NOTES.

THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

[1] "*Land of the noble Gael! immortal land!*"—Page 15.

The Gael formerly belonged to the great family of Celts,—a nation formerly inhabiting a great extent of country, of uncertain origin. Their name is derived by some from the Teutonic word *wallen* (pronounced *vallen*), signifying "to wander;" as is also Wallia (or Gallia), Vandals, Walloons.—PARTINGTON, vol. i., p. 107.

[2] "*No human hand could e'er thy might subdue,*
No haughty despot claim thee as his slave."—Page 15.

It is generally admitted that the brave and indomitable spirit of the inhabitants of Northern Caledonia, secured as they always were amid their glens and mountains, rendered it almost an impossibility to conquer them.

[3] "*Ye Grampian heights! sublime, stupendous range!*"—Page 17.

A chain of mountains in Scotland, which, stretching like a mighty wall along the southern front of the Highlands, extend across the island, from the district of Concal, in the shire of Argyll, on the Atlantic, to Aberdeenshire, on the German Ocean, and there forming another ridge in a north-westerly direction, extend to the county of Moray and the borders of Inverness. Their general height is from 1400 to 3500 feet above the level of the sea, and several peaks rise considerably higher. The Grampians are intersected by innumerable valleys, mountain torrents, and romantic glens, which exhibit every variety of natural beauty that can be imagined, which is no doubt heightened by the rugged and stupendous character of the surrounding scenery.—PARTINGTON, vol. i., p. 183.

[4] "*And thou, Ben Nevis, 'monarch' of them all.*"—Page 17.

According to Dr. Keith's admeasurement, this mountain is 4350 feet in height, being 50 feet higher than any other eminence in Britain. It cou-

sists principally of a fine brown porphyry, and contains red granite of such a beautiful grain as to be unmatched in any other part of the world. —*Summer Ramble in the North Highlands*, p. 222.

[5] "*Where are thy trusty clans and chieftains now?*"—Page 19.

Nothing can be more erroneous than the prevalent idea that a Highland chief was an ignorant and unprincipled tyrant, who rewarded the abject submission of his followers with relentless cruelty and rigorous oppression. If ferocious in disposition or weak in understanding, he was curbed and directed by the elders of his tribe, who, by inviolable custom, were his standing counsellors, without whose advice no measure of any kind was decided.—MRS. GRANT, *Superstitions of the Highlanders.*

[6] "*And where the minstrel bard, whose welcome lays*
Oft told of conquests won in loud acclaim of praise?"—Page 19.

The bard is skilled in the genealogy of all the Highland families, sometimes preceptor to the young laird; celebrates in Irish verse the original of the tribe, the famous warlike actions of the successive heads; and sings his own lyrics as an opiate to the chief, when indisposed for sleep. —*Letters from the North of Scotland*, vol. ii., p. 167.

[7] "*Those deadly feuds, which stained your peaceful plains?*"—Page 20.

Among their chiefs the most deadly feuds frequently arose from opposing interests or from wounded pride. Those feuds were warmly espoused by the whole clan, and were often transmitted with aggravated animosity from generation to generation.—GENERAL STEWART, *Sketches*, vol. i., p. 30.

[8] "*Oh, fated day! unhappy land for thee.*"—Page 20.

Of course, the author is not to be supposed as subscribing to this sentiment. It is made use of merely as the expression of those who in the Highlands advocated the Prince's cause.

[9] "*Culloden's plain?*"—Page 20.

A large plain in Inverness-shire, on which was fought the last battle between the Houses of Stuart and Hanover, on the 16th of April 1746, when the hopes of the former were for ever extinguished.—PARTINGTON, vol. i., p. 537.

[10] "*Oh that, as then, the field had been thine own.*"—Page 21.

Vide Note 8.

[11] "*Amid thy woods and wilds, so lonely now,*
Unhappy Prince, thou sought'st a hiding-place."—Page 21.

The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat, for the hour of necessity; which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, or cavern, or a rustic hut, in a strong and secluded situation. One of these last gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward, in his

perilous wanderings after the Battle of Culloden.—*Notes to Lady of the Lake.*

In September 1746, Prince Charles Edward lay two days without food in the mountains of Lochaber.—STEWART, *Sketches*, vol. i., p. 63.

[12] "*And Mary! thou than whom no fairer flower*
E'er beamed in beauty on our Scottish plains."—Page 22.

This refers to Mary, Queen of Scots.

[13] "*What tragic Muse shall faithfully engage*
To paint thy dark and dismal tale, Glencoe?"—Page 22.

A Highland glen in the northern part of Argyllshire. This glen is perhaps the most celebrated of any in Scotland. It is the well-known spot of a most dreadful massacre; and it embraces some of the most sublime scènes in this part of the world.—"Clanranald's men"—M'Donald of Clanranald.—PARTINGTON, vol. ii., p. 168.

[14] "*Glenlyon's boasted chief was feasted there.*"—Page 23.

Captain Robert Campbell of Glenlyon, and two of his officers, named Lindsay, accepted an invitation to dinner from MacIan himself for the following day, on which they had determined he should never see the sun rise. Previous to this, they were welcomed with all the hospitality which the chief and his followers had the means of extending to them; and they resided for fifteen days among the unsuspecting Macdonalds, in the exchange of every species of kindness and civility.—SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Tales of a Grandfather.*

In speaking of the Massacre of Glencoe, Dr. M'Culloch says, in his "Western Isles": "Let us remember that the really guilty were Breadalbane and Glenlyon—guilty of everything."—DR. M'CULLOCH, *Western Isles*, vol. i., p. 313.

[15] "*Oh! there was one who fell to rise no more—*
A young and beautiful and gentle child."—Page 24.

A boy of five or six years old clung to Glenlyon's knees, entreating for mercy, and offering to become his servant for life if he would spare him. Glenlyon was moved; but one Drummond stabbed the child with his dirk while he was in this agony of supplication.—*Tales of a Grandfather.*

[16] "*Those dark and mouldering desolated walls,*
Which frown stupendous o'er the gulf below."—Page 24.

In the midst of the valley of Glencoe there is a small lake, whence issues the river Coe—the Cona of Ossian—just above which stands the ruined house of the ill-fated Macdonald.—PARTINGTON, vol. ii., p. 168.

[17] "*Tell where MacIan in his own bright halls.*"—Page 24.

MacIan of Glencoe (this was the patronymic title of the chief of this clan) was a man of a stately and venerable person and aspect."—*Tales of a Grandfather.*

[18] "*Amid thy woods and rocky wilds so drear*
Thine own loved Ossian strung his matchless lyre."—Page 25.

I must not forget that Ossian was born in Glencoe, or buried, it is indifferent which; and that the little stream—the Cona—which runs out of it, was sung by him.—DR. M'CULLOCH, *Western Isles*, vol. i., p. 315.

[19] "*And when some noble clan was doomed to be*
In woe, and death, and desolation laid."—Page 26.

Most great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a tutelar, or rather a domestic, spirit attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity, and intimated by its wailings any approaching disaster. The death of the head of a Highland family is also sometimes supposed to be announced by a chain of lights of different colours, called Dreug, or Death of the Druid. The direction which it takes marks the place of the funeral.—*Notes to Lady of the Lake*

[20] "*Which Superstition weaves around her throne?*"—Page 26.

Accustomed to traverse tracts of country which have never been subjected to the hands of art: contemplating every day the most diversified scenery, surrounded everywhere by wild and magnificent objects, by mountains, lakes, and forests—the mind of the Highlander is expanded, and partakes, in some measure, of the wild sublimity of the objects with which he is conversant. Pursuing the chase in regions not peopled according to their extent, he often finds himself alone in a gloomy desert, or by the margin of the frowning deep. His imagination is tinged with pleasing melancholy; he finds society in the passing breeze, and he beholds the airy forms of his fathers descending on the skirts of the clouds. When the tempest howls over the heath, and the elements are mixed in dire uproar, he recognizes the airy spirit of the storm, and he retires to his cave. Such is, at this day, the tone of mind which characterizes the Highlander who has not lost the distinctive marks of his race by commerce with strangers; and such, too, has been the picture which has been drawn by Ossian.—DR. GRAHAM of Aberfoyle, *On the Authenticity of Ossian.*

[21] "*Thou beauteous Cairngorm.*"—Page 28.

Cairngorm, or Blue Mountain—a mountain of Scotland, belonging to the Grampian range. It is particularly celebrated for the crystals found on it, called *Cairngorms*, of various colours and sizes. The mountain rises 4050 feet above the level of the sea.—*Conversations Lexicon.*

[22] "*Those dread achievements of departed days.*"—Page 28.

The Duke of Wellington, in his letter detailing the operations at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, pays a high compliment to four British regiments and a battalion of Hanoverians, these being the only corps he notices by name: "I must particularly mention the 28th, 42nd, 79th, and 92nd Regiments, and the battalion of Hanoverians." This is a mark of approbation never to be forgotten by these regiments. A testimony to their merits, given on an important occasion, and by so perfect a judge, who never conferred praise without ample and sufficient reason, is a desirable distinction.—STEWART, *Sketches*, vol. i., p. 587.

[23] "*Or sunk in death before such prodigies of might?*"—Page 28.

In a pamphlet entitled "The Conduct of the Officers at Fontenoy Considered," speaking of the exertions of the Duke of Cumberland, the author says that "His Royal Highness was everywhere; and could not, without being on the spot, have cheered the Highlander, who, with his broadsword, killed nine men, and, making a stroke at the tenth, had his arm shot off, by a promise of something better than the arm he (the duke) saw drop from him." In the same pamphlet, the author, speaking of the Highland regiments, says: "The Highland furies rushed in upon us with more violence than ever did a sea driven by a tempest."—STEWART, *Sketches*, vol. i., pp. 273, 274.

[24] "*Which dimmed a despot's sun for ever set.*"—Page 29.

This refers to the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, a considerable portion of the glory of which is attributable to the matchless bravery of the Highland regiments.

[25] "*Well may they gaze in tearful agony.*"—Page 29.

A mournful band of poor emigrants were expatriated from their native valley, a few years ago, in the north of Scotland; forced to leave the glen where their clan and people had resided for generations, and to seek a home in the dark and distant woods of America.—REV. DR. M'LEOD, *Letter to the Synod of Ulster.*

[26] "*'Twas thus in times of old, when chieftains bore,*
In lordly pride, such high despotic sway."—Page 29.

Dr. Robertson, in his Report for the County of Inverness, says: "Some of the chieftains themselves have given the death-blow to chieftainship. They have cut the cords of affection which tied their followers and their tribes, and yet they complain of the defection of these tribes, which, with their eyes open, they have driven from them."—*Report to the Board of Agriculture.*

"Farewell, farewell! dear Caledonia's strand,
Rough though thou be, yet still my native land!
Exiled from thee, I seek a foreign shore,
Friends, kindred, country, to behold no more!
By hard oppression driven."
—HON. HENRY ERSKINE, *The Emigrant.*

[27] "*Illustrious Athol! 'mid thy waving woods.*"—Page 31.

The Athol estates are celebrated for the fine quality of the timber with which they abound. The greater part was planted by the late duke; and the trees, particularly the larches, are remarkable for their great size and straightness of stem.—ANDERSON, *Guide to the Highlands*, p. 95.

[28] "*And thou, Dunkeld, whose calm and Sabbath smile.*"—Page 32.

Dunkeld stands on the east bank of the Tay, on the surface of a plain embossed among wooded hills and mountains, to which the rugged face of Craigiebarns, upon the north, presents a noble and ample screen.—ANDERSON, *Guide*, p. 99.

[29] "*From Birnam's clustering wood to famed Dunsinane's hill.*"—Page 32.

Birnam, a celebrated hill near Dunkeld, in Scotland. It is twelve miles to the south of Dunsinane; and our readers will, no doubt, recollect the verification of the prediction of the "weird sisters," by the approach of Birnam wood to the "hill of high Dunsinane." Near the bottom of the hill are still, we believe, seen the ruins of Macbeth's castle.—PARTINGTON, vol. i., p. 274.

[30] "*Dark Superstition held her triumphs then.*"—Page 32.

In the Highlands, where superstition reigned paramount, surrounded by awful yet (for that form of life) salutary terrors, no people seemed more regardless of life, or set it to hazard on lighter occasions.—MRS. GRANT, *Superstitions of the Highlander*, vol. i., p. 127.

[31] "*Thy old and hallowed pile majestic rears*
Its mouldering turrets to thy cloudless skies."—Page 33.

The ancient and venerable Cathedral of the Diocese of Dunkeld measures about eighty paces in length. The great aisle is now roofless; but the choir was rebuilt, by the late Duke of Athol, on the original model, at an expense of £5000, and is used as a place of worship. At the west end rises a buttressed tower, ninety feet in height, and twenty-four feet square, and adjoining it a small octagonal watch-tower. Buttresses project between the windows, surmounted above the church by traceried spiracles. The great aisle measures one hundred and twenty by sixty feet; the walls are forty feet high, and the side aisles twelve feet wide; on each side are seven Gothic arches.—ANDERSON, *Guide*, p. 99.

[32] "*Here famed Iona rears its sacred head.*"—Page 36.

Iona, or Icolmkill, "the Island of the Waves," the isle of Columba's cell,—whence "savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion,"—is situated about nine miles to the south-east of Staffa, and is separated from Mull by a narrow but navigable sound. Its history is now become nearly as familiar as its name.—ANDERSON, *Guide*, p. 323.

[33] "*Here sleep the ashes of the mighty dead,—*
The king, the priest, the courtier, and the bard."—Page 36.

Here are the ruins of ancient grandeur, piety, and literature, surrounded by the graves and mouldering grave-stones of kings, chieftains, lords of the isles, bishops, priests, abbesses, nuns, and friars—the scene decorated by the fine and romantic remains of cathedral, colleges, nunnery, chapels, and oratories; with views of islands, seas, rocks, mountains, interspersed with the humble huts of poor islanders.—REV. LEGH RICHMOND, *Visit to Iona*.

[34] "*Bright spot of earth compared to all around.*"—Page 36.

Before the age of Charlemagne, indeed, the College of Icolmkill had reached the height of its celebrity.—STEWART, *Sketches*, vol. i., p. 17.

[35] "*When famed Columba trod thy classic ground.*"—Page 36.

St. Columba—justly termed the Apostle of the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland—was born in Ireland, in the year 521; and set out on his mission to the north in the year 563. He made the voyage in a wicker boat, covered with hide, accompanied by twelve of his friends and followers, and landed safely in the island of Iona.—REV. JAMES ANDERSON, *Iona.*

[36] "*Oh! as I see those splendid ruins rise.*"—Page 36.

That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the Plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warm among the ruins of Iona.—DR. JOHNSON, *Tour to the Hebrides.*

[37] "*To wondrous Staffa's oft-frequented isle.*"—Page 37.

Staffa, one of the Western Isles of Scotland, remarkable for its basaltic pillars.—CONDER, *Geographical Dictionary*, p. 615.

The Scandinavian name is the Island of Columns; but the original Gaelic name appears to have been *Uaimh Binn*, the "Musical Cave."—M'CULLOCH, *Western Isles*, vol. iv, p. 386.

[38] "*Here lofty Jura lifts her shining brow.*"—Page 37.

Jura, one of the Hebrides, is about thirty miles long, and tapers from the south, where it is seven or eight miles wide, till, at the northern extremity, it becomes only about two miles broad. A series of steep and lofty mountains of quartz rock extend northwards from the sound, shooting into four conical peaks, two of which, more elevated than the others, are, from their peculiar shape, called the Paps of Jura, the highest being about 2500 feet.—ANDERSON, *Guide*, p. 365.

[39] "*And far beyond, the heights of Arran rise.*"—Page 37.

The Island of Arran, which is a prodigious ornament to the whole western coast, is about sixteen miles distant from Ardrossan. It forms part of the shire of Bute. It contains about one thousand acres, and is twenty-four miles long and ten broad. The hills in the northern end are very high and wild and beautifully peaked.—REV. D. LANDSBOROUGH, *Notes to Arran, a Poem.*

A solemn stillness and darkening shadows characterize these secluded scenes; and the serrated outlines and abrupt forms of the mountains stamp on them a distinguishing wildness, while their magnitude communicates an imposing grandeur to their whole appearance.—ANDERSON, *Guide*, p. 376.

[40] "*Where now the spirit of that feudal reign,*
Which spread o'er thee the horrid pomp of war?"—Page 38.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, fierce feuds broke out between the Macdonalds of Islay and the Macleans of Mull.—ANDERSON, *Guide*, p. 357.

[41] "*For holy men have trod thy plains, and thou*
Hast heard the voice of Wisdom from on high."—Page 38.

The General Assembly happily, in 1825, appointed a Committee for the purpose of increasing the means of education and religious instruction in Scotland, particularly in the Highlands and Islands.—ANDERSON, *Guide*, p. 31.

[42] "*Thy garb of varied hue is now enshrined*
Among the annals of thy matchless name."—Page 38.

Among the circumstances that influence the military character of the Highlanders, we must not omit their peculiar garb, which, by its lightness and freedom, enables them to use their limbs and handle their arms with ease and dexterity, and to move with great speed when employed with either cavalry or light infantry. After the Battle of Culloden, the Highland garb was proscribed by severe penalties. It was enacted that any person within Scotland, whether man or boy (excepting officers and soldiers in His Majesty's service), who should wear the plaid, philibeg, trews, shoulder-belts, or any part of the Highland garb, or should use for greatcoats tartans or party-coloured plaid or stuffs, should, without the alternative of a fine, be imprisoned on the first conviction for six months without bail, and on the second conviction be transported for seven years.—STEWART, *Sketches*, vol. i., pp. 75–115.

[43] "*And lauds her boundless hospitality.*"—Page 39.

The Highlanders of Scotland formerly carried their hospitality to as great an extent as the ancient Celts. And even at this day, the more sequestered inhabitants are prone to indulge in a habit of liberality which, however honourable to their feelings, their limited means do not altogether justify.—LOGAN, *Scottish Gael*, vol. ii., pp. 129, 130.

In all the wilds I ever visited, I never yet entered the blackest hut without having what was to be given—the best place by the fire, the milk tub, the oat cake, the potatoes, the eggs (if it was possible to persuade the hens to do such a deed), and a glass of whisky, if it was to be found. All this, too, seems quite matter of right, not of favour.—M'CULLOCH, *Western Isles*, vol. iv., p. 106.

[44] "*Those lovely 'lochs.'*"—Page 39.

Lochs! We love the word lochs, as applied to those hill-girdled expanses which decorate our native land. Lake is too tame a designation —a shallow epithet. It has nothing to do with mountains and precipices, heaths and forest.—THOMAS TOD STODDART, *Scottish Angler*, p. 9.

[45] "*Resound the hymns of pious melody.*"—Page 39.

I have heard aged men declare that from the fleet of fishing-boats along the coasts of Cantire and Arran, amounting at times to several hundreds, might be heard, in the breeze of the evening, not the warlike music of the bagpipe, which, referring to feuds of clans and scenes of strife, often engendered bitter and angry feeling, but one rapturous burst of sacred melody; and, after a solemn pause, coming fresh again, in full harmonious swell.—DR. M'LEOD, *Letter to the Synod of Ulster.*

[46] "*And I have heard the pibroch's thrilling note*
In solemn coronach lament the dead."—Page 39.

The bards always attended at the raising of a tomb, besides singing the praises of the dead in the circles; and the poem, or rather both it and the music, was called the *coronach*. Without its due performance, the soul was supposed to wander forlorn about its earthly remains. The lament is still performed, and the coronach, or expressions of woe that may be so termed, are, in some remote districts, still to be heard at funerals.—LOGAN, *Scottish Gael*, vol. ii., p. 381.

[47] "*The 'Great Magician.'*"—Page 39.

This refers to Sir Walter Scott, as the immortal author of the *Lady of the Lake*.

[48] "*From famed Glenfinlas to that lovely dell.*"—Page 39.

Glenfinlas is a forest in Perthshire, near the Trosachs, and was once covered with the deer of the Kings of Scotland. The King's Seat, where probably he dined, the fields for tilts and tournaments and horsemanship, are shown.—*Sketch of the Scenery near Callander.*

[49] "*Where Ellen's noble name and fame for ever dwell.*"—Page 39.

This refers to the Lady of the Lake, the heroine of Sir Walter Scott's poem.

[50] "*Those mystic stones which mark a chieftain's grave.*"—Page 40.

The Scots gentry have usually family burial-places on their own lands, and often in the vicinity of the mansion.

Heaps of earth or stones were always raised over the graves of the Celts; the latter, from the abundance of the material, being chiefly used by the Scots, Welsh, and Irish. They are denominated *cairns* by the Gael, and are sometimes of prodigious size, the effect being often increased by their position on hills. Some are three hundred or four hundred feet in circumference at the base, and twenty, thirty, or forty feet in perpendicular height.

"Gray stones, a mound of earth, shall send my name to other times," says the bard of ancient days; but alas! neither the size of the cairn, the careful formation of the barrow, nor the impressive "stone of fame," has been able to transmit a knowledge of the persons to whose memory they were reared. Tradition has, with few exceptions, failed to preserve the name or the history of the "dark dwellers of the tomb."—LOGAN, *Scottish Gael*, vol. ii., pp. 370, 371, 383.