Burgh of Inverness only, 'quha hes the libertie of the haill schire [including Ross, Cromarty, Sutherland and Caithness, and part of Argyll] to suffer sic wayeris [wares] to cum to the said kirk [St Martin's], sic as pledding and small skynnis and utheris small wayoures,' and ordained that the goods pertaining to the accused should be confiscated to the Queen and the Burgh. Six burgesses of Elgin were in 1577 found guilty of forestalling a large quantity of leather, and submitted themselves to the jurisdiction of Inverness on the understanding that the leather should be confiscated, and divided between the Sovereign, the Burgh, and the Great Admiral or

his deputies 'insafar as the said leddir war apprehendit in ane boit within the flude merk [floodmark].' In 1579 a number of persons are fined for forestalling various kinds of timber, such as rails, cabers, stakes, wattling, boards, planks, and oak and fir bark; and two years later Thomas Dalgleish, a saddler, is found guilty of buying outside the Town white plaids and wool; the skins of foxes, weasels, otters, sheep, and goats; hides and benoks; and tallow, salt, wine, and other articles of merchandise; and selling the same to unfree men 'nocht being fre burgessis of this burcht, and sua usurpis the libertie of this burcht, in forestalling maner, in buying and selling of sic geir as is above mentionat.' Dalgleish is sentenced to instant imprisonment. Sometimes a licence to forestall in places distant from the Burgh is granted by the Court. In 1559 the privilege of the forestallers of Sutherland, Caithness, and Ross is let to Jasper Waus and his colleagues for a period of 19 years, they paying £10 annually to the Burgh; and in 1582 a similar lease is granted to Robert Waus, William Cuthbert, and George Cumming, of the right to forestall 'upon this syde of the ferrye of Cromertie and within 12 myles of the schire,' for one year, at a rent of £6."

Tasters were annually appointed by the Council to see that flesh and fish offered for sale were sound, and that the ale brewed was good stuff. To interfere with these officers in their delicate work was a serious offence which was severely punished. The Council from time to time fixed the prices of bread, grain, ale, whisky, shoes, and other commodities; and to ask for a higher price involved the offender in a fine, and frequently in the forfeiture of his goods, forfeited drink being usually given to the poor! The Council also in times of scarcity prohibited the use of grain for brewing and distilling purposes, a course to-day urged in certain quarters in connection with the war.

With the exception of live stock, the produce of the Shire was conveyed to the Burgh partly by sea and partly by Loch Ness, but mostly by horses—in creels or on sledges. Roads were mere tracks, and wheeled vehicles were practically unknown. There were no banks, and money was transmitted in specie by "expresses" or messengers, who thought nothing of travelling on foot over the long distances which separated the Burgh from the remotest corners of the Shire. We have record of a messenger walking from Inverness to Thurso and crossing the Pentland Firth to Orkney, and doing the return journey to Inverness; and many cases of men walking as far as Perth and Edinburgh on the one hand, and on the other to Glenelg, Skye, and the district of Cape Wrath. It is a striking circumstance that although these men sometimes carried in bags considerable amounts of money—in coins of Scotland, England, Germany, Holland, and France—no instance of their

robbery is recorded. The old Highlanders were not slow to lift the cattle of Lowlanders or of unfriendly clans, looking upon a successful raid as legitimate warfare; but masterful thieves of the class of the English highwayman, or of the moss-trooper of the South of Scotland, were virtually unknown within the Highland Bounds.

William Mackay.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE J. LORNE MACLEOD
Lord Provost of Edinburgh

THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT MUNRO, K.C., M.P.
Secretary for Scotland

SCOTTISH OFFICE,
WHITEHALL,
S.W.

In 1914, *as the harvest fields emptied, the Highland regiments filled. Our soldiers have since shown to the world that the sons are worthy of their sires. As we read of their achievements our pulses beat more quickly, and the blood courses more swiftly through our veins. Their deeds will echo through the long corridors of time. Future generations will tell and re-tell the glorious story —how the Highland soldier was a man in whose vocabulary the word "fear" was not written, how valour was his birthright, how victory was his watch-word, how he added lustre and fragrance to the proud traditions of our race.*

Who, then, can hesitate to support the Feill!

ROBERT MUNRO

16*th March* 1917

Home

I.

THE South for long has wooed me,
And a welcome warm she showed me,
But, oh, my traitor heart was ever torn;
For I always heard the crying
Of the searching wind a-sighing
Adown the mountain glens where I was born.

II.

One little nook, grown weary,
Called till my heart was eerie,
And I hastened to its calling o'er the foam;
'Tis but a sad, lone sheiling,
With the grey mist round it stealing,
But—it nestles 'mid the heather hills of HOME.

III.

The gentle rains are knowing
That there's moss and myrtle growing,
And a tartan carpet mantling all the moor;
Yon burnie in the corrie
Must have learnt its mimic foray
When the Highland claymore hung behind the door.

IV.

The twilight, loath, is paling,
And I hear the banshee wailing,
And the pibroch sounds a coronach of woe;
And every patch of turf here,
And every mourning surf here,
My country, tells your story, as I go.

V.

Oh, stern land of my fathers!
Where the tempest hourly gathers,
  In hardihood you lead your children on;
But ask the Coolins hoary
Where they'll read a braver story,
  Or see a daybreak like a Highland dawn.

VI.

Africa! softly sleeping,
You're a memory sweet I'm keeping,
  And you're smiling veldt might tempt me still to roam,
Were it not for that sad sheiling
With the grey mist round it stealing;
  But you don't know how I love it, for it's HOME!

MARY ADAMSON.

Moladh na Pioba

This poem is by Eoin Mac Ailein, and is to be found in *Reliquiæ Celticæ* and in *MS. Advt.*, in the Advocates' Library. The author was a great grandson of Eoghan na h-Iteige, sixth Maclean of Ardgour. He lived in Mull, and died probably not long after 1738. Dr Johnson mentions having heard some of his poems when in Mull. The poem given here is addressed to Gilleasbuig Mac Mhic Raghnail, Archibald MacDonald, chief of Keppoch, who had composed in honour of the pipes the poem "'S mairg a dhiomhol ceol is caismheachd" in reply to Niall Mac Mhuirich's "Sloinneadh na pioba." Archibald MacDonald was the father of Silis na Ceapaich. He died in 1682 and was succeeded by his son Coll, known as Coll nam Bo. E. C. C. WATSON.

AGHILLE-EASBUIG, mo bheannachd ri m' bheò
Do fhear aithris do ghnìomh,
A chionn os cionn de na chruinnich de'n cheòl
Gun tug thu an urram do'n phìob;
Cha chuala luchd teud sgainneal do bheul,
Is tu bu ro mhaith gu 'n dìol,
Ach gu b'fhearr leat culaidh 'gad bhrosnadh 'san tòir
Na socair gach saoi.

Is iomadh Iarla an Albainn a nochd,
Is dearbhta leam sud,
An am togail an armailt air chois
G'a h-airchis 's g'a fios,
Chionn a clàistinn anmoch is moch
B'anbarra meas
Bheireadh mar dhuais do dhararaich a dos
Airgiod gun fhios.

Is dearbhta gu robh a stuideara trom
Is a shusbainte geur,
Am fear smaointich an toiseach gu'n coisneadh i bonn
Agus fortan d'a chionn
Gach lànphort uile dhiobh chumail air fhonn,
Is nach cluinnear a bheul,
Ach gu gearr e gu h-ullamh gach siolladh 's gach pong
Le buillibh a mheur.

A cliù air abaicheadh gleois
Is fada do chuaidh,
An ionnstramaid mhaide nach mór,
Is coitchiont a buaidh ;
Cuiridh i smaointeana gaisge gu leoir
An aigne gu cruas ;
Togaidh a cneadraich le brasbhuille meoir
Aigne gach sluaigh.

O'n is beus di éirigh gu ceart
Is éibhinn a stuirt,
An tùs a h-éirigh éighidh i sgairt
Nach breugach puirt ;
Le séideig de anail a steach
Chur an earraibh a cuirp,
Cuiridh sin ceòl iorailteach ait
Na rifeidibh stuic.

Is fada o'n a fhuair sinn taisbeanadh sùl
Nach gealtach a gnàth ;
Gu bheil mi dearbhta nach rachadh i 'n cùil
D'a falach gu bràth.
An tùs gach catha bidh fear brath a cùl
A' toirt fàbhair do chàch,
Laoch borb agus gaisge 'na rùn
Is bratach 'na làimh.

An urram thar na chunnaic mo shùil
Do'n tha am Muile dhiobh 'n tràs ;
MacCriomain o bhuinginn e cliù
Leig do'n duine sin tàmh.
Sann d'an urraic Condùiligh air thùs,
Iain mac Uilleim a dhà ;
Pàdruig an treas duine de'n triuir
Nach uireasbhach làmh.

Piping Overseas

NEAR Salonika there was a party (the date is censored). The place was on Mount Olympus, above the level of the clouds. You can see the top of Olympus from Salonika without stretching your neck. The principal guest was Athene, or Athene Pallas; she played the pipes; for you understand it was a musical afternoon with a competitive element in it, and Athene was the favourite; but Apollo ran her close in the opinion of the goddesses—he touched the Lyre.

Athene began, and her music was so accomplished and showed such feeling and technical skill that we may fairly well presume that she had touched on the Coolin tops in some of her aerial wanderings and there gathered inspiration and knowledge of the instrument from some early MacCrimmons.

Zeus and Apollo were warm in expressing their approval, but a little minx of a goddess in one of Athene's best *Sumphonias*,[1] or what we call Piobaireachds to-day, smiled and drew the attention of her neighbour to Athene's cheeks, which certainly were rounded, even distended, with the effort to blow; and the other goddesses fell in line and smiled, and Athene looked up and asked, "What is the matter?" And with the utmost delicacy, the eldest, or next in precedence, announced that a mirror would tell. So she stepped to the fountain of the gods and looked at her reflection as she blew; and so important it seemed to her to preserve her facial beauty of form that she gave up the enthralling music that she had acquired with who knows how many thousands of years of practice. And she took her pipes to the edge of the clouds and threw them right down Olympus . . .

And the lightning flashed and the thunder roared, and rain fell and the burns came down in spate, and a poor devil of a Greek, called Marsyas, half faun, half man, had his hairy skin wet through as he wandered home round the lower spurs of the mountain. As he sheltered for a moment in the lee of a boulder, he saw the pipes come tumbling down the wet stones, and they rested, and he took heart and stretched out his hand and grabbed them, and they let out a squeal! This may convince you that even at this early period the bag was attached to the chanter or pipe, for without it how could the reed have given out a squeal? But what was the bag made of? Was it of rubber, or of the skin of some animal?

[1] Συμφωνία.

We may perhaps assume that it was probably made of the latter, that of a gazelle perhaps, or a goat, or of humble sheepskin, such as we use to-day. This would be borne out by our having heard the quotation in what is believed to be the Aryan tongue, "*Tha biadh is ceol an so*," which in English means, "This is both meat and music," as the fox said when he ate the bagpipes. But to come back to Marsyas. He took up the pipes, and practised them, and attained considerable efficiency, if we may believe the Greeks, who say he was the first to introduce piping to the rest of the world: we may, however, take this *cum* a sack of salt. For we, here in Scotland, know that our most intricately finished form of music, the Piobaireachd, had attained to its highest form of perfection as early as the twelfth century. Its best period extended from the twelfth to the sixteenth, and no other country has approached the level attained on any other form of pipe. To have attained such a point of perfection it is surely evident that the instrument must have been practised in our Highlands simply ages before the date of Marsyas, for he, as has been already stated, acquired what little skill he had from Athene, who again, owing to her undoubted ability, presumably had studied under the early masters of Skye.

There is also doubt about the Greek statement that Marsyas taught the pipes to *all* peoples. For we to-day find there are certain races, to one of which we might be more harmoniously united, who are, with the exception of a few of their greatest musicians, entirely devoid of any appreciation of pipe music. Teutons, Saxons, and Angles are ignorant of it. The Hun, with his *Kultured* taste, designates our ancient instrument as the *Dudelsack*, and the Celtic people ("of the oldest blood of the world," to quote Emerson) who have preserved its music he slumps as "English"![1] But other nations, possibly owing to their older civilisation—Indians of the Peninsular, and the Chinese—understand and appreciate our pipe music. I once spoke on the subject to the Maharajah of Mysore, a most exquisite and cultured Indian prince. He wore for evening dress a turquoise silk jacket and trousers, and a white and blue turban with a large spray of diamonds on it, and a necklace of inch-square emeralds. We could understand each other perfectly on the subject of music. He knew our Highland airs and liked them. "Yes," he said, "I love folk-music, and if you understand the folk-music of one people you understand that of the others." Possibly this is so? When I asked this very courteous prince which he liked best, the music of the East or the West, he said, "When I hear occidental music I feel nothing could be finer, and yet again when I listen to oriental music, surely, I say, this is the best."

Not being a prince I can afford to say that I am very glad a certain class of

[1] The Hun, to do him justice, is not bound by any "scrap of paper" to use the term British when he refers to our united Army and Navy. The Englishman is, but he disregards his signature to the first term of the Treaty of Union—"convenience" comes with him before honour or courtesy.

occidental "programme" music is going to have a rest. With Wagner and Mendelssohn on the shelf, and the German bands overseas or interned, we can look forward to a time when at least our near relatives may have a chance of hearing our classic music, the greatest known inheritance from our ancient forefathers who drove the "conquerors of the world" behind their stone dykes.

Many of our own people, particularly those who have had the misfortune to be educated in England, have missed the opportunity of learning to appreciate our ancient classic music. Indeed, to them the strong sound of the chanter of the great pipe is oppressive; people brought up amongst brick houses find our stone buildings chilling and unkindly, the grandeur of the Parthenon to them is almost depressing, and, accustomed to pretty sentimental "programme" music, imitative and sentimental super-sweet melody, they find the grandeur and simplicity of the Piobaireachd unfamiliar and monotonous. This comparison between the severity of early Greek architecture and our classic music is fairly chosen. Is not the Largo or Andante of the Air (in Gaelic the Urlar) of a fine Piobaireachd like the general, simple conception of the Greek temple, and the slightly varied repetitions of the Siubhal and the doublings and the closing movement of the Crunluadh, are they not parallel to the repetition, even monotony, of the severe Doric pillars, with their repeated detail and slight differences or "architectural refinements."

To the technique of another art I would compare the division of the notes of the chanter. I refer to early mosaic work, where colour is got by contrasting minute facets, each sharp and separate from its neighbour. The grace notes of the chanter are comparable to these. Colours in painting, and sounds on many instruments, such as the stringed instruments, may become blurred and lifeless. On the chanter pipe they cannot be blurred. They are as tartan to broadcloth; however small the notes may be, and however rapid or however slow and deep, each is separate, as are the facets in mosaic. But the nature of the chanter and reed allows these notes to be produced with such clearness and with such "muzzle velocity" that at miles off you get a purity of effect that no other instrument in the world can approach. To realise this, however, you must hear a good piper; with his reeds and his soul to his finger tips in perfect tune with the Infinite.

Many people criticise pipe music who have only heard bad or ordinary players. They who have not heard Melba should not decry singing! Many nations have tried to improve on our Highland pipes and the scale by adding or subtracting, but all have failed. We alone have realised what we possess; and it looks as if our countrymen who have gone South, and East, and West, and have given the pipes their serious study, are going to follow in the steps of our predecessors and preserve our most classic music and the powerful simplicity of the instrument.

Further east than India the music of the reed has served me as an introduction. Once I heard a Chinaman playing a chanter almost exactly the same as our own. I was in a hot, dark office, with the punkah swinging, and ask me if I did not run when I heard the reedy note! We could not speak to each other, but even the unemotional eyes of this vendor of Chinese sweetmeats showed a gleam of

expression when he saw my fingers drop on to his notes, with its (to me) familiar scale of neuter thirds, as if I had played in China all my life!

But nearer home we have music on reeds somewhat akin to our "light music." On the Nile there is many a refrain that suits our scale, and in North Africa there is even a bag-pipe, with blowpipe and chanter—a poor instrument. There is a photograph of it in that splendid book by Dr A. Duncan Fraser[1] of Falkirk, called *The Bagpipe*, of which at least every library, or keen piper should own a copy. The native pillows

his bosom on the swelling bag of gazelle skin, as per sketch, and blows.

In Spain, too, there are pipes with more resemblance to ours; to the north-east in Galicia they are principally confined. But in the south of Spain I once met a gipsy clan, and we exchanged notes. And by chance I played Gillie Callum, and the oldest lady of the party, to my intense surprise, laid two sticks crosswise, kilted her petticoats, and danced some of the steps of the Sword dance! which of course you know was danced by Moses—invented by himself in his cups, and danced over vine stems; and which the Highland gentleman before the war, however deep in wine, was supposed to be able to foot over sharp swords! It is a queer, pagan-sounding tune, with various names; it is sometimes called "Malcolm Cean More's Tax-gatherer."

In Norway there are many folk tunes akin to our old airs, the light music I mean (*Ceol Aotram*). But no nation has any *Ceol Mor* or big music to compare with our Pibrochs.

Once I heard a Highland air in Norway—in Namsen Valley, north of Norway; one hot midday as we rested I heard the bonder's daughters crooning it as they weeded lettuce. It took me back to the days of childhood. It is rather a grand, solemn air—*Barden's Dod* they called it—The Death of the Bard. A Norse antiquarian told me later that the words belonged to the Viking period. It is remarkable that this is one of our oldest Highland airs—probably pre-Christian. We call it *Smeorach Chlandonuill*—The Minstrel of the Macdonalds.

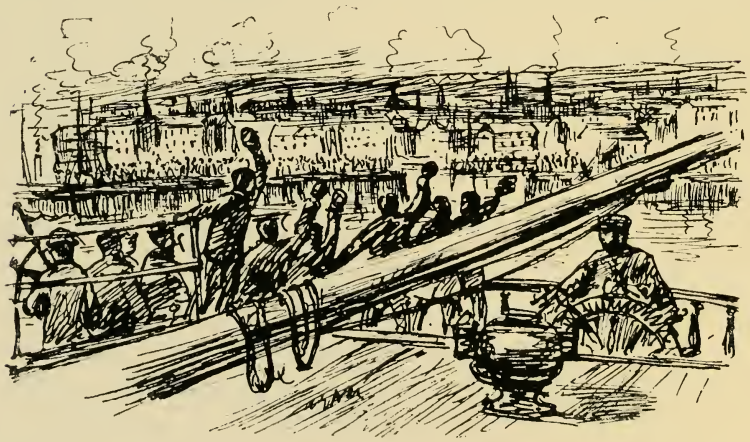
There are certainly places and times to hear the pipes. As a rule they sound

[1] The writer would strongly urge the Association of Highland Societies of Edinburgh to approach Dr Fraser with the view of securing his collection of bagpipes—French and Spanish and Highland pipes that played at Waterloo. They should be preserved in our capital. The dispersal of the collection would be a national loss.

at their best amongst mountains. On a summer night in the glen what can be more exquisitely fairylike than its notes, faint in the distance or coming again stronger with the warm breeze? And what can touch them in the great hall when fair women and men in Highland dress are dancing our classic Strathspey and Reel? Could you have more rousing music or more vivid and classic colour and movement? (I do not refer to that modern lowland hybrid, the "Eightsome," concocted about 1853 by a Larbert shoemaker—either a romp as uncouth and childish as jing-a-ring, or two people capering and the rest looking on,—as dull as cricket!) And when there is a company in front and another behind and your pipers are playing well together; that makes the blood run hot! When you see all the broad shoulders in front swinging together, and through the sound of the pipes, the beat of hundreds of feet comes to your ear like that of one man, and you know that each touch of the finger on the chanter is lifting hearts and heels—that is the time to appreciate our war pipes and our grande marches! The Athole Highlanders, for example, one of the best of our tunes to lift tired feet on the hard highroad or to accompany cheerily light steps along the hill-side on the soft heather.

But "piping overseas" was the course we set at the beginning of these notes, so we must take a pull on our main sheet and come a little closer hauled to our course. Possibly there will be room in this book of our Great Feill for some of the following scraps of a salted sea journal which touches on piping in the solitudes of the Arctic and Antarctic.

It is out of my log of a long whaling voyage to "The Antarctic and the adjacent



Seas" that I extract these recollections—the date ten years at least before the Antarctic became the fashion.

. . . We played a light, cheery farewell[1] as we warped out of the Dundee dock, and we were very happy. But many on the shore were sad at the leave-taking. As we passed the dock gates the last of the crew on shore bade good-bye to wives and children and tumbled on board, leaving many a kind face wet with tears, but smiling hope and encouragement; then we swung out on to the wide Firth of Tay, and the pipes stopped and the men came aft to the taffrail and mizzen shrouds, and shouted a hoarse farewell to the distant crowd on the pierhead, and a faint Hooray! hooray! came back over the calm silvery Firth, and the faintest, threadiest sound of pipes on shore playing us a farewell. Then all hands bundled forward again, shouting and singing—a jolly, motley crowd, not two dressed alike: in dungaree suits of every shade of blue and green, in faded jerseys and red handkerchiefs—men and boys of every sailor type—old Arctic whalers—red-cheeked and bearded, tanned South Spainers with shaven chin and faces, lined with the rough and the smooth; quiet men and boys from the fishing villages of our East Coast, and gentlemen from the Shetlands. Fifty men from all parts of Scotland, strangers an hour ago, brothers now in the one spirit of adventure. What a picture they made as they swung together at the topsail halyards, their eyes gleaming, with open, thirsty mouths, shouting the old shantie, "Whisky, John-nie. Oh, whisky makes the life of man—Oh, whisky, for my Johnnie!" with the shantie-man's solo, "Oh, whisky made—me pawn my clothes," and altogether again with a double haul, and a shout of "Whis-ky—John-nie" that makes the blood tingle even to remember it. . . . All small sail set and the deck cleared, and with the wind light and in the south we slipped down on the tide and turned north for the Pentland Firth, playing our tune, "For winds to be fair."

The next mention of the pipes in this journal, I see, is in the tropics. . . . It is Blue—blue—blue—and hot—too hot to play during the day. Our bare feet burn with the heat of the deck and hold to the melting pitch in the seams. The men go about their work very quietly and scarcely speak; the only sound is the click, click of the carpenter's caulking mallet as he hammers oakum into the seams of the deck.

It is only in the dog-watch when the sun goes down that we waken into life and the piper tunes up, and the men stroll about the deck and play cards, and sing for a while, or perhaps break into a strathspey and reel. . . . Then the moon comes up, a round shield of red gold. . . . The sky is a deep velvet blue, and the stars seem hung out against it like silken lanterns, green, yellow, and ruby red.

It is so quiet to-night that the ship feels almost deserted; the mate stands on the bridge leaning his elbows on the white rails, gazing dreamily over the dark sea into the vague horizon, motionless, a dusky silhouette with one spot of moonlight burning on the glazed peak of his cap. . . . Slowly, to and fro, the dusty white sails swing across the sky, showing and hiding alternately a glowing star. The mainsail,

[1] Pipe-major Mackeillor of the 78th Highlanders, his "Farewell to the Barren Rocks of Aden," of which low red hills I use a jotting as tailpiece for these notes.

half clewed up, hangs like a grand stage curtain in splendid folds, with beneath it the deserted main-deck and galley lit by the full flood of light which stops suddenly at the impenetrable shadow which the foresail throws across the deck. The men are sitting in the shadow, to avoid the baneful light, and I hear them talking slowly in subdued voices . . . now a boy's voice rises on the night, exquisitely clear and tuneful. The notes seem to rise and linger in the sails, and lose themselves in the velvet darkness beyond. It is the "stowaway" singing, and we go forward enchanted by the sound. Men and boys sit round him on deck and on the spare spars, listening enthralled. The reflected moonlight from the deck touches a bare arm or foot here and there, and gleams with a half-light on the singer's face. Then some one suggests "the pipes" for a lament or a lullaby, and the piper goes aft to the stern beside the steersman and the binnacle. The moon goes down as he plays this, that, and the other tune, a bit of a pibroch or a lullaby in the warm darkness, and far to starboard a little red light seems to come nearer, till we can just distinguish a dark mass of hull and sails. It is the barque which we have seen in our horizon for two days past—possibly steered by one who knows the tunes; then she gradually forges ahead, and the light is hidden by her side-screen. It was pleasant to have a ship near us for a little while, and the spot of warm red in the night made the darkness and the ocean feel not quite so empty. . . .

Again the pipes come into this journal further south, on the land this time, at the lonely Malvinas, or Falkland Islands. The scene is the local tavern called The First and Last. Outside there is peaty moorland, and inside the sun slopes into small-paned windows, and the dust hangs, and the air is full of the sound of beating sea-boots on a rough floor; there is the clink of pewter pots, thick tobacco smoke and strong shouts, as our lusty men shake-a-foot on dry land after many months at sea. But here is the diary again, if I may be allowed?—notes put down at the moment are worth more than recallings . . .

From the shore to the bar was but a step, and the invitation from some of the crew who were there was too pressing for either the doctor or the piper to resist, even if we had tried: we found them getting rapidly mellow, making up against time for six months' total abstinence. A jollier, finer set of men one could not wish to meet—roughly clothed, tanned, tarred, and weather-beaten, pulling together on board and on shore in a way that did us good to see. It was an eager, jovial crowd of Scotsmen that filled the rough Colonial bar, each with his glass in his fist and his pipe in the corner of his mouth, talking away freely after months of ship-board restraint: the few Colonials were almost crowded out of their usual haunt, and looked on in silence, listening to those whalers from the North. Braidy, of the grey eyes and fair hair, got hold of a melodeon and played jolly Irish tunes, till some began dancing and the second engineer sang, "Ho-ro mo nighean dhonn Bhoidheach" with force and feeling, and the pipes were sent for and strathspeys and reels started, and the rafters rang, and the smoke trembled in the air with the din of the talk and the dancers' boots on the floor. It was difficult to get away, but the doctor and the piper were on business bent, and

did get away and shot specimens over the bleak moorlands. And it was late when they got back to Stanley. Five of the crew were sober young fellows, only a little festive, and with some difficulty we marched them down to the ship, stowed the pipes away, and tried to keep order.

As we rowed across the loch in the moonlight, we all agreed it would be safer not to talk, or make a row as we came alongside the ship, so as not to disturb the "Old Man" and other crusty sleepers on board; but the first thing our jolly tars did was to run full tilt into the ship's counter, and why the skipper did not waken I can only guess.

Next evening we went ashore, with the skipper in the stern in his Sunday best; the whale boat was pretty well loaded when we were all on board. The piper was put in the bow and had to play all he knew. We rowed round two neighbouring ships, both in Stanley to repair damage received from Cape Horn weather, and great was the excitement. The crew of the Hyderabad stood on the anchor deck, silhouetted against the primrose evening sky, and each asked for his favourite tune. "Please will she play Piobrach Dhoal Dhubh?" one man would ask, and "Hi mon! gie's the Glendaruel Hielanders," would shout one frae Glasgie. She was a Glasgow ship undoubtedly, so I played bits of pibroch and marches, till my cheeks ached, for the pipes were stiff. And then we played ashore and landed, and played up the road in the dark to the little galvanised Colonial home of the master of the Forge, a Highlander from Dunkeld, who was greatly stirred in spirit when he heard his native music. As a lad he had served on a whaler, and now commanded many men in the engineering shop of The Falkland Island Company—a tall, clean-limbed man with a small head and long arms—the picture of an athlete, the best in the small colony at throwing the hammer and running the mile. What a glorious evening we had—Bobbie Burns in the Chair, and the English Clergyman and Peter White our cook were croupiers. . . . It was after midnight, to be accurate, when we turned in, to a night of comfort to be remembered! (It was our one night out of nine months in a comfortable bed on shore.) Poor things! Our host's children had been turned out to make room for us sea-farers. As we went to bed we looked steathily into a half lamp-lit room and saw a glimpse of the child life of the Island—asleep in a row, on the same bed on the floor, their heads resting softly on the same pillow, bathed in rosy sleep, four little golden-haired angels lay with rosy lips and dark eyelashes closed on warm cheeks—sound asleep—"full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing." In the morning the four fair-haired ones would have me play on the pipes to them endless tunes. They made a pretty audience as they sat on the steps, in front of the glass porch and its flowering geraniums—behind them the shingle house with its galvanised roof—and beyond it the homely-looking sweep of peatland.

The eighteen-month cherub sat half-dressed in his small sister's arms, with a blue-eyed fairy on each side; with what rapt attention they listened to the tunes of olden times. It is strange how Highland children love the pipes; I have seen a baby when it heard the pipes stop crying and forget the pains of teething and

listen motionless with wide eyes till it dropped asleep, and yet some children would have run yelling to their mothers. Strange, is it not, this hereditary association of contrary feelings; does one baby recall the trip across the wet sands of the Red Sea at low ebb, and the other, its ancestors overwhelmed at flood?—you know of course that Moses asked his piper to play Gillie Callum at this part of the march. It's a good tune for a quick step!

But here is a quieter scene—away in the South, right down in the Antarctic ice—when the pipes come into the journal again.

. . . It is a Christmas Eve, the end of a day of twenty-four hours' daylight and labour. The piper swears a little, the strong words we censor. . . . "My hands this morning are stiff and sore with rowing long hours, hunting elusive whales, and so cut with sealing knives that playing the pipes is not all joy. But there are compensations. The air is exhilarating. Sun and snow showers alternate. Our faces burn as if before a fire. It is midnight and broad daylight, and it is very still! Those who have felt the peace of a summer night in Norway or Iceland, where day sleeps with wide-open eyes, can fancy the quiet beauty of such a night amongst the white floes of the Antarctic.

. . . The day had passed glistening in silky white, decked with sparkling jewels of blue and green, and we thought surely we had seen the last of Nature's white harmonies; then evening came, pensive and soothing and grey, and all the white world changed into soft violet, pale yellow and rose . . . a dreamy stillness fills the air. To the south the sun has dipped behind a bank of pale grey clouds,

and the sky above is touched with primrose light. Far to the north the dark, smooth sea is bounded by two low bergs that stretch across the horizon. The

nearest is cold violet white, and the sunlight strikes the farthest, making it shine like a wall of gold. The sky above them is of a leaden peacock blue, with rosy cloudlets hanging against it. As we play the sound seems to travel and fade in the mountains on our west: they remind us of the hills of Arran. To the westward lie these unnamed mountains, blue-black crags jutting from snowy lomonds—little clouds touched with gold and rose lie nestling in the black corries and gather round the snowy peaks. As we pipe and look in this direction, we feel the view is not altogether unfamiliar, but on turning to the south all is strange. In the centre of the floe some square-topped bergs lie, cold and grey in the shadow of the bank of cloud. They look like Greek temples imprisoned for ever in a field of snow. When we lay aside the pipes with chilled fingers the stillness becomes almost oppressive. A faint cold air comes stealing to us over the floe; it ripples the yellow sky reflection at the ice-edge for a moment and falls away. In the distance a seal is barking, a low muffled sound that travels far over the calm water, and occasionally a slight splash breaks the silence, as a piece of snow separates from the field and joins its companion pieces that are floating quietly past our stern to the north—a mysterious, silent procession of soft, white spirits, each perfectly reflected in the lavender sea. . . . Nature sleeps—breathlessly, silent; perhaps she dreams of the spirit world that seems to draw so close to her on such a night. A few flakes of snow float in the cold clear air, and two snowy petrels, white as the snow itself, float along the ice edge. . . . A cold, dreamy, white Christmas morning, beautiful beyond expression.

Days there were, down there, when the pipes came in curiously, and usefully. I quote from the journal again, written in Erebus and Terror Gulf, that is, east of Graham Land in the Weddell Sea, the worst part of the Antarctic for driving pack and monstrous bergs, somewhat unsuitable for a jumping-off ground to an Antarctic cross-country sprint! January 5th it is. . . . "Another day of mist, soft as thistle-down. The ice looms faint and grey, a light wind comes from the north, and a few snow-flakes are falling, settling in the folds of the grey sails. Icicles are formed on the black shrouds and stays, and fall at times clashing on deck. There is no use keeping a look-out from the crow's-nest to-day; the fog up there is thicker than on deck. So our barque is allowed to drift south with the ice and snow, her head pointing west and her wheel lashed. Occasionally we steam up wind, or ahead, to clear ice. Tall bergs show faint and ghost-like through the mist to leeward. One of the boats is lost. Once when the mist lifted some seals were seen and a boat sent off; it fell immediately and we lost sight of the boat. For some time we heard the shots, and then they seemed utterly lost. We kept the fog-horn booming its muffled note every two or three minutes for many hours; but it seemed hopeless to send sound through these misty walls. In the evening we started the pipes as usual, and a few minutes later the mist lifted and the sun lit up the green feet of many bergs, and far to leeward we could descry our black boat through the glasses, a mere speck in a jumble of drifting hummocks and field ice—it was lucky we had not lost their bearings altogether. The ship was also in a jam,

and it was difficult enough to get her out; by and by as we got closer we could distinguish the black spots were struggling figures, and by dint of much poling and shoving they escaped like a fly from a sugar-bowl and rowed up astern and got hold of a towline, and we went ahead and got out of the swirling current.

They had heard the pipes in the evening, they said, much to their great comfort, which I later on appreciated, being with others in similar plight, and in the very

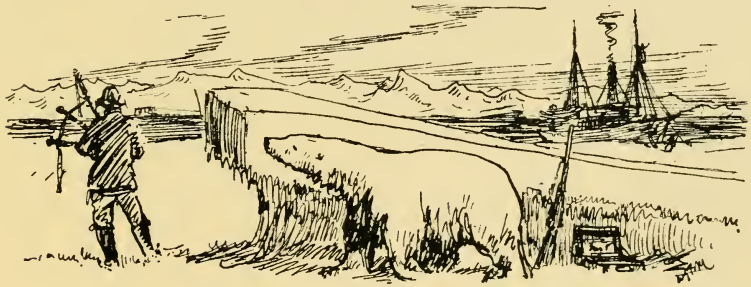
"The Emperor, it is true, sometimes made a step or two."

whale boat that had been lost only a few years before, up North, and which was picked up off Iceland with only one of a crew of five a month or two later, eating his last boot.

Once or twice down there, amongst the gigantic bergs and heavy floes, we had quiet days between days of fog and gale, when the sky was of the sweetest blue and gossamer swathes of thin mist hung over the tops of the barrier bergs. On such rare days we could bask in the sun and sleep quietly on the snow, hidden from our black home by some green under-cut, ice mushroom, or perhaps play to oneself or the seals—great white seals with soft, wondering dark eyes, and to long, black-spotted sea-leopards with narrow eyes, green like sharks. They would raise their heads from the snow and listen and then fall to sleep again. To the gentlemanly black and white silk-clad penguins we played; to the little and edible Gentu penguin, and to the King, with his yellow cheeks, and the stately Emperor, but they did not dance to us. The Emperor, it is true, sometimes made a step or two just as if he thought he half-remembered a step, but they seem from their expressions and movements to have lived so long that they have probably forgotten a lot.

Years later we took the pipes to the North, to the Arctic ice, and the seals, like those round our Scottish coast, paid wondering attention to the pipes. And we played amongst the hummocks to delicately coloured primrose bears on the flat Arctic floe. But their interest seemed to be more in the piper than his music. Indeed, the feeling was reciprocal, and usually when there was a rifle or pistol handy there was a requiem for the bear and a march to the larder.

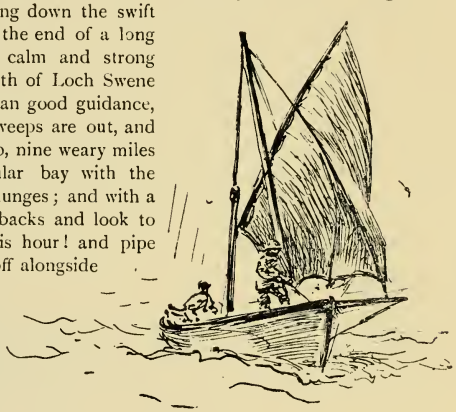
The Narwhales answered our sweetest strains with groans, whether of approval or otherwise one could not say, for they speak under water, and the groans or lowing is like that of a cow. You hear the sound in the open pools amongst the ice-



floes, and the sound is very striking and impressive in that vast stillness. We would hear their groans, then their splendid white horns and black and white speckled bodies would appear for several short blasts, and rise and then disappear, generally leaving us lamenting for not being quick enough with our whale boat. But once we tumbled into the boats in time with harpoon and line all in order, and succeeded.

Now let me come from rough, far-away seas to our dear warm West Highlands, with the quick tides and kindly people, for just one homely recollection to wind up these notes.

Back we come then to our West Country, and the pipes again. . . . It is night, and dark and warm, and we swing down the swift tide of the Sound of Jura. It is the end of a long day's sailing from the north in calm and strong winds, and we hunt for the mouth of Loch Swene and swing into it more by luck than good guidance, and the air falls, and the long sweeps are out, and we row, dead tired and half asleep, nine weary miles to Tayvallich, that almost circular bay with the clachan round it. The anchor plunges; and with a sigh of relief we straighten our backs and look to shore—and there are lights at this hour! and pipe music too!—and a boat coming off alongside —and who are these two dusky figures who climb aboard without so much as by your leave? Why, it's my old friend John, the smith, and Colin Campbell, the joiner, and in bowlers too! and white collars. . . . "Yes, yes, it's a waddin'—MacAlpine's daughter to be sure—you will remember MacAlpine, the shoemaker? and so we brought a little drop, for we knew the Moilena against the sky—and you will come ashore, and have some supper." But we say we are dead tired, and fed an hour ago. "Oh, but you will come ashore, and have some supper."



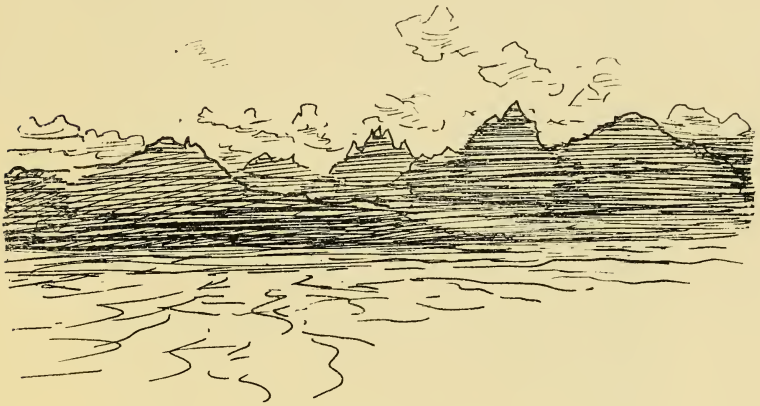
And so, alas, my companion and I had to go, after partaking of a dram in the cabin from the bottle I noticed protruding from Colin's side pocket as he clambered aboard. And was it not worth going ashore to see the white thatched cottage in the moonlight—the glow of candles in the window and the table inside with a table-cloth and oil lamps, and warm boiled hens in a row all the way down, twelve at least, which we had to eat though not fasting, and wash down with strong tea. Toasts there were too, and kind wishes, washed down with mountain-dew. And outside afterwards there was dancing on the road, actually beside the Church! under the old ash trees, with the moonlight filtering through the branches—dark men's figures and girls in white, and the pipes going, and the local piper waving on

his feet till the writer had to take the pipes and play till the light in the east showed another day's sailing would have to begin.

If I could put down the tone of the moth-white dresses in the moonlight in paint, and some of the kindliness of these people of Kintyre in words, I'd feel I'd done something worth doing.

So good-bye to you, ladies and gentlemen of the Great Feill. And let us hope that our efforts have done something to bring comforts to our brave lads at the Front.

W. G. Burn Murdoch.



"The Barren Rocks of Aden."

The Old Home Hearth

I.

OH, the sunshine's blithe and bonnie in this land of bush and veldt,
And it's nothing else but sunshine that I see;
But my heart knows one snug island where my childhood's days have dwelt,
And it's Memory's sun that lights that land for me.

Oh, the flicker of the log on the old home hearth!
Oh, the faces it has lit for me!
What joy can be so sweet
As at twilight tryst to meet
The dear ones 'neath the old roof-tree?

II.

There are sunny hearts around me in my land of exile here;
There are tender words of welcome where I stray;
But they know not twilit evenings with the hearts I hold most dear
In a land of mist and mem'ry far away.

Oh, the flicker of the log on a Highland hearth!
Oh, the faces it has lit for me!
What joy can be so sweet
As at twilight tryst to meet
The dear ones 'neath the old roof-tree?

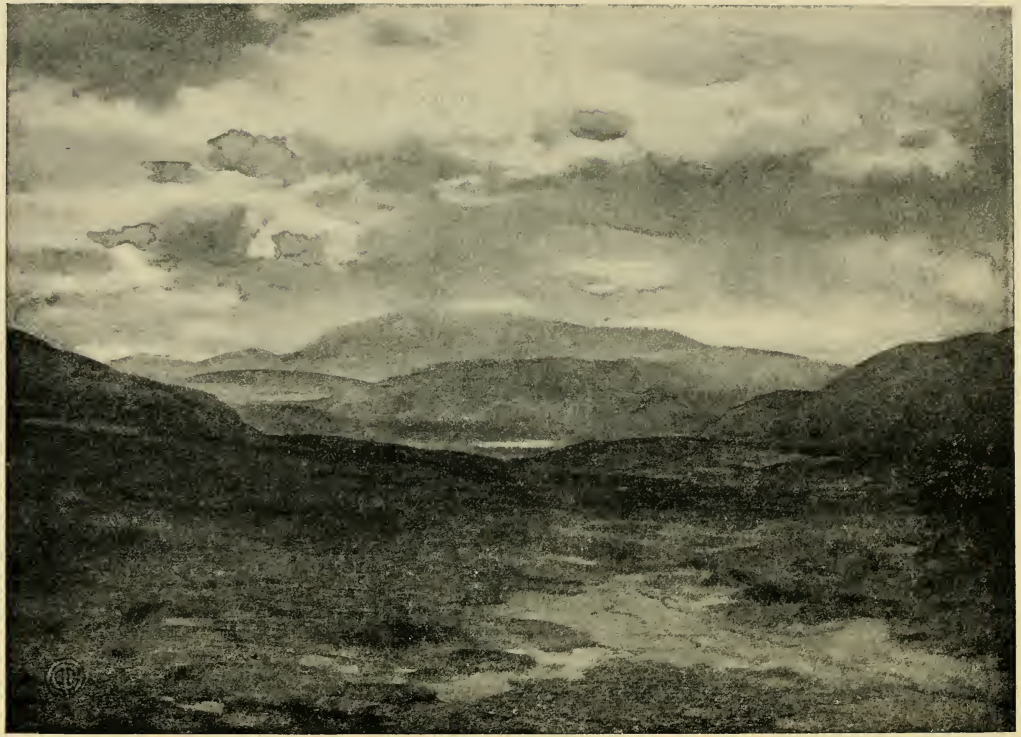
III.

But the log shall never flicker as it did for me of yore,
Nor the ruddy embers quite so warmly glow;
For some have crept out darkly by the dusky-shadowed door,
And my heart is fain to ask them where they go.

Oh, the flicker of the log on the old home hearth!
Oh, the faces once it lit for me!
Oh, twilight hour so sweet,
When our tryst was yet complete,
Round the hearth-stone, 'neath the old roof-tree!

MARY ADAMSON.

A WOUNDED PIPER
Skeoch Cumming



THE BRAES O' MAR
J. Cadenhead

In Memoriam: The Rev. J. Campbell MacGregor, V.D., F.R.G.S.

(BY A FRIEND)

IT is fitting that on the occasion of the Feill there should be recalled to memory the name and personality of one who was most deeply interested in keeping alive the spirit of Highland patriotism among the Gaels of Edinburgh. Had he been spared to return home from the Great War, the *Rev. John Campbell MacGregor* of St Oran's Parish Church would have been among the most active in furthering the interests of the Feill at this time. The Association of Highland Societies of Edinburgh was formed on his initiative, and during the first six months after its formation, prior to going on active service, he devoted himself whole-heartedly to its affairs. Mr MacGregor was a true Celt, in figure, in language, and in sentiment. From the days of his boyhood in Lorn Mr MacGregor was devotedly attached to the cause of the Highlands. At Glasgow University he was an enthusiastic member of the Ossianic Society. The bulk of his professional life was spent in Argyllshire, as a student missionary during his College vacations and as parish minister of Strachur and Stralachlan on Lochfyneside. His last few years were devoted to labour among the Highlanders of the metropolis, but somehow or other one never felt that his figure was in its true setting when placed against the background of the city tenements. All his nature suggested other surroundings—the trout fishing river, the moor with grouse and black-game rising to escape the gun, the steep shoulder of some hillside rising from a pebbled beach, sun-kissed and caressed by lapping waters. These were the scenes in which John Campbell MacGregor was really at home, and if the boon of a long age had been granted to him no doubt the nostalgic pull of the Highlands would have drawn him back from the pavemented thoroughfares and crowded "closes" of Edinburgh to some parish in the North or West.

But fate decreed otherwise. For in MacGregor's breast there throbbed not the

passion for things Celtic only, but the passion for truth and freedom and righteousness as well. So when the War broke out, his friends knew that it must only be a matter of time until he would make his way to the Front. Soldiering was no novelty to him, as he already held the V.D. decoration for long service. On obtaining his chaplain's commission in April 1915 he joined the 4th Camerons, and stayed with them until their demobilisation, after their terrible gallantry and suffering at Festubert. Being still anxious to serve with a Highland regiment he was attached to the 4th Gordons, and until June 1916 he went with them through the campaign. Vermelles, Loos, Souchez, and Neuville St Vaast are among the names prominent in the military activities of this period. After a sharp attack of trench fever, which caused him to be invalided home in June 1916, MacGregor went back to France for the last time on August 17th. His final term of service was spent with the Scottish Rifles. When he met his death early in November of last year, and was buried with full military honours in the cemetery overlooking the town of Dieppe, there were many who felt that the world was emptier and that life was poorer from that day forward. His fellow-students and clerical brethren recalled his earnest and lovable disposition: men at the Front testified to his gallantry and self-sacrifice amid the dangers of the battlefield: Highlanders at home and abroad, who were acquainted with him personally, or who had read of his enthusiasm for their land and their language, knew that they had lost a true compatriot and friend.

It is proper that at the time when the Highlanders of Edinburgh are being asked to make proof of their genuine love of the "land of bens, glens, and heroes," a fresh wreath should be laid upon the grave of one whose devotion to the best interests of Gaeldom was so deep and so strong.

"Cha till, cha till, cha till Mac Criomain
An cogadh no sìth cha till e tuille:
Le airgiod no ni cha till Mac Criomain,
Cha till e gu brath gu la na cruinne."

A PERTHSHIRE MOORLAND
A. G. Sinclair

Mrs STEWART MACKENZIE of Seaforth

The White Swan of Erin

ON a day, Columba went forth
In the morning early,
Saw he the Swan, goola! goola[1]!
The White Swan, in her swimming,
Chanting her death-song,
Goola! goola!

The White Swan, is she not the wounded one,
The White Swan, is she not the bruised one.
Goola! goola! and the Two Sights on her,
Goola! goola! and the Two Weirds on her,
Life and death,
Goola! goola!

Whence thy swimming, White Swan?
Said Columba of my love.
From Erin my swimming, goola! goola!
From the Fayne[2] my wounding, goola! goola!
The wound of death,
Goola! goola!

[1] In Gaelic, *guile*, the note of the swan.

[2] In Gaelic, *An Fheinn*, a pre-Christian Gaelic Knighthood, corresponding to King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table.

White Swan, Swan of Erin,
Healing I bring to the pained ones.
The warm eye of Christ be on thy hurt,
The spell of kindness and the ever-love
Make thee whole,
Goola! goola!

White Swan of Erin, goola! goola!
Nought shall ail thee, goola! goola!
Woman-lord of the linn, goola! goola
Woman-lord of the wave, goola! goola
To Christ the glory,
Goola! goola!

[Gaelic poem collected and translated by
KENNETH MACLEOD.]

Gualainn ri Gualainn

"*LEAN gu diùth ri cliù do shìnnsir.*"

Is milis am facal sin agad fhéin agus agam fhìn. Tha fàileadh cùbhraidh an fhraoich agus na mònadh dheth. Tha e gu sgàineadh le càirdeas is caomhalachd, le euchd is iochd. Tha òirdhearcas na h-uaisleachd iriosal agus na diadhachd ionraic a' deàrsadh troimhe le maise na gréine.

Ach ma chreideas sinn sgeulaichean gallda ar rìoghachd cha ruig a leas cus uaill a bhi oirnn as ar sìnnsirean. Ma 's fhìor dhaibh-san cha robh annta ach burraidhean borba—slaightirean fiadhaich—gun tùr gun tonaisg. Ciamar a b'urrainn iad a bhi air a chaochladh is an cànan borb a bha iad a' labhart? Agus is ann borb fiadhaich a bhiodh iad a chaoidh gus an dì-chuimhnicheadh iad an cànan agus an ionnsuicheadh iad cànan uasal a' Ghoill 'n a h-àite! Mur deanadh sin daoine uasal agus cneasda dhiubh cha ruigeadh gràs néimh fhéin a leas feuchainn ris!

Ach is maith nach leig sinn a leas na sgeulaichean ud a chreidsinn ach mar a thogras sinn fhìn. Faodaidh sinn urram na bréige fhàgail aca. Na faodadh fear mo chòta saorsa a leigeil le theangaidh, is e 'g an leughadh, cha téid mi an urras nach fhaodadh cluasan teithe bhi aca. Ach mar a thuirt fear dùthcha, uair agus gràisg air droch fhuil a ghluasad ann, "cha 'n fhiach iad a bhi guidheachan riu."

Is e tha anns na Gàidheil daoine iongantach—daoine a fhuair buadhan agus comasan air leth. Cha 'n 'eil nì ris an cuir an Gàidheal a làmh nach dean e na 's fhearr na mòran. Na 'n robh luchd-riaghlaidh, anns na linntean a dh'fhalbh, cho crionnda ciallach is a bha iad cho dall dùr, bha iad air buadhan agus comasan a' Ghàidheil a chur gu ìre, araon a chum a leas fhéin agus leas a dhùthcha. Ach cha b'e a leas a bha iad ag iarraidh, agus tha a bhuil. Tha iomadh srath fàsail agus slios aonaranach an diugh a' crònanaich cumha tìomhaidh, is iad a' caoidh nan laoch agus ag ionndrain nam fleasgach agus nan ainnirean. Tha "nead na smeòraich" air a creachadh, agus tha am Mac-talla fhéin cianail. Greadhnach is drìllseach is mar a tha crùn Bhreatuinn chaill e neamhnuid luachmhor an là chreach an Gall srathan na Gàidhealtachd. Tha caora mhaol air slios agus fiadh caol-chasach am fireach dealbhach eireachdail, ach is dall an inntinn, agus is an-iochdmhor an cridhe, a mhùchas teine air teintein an laoich Ghàidhealaich a chum leabaidh a dheanamh do aona cheithir-chasach a chruthaich Dia. Is e an cruaidh-fhortan buileach gur e isean-iolair a' Chaesar a tha an diugh a' sgròbadh nan lannan bhar sùilean ar luchd-riaghlaidh, agus a tha toirt daibh rionnag fradhairc air an diabhluidheachd a dh'fhàsaich dachaidh a' Ghàidheil.

An Gàidheal geur-chuiseach tùrail!

Their daoine a tha eòlach air a sheann eachdraidh rium nach robh dad aig a' Ghàidheal a riamh mu dheidhinn na mara—nach b'ann ris a' mhuir a bha e air a thogail. Cha ghabh mise orm a radh nach 'eil sin fìor, ach gabhaidh mi orm a radh nach 'eil maraiche an diugh an cabhlach Bhreatuinn—agus c'àite bheil cabhlach eile a shuathas rithe?—as lugha fiamh roimh 'n mhuir, no as fhearr a làimhsicheas bìrlinn na an seòldair Gàidhealach. Ged a b' e na ròin fhéin a shìnnsirean saoilidh mi nach b'urrainn e bhi na b'eòlaiche air gné nan tonn, no na bu lugha sgàth roimh 'n doinnionn.

Cha 'n 'eil mi glé chinnteach nach can an sgeulaiche rium cuideachd gur e glé bheag a bha aig a' Ghàidheal mu cheann na saighdearachd—ge b' e air bith cho maith is a bha e air sealg agus air buachailleachd nach robh cus eòlais aige air cath gualainn ri gualainn. Is dòcha gu 'n can e rium gur mòr a b'ealanta e air goid is creachadh na air saighdearachd ghlan. Cha téid mi fhìn 's an sgeulaiche ro-fhada a mach air a chéile air son so, gun fhios nach 'eil tomhas mhòr de 'n fhìrinn aige. Ma bha an Gàidheal a riamh aineolach air diomhaireachd gunna agus béigleid, claidhimh agus biodaig, tha sgeula eile air a nis. Tha cian o chaidh an là sin seachad—tha fhios aig an t-saoghal air a' sin air a chosg. Cha 'n 'eil boinne fala 'n am chuislean nach blàthaich agus nach téid 'n an ruith gu siubhlach fonnmhor, is mi a' leughadh mu ghniomharran euchdach nan saighdearan Gàidhealach air raointean fuileachdach an t-saoghail—cho maith is a sheas iad an tùlach aig *Louisburg* agus *Quebec*; aig *Waterloo* agus an *Crimea*; aig *Tèl-el-kebir* agus *Lucknow*, agus na ficheadan raoin eile air fheadh an t-saoghail.

Sud far an robh na laoich! Cò chreideadh nach b'iad sliochd nan sonn—nach robh an eachdraidh o òg-mhaduinn nan linntean air an sgrìobhadh ann am fuil an nàimhdean? Choisinn iad iomadh neamhnuid a chuir an tuilleadh maise air crùn Bhreatuinn, agus cha 'n ioghnadh ged a bhuinneas dhaibh an diugh an inbhe agus an t-urram as àirde ann am feachd an rìgh.

Their an sgeulaiche rium nach robh anns na Gàidheil ach daoine borb, gun oilean gun eòlas. Cha stad mi an dràsda a dh'ìnnseadh dha gu'n robh mo shìnnsirean-sa làn eòlais is oilean, foghluim is litreachais, an uair a bha a shìnnsirean fhéin fo dhorchadas fineachail. Ma bha ar sìnnsirean a riamh air bheag oilean is foghluim is ann orra thainig an dà là. A dh'aindeon bochdainn is ana-ceartas sheall na Gàidheil nach robh mòran diomhaireachd 's an fhoghlum dhaibh-san. Tha iad an diugh—thà agus fada roimh 'n diugh—a' lionadh le cliù agus urram cuid dhe na dreuchdan as àirde anns an tìr, eadar sgoilean is òil-thighean, eadar dotarachd agus ministearachd, eadar lagh agus Pàrlamaid, agus iomadh gairm eile air nach ruig neach ach tre àrd-fhoghluim. Ge b'e air bith a tha dhìth air a' Ghàidheal cha 'n 'eil dìth eanchainn air. Cha 'n 'eil nì a dhìth air, agus cha mhò tha e ag iarraidh, ach ceartas na Féinne.

Cha 'n 'eil nì anns an cuir an Gàidheal a làmh is a chridhe nach dean e fìor mhaith. Sgrìobhaidh e leabhar cho maith 's a tharruingeas a claidheamh. Treabhaidh e iomair cho maith 's a sheòlas e bàta. Dannsaidh e ruibhle cho maith 's a chluicheas e pìob. Cuiridh e dubh-fhacal cho maith 's a sheinneas e

òran. Nach e an rìoghachd a tha dall, airneo beartach, a tha 'g a chumail ann an seacaid chumhang an còmhnuidh, ach an uair a tha spuirean na h-iolaire 'n am mionach, is i ag éigheach air son cobhair ?

Tha an Gàidheal airidh air seasamh gualainn ri gualainn ri duine air an deachaidh briogais, an àite sam bith 's an toir a ghairm e, air muir no air tìr, an cogadh no an sìth. Ma tha sinne airidh air ar n-ainm agus ar fuil seasaidh sinn gualainn ri gualainn gus am faic sinn ceartas aig ar cinneach ann an tìr an dùthchais —an tìr air a bheil còir sìnnsireachd agus claidhimh aca ma bha e aig cinneach a riamh. Ma tha luchd-riaghlaidh Bhreatuinn airidh air an àite ann an rìoghachd a tha fo fhiachan cho trom do chlaidhimh a' Ghàidheil, seasaidh iadsan cuideachd gualainn ri gualainn gus am faic iad ceartas aig na balaich Ghàidhealach, an uair a thig iad dhachaidh, is na ceudan dhiubh gun dachaidh idir, ach am bothan tubhaidh os cionn tiùrr an làin, no air cùl gàraidh, air còir dhaoine eile. Ma tha an rìoghachd airidh air na h-aibhnichean fala a tha na Gàidheil a' taomadh a mach air blàir na Roinn Eòrpa seasaidh iad gualainn ri gualainn gus am faic iad ceartas agus comhfhurtachd aig banntraichean agus dìleachdain, pàrantan agus peathraichean, a tha air am fàgail lom cianail, an lorg na h-ìobairt mhòir a rinn iad 'n an dìlseachd.

GUALAINN RI GUALAINN.

CALUM MACILLINNEIN.

Why Evan Cameron Died

A BYWAY OF SCOTTISH HISTORY

I DID not find him in Lochaber, though his name recalled that grandeur. I found him in a city slum. He was a factory worker; and his "little life" was rounded by routine—toiling, eating, sleeping. A football match on Saturday, a sermon on Sunday, were all that reminded him that he was not a machine, but a man with a soul.

Such was Evan Cameron as I knew him, until that day in August 1914, which tore the masks from so many faces: then I discovered that my factory worker—but not to anticipate, "I've joined the Camerons," he announced with an air of new-found manhood.

"True to your clan," I suggested.

"No. True to the *land* of my clan," was the deliberate correction.

But I did not inquire into the distinction.

. . . . . .

A week later I called at his humble dwelling, three storeys up, with a skylight against the stars. He received me with perfect courtesy, but without obsequiousness. The factory worker had become the Highland soldier. The light in his eye, the spring in his step told that the eagle, long caged within him, was at last free and soaring in the realms of romance.

"I have just been back to Lochaber," he stated, "wearing the Cameron tartan on the Cameron hills."

We sat for a time in his kitchen, a drab enough place, relieved only by the love of a young wife and child.

At length, and manifestly with an effort, he began to unburden his mind:—

"You write to the papers sometimes."

"Sometimes," I responded.

"Might I ask you to come into my parlour?" and I followed him. "I sit in it sometimes myself," he continued, modestly, "when I'm trying to think."

"A kind of study-room," I ventured.

"But will you laugh at a poor man's fancies?" he appealed, before opening the door. "No visitor but yourself has ever been here; and I trust you!"

"I have lived too long," I returned, "to laugh at an honest man's wisdom, however poor he may be."

The parlour was small, but a revelation. Above the mantelpiece were crossed a broadsword and a flint-lock; on the opposing wall was hung a Highland targe—

> "Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
> Had death so often dashed aside";

and on a few shelves next the window—for light is precious in mean streets—was a selection of the literature of the Gael; Ian Lom, Duncan Ban, the Singer of Rahoy were all there; likewise (in English) Hugh Miller, Principal MacLachlan, John Stuart Blackie. And there were many other tokens which could belong only to a student of Celtic history. Contrasting the real treasures with the narrow walls, I could not help the question that was upon my lips——

"I know what you are wondering," my host interrupted; "you are wondering how these things have come to be found in a house in a city slum. I will ask you another question, 'Does the deer seek the flat lands from choice, does the wild-cat want to leave the heather, does the ptarmigan make its nest on a Lowland lea?'"

"I see you have read the Gaelic bards," was all I could think of in reply.

"They have kept my soul alive," he affirmed quietly. "The weapons and some of the books you see have been handed down from father to son for generations; but they ought never to have been here."

"But you are certainly right to prize them."

"I prize them for their lessons: they tell me what has been, and what may yet be. Listen! 'Does the ptarmigan make its nest in the Lowland lea?' My grandfather and thousands more like him were cast out utterly from the Highland hills and glens, and many drifted into the slums of the cities. Accustomed to pastoral ways, and without other trades, they became 'hewers of wood and drawers of water.'"

"Still, what has been, has been, and—— "

But he did not seem to hear me:—"I am not complaining; it was the political economy or worldly wisdom of the day,"—so he went on—"but a great blunder, all the same."

"Well, what can you do now, in any case?"—for I had heard the arguments on Highland depopulation many times;—"the question is, what can you do now?"

As in answer, he reached out his hand, and opened a government volume entitled "*Highlands and Islands Commission*, 1884," in which was this paragraph, underlined by him in red:—"*It is difficult to deny that a Macdonald, a Macleod, a Mackenzie, a Mackay, or a Cameron, who gave a son to his landlord eighty years ago to fill up the ranks of a Highland regiment, did morally acquire a tenure in his holding more sacred than the stipulations of a written covenant.*" He closed the book. "I am going to redeem the tenure; that's all."

I saw it was unfitting to argue.

. . . . . .

"They went forth to battle; but they always fell." So wrote Matthew Arnold on the tragedy and glory of the Celts. Thus died Evan Cameron.

That is why his story is worth telling. One who knelt beside him said that his end was proud and calm, as if he were comforted by a vision. Perhaps from Pisgah he beheld his ideal country —mountains covered with trailing mists, valleys of changing colours, filled with sunshine and laughter, and rivers rushing from time to eternity—in far Lochaber. He sleeps well.

Meantime wise men are considering how and where to place disabled soldiers on the soil. May they listen to the North calling for her children.

WALTER SHAW.

CAIRNGORM MOUNTAINS
J. U. Burn Murdoch

Emily J. MacKinnon

E. MacKinnon

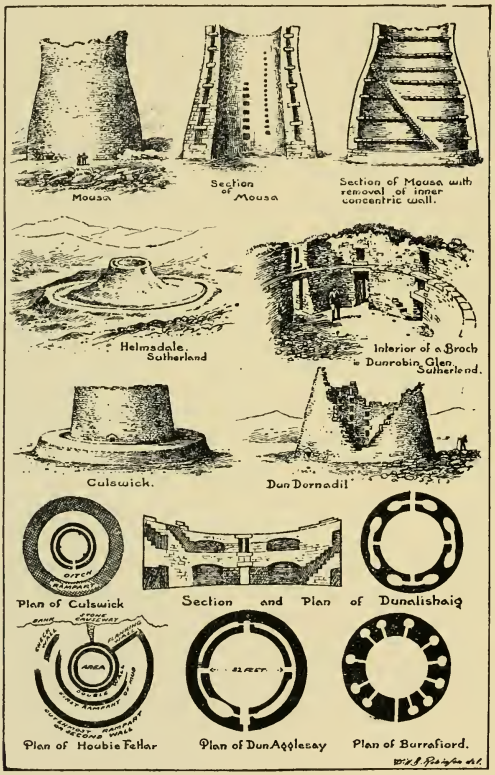
The Dùns of the North

THE terms *dùn* and *caiseal* (cashel or castle), although capable of wide application, are often used to denote the curious round towers which are known as *brochs* in the north-east of Scotland. They were at one time very numerous in Scotland, the remains of more than four hundred of them having been placed on record. There were seventy-nine in Caithness, sixty in Sutherland, thirty-eight in Lewis and Harris, and thirty in Skye, not to mention other localities in the Highlands and Islands.

Their appearance will be understood from the accompanying plate (page 76), which delineates some well-known specimens. From these pictures it will be seen that this species of tower had no roof, and that its interior was simply a hollow cylinder or shaft, devoid of any flooring, from the ground up to the summit of the surrounding wall. The rooms and passages were all within the wall itself, which was of great thickness, sometimes 15 feet. Except in its lowest story, which was solid save for an occasional room, entering from the court, this huge wall was split in two by successive tiers of low, narrow galleries circling all round it, and connected by a staircase. These galleries received light and air from a series of rectangular windows that, opening into the shaft or court, rose one above another with ladder-like effect. The outside wall had no windows, and was not pierced by a single aperture except the small doorway that led into the tower on the ground level. The structure was built of rudely-shaped, unmortared stone, and the only arch known to the builders was the "false" or "Cyclopean" arch, which was formed by gradually bringing the upper courses of the opposing walls nearer each other, until the space was narrow enough to be spanned by large flag-stones.

The late Joseph Anderson, who was an extremely cautious as well as an extremely accurate antiquary, believed those buildings to belong to a period "not earlier than the fifth and not later than the ninth century" of the Christian era. This deduction agrees with a statement made by Thomas Tulloch, who, in 1443, wrote a history (in Latin) of the Orkney Islands. Tulloch held the twofold position of Governor and Bishop of Orkney under the King of Denmark, Orkney being then a Danish possession, as Shetland also was. He states, but without giving his authority, that when the Norsemen colonised the Orkneys in the ninth century they found there a people whom he calls *pape* (believed to have been the Gaelic missionaries), living side by side with a small-statured race who actively employed themselves in building what he calls *urbes*, which was presumably his Latin equivalent for the Scandinavian *borg* or *broch*.

The only complete example of these towers remaining to us to-day is the Broch of Mousa, on the little island of Mousa in Shetland, of which three views are given on the top row of the plate here shown. Its ground-plan is somewhat



Some Notable Examples.

similar to that of Dunalishaig (Ross-shire), which appears on the right hand of the fourth row. Nobody knows when the Broch of Mousa was built, but it is twice mentioned in Norwegian history, and, by a very odd coincidence, in connection with runaway lovers in both cases. The two episodes are separated by the long interval

of two hundred and fifty years. The hero of the first of them was a certain young Norseman named Biorn, grandson of a lord of Sogn, in the Bergen district. In the summer of the year of grace 898 Biorn fell in love with a beautiful girl called Thora, with the by-name of Lace-hand, whom he asked in marriage of her brother and guardian, Lord Thorir Hroaldsson. Thorir refused Biorn's offer, and in the following autumn Biorn settled the matter by abducting Lace-hand and taking her to his father's house, where she remained for the winter, under his mother's protection. Next spring Biorn's father gave him the command of a merchant-ship, with a crew of twelve men and a cargo, with which to go on a trading voyage to Dublin. Biorn, however, had ideas of his own. Unknown to his father, he went to his mother's bower and led away Thora of the Lace-hand, not omitting to carry off her garments and trinkets, and the two, getting aboard of his waiting vessel, sailed out of the Firth of Sogn into the open sea. "And so it was that one day they were sailing off the east coast of Shetland during a gale, and brake their ship in making land at Moss-ey. They got out the cargo, and went into the town that was there, carrying thither all their wares, and they drew up their ship and repaired damages. Forthwith Biorn held his wedding with Thora, and through the winter they stayed at Moss-ey-town." Of their after adventures it is enough to say that when spring came they launched their vessel and sailed for Iceland, Biorn being under sentence of outlawry for the abduction and unable to return to Norway. But eventually matters in Norway were smoothed over, Biorn made atonement, and the young couple, leaving their little daughter Asgerdr under the care of her foster-mother in Iceland, returned home to Norway in the year 902, became fully reconciled to Lord Thorir, and lived happily among their relations by the Firth of Sogn until Thora's untimely death some three or four years later.

Such is the story told by Egil Skallagrimsson, who wrote about the end of the twelfth century; as it is given in the translation by the Rev. W. C. Green (1893). There is no doubt that what the translator calls "Moss-ey-town" is the Moseyjarborg, or Broch of Mousa, so called from its situation on Moss Ey, *i.e.* Moss Island. The saga-writer says nothing as to whether the "town" had any occupants when the ship's company arrived there, or whether there were other inhabitants in the island. But, as Shetland was then a Scandinavian possession, it is certain that there were many of Biorn's fellow-countrymen settled throughout the archipelago. Probably the marriage ceremony was performed by a local priest of Norwegian birth.

The second incident of this kind is recorded in the *Orkneyinga Saga*, a compilation almost or quite contemporaneous with the saga of Egil Skallagrimsson. It is therein related that in the spring of the year 1155 Earl Erlend Ungi eloped from the Orkneys with Margaret, widow of Madach, or Maddad, Earl of Athol. Madach was the son of Melmare, youngest son of "the gracious Duncan," King of Scotland, and consequently a brother of Malcolm and Donald Bane. Madach's widow, Margaret, was a daughter of Haakon, Earl of Orkney, and her second son,

Harald "Maddadson," became Earl of Orkney, having attained the dignity of earl when he was only five winters old.[1] Harald deeply resented his mother's attachment to Erlend Ungi, perhaps because he himself was of the blood-royal of Scotland and regarded Erlend as a presuming interloper in proposing to ally himself with the widow of a prince. In view of his mother's previous relations with Gunni Olafsson, it might be thought that Harald would have welcomed any honourable connection. However, when Erlend formally offered marriage with the Countess Margaret, Harald refused to give his consent. Erlend therefore saw no alternative but to carry off Margaret by force, which he accordingly did. From Orkney the fugitives made straight for Shetland, with the Broch of Mousa as their goal. In selecting this place as his city of refuge, Erlend chose wisely; for not only is that broch, even at the present day, a safe shelter against the wildest storm that ever broke over Shetland, but its peculiar character and position rendered it almost impregnable against the attack of an enemy unprovided with the engines of siege warfare. This Harald found. Starting from Caithness he sailed north to Mousa with the avowed intention of taking the life of Erlend Ungi. "When the Earl Harald came to Hjaltland he besieged the broch, and cut off all communication; but it was difficult to take by assault, and men went between them and tried to reconcile them. Many spoke in favour of Erlend's proposal; and the result was that they made peace, and Erlend married Margaret."[2]

These two romantic escapades, so astonishingly alike in some of their details, throw a good deal of light upon the Moss Island broch, although they tell us nothing about its builders and first occupants. In both cases the refugees were making a temporary use of a building which was essentially alien in character to the dwellings of their own race. It is a fascinating speculation to consider how they adapted themselves to their surroundings. In what condition was the interior when Biorn and Thora, with their twelve men, stowed away themselves and the ship's cargo within its recesses? Was it bare as it is to-day, or had it various accessories of a perishable nature of which there is now no evidence? It is probable that the Norwegian visitors made little use of the narrow galleries in the walls. In the basement course there were three rooms of good size—for a broch; averaging 10 feet in height, 15 feet in length, and 6 feet in width. They were dark, it is true, but that defect could always be remedied by lamp-light and fire-light. The Shetland winter day is short at any rate, and they would have required much artificial light in whatever kind of a house they had lived. Very likely they utilised the court more than these mural chambers. Perhaps they erected wooden structures in the court, if such were not there already. Cordiner, writing in 1776, thinks it not unlikely that there was some woodwork in the brochs. Speaking of them in general, he observes :—"It is probable they may have had partial coverings

[1] *Flatey Book: Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis*, p. 354.

[2] See the translation of the *Orkneyinga Saga* by Jon A. Hjaltalin and Gilbert Goudie, F.S.A. Scot., Edinburgh, 1873, p. 161. Also Dunbar's *Scottish Kings*, p. 14.

of wood; the circles of stones which project in some of them, at an equal height, all round the inside of the building may have been for resting the ends of the beams upon."[1] But these divagations, however interesting, may not be followed out here.

From this notable type of the 145 brochs of Shetland and Orkney, we may turn to one or two of the 60 brochs of Sutherland. They are not, of course, called brochs by Gaelic-speaking people, whose most usual term for them is *dùn*, or, according to English phonetics, "doon." John F. Campbell employs this last spelling when he is writing English, and as that gives the pronunciation as nearly as possible it is reasonable to follow in his steps. One of these Sutherland doons, Dùn Dornghil, or the Doon of Dornadil, is shown on the third row of the specimens given in the foregoing illustration. It is situated in Strathmore, in the parish of Durness. "It was, in the memory of man, about thirty feet high," observes James Logan, writing in 1831, "but is now much dilapidated. Not a stone of this fabric 'is moulded by a hammer, nor is there any fog or other material used to fill up the interstices among the stones; yet the stones are most artfully laid together, seem to exclude the air, and have been piled with great mathematical exactness.'" Logan adds that "the following verse concerning it is repeated by the inhabitants:—

Dùn Dornghil MacDhuiff,
Air taobh na mara do'n t-srath;
Seachd mile 'o mhanir,
Air an ròd 'n racha' na fir do Ghallabh.

The Dun of Dorngil, son of Duff,
On the side next to the Sea of the Strath;
Seven miles from Rea,
On the way whereon men go to Caithness."

To be accurate, I ought to say that I have here given the version supplied by Logan's editor (1876) as a correction to that which appears in Logan's text, the Gaelic of which is corrupt. The English translation is also by the editor.

Logan goes on to say that "Castle Coul, situated upon a rock at the black water of Strathbeg, parish of Clyne, in the same county, is another remarkable edifice of similar construction." It is unnecessary to repeat his detailed description of it.[2] Cordiner very reasonably suggests (*op. cit.*, p. 161, *note*) that it was in such a tower that the widow of Earl Haakon took refuge in 1155, and as that tower was situated in Sutherland, and according to Torfæus "placed on a rock, the access to it by dreary and gloomy paths, amidst crags, and fens, and forests," it was probably no other than Castle Coul,—or, as it is sometimes called, Cole's Castle.

Next in completeness to the Broch of Mousa, although it is more than half ruined, is *Dùn Deirg*, or The Tower of the Red One, which stands upon a rocky

[1] Cordiner's *Antiquities*, London, 1780, p. 107.
[2] Logan's account will be found in his *Scottish Gael*, vol. ii.

eminence above the eastern entrance of Loch Roag, Lewis. Its modern name is The Doon of Carloway (Gaelic, *Dùn Charlobhaigh*), from its situation beside the township of Carloway. The view of it here given shows its appearance on the side on which there has been least demolition.

The Doon of Carloway; from the East.

Tradition tells us that Dùn Deirg was the home of one of four brothers who then dominated the whole of that neighbourhood. Two of them dwelt in the island of Berneray, the "Borva" of Black's *Princess of Thule*. Of these, one brother, named Glom, had his seat at Barra-Glom; while the castle of the other was known as Teeda-Borra, that giant bearing the peculiar name of Teeda, or Teed. Barra, or Borra, is of course a corruption of the Scandinavian *borg*. It appears again in Borronish, the ness or promontory of the borg in which the fourth of the brothers lived. This borg or doon formerly crowned a little islet that stands out from the shore and overlooks the broad sands of Uig Bay, in the west of Lewis. Only a few stones of it remain at the present day. The name by which it is still known is *Dùn a' Chiuthaich*, "The Doon of the Ciuthach," a word which is written "Kewach" in English, in accordance with the phonetics of the English language. This individual is remembered as the son of Nuaran, or Nu-ag-aran. Consequently, the four brothers were sons of Nuaran. From the Kewach's castle to his brother Dearg's at Carloway is a distance of twelve miles.

About midway between these stood the strongholds of Glom and Teeda. In the opinion of Captain Thomas, who had studied these structures, they were all essentially alike.

The Doon of Carloway; from the West.

It is necessary to make a passing reference to the word *ciuthach*. It is a study in itself, as may be seen from Professor Watson's comprehensive and learned monograph in *The Celtic Review* (January 1914). From this it is clear that the word, while used to denote a particular individual, as at Uig, was at other times employed in a generic sense. John F. Campbell states that in the Long Island the ciuthachs are remembered as "naked wild men living in caves." Dr Watson quotes Mr Kenneth Macleod to the following effect:—"I remember distinctly two old people in Eigg—dead some twenty years—talking about 'an ciuthach a bha fuireach anns an uaimh' ('the ciuthach who once lived in the cave'). When in Eigg last summer I tried to find out something more about the *ciuthach*, but nobody even recognised the word, except one man who said: 'Theirinn ciuthach ri biast de dhuine' ('I would apply the term *ciuthach* to a beast of a man'). I have heard the word used in that sense elsewhere: 'Nach b'e an ciuthach e!' ('Is he not a ciuthach!')." The ciuthach of the doon at Uig is remembered as "the son of Nuaran, or Nu-ag-aran," an Anglicised form of *Mac an Nuamharan*; and, alternatively, as *Mac an Nuaimfhir*. While stating that this latter variant might be interpreted as "the giant's son," Dr Watson favours the idea that both forms more likely signify "the son of the cave-man." The initial "N" has simply been carried on erroneously, following a common tendency in language, from the particle *an*, or *nan*, and the nouns are really *Uaimfhir* and *Uamharan*. With this interpretation, *An Ciuthach Mac nan Nuamharan* practically means "The Cave Man of the race of Cave Men." Gaelic tradition fully recognises the former existence of a race of cave men. M'Alpine defines *uamh* as denoting not only a cave but also "a chief of savages"; and he quotes a popular expression, "cha n'eil ann ach uamh dhuine," "he is only a savage of a fellow,"—literally, a cave man. M'Alpine gives another interesting word for a savage, *samhanach*, used in such a connection as "chuireadh tu eagal air na samhanaich," "you would frighten the very savages." This word is referred to by J. G. Campbell, Tiree, in his story

of "the great Tuairisgeul," which personage he describes as "a giant of the kind called *samhanaich*, that is, one who lived in a cave by the sea-shore, the strongest and coarsest of any." He further explains that "it is a common expression to say of any strong offensive smell, *mharbhadh e na samhanaich*, 'it would kill the giants who dwell in caves by the sea.' *Samh* is a strong oppressive smell" (*Scottish Celtic Review*, pp. 62 and 140-141). All of these names, *ciuthach*, *uamh dhuine*, and *samhanach*, point to a former contact between a civilised, Gaelic-speaking people and a cave-dwelling race occupying a much lower plane. The word *uamh*, however, is not only applied to natural caves, but also to artificial stone structures akin to the dùns or brochs. It would not be surprising, therefore, if the builders of those artificial "caves" were also builders of brochs.

In the article already cited, Dr Watson further states that "in the ballads, Ciuthach of Dùn Chiuthaich is associated with Eibhinn and Trostan. One of these heroes, apparently Trostan, is designated Mac an Nuamharan, which makes him Ciuthach's brother. Trostan is a distinctly Pictish name." Here the ciuthachs are linked on to the Fingalian heroes, and Dearg of the tower at Carloway becomes possibly the Dargo of the famous *Dàn an Deirg*, or The Song of the Red One. Those ancient lays, however, embody facts so highly idealised that this aspect of the question may be waived on this occasion.

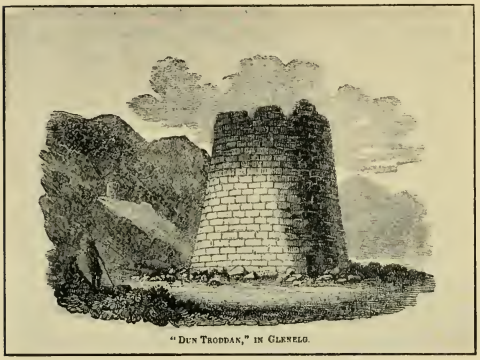
The Doon of Carloway; Mural Passages.

As for the appearance of Dùn Deirg, or of what now remains of it, that will be seen from the photographs here reproduced. The first of these shows the outside of the doon as viewed from the east; the next, taken from the west, looks into the interior over the ruined western walls; and the third gives a glimpse into two of the mural passages. In the second of these pictures may be discerned, on the right hand, the broad, heavy stone forming the lintel of the doorway. The doorway is 3 feet 8 inches high by 3 feet broad. The wall of the door being 10 feet 6 inches thick, as measured by me at one point, this gives approximately the length of the entrance passage. As one goes in, however, one sees a small doorway, 2 feet square, on the right-hand side of the passage. This leads into a little room, or "guard-cell," 4 feet high and 9 feet long, counting from its entrance to its inner end. On the opposite side of the court from the entrance passage is the doorway which admits one within the hollow walls. Round and round, inside the great twin wall, winds (or used to wind) the connecting passage,

ascending story by story. From the highest point to the "sunk flat" there are six stories still attainable, ruinous though the building is, and in them I made the following measurements:—Topmost story, 2 feet 2 inches high by 13 inches wide; second story (counting downwards), the same; third story, 5 feet high by 2 feet wide; fourth story, 4 feet 8 to 4 feet 11 inches high by 2 feet 9 inches wide; fifth story, 2 feet high by 3 feet wide—this story terminating in a chamber on the north side. Below this fifth story there is a basement flat, which has a height (or depth) of 2 feet, but it is choked with rubbish, and impassable—or was so at the time of my visit. A consideration of these dimensions makes it evident that the builders of the doon were a small people. Progress could only be made in some of the passages by creeping on all fours, after the manner of Eskimos in *their* passages. But even in this attitude men of good stature would be too bulky and long-limbed to utilise such passages. The builders are sometimes spoken of as "giants." It has been pointed out by John F. Campbell of Islay that while some of the giants of Highland tradition are of superhuman stature and strength, others are quite able to dress themselves in the clothes of ordinary men, with whom also they have sometimes wrestling-matches. "Giant" must therefore have another meaning, and it is not unlikely that a synonym for it is "savage."

Like the Broch of Mousa, the Doon of Carloway has been utilised by people of a race who came after the builders. Captain Thomas tells of an occasion about the beginning of the seventeenth century when it figures in a clan-fight between the Macaulays and the Morrisons of Lewis. The Macaulays were under the leadership of Donald Cam, a direct ancestor of Lord Macaulay. Captain Thomas warns his readers that the material of his *Traditions of the Macaulays of Lewis* is traditional and not historical. The story is to the effect that the Morrisons of Ness had invaded the Macaulay territory on the north side of Loch Roag, in the absence of the Macaulay men, and had then taken refuge within the Doon of Carloway. "The Macaulays having come up, Donald Cam stabbed the sentry at the door of the doon, and left the Big Smith there to prevent any one from coming out. Macaulay then climbed the walls of the doon by means of two dirks or daggers as steps, changing them by turns until he got to the top of this uncouth edifice. Donald Cam ordered his men to pull heather and make it into large bundles, which he threw into the area of the fortress, and when it was full he set fire to the heather, and so smothered and burnt all the inmates." The story is interesting, but it has its defects. One naturally wants to know how this large quantity of heather was hauled up to the top of the wall, and whether the Morrisons were sitting inactive during the whole course of the proceedings. However, the incident has probably a historical basis, and there seems no reason to doubt that the Doon of Carloway was temporarily, if not continuously, occupied about that period. "The remains of the Picts' castles [the doons] in Lewis have been utilised for defence till quite modern times," observes Captain Thomas, and he relates another story belonging to the same time and neighbourhood, which begins thus:—"When John Mor Mackay came back from Ullapool with John Morrison, Brieve of Lewis, he began at once,

from fear of attack by Donald Cam Macaulay, to fortify himself in Dùn Bragir, in which he built a hut for himself and his wife." The noteworthy feature of this incident, from an antiquarian point of view, is the circumstance that Mackay built a hut within the court of the doon, and apparently made no attempt to use the original chambers in the walls. Perhaps this was the plan followed by most of the modern inhabitants of the doons, who could thereby combine their own idea of comfort with the security against stormy weather and enemy attack which the massive walls of the doon afforded. The Bragair doon, or rather the wreck of it, is still visible on its little islet in a small loch some eight miles north-east of the Carloway doon. When I saw it in 1894 the highest portion was not much above the height of a man, but a native of the district told me that thirty years previously it rose almost to the height of the Doon of Carloway. However, he must have underestimated the number of years, or overestimated the height, for Captain Thomas indicates a lower altitude about the time in question.



Castle Troddan in the Eighteenth Century.

The tradition, already enlarged upon, that the Doon of Carloway "was built in the fourth century by a giant named Darg mac Nuaran,"[1] and that three other doons of the neighbourhood were held by his brothers, finds its counterpart in the four doons of Glenbeg, in the parish of Glenelg, on the mainland opposite Skye. These towers

Castle Troddan To-day.

[1] "Traditions of the Macaulays of Lewis," by Captain F. W. L. Thomas, R.N., F.S.A. Scot., *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, 1879-80, p. 411. For other cognate references, see various passages in the same article.

were visited in 1720 by Alexander Gordon, the "Sandy Gordon" of Jonathan Oldbuck, as noted in his *Itinerarium Septentrionale*. There, he says, "I met with a Highlander who repeated two or three barbarous Irish Rhimes concerning them, handed down to him by tradition, from which I could gather no more than that they were built by a mother for her four sons." Gordon attempts to give the Gaelic, but in a very "barbarous" fashion. He also gives the English translation as rendered by his companion, Mr MacLeod, a kinsman of the Chief's:—

> "My four sons, a fair clan,
> I left on the strath of one glen;
> My Malcomb, my lovely Chonil,
> My Tellve, my Troddan."

Only the foundations of Malcolm's and Connal's castles were visible when Gordon visited their sites, but a section of Castle Telve was still standing, and Castle Troddan was almost complete, its height being 33 feet. Its appearance in the eighteenth century and at the present day is seen from the accompanying views, one of which also shows the vestiges of Castle Telve. They are now both under the protection of the Ancient Monuments Act, but there is little left to protect. From an old inhabitant of the glen I obtained, in 1894, the tradition that the builders of the Glenbeg doons were a dwarfish people ("*troichean beaga*"), who could walk along the lowest of their passages without requiring to stoop their heads.

These are some of the traditions lingering about our Northern doons. Of the structures themselves, their number and their chief characteristics, much has been written by very competent observers. Any one who wishes to learn more upon the subject will find a wealth of information in the fifth volume of *Archæologia Scotica*, published at Edinburgh in 1890. DAVID MACRITCHIE.

The Vestiges of Castle Telve.

Lines in appreciation of Gifts of Heather sent from Scotland to the Ballarat and District Caledonian Society for "HEATHER DAY," arranged to take place in aid of the Funds of the Association of Highland Societies of Edinburgh.

BONNIE heather frae the Hameland; oh! what gladsomeness ye gie
Tae the wand'rer frae his ain land, o'er sae monie miles o' sea,
An' the kindly folk wha pu'd ye, may guid fortune them befa',
Sae thoughtfully they keep in mind their kin' sae faur awa'.

Bonnie heather frae the Hameland; say, what message dae ye bring?
Wad we find it still the same land? dae the birds still sweetly sing?
Are the rowan clusters swingin' ow'r the burnies in the breeze?
Are the haws as rosy red as when we lang syne robb'd the trees?

Bonnie heather frae the Hameland; tell me, on yon mountain side
Whaur ance ye'r purple croons were noddin' brawly in ye'r pride,
Did ye gie ye'r kindly shelter tae the blaeberries sae sma',
That grew sae near ye'r broon stems? whaur they thocht tae hide awa'.

Bonnie heather frae the Hameland; ye mak' monie o' us fain
Tae speil the braes, an' roam the glens o' Scotland, ance again,
But, ah! we're on the doonside o' life's brae, an' sae maun bide
Until the reaper comes, wha's comin' maun na' be denied.

Sae, we'll prize ye, bonnie heather; while ye'r white or purple bell
Sets the love licht in o'or e'e, an' gars the hairt within us swell,
As, reca'in' auld time mem'ries, we are rompin' bairns ance mair,
Stravaigin' 'mang the heather; breathin' caller mountain air.

Bonnie heather frae the Hameland; God, wha guides the kindly haun's
That pu'd, an' sent ye soothward, shairly kens, an' understauns
Hoo gratefully we thank o'or frien's; an' pray they lang be spare't,
Tae comfort, wi' a heather spray, the Scottish exile's hairt.

ALLAN M'NEILAGE.

Maduinn Earraich

Choisinn na rannan grinn seo a cheud duais aig Mòd Ghlascho 1901.

NACH aoidheil tiorail fuaim nam fras
An doire chaoil nan géug;
Gach boinne mìn a' tuitean bras
Le lainnir lìth nan léug,
Ag uisgeachadh nam meanglan òg',
'S 'g an tabhairt beò bho 'n éug.

Bidh iomradh buan aig fuinn is dàin
Mu sgèimh nan earrach ùr;
Mu'n neòinean bheag, 's mu 'n t-sòbhraich bhain
Le 'n cuailean làn gun smùr;
Mu bhròg-na-cuthag feadh nam bruach,
'S mu dhòchas cluain nam flùr.

Tha bith na beatha 'briosgadh beò
An tòs an earraich nuaidh;
Tha blàths na grèin' ag aiseag deò
Do 'n talamh reòdhta, chruaidh,
'S a' claoidh nan sian gun dreach gun loinn,
A thug a' choill fodh bhuaidh.

Nach sunndach mireag lùthmhor luath
Nan uan air srath an fheòir;
A' cluich 's a gleachd le gean gun fhuath,
A chionn gu 'n d' fhuair iad treòir,
Bho àrach fial a' bhainne bhlàth;
'S am màthraichean 'n an còir.

Tha 'n sprèidh a' dìreadh slios nam beann,
'S am buachaille ri 'n céum;
Oir ghabh iad frìth nan àrd fo 'n ceann,
Is ghabh iad cead le 'n géum
De 'n àlach shios an gleann nan lòn,
Laoigh òga 'ruith 's a leum.

Nach tùrail a ni eòin nan spéur
An nid fodh sgàil nam bruach;
Tha cannach, còinteach agus fèur,
Cho grinn an dlùths nan cuach,
Gu seòmraichean do 'n teaghlach òg,
A chunntair mòr an luach.

Tha 'n t-seisreach bheartaichte 's a chluain
A' treabhadh fòd an fhuinn;
Gu dìreach réidh, mar thuinn a' chuain
Tha 'n talamh dearg fo 'm buinn;
Tha 'n fhaoilinn bhàn, is breac an t-sìl,
A' leantuinn sgrìob a' chruinn.

Mar cheòl am bruadar sèimh nam bàrd,
Tha torman tiorail, binn
Nan allt o shliabh nam fireach àrd
A' tearnadh troimh na glinn;
Is lainnir èisg, air fiamh an òir,
Fodh scòrr nan glumag cruinn.

Mar chrùn nan sèud is àille snuadh
A sgeadaich ceann an rìgh,
'S a' mhaduinn seòlaidh ceò nan stuadh
Air tulaich fhuair nam frìth,
Mar chòron boillsgeach anns a' ghrèin,
No léug is bòidh'che lìth.

Cia sgiamhach lùb a' bhogha-frois
Buan eàrlas grinn na bàigh ;
Gach dath 'n a chuairt mu lèud na bois ;
Tha 'ghlaic thar bheinn is tràigh ;
'S an gorm nan spèur tha loinn a sgèimh
Mar phaidir neàmhnuid àigh.

Is ghleus an uiseag luinneag shuas
Feadh bogha-frois nan nèul ;
A h òran thug fo chìs mo chluas,
Oir bha i nuadh 'n a sgèul ;
Is chuir i sòlas 'n a mo chrìdh
Le rìgh nam port-a-bèul.

Tha cuimhne throm nam bliadhn' a dh' fhalbh
A' toirt nan dèur gu m' ghruaidh ;
Tha 'n dòchas àrd nach fuirich balbh
A' lasadh èud na buaidh ;
Tha bith na beatha 'briosgadh beò
An tòs an earraich nuaidh.

NEIL ROSS.

COLONEL G. J. MACKINNON, T.D.
President of the Association of Highland Societies of Edinburgh

HUGH MACKAY, Esq.

Convener of Feill Committee

In Aid of a Fund for Providing Comforts for Highland Regiments.

Edinburgh Highland Feill

ORGANISED BY THE ASSOCIATION OF HIGHLAND SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH
(Registered under the War Charities Act 1916)

President—Lt.-Col. G. J. MacKinnon, *T.D.* *Secretary*—Mr Fred. T. MacLeod. *Treasurer*—Mr John Macdougall.

MUSIC HALL, George Street, Edinburgh

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY, 29th, 30th, and 31st MARCH 1917

PATRONS.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE, Duchess of Argyll.
H.R.H. PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.
The Right Hon. THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH.
His Grace THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.
His Grace THE DUKE OF HAMILTON.
His Grace THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.
His Grace THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.
Her Grace THE DUCHESS MILLICENT OF SUTHERLAND.
THE MARCHIONESS OF BUTE.
THE MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW.
THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G., K.T.
Major THE EARL OF CASSILLIS.
THE COUNTESS OF CASSILLIS.
The Right Hon. LORD LOVAT.
BARON FORTEVIOT of Dupplin.
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Mrs Johnston, 17 Seton Place.
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Miss MacKay, 22 Lutton Place.
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Mrs MacLeod, 47 Dalhousie Terrace.
Mrs MacLeod, 1 Marchmont Road.
Mrs Mathieson, Grange Road, Alloa.
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Miss MacLeod, Kyleview, Tongue, by Lairg.
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Mrs Christie, Aultnaharra Hotel, Lairg.
Mrs Silver, Armadale, by Thurso.
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Miss Youngson, The Manse, Strathy, Thurso.
Miss Gunn, Strathroy House, Balligill, Thurso.
Mrs MacDonald, Sutherland Arms Hotel, Golspie.
Miss MacDonald, The Manse, Rogart.
Mrs Wallace, The Hotel, Lairg.
Mrs Donald Stewart, Loch Assynt Lodge, by Lairg.
Mrs Gordon, Bank House, Lochinver, by Lairg.
Mrs A. MacLeod, Inver Cottage, Lochinver, by Lairg.
Mrs R. MacKenzie, Stoer, by Lairg.
Mrs MacIver, Stoer, by Lairg.
Mrs Paterson, Lochinver, by Lairg.
Miss MacLeod, Glacbain, Elphin.
Miss Ina MacLeod, Inverkirkaig.
Mrs Hector MacLeod, Achnacarnin.
Miss MacKenzie, Drumbeg.
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Miss A. MacKay, Laid, Durness, by Lairg.
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Miss MacKay, Stromness Hotel, Stromness.
Mrs Laughland, Pentland Hotel, Thurso.
Miss Reid and Mrs Sutherland, Schoolhouse, Tannich, Wick.
Mrs Nicolson, The Manse of Fodderty, Strathpeffer.
Mrs Adam, Humberston, Dingwall.
Miss MacGilvray, 60 Church Street, Inverness.
Mrs MacLeod, Glenfeshie, Inverness.
Miss MacCallum, Lovat Arms Hotel, Fort-Augustus.
Mrs Barker, 7 Bath Street, Nairn.
Mrs Ross, Congregational Manse, Nairn.
Mrs Calder, Raitloan, Nairn.
Mrs Douglas, Ormidale, Forres.
Miss MacKenzie, Rosebank, Forres.
Mrs Campbell, Royal Hotel, Kingussie.
Miss Christie, Glentilt Hotel, Blair-Atholl.
Mrs MacLennan, Auchnacloich, Amulree, Perthshire.
Mrs MacKay, Alt-na-arie, Huntly.
Mrs Morrison, 48 Richmond Hill Place, Aberdeen.
Mrs Dalgety, 55 East High Street, Forfar.
Mrs Law, 63 Ferry Street, Montrose.
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Mrs Kilgour, Forth Bank, Kirkcaldy.
Mrs Graham, Beechworth, Dunbar.
Mrs MacKay, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.
Misses Law, 39 Devon Street, Glasgow.
Mrs MacKay, 15 Beresford Terrace, Ayr.
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Mrs Ross, Lipton House, Elcho Bank, Joppa.
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Mrs Nelson, 28 Wellington Street, Leith.
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STALL No. V.

The Celtic Union, Scottish Society, & Gaelic Musical Association.

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Miss B. Howieson, 7 Leamington Terrace.
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Miss Dewar, 8 Grange Road.
Miss Syme, 7 Granby Road.
Miss Thomson, 6 Bonaly Road.
Miss Millar, 19 Merchiston Gardens.
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Miss Clunie, 5 London Row, Leith.
Miss Law, 1 Madeira Place, Leith.
Miss MacMillan, 10 Bonaly Place.
Miss Adamson, 8 Thirlestane Road.
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Miss Annie Aitkenhead, Turnhouse Golf Club, by Corstorphine.
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Miss I. H. M'Lean, Leith Genl. Hospital, Leith.
Miss E. Mackie, 16 Greenhill Gardens.
Miss A. M'Nab, Kinnell, Joppa.
Mrs Mathieson, The Castle, Edinburgh.
Miss H. E. Malcolm, 30 High St., Inverkeithing.
Miss B. Reid, 3 Montgomery Street.
Miss Russell, 12 Athol Place.
Mrs Strachan, 12 Murrayfield Gardens.
Mrs Sharp, 3 South Gray Street.
Miss Myrtle Thomson, 6 Bonaly Road.
Miss Watson, 10 Elm Place, Leith.
Miss Margaret Yule, 9 Albert Ter., Aberdeen.

STALL No. V.—*Continued.*

GAELIC MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

Mrs Neil Orr, 30 Upper Gilmore Place—*Convener.*
Miss Maggie Hoy, 10 E. London Street—*Secretary and Treasurer.*

Committee.

Miss Etta Campbell, 17 Teviot Place.
Miss S. L. M'Eachern, 2 Upper Gilmore Place.
Mrs M'Intosh, 134 M'Donald Road.
Miss Martha Mitchell, 53 George IV. Bridge.
Miss B. W. Murray, 169 Colinton Road.

Receivers of Work.

Mrs Brown, Cruach Villa, Balloch.
Miss Campbell, Fincastle, Blair-Atholl.
Miss Campbell, Banscoile, Golspie.
Miss K. Crockett, 62 Spottiswoode Road.
Miss Cruickshank, 20 Polwarth Crescent.
Mrs John Disselduff, c/o. Wood, 14 Brunton Pl.
Miss A. P. Dryden, 23 Melville Street, Portobello.
Mrs John Dunbar, 78 Willowbrae Road.
Misses J. A. and I. Gillies, 2 Jordan Lane.
Mrs Harrison, Port Wemyss, Portnahaven, Islay.
Miss Hoy, 10 East London Street.
Miss J. Johnston, 8 Montpelier.
Miss J. Lindsay, V.A.D., 368 Morningside Road.
Mrs Alex. Mitchell, 7 Comely Bank Terrace.
Miss Mackay, 11 Cambridge Street.
Miss M. Macdonald, Corbiehill Rd., Davidson's Mains.
Misses I. and M. Macdonald, 190 Bruntsfield Pl.
Miss M. Macdonald, 4 Marchmont Crescent.
Mrs C. M'Eachern, 80 Holmlea Road, Langside, Glasgow.
Miss Nellie M'Kenzie, 21 Brougham Place.
Mrs M'Callum, The Manse, Campbeltown, Argyll.
Miss M. M'Lean, 127 Bruntsfield Place.
Miss M'Ardle, c/o. Adams, 16 Valleyfield Street.
Mrs M'Leod, Braid Hotel.
Mrs Neil Orr, 30 Upper Gilmore Place.
Miss Louisa Russell, 96 Viewforth.
Miss Turner, c/o. Young, 4 Beaufort Road.
Mrs Geo. Wallace, 9 Graham Street.
Mrs Waugh, Marchfield, Falkirk.

Tea Room and Confectionery.

TEA ROOM.

Mrs Cater, 49 Ladysmith Road, } *Joint Conveners.*
Mrs Stark, 8 Dryden Place, }

Mrs Cater, 49 Ladysmith Road—*Secretary.*

Mrs Gunn, 62 Blacket Place—*Treasurer.*

Committee.

Mrs D. E. Wallace, 25 Kilmaurs Road.
Miss R. Orrock, 7 Spence Street.
Miss Wallace, 13 Mayfield Gardens.
Miss Matheson, 18 St. Catherine's Place.

CONFECTIONERY TABLE.

Mrs Gunn, 62 Blacket Place.

Parcel Stall.

Mr J. Maclaren, 1 Randolph Crescent, Edinburgh—*Convener.*

STALL No. VI.

Inverness-shire Association.

Lady HERMIONE CAMERON of Lochiel, } *Hon. Conveners.*
Mrs MACKINTOSH of Mackintosh, }

Mrs ALEX. M'KELVIE, 26 Mortonhall Road—*Convener.*

Miss FLORRIE GRANT, } 19 Merchiston Gardens, { *Hon. Joint*
Miss EVELYN MILLAR, } { *Secretaries and Treasurers.*

Committee

(All of whom are also Receivers of Work).

Mr JOHN MACDOUGALL, 21 Crawfurd Road.
Mrs STODDART, 7 Blackwood Crescent.
Mrs MACKINTOSH, 134 M'Donald Road.
Mrs A. B. MILLAR, 19 Merchiston Gardens.
Mrs LUMSDEN, 12 Jordan Lane.
Mrs LATTIMER, 110 Blackford Avenue.
Mrs MACDOUGALL, 21 Crawfurd Road.
Mrs MATHIESON, 54 Leamington Terrace.
Mrs J. MACKINTOSH, 31 Grange Road.
Mrs MACKENZIE, Caberfeidh, Baronscourt Ter.
Mrs LESLIE, 11 Chalmers Crescent.
Mrs NICHOLLS, Northesk Manse, Musselburgh.
Miss WHYTE, 12 Shandwick Place.
Miss WEDDERSPOON, 18 Polwarth Gardens.
Mrs LYALL, 5 Cluny Place.
Mr MACKENZIE SHAW, W.S., 1 Thistle Court.
Miss E. MACDONALD, Dental Hospital, Chambers Street.

Receivers of Work.

Mrs MACGILLIVRAY, Manse of Petty, Dalcross, Inverness.
Mr MACRAE, Goldensands, Morar, Inverness-shire.
Mrs CAMERON, Tarbert Hotel, Tarbert, Harris.
Miss J. GIBSON, Woodend, Arisaig, Inverness-shire.
Mr LOBBAN, Merchant, Carrbridge.
Mrs FERGUSON, Tighnadrochaid, Clachan, Locheport, Lochmaddy.
Miss MACLEAN, Nunton House, Benbecula, South Uist.
Mrs MACDONALD, The Manse, Barra, by Oban.
Miss MACKINTOSH, Oakburn, Tomnabrack, Pitlochry.
Miss MACKINTOSH, Schoolhouse, Drumnadrochit, Inverness.
Miss AMY GRANT, Nedeem, Drumnadrochit, Inverness.
Miss MACLEAN, Sandbank House, Grimsay, Lochmaddy.
Miss FERGUSON, Drimsdale House, South Uist.
Miss MACLEAN, Carnan, Eochar P.O., South Uist.
Mrs MACKENZIE, Easter Culreach, Grantown-on-Spey.
Mrs M'COLL, Inchlea, Beaufort Road, Inverness.
Mrs MACKENZIE, Erradale, Ladies' Walk, Inverness.
Miss MACLEAN, Hotel, Creagorry, Benbecula.
Mrs MACDONALD, Askernish House, South Uist.
Mrs GRANT PETERKIN, Grange Hall, Forres.
Mrs MACCULLOCH, Essich, Inverness.
Miss STEWART, Milton, Callander.
Mrs GOOCH, Torcastle, Banavie, R.S.O., Fort-William.
Mrs FLETCHER, Glenborrodale, Argyllshire.
Mrs MORRIS, Lismore, Blackhall, Midlothian.
Mrs MACFARLANE, The Manse, Kingussie.
Mrs W. J. HEDDLE, Daisybank, Kirkwall, Orkney.
Mrs ROBERTSON, Estate Office, Obbe, Harris.
Mrs MORRISON, U.F. Manse, Bernera, Lochmaddy.
Mrs PATERSON, Bernera, Lochmaddy.
Mrs MACLEAN, Hotel, Castlebay, Barra.
Miss MACASKILL, Bayhead School, Lochmaddy.
Miss MACLEOD, Sollas Post Office, Lochmaddy.

Objects of the Feill.

(*a*) To provide Comforts for the Highland Regiments.

(*b*) To render assistance in finding civil employment for discharged Soldiers of Highland Regiments, and to promote or assist in promoting schemes for their welfare.

The Feill has been organised by the Association of Highland Societies of Edinburgh, which was formed in Sept. 1914 for Recruiting purposes. Encouraged by its success in this direction, it immediately took up the question of providing Comforts for the Highland Regiments. By means of Flag Days and Concerts it has been able to raise a considerable sum of money, which has been spent judiciously in the provision of Comforts for men of Highland Regiments who were not sufficiently supplied from their own territorial areas. In addition, substantial grants have been given to the following Tea and Rest Rooms, where Sailors and Soldiers travelling to and from the North may obtain refreshments:—Stornoway, Kyle, Dingwall, Inverness, Kingussie, Perth, and Edinburgh. The interests of Interned Soldiers have not been lost sight of, and the supply of Gaelic and English literature to men at the front has also received attention, while our wounded in Edinburgh hospitals have been visited and cheered by representatives of the Association. Much will require to be done pending the successful conclusion of the War and after the establishment of Peace. The Association confidently anticipates the hearty support and co-operation of all admirers of our Highland Regiments to make the success of the Feill worthy of the object.