



THE  
HIGHLANDS AND HIGHLANDERS  
OF SCOTLAND:

PAPERS HISTORICAL, DESCRIPTIVE, BIOGRAPHICAL,  
LEGENDARY, AND ANECDOTAL.

BY JAMES CROMB,  
DUNDEE,  
*Author of "Working and Living, and other Essays," &c.*

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"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood."

—Scott.

"'Tis wonderful  
That an invisible instinct should frame them,  
To loyalty unlearned ; honour untaught ;  
Civility not seen from others ; valour  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sowed."

—Shakespeare.

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## PREFACE.

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THE writer's aim in preparing the following chapters, which originally appeared in the *People's Journal*, was simply to collect from readily available sources such information as might suggest to those unfamiliar with the subject how interesting is the study of the history, manners, and customs of the Gael. They are now offered in their present form at the suggestion of numerous readers. The author trusts he has been able to show that in many respects the Gael were a race to be admired, and that the points wherein they differed from their Lowland contemporaries were not always to their disadvantage. As an expression of his own enthusiastic love for the Highlandmen of the past, and in the hope that one here and there of the many thousands who annually visit the North of Scotland may find something in them to lend a warmer interest to the "land of the mountain and the flood," he respectfully submits to the public his collection of fugitive papers.

*Dundee, November 1883.*



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## Introduction.

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UP to the end of the seventeenth century there was no intercourse between the people of the Lowlands and those living to the northward of the Grampian range. Writing of 1689, Macaulay says that the politicians of Westminster, and indeed most of the politicians of Edinburgh, knew no more about the Highlands than they did about Abyssinia and Japan; and he adds that the great-grandfather of the sportsman, who can now in a single day pass from his Club in St James' Street to his shooting-box in Glen Roy, had as little connection with the Grampians as he had with the Andes.

The Highlanders, who had since the middle of the thirteenth century been a people distinctly marked off from the rest of the inhabitants of the country, were regarded by their Southern neighbours as a horde of savage thieves, and the country they inhabited as a great impenetrable wilderness.

What was known of them, says the same elegant writer, "excited no feeling but contempt and loathing. The crags and the glens, the woods and the waters, were indeed

the same that now swarm every autumn with admiring gazers and sketchers. The Trossachs wound as now between gigantic walls of rock, tapestried with broom and wild roses. Foyers came headlong down through the birch-wood with the same leap and the same roar with which he still rushes to Loch Ness; and, in defiance of the sun of June, the snowy scalp of Ben Cruachan rose, as it still rises, over the willowy islets of Loch Awe." But the beauty of the country was not considered sufficient compensation for the risk run in paying it a visit. Travellers would not venture into a land of cut-throats; they were afraid to penetrate a gloomy pass which might prove the haunt of a gang of plunderers, and unwilling to scale a mountain from whose summit they might by some exasperated Gael be flung.

The fierce inhabitants of the glens and mountains heartily returned the feeling of contempt with which they were regarded. The very name of Sassenach they uttered only in accents of scorn. They paid no more heed to the voice of monarch and statesman than they did to the croaking of the raven. They recognised no lawmakers but those of their own family and blood, and no laws but those of honour and might. To the decision of the sword they referred all questions in dispute between themselves and their neighbours, and to this weapon they made their first and last appeal. Their pride forbade them to mingle with a race whom they considered in every way their inferior; but they made no scruple to descend at times from their mountain homes, and, laying waste the lands of the Lowlanders, carry off their flocks and herds to their own secure fastnesses. This was sufficient to make the Lowlanders look upon them as arrant thieves; but a Highland gentleman would have been amazed at being

called a thief for taking part in a *creach*—the name by which in Gaelic such a depredation was known.

Being but imperfectly known, they were imperfectly understood, and legislation concerning them was often prejudicial rather than beneficial in its results. In the Highland councils chieftains often argued questions “of peace and war, of tribute and homage, with ability worthy of Halifax and Cærmarchen,” and “minstrels who did not know their letters sometimes poured forth rhapsodies in which a discerning critic might have found passages which would have reminded him of the tenderness of Otway or the vigour of Dryden.” This was, in the opinion of Macaulay, “evidence sufficient to justify the belief that no natural inferiority had kept the Celt far behind the Saxon.” And it might have been easily perceived, had legislators been in the mood to do so, that, as the same eminent historian again puts it, “if ever the Gael should transfer to his country and to her lawful magistrates the affection and respect with which he had been taught to regard his own petty community and his own petty prince, the kingdom would obtain an immense accession of strength for all the purposes of peace and war.”

But for long the Saxon statesman gave himself little concern about these things. He more frequently aimed at the extermination rather than the improvement of the people, and his attitude and movements did more to exasperate than mollify the Gael. And so the enmity between the two races was continued and deepened. At length, however, wiser men and wiser generations, viewing impartially the circumstances of the people, saw the folly of the opinions which had obtained credence, and the Gael, once regarded as the scourge of the country, soon proved its “stay in days of danger.” When they became



known they were found to be honourable and brave men—devoted to those to whom they owed allegiance, and regarding their life as of less value than their integrity. The chiefs, whose dignity of manner was not equalled by accomplished courtiers, were hospitable and kind, and the good things of their table were as freely offered to the wandering stranger or the meanest of their clan as to the King or his Councillors. The meanest of them could boast a line of ancestry sufficient to put an English baron to the blush; and while their occupation was war and their delight to be warlike, they had sentiments in their bosom deep and tender as any breathed from Southern maiden's lips.

In every way the Highlanders were indeed a peculiar people—their dress, their form of government, the language they spoke, the country they inhabited, the manner in which they lived, and the customs which they clung to and revered, made them so. Firmness in decision, fertility in resource, ardour in friendship, and a generous enthusiasm, were the natural results, says General Stewart, of their situation, modes of life, and habits of thought. "Feeling themselves, in some manner, separated by Nature from the rest of mankind, and distinguished by their language, manners, and dress, they considered themselves the original possessors of the soil, and regarded the Saxons of the Lowlands as strangers and intruders." They were strongly attached to their country and their kindred, had a habitual contempt of danger, and an imperishable love of independence. This love of independence was probably in no small degree strengthened by the habits of the Gael conducing to exceptional hardiness of character. Accustomed to a climate in winter cold almost as the Arctic regions, and in summer passing mountains daily on whose

peaks and in whose corries the snow lay glistening in the sunshine, they cared not for exposure to the severest storms or fiercest blasts, and were as content to lie down for a night's rest among the heather on the hillside in snow or rain as on a bed of softest down. "Have you grown so luxurious that you require a pillow now?" cried a veteran chief, foaming with rage, as he saw his son collect a heap of snow on the hillside to place beneath his head before composing himself to sleep. Such an exhibition of effeminacy the old man could not tolerate, and he kicked the ball away with his foot.

Although previously quiescent so far as the affairs of the country at large were concerned, in the middle of the 17th century under the Marquis of Montrose, in 1689 under Viscount Dundee, in 1715 and 1745-6 under the Pretenders, they proved themselves a powerful auxiliary to whichever of the contending parties in the State they should range themselves with, and a universal interest was henceforth taken in all that concerned them. Politicians studied the forces they could bring into the field; strategists, the nature of the country; socialists, their manner and dress; philologists, their language; and antiquarians, their origin. Healing, soothing measures were adopted, the turbulent Highlanders were reconciled, and the Saxons soon became as full of knowledge concerning them as they were previously full of ignorance. The Gael was permitted to walk unmolested through the streets of Edinburgh and London, and the Cockney or Sassenach roamed freely over the moors of Badenoch, or, sailing on the bosom of Loch Katrine, surveyed the fairy land around. The interest in the people, whose habits are now indeed much changed, and in the character of the country, is still unabated. But the first are now studied from

curiosity alone, and the latter is visited because of the pleasure it affords. There is now no danger feared in plunging through the darksome pass, scaling the rugged mountain, or wandering by the roaring waterfall or dark loch brim. Year by year in his thousands and tens of thousands the Sassenach spreads himself over the country—from Scourie, Loch Assynt, and Loch Maree in the north-west, to Braemar on the east. He has penetrated Glencoe, is familiar with the beauties of Oban, and the glories of the Trossachs. Royalty itself every year enjoys periods of quiet repose in the Braemar Highlands, and takes delight in its wild beauties. Poets sing of the land, and artists paint it—each vies with his neighbour as to which will produce the work of most-enduring beauty.

We shall neither sing nor paint; but the duty we have set before us is to present, in sober prose, pen-and-ink sketches of the habits and characteristics of the Gael. A regular consecutive history it is not our intention to give, but the more prominent historical incidents in connection with the country and the people will be laid before the reader—each being treated at such length as its importance may seem to demand. Such topics as “Prince Charlie and the ‘45,” the “Massacre of Glencoe,” the Rising of the Clans under Montrose, and their insurrection under Dundee, will readily occur to the reader, and these we have noted for special mention.

We shall dwell upon the more distinctly marked peculiarities of the people—their characteristic pride; their fierceness in battle; the deadly feuds in which they engaged; the interminable nature of their differences, and the singular system of clanship under which they lived. Such men as Duncan Forbes of Culloden, Evan Cameron of Lochiel, Grahame of Claverhouse, the Marquis of

Montrose, and many others, wielded much influence on the actions of their fellow-countrymen, and we intend to present brief sketches of their history and lives. We shall likewise have occasion to speak upon the disregard shown to royal and legal authority by leaders like Rob Roy and Lochiel—indeed, by almost all who rejoiced in the name of Chieftain.

The religion and superstitions of the Gael are also of the deepest interest, and perhaps nothing could bespeak more forcibly the influence of these two agents on the Highlanders than the many virtues of the men and the chastity of the women. Macaulay says truly that "there must be some elevation of soul in a man who loves the society of which he is a member and the leader whom he follows with a love stronger than the love of life;" but we think it bespeaks even more elevation of soul, and better things for that society, when the men vie with the women in their jealousy to protect the virtue of their maidens.

In referring to the traditions of the people, we shall give one or two illustrations of their literature, by the introduction of several romances in prose and in verse. Such stories, be they true or false, have enlivened many a winter evening in the chieftain's hall and clansman's shieling—and during the lonely nights in Spain, in Portugal, before Sebastopol, and in the jungles of India, have often been mused on by the gallant, bronze-faced Highland soldier; and sometimes around the watch-fires have been recited in that expressive language, which, however uncouth it may sound in strangers' ears, never fails to give eloquence to the tongue by which it is spoken.

The distinctions achieved by the renowned Highland regiments have been so numerous that we can undertake

to do no more than refer to those battles and noble actions which appear like more precious stars in the firmament of their glory, and on account of which these regiments have been deemed worthy of receiving the highest honours which a proud country and grateful monarchs could bestow. General David Stewart's and Fullarton's "Histories of the Highland Regiments" are the most trustworthy to which we can refer the reader for fuller information regarding the military exploits of the heroes of the tartan ; and we may add that these are so complete that other professedly original histories of the Highland regiments are generally found to be little more than patchworks from the records of these really excellent authorities.

The fidelity of the clansmen to their chiefs, and of Highland soldiers to their officers, was one of the most distinctly marked peculiarities of the Gael. It meets one on almost every page of Highland history, and the nineteenth century Lowlander, with an eye specially trained to the exigencies of business and the mystery of his own interests, is apt to marvel at the steadfastness of the Gael in this respect. Selfishness seemed altogether foreign to his nature ; and though in possession of a secret which, had he divulged it, would have brought him money sufficient to buy the parish in which he lived, that secret, if likely to bring but the semblance of danger upon his chieftain, or one to whom he had sworn fidelity, no power on earth would make him disclose.

Never perhaps did the Highlanders show greater fidelity than in the last Jacobite rising. But the campaign of 1745-6 was the last time the Gael as a body stood shoulder to shoulder to oppose the *Sassenach* in battle. This was the climax in the history of the people ; the period of their

decay dates from this epoch, and in itself forms a mournful chapter of history. It is one which, however, cannot yet be fully written, as the melancholy change is but in progress.

After 1745 the leading distinctive features by which the Highlanders had been characterised began to disappear before the inexorable power of Statute Law. The seclusion which they had for eight centuries enjoyed was broken; the Macdonalds and the Camerons, the Mackenzies and the Macleods held friendly intercourse with one another and with the Lowlanders; and the sons and daughters of the hills were given and accepted in marriage by those who had previously held each other in abhorrence. The change in the state of the people is not yet complete, but in recent years they have suffered vicissitudes which call forth the sympathy of all who are acquainted with their independent character and self-denying lives. Neither their tastes, habits, nor traditions have been respected. The country has been invaded by bands of pleasure-seekers, and the young and the old sent forth from the happy homes in which they lived in contentment and peace. Brave men and virtuous women have had to seek a home beyond the seas, that room might be made for sheep and deer and Cockney sportsmen. The day may come when we shall go to the glens to pipe, and find no one to dance; we may be in need of bold hearts and lusty arms, and when we turn to the mountains and cry for help, no response but the echo of our own voice will break the silence.

In writing of the Highlander of the past it is no part of our plan to deal with the state of the Highlander of the present. Yet we cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that it is not good for the people nor for the

country that the Highlands should be made first a sheep run, then a mere hunting and pleasure ground. Perhaps there is exaggeration in the statements regarding the extent of ground wasted for the breeding of game. Thousands of acres in the Highlands are scarcely fit for any other purpose. Many who have been compelled to leave their native glens, and seek homes in the south, or beyond the seas, have, however severe the wrench to sentiment, really benefited themselves from a material point of view. Yet it is unquestionable that the country as a whole is capable of sustaining in comfort a much larger population than it does. There are fertile valleys, remote glens, and cheerful straths, rich in mingled green and purple, from which no smoke ever rises, and where the eye cannot find a habitation. Traces there are of cold hearth stones, and of a people who are gone, yet who lived pleasant and happy lives amid these fair surroundings. But sheep, deer, and grouse have hustled them out, and the country is the weaker and the poorer. The sporting craze is, besides, demoralising the people. Does anyone think that the boatman or gillie of to-day, who carries his gun and bag over the hills, or rows his boat over the loch, is a fair representative of the clansman who responded a century and a half ago to the call of his Chief? Not a bit of him. He is often cringing and servile, and this cringing servility is a condition of obtaining employment. Buggins from the City demands it, pays for it, and the poor Gael must give it. We do not blame him. It is the lesson he has learned from contact with the South. The career of John Brown, Her Majesty's trusted gillie, is unassailable evidence that the race of true, faithful Highlanders has not yet disappeared. By his gracious mistress John Brown was treated with a kindly consideration for his strongly

marked characteristics, and was thus able to maintain through all his life his native qualities of disposition and heart. But the general influence of the Saxon on the Gael is to "unman" him. And that is not all the evil. This grouse and deer rearing is a loss to the nation. Can deer, costing £100 per head to rear, and sometimes a great deal more, or grouse, often from £1 to £5 a brace, ever be profitable for anyone concerned, either in breeding or killing them? Every one who knows the meaning of wealth can tell that this state of things must ultimately impoverish the country. Are not the portions of land tree-planted in Athole, and those treated in the same way by the Earl of Seafield, more valuable to the country to-day than those devoted to grouse or deer culture? The people need the timber. They can buy and use it. It is an article of merchandise which enriches the proprietor and the people. Can the same be said of grouse or deer? Could not thousands of acres more of what is now bleak moor or mountain land be treated in the same way? They could, if proprietors would only lie out of their capital and interest for the years necessary to make the scheme pay. The young men might do it—the old won't, as they have no present inducement. The land could be made to yield more of the necessities of life, but pleasure and rent must be had, though man should starve. To the proprietor sport brings its instant return, and against that fact argument is useless.

The land question in the Highlands is one with which we do not have the space, the inclination, or the requisite information to deal. The peasantry have suffered, and are suffering; but there are indications of reform. Readers who wish to study this question in all its phases should consult the writings of Mr Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A.



Scot., the well-known editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, and Highland historian, whose pen is ever ready to take up the grievances of his countrymen, and who earnestly advocates their many claims to justice. Than Mr Mackenzie we know no better authority, and we are certain that no writer of the present day has been of more service to the cause of distressed Highlanders.

Keeping in view the desirability of being accurate in matters of fact related in the papers which follow, we have examined a variety of authorities\* before commencing to write, but in many cases so closely is fact woven with tradition that we have simply preserved the current story.

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\* Among the works consulted in the preparation of these articles may be mentioned the following:—Macaulay's "History of England;" General Stewart's "Sketches of the Highlands and Highlanders;" "State of the Highlands from 1689 to 1696" (Maitland Club); Robertson & Johnston's "Historical Geography of the Clans of Scotland;" Campbell's "West Highland Tales;" Sir W. Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather;" Boswell's "Tour to the Hebrides;" Bristed's "Pedestrian Tour through the Highlands of Scotland;" J. S. Blackie's "Lays of the Highlands and Islands;" Fullarton's "Scottish Highlands, Clans, and Regiments;" Her Majesty's "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands;" Sir W. Scott's "Introduction to Rob Roy;" Campbell's "Notes to Lochiel's Warning;" Chevallier de Johnstone's "Memoirs of the Rebellion of 1745-6;" "Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders of Scotland;" Chambers's "Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen;" "Life of Flora Macdonald;" Blackie's "Dictionary of Universal Biography;" Martin's "Western Isles of Scotland;" James Grant's "British Battles by Land and Sea;" &c., &c.

THE  
Highlands and Highlanders of Scotland.

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CHAPTER I.

THE HIGHLAND DRESS.

The Highland garb of 1689 was very different from the garb of 1883, and there is perhaps an equal change in the characteristics of the men who assumed it then and now. It was then worn only in the Highlands, now it is almost confined to England and the Lowlands. Then it was donned but by the brave and hardy Gael, who loved it dearly as their honour; now it is worn by those who are most in love with their own conceits. The loose, flowing nature of the garb indicated the free, roving habits of the Highlander; now it betokens little else than the pride and snobbishness of the wearer.

In speaking thus it must be understood that we keep out of view the men of our brave Highland regiments, who are proud to wear it because of its traditions, and who by their valour will see that no disgrace befalls the tartan; and we must also keep out of view the brawny athletes—splendid specimens of vigorous manhood—who meet during the summer to engage in national sports throughout the country. These latter must, as a title to their engaging in the sports, be dressed in the Highland garb, which well displays the fine proportion of their figures.

But there are those whose vanity leads them frequently to appear in hose and philabeg. Cockney tourists on their first

or second visit to the North; sportsmen, Lowland lairds, colonels and lieutenant-colonels of volunteer corps are great in tartan, and strut about before admiring rustics with the air and dignity of true M'Tavishes. Some of them, in personal appearance, remind us of dumpy powder-flasks, and others of over-dressed tongs. They know no more of the language of the Celt than they do of cuneiform writing; they cannot tell broom from furze, and are as little acquainted with the broad claymore as with the universal solvent of the alchemists. Still they appear in tartan, and fancy they look imposing. Perhaps they think they have actually more or less of the appearance exhibited in the olden days by chiefs and clansmen. They may forget that the plumage is not the bird, and fancy that change of dress ensures a change of man. This, however, is not so. Men cannot be so easily replaced. Those who were entitled to wear the dress, and to plant their feet more firmly upon the heath when its drapery enfolded their loins, have now passed away, and no succeeding generation or people may be able to take their place.

“The pipe and the song and the dance are no more,  
And gone the brave clansmen who trod thy green floor,  
Bonnie Strathnaver.

“Bonnie Strathnaver, Sutherland's pride,  
Vain are the tears that I weep on thy side;  
The praise of the hard is the meed of the glen,  
But where is the charm that can bring back the men  
To Bonnie Strathnaver?”

Of the dress, then, not as it is, but as it was, we shall in the present paper offer a few remarks. Whatever was traditionally connected with him was a never-failing source of pleasure to the Highlander; and next to that of his country, his language, and ancestry, if not before them, the history of the strange garb he wore reached away backward into the dimness of the past ages. His dress he regarded with singular delight—it was so ancient in the peculiarity of its pattern, and suited so well his free, wild ways. One writer, speaking of the antiquity of the tartan, alleges that it is probably the

oldest pattern ever woven ; while another, evidently anxious to trace its history from the very commencement, affirms that tartan might have been the design of Joseph's "coat of many colours."

That the tartan is of great antiquity cannot be doubted. It is referred to in many ancient writers, and in our own country one public document proves it to have been in use in 1471. In the account of charge and discharge for that year of John, Bishop of Glasgow, Treasurer to King James III., the following entries occur :—

"An elne and ane halve of blue tartane to lyne his gowne of cloth of gold,	-	-	-	£1 10 6
"Four elne and ane halve of tartane for a sparwurt aboon his credill, price ane elne, 10s.,	-	-	-	2 5 0
"Halve ane elne of duble tartane to lyne collars to her lady the Queen, price 8s.,	-	-	-	0 8 0"

From this it may safely be inferred that tartan was not only known in Scotland 400 years ago, but that it was highly popular as a material for dress. In reference to the antiquity of the peculiar form of the garb, we may also mention that it is spoken of by John Major, who wrote in 1512 ; while in the accounts of the High Treasurer of Scotland for August 1538 are to be found entries relating to a Highland dress made for James V. on the occasion of that monarch setting out on a hunting excursion to the north.

The Highlanders had been accustomed to it long enough to regard it with affection. As we have said, they cherished it with delight ; and in his famous novel "Rob Roy," Sir Walter Scott causes his hero and Helen Macgregor to speak the true sentiments of the Highland heart. "We gang-there-out Hieland bodies are an unchancy generation when ye speak to us of bondage," replied Rob to an implied threat of Bailie Nicol Jarvie's. "We downa bide the coercion of gude braid claith on our hinderlans, let a be breeks o' freestane and garters o' iron." A Highlander loved his limbs to be free and open, and the hampering, precisely-cut dress of the Sassenach

seemed in Rob's eyes symbolical of bondage. "What fellow are you that dare to claim kindred with the Macgregor, and neither wear his dress nor speak his language?" contemptuously asked Helen Macgregor of the Bailie, and here the great novelist has laid bare the test-symbol applied by the Gael to all who claimed kin with him. A Fraser, a Macdonald, a Macgregor, or a Cameron was as easily distinguished by his dress as by his name, and if he appeared arrayed in another was regarded with suspicion. But the Highlander was proud of the distinction, and had no desire to wear any dress but that which was recognised as the garb of his kinsmen. He looked upon the Lowland dress with horror; and again Sir Walter expresses his ideas when he causes Helen Macgregor to say that Rob Roy never exchanged the tartan for the broadcloth but he became unfortunate.

When the Highlander was on a distant visit, on a hunting excursion, or engaged in his wild warfare, it was his usual custom if a storm came on, or the darkness of night overtook him on his way, to envelop his whole person in his plaid, and in full security fling himself among the heather and await the passing of the storm or the coming of the morning. He considered this no hardship; and, the better to protect himself, he generally dipped the plaid in water, which, closing up the fibres of the cloth, rendered it more impervious to the wind, and, retaining within its folds the heat passing from the body, maintained a greater degree of warmth. So accustomed were the Highlanders to this manner of bivouacking over night, and so comfortable did they feel, that it was with great difficulty they could be prevailed upon to use tents during the Rebellion of 1745; and the writer in the "Scottish Highlands" mentions that "it is not long since those who frequented Lawrence Fair, St Sairs, and other markets in the Garioch of Aberdeenshire, gave up the practice of sleeping in the open fields."

The "Breacan-feile," which literally means the variegated

or chequered covering, was the original garb of the Gael, and formed the chief part of his costume. It, says a writer, "consisted of a plain piece of tartan from four to six yards in length, and two yards broad. The plaid was adjusted with much nicety, and was made to surround the waist in great plaits or folds, and was firmly bound round the loins with a leathern belt, in such a manner that the lower side fell down to the middle of the knee joint, and then while there were the foldings behind, the cloth was double before. The upper part was then fastened on the left shoulder with a large brooch or pin, so as to display to the most advantage the tastefulness of the arrangement, the two ends being sometimes suffered to hang down ; but that on the right side, which was necessarily the longest, was more usually tucked under the belt. In battle, in travelling, and on other occasions this added much to the commodiousness and grace of the costume. By this arrangement the right arm was left uncovered and at full liberty, but in wet or very cold weather the plaid was thrown loose, by which both body and shoulders were covered. To give free exercise for both arms in case of need, the plaid was fastened across the breast by a large silver bodkin or circular brooch, often enriched by precious stones or imitations of them, having mottoes engraved consisting of allegorical or figurative sentences." It has been alleged that the form of dress just described was not the original garb of the Highlanders, but that the *truis*, which consisted of breeches and stockings in one piece, was the old costume used as a covering to the lower limbs. This is, however, disputed by many writers, the opinions of the writer in the "Scottish Highlands" and of General Stewart being opposed to the statement. The former gives in an appendix a number of extracts from early writers containing allusions to the peculiar form and pattern of the Highland garb, which, he says, clearly prove that in its simple form it can lay claim to considerable antiquity. The latter states that "gentlemen on horseback, old men, and others

occasionally wore the *truis*. These . . . were always of tartan, though the coat or jacket was sometimes of green or blue cloth. The waistcoat and short coat were adorned with silver buttons, tassels, embroidery, or lace, according to the fashion of the times." But he is at pains to combat the theory that the *truis* was the original costume, and quotes from the "Chartularies of the Episcopal See of Aberdeen," edited by John Graham Dalyel, to show that in 1256 the regulations of that See demanded "that all ecclesiastics be suitably apparelled, avoiding red, green, striped clothing," and that "these garments be not shorter than to the middle of the leg." "Now," says the General, "this red, green, striped clothing must have been tartan, and the forbidden garment, worn shorter than to the middle of the leg, the kilt."

It is generally admitted, however, though General Stewart is of a contrary opinion, that the *kilt* or *philabeg*, as distinct from the belted plaid, and as we are accustomed to see it worn, is a comparatively modern article of dress in the Highlands. It is said to have been the invention of an Englishman named Thomas Rawlinson, who was engaged superintending some works in Lochaber. Observing that the workmen under his charge were impeded in their movements by the plaid which came over their shoulder, he induced them to separate it from the kilt, that it might be left off at pleasure, and thus introduced the fashion of wearing the dress which is in existence to the present day.

The *sporan*, a purse to which that name was given by the Highlanders, though not so large or gaudy as those now in use, was worn in the same manner. It was generally made of goat's or badger's skin, and sometimes, when the possessor could afford it, of dressed leather. Persons of greater distinction ornamented the sporan with various appendages, and with brass and silver fastenings. The sporan was divided into several compartments, one of which contained the watch and another the money of the wearer. Though shot was also

sometimes introduced, it was not generally carried there, but in a bag or wallet, which was carried at the right side, and which was also made use of to contain provisions. To this bag the name of *dorlach* was given by the Highlanders.

Shoes and stockings were not, until comparatively recent times, generally used in the Highlands. A piece of untanned leather was tied with thongs around the feet, and with these, and as often barefooted, the Highlander was able to go immense distances without trace of fatigue. At Killiecrankie most of the Highlanders were barefooted, and Captain Burt, who wrote about 1727, says that while in Scotland he visited the house of a well-educated, dignified Highland chief, who, while he did with great grace the honours due to his visitor, had no covering of any kind upon his feet.

The stockings were not originally knit, but were cut out of the same cloth, and were of course of the same pattern as the plaid; and the garters which "were of rich colours and broad, were wrought in a small loom which is now almost laid aside." The bonnet completed the peculiar garb. In it, gentlemen, by the way of ornamentation, wore one or more large feathers. "The dress of the common people differed only," says General Stewart, "in the deficiency of finer or brighter colours, and of silver ornaments, being otherwise essentially the same; a tuft of heather, pine, holly, or oak supplying the place of feathers in the bonnet. The sword, the dirk, the pistols were also necessary to the completion of the Highland dress. A knife and a fork were stuck in the side of the sheath beside the dirk."

"The dress anciently worn by the women," says Martin, in his "Western Isles of Scotland," "and which is yet worn by some of the vulgar, called *arisad*, is a white plaid, having a few stripes of black, blue, and red. It reached from the neck to the heels, and was tied before on the breast with a buckle of silver or brass, according to the quality of the person. . . . The plaid, being plaited all round, was tied with a belt below



the breast. The belt was of leather, and several pieces of silver intermixed with the leather like a chain. . . . They wore sleeves of scarlet cloth, closed at the ends as men's vests, with gold lace round them, having plate buttons set with fine stones. The head-dress was a fine kerchief of linen strait about the head, hanging down the back taper-wise. A large lock of hair hangs down their cheeks above their breast, the lower end tied with a knot of ribbons."

In Athole, before the Rebellion of 1745, the women wore a piece of white linen pinned round behind like a hood, and over the forehead of married women. Maidens wore only the snood or ribbon—the symbol of maidenhood—on their heads. The *tanac* or plaid covered their shoulders, and in wet weather was drawn over their heads. In Ross, Sutherland, and other parts of the Highlands at the present time, we have seen old women dressed with the white linen or muslin napkin drawn in hood form over the head, and fastened under the chin. Others wear long pieces of brightly-coloured tartan ribbons wrapped round the head; these are covered by a light cap very open in the fabric, and show through with good effect.

Of the advantages claimed for this peculiar dress, especially in behalf of its male wearers, it may be said that while not a few were ideal, many were real. General Stewart says that the garb of the Highlanders "contributed to form their constitutions in early life for the duties of hardy soldiers." And, writing to the Laird of Brodie, who was the Lord Lyon for Scotland, Lord President Forbes says that the dress is "certainly very loose, and fits men inured to it to go through great marches, to bear out against the inclemency of the weather, to wade through rivers, to shelter in huts, woods, and rocks, on occasions when men dressed in the low country garb could not do so." They were enabled by the lightness and freedom of their garb 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. On many occa-

sions both at home and abroad, in former times, the Highlanders were often mixed with the cavalry as infantry supports to detached squadrons, and kept pace with the most rapid movements of the horse. This was, doubtless, the military advantage of the garb; and our readers will also have read or heard of the terror with which the kilted heroes of the British army in the Crimea inspired the Russians when they gained the heights of Alma. The sight of the strange attire filled the enemy with an overwhelming dread, and when, to the fantastic figure they presented, was added the invincible heroism they displayed, they became irresistible in their advance—performed, in echelon, “with the precision of a field-day manœuvre.”

But, besides the advantage which the garb possessed from a military point of view, it had the additional qualities of being picturesque in its form and colour, and of setting out to advantage the finely-formed lithe figure of the Gael. In one corner of Great Britain, says an old writer, a dress is worn which has the easy folds of a drapery, takes away from the constrained and angular air of the ordinary habits, and is at the same time sufficiently light and succinct to answer all the purposes of activity and ready motion. It was also believed that the light, warm character of the dress, so convenient for the use of those accustomed to it, “was essentially necessary to men who had to perform long journeys through a wild and desolate country, or discharge the labours of the shepherd or herdsman among extensive mountains or deserts which must necessarily be applied to pasture.”

We have already said that the Highlander was warmly attached to his dress. It was quite natural that he should. It was associated with the songs and tales of his people, with all his ideas of Clanship and war, and was peculiar to the wild glens and mountains among which he lived and by which he was surrounded. When, therefore, those who had espoused the fortunes of Prince Charlie through his unhappy campaign

of 1745-6 were obliged to retire from the fray broken and bleeding, and when a little time after an Act of Parliament was passed prohibiting the Highlanders from carrying arms, or wearing the dress they loved so well, the cup of their misery was filled to the brim. It wounded their pride and broke their spirit. It was the first time they had really felt upon them the iron hand of the law. In 1689—the year preceding the butchery at Glencoe—they had been brought into subjection ; but at that time they had wisely yielded, and no consequences which they needed to regret had followed. In 1746, however, those who had supported the Government, and those who had opposed it during the Rebellion, were subjected to the same harsh regulation. Men and boys were included in the mandate, and the much-loved garb had to disappear from the glens—had to be laid aside alike by the stripling and the warrior. In our next chapter we will deal with this effective blow aimed at Highland independence.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE DISARMING OF THE HIGHLANDERS, AND PROSCRIPTION OF THE HIGHLAND DRESS.

Most of our readers are doubtless more or less familiar with the disastrous results which immediately followed the battle of Culloden. On that field in 1746 Charles Edward Stuart, the young Pretender, finally staked his chances of regaining the throne of his fathers. He failed, though supported by the noblest and best blood among the clans of Scotland. And when the Duke of Cumberland, who led the opposing forces, saw that the fortunes of the day were with him—that the Highlanders were defeated—he gave to his bloodthirsty soldiers unlimited license to outrage, plunder, and murder. The feelings of the English soldiers were wrought up to a high pitch of fury. Again and again they had suffered defeat at the hands of the “half-naked rabble,” as they termed the Rebels; and now that their opportunity had come, they desired that their thirst for vengeance might be fully appeased. On the poor Highlanders, whom they found at their mercy, they perpetrated deeds of the most inhuman cruelty. So great indeed was the carnage, and so fearful the sufferings of the helpless Gael, that one of those on Cumberland’s side says:—“Our men, what with killing the enemy, dabbling their feet in the blood, and splashing it about one another, *looked like so many butchers.*” Butchers they were, and their fiendish conduct called from Sir Walter Scott the bitter remark that “the savageness of the regulars on this occasion formed such a contrast to the more gentle conduct of the insurgents as to remind men of the old Latin proverb—that the most cruel enemy is a coward who has obtained success.”

But terrible as this reverse (to which we shall have another opportunity of referring) was, and horrible as were the results that ensued, these alone might not have wholly destroyed the independent spirit of the Gael. They were accustomed to war, and to its reverses and successes. They were familiar alike with the horrors of the battlefield and with the inspirations which induce men to covet the death of the hero in the midst of the fight. These bitter experiences they had gained from the fierce feuds and quarrels in which from boyhood they had taken a part; and though broken and defeated, they could have recruited then, as they had so often recruited before. Other means being taken, however, their entire subjection was secured. The course adopted was that indicated at the close of the last paper, and the Highlands became subdued. This was a measure for which the Highlander was not prepared. It filled him with shame. In his own eyes he appeared an object of degradation. The voice of the minstrel became hushed, the tongue of the bard was still, and the chief and his clansmen walked through the glens with drooping heads—dejected and sad.

“Parliament set itself to devise and adopt such measures as it thought would be calculated to assimilate the Highlands with the rest of the kingdom, and deprive the Highlanders of the power to combine successfully in future against the established Government,” observes a writer who has undoubtedly caught the true idea which possessed the minds of the legislators of the day. The cruel and unconstitutional method by which Cumberland had been “crushing the sting” out of the people every reasonable man could not but deprecate, yet it had become necessary to show the supremacy of the Law. In 1716 an Act had been passed declaring it unlawful for any person or persons (except such as were therein described) to carry arms within the shires of Dumbarton, Stirling, Perth, Kincardine, Aberdeen, Inverness, Nairn, Cromarty, Argyle, Forfar, Banff, Sutherland, Caithness, Elgin, and Ross. But

that "Act having by experience been found not sufficient to attain the ends therein proposed," it was further enforced by an enactment made in the year 1726 for the "more effectual disarming the Highlands in that part of Great Britain called Scotland." This latter Act of 1726 was only intended to remain in force for seven years, and that period having expired, and the purpose being still uneffected, it was felt to be imperative that still more stringent measures should now be taken. The necessity for action was strengthened by the circumstances—to quote the words of the obnoxious Act—that "many persons within the said bounds and shires still continued possessed of great quantities of arms, and there, with a great number of such persons, had lately raised and carried on a most audacious and wicked rebellion against His Majesty in favour of a Popish Pretender, and in prosecution thereof did, in a traitorous and hostile manner, march into the southern parts of this kingdom, took possession of several towns, raised contributions upon the country, and committed many other disorders, to the terror and great loss of His Majesty's faithful subjects." And legislators were persuaded that, to prevent a recurrence of these transgressions, the time had arrived when some effectual remedy should be adopted.

A strong, crushing measure was the object aimed at. It probably had not then occurred to a single statesman that the Highlanders might be induced to act quietly and obediently under the Imperial authority by treatment tinctured with kindness and generosity. They were supposed to be entirely without the finer feelings which are susceptible of gentle influences; and it was conjectured that gall, and this of the bitterest kind, was the only medicine which could be prescribed to ensure good results.

In the "ignorant wantonness of power," as Dr Johnson terms it, they fixed upon a cure bitter enough. They resolved to deprive the Highlanders of the liberty to carry arms or to wear the "ancient garb of their country." The statute 20th George

II., chap. 51, was enacted. It was entitled "An Act for the more effectual disarming the Highlands in Scotland, and for more effectually securing the peace of the said Highlands, and for restraining the use of the Highland dress," &c., &c.; and among its provisions were the following, which we take from a copy of the Act in question, contained in the "Historical Geography of the Clans of Scotland":—"That, from and after the first day of August 1746, it shall be lawful for the respective Lords-Lieutenants of the several shires above recited, and for such other person or persons as His Majesty, his heirs, or successors shall, by his or their sign manual, from time to time think fit to authorise and appoint in that behalf, to issue, or cause to be issued, letters of summons in His Majesty's name . . . commanding and requiring all and every person and persons therein named, or inhabiting within the particular limits therein described, to bring in and deliver up, at a certain day . . . and at a certain place . . . all and singular his and their arms and warlike weapons unto such Lord-Lieutenant or other person or persons appointed by His Majesty, his heirs, or successors; . . . and if any person or persons in such summons mentioned by name, or inhabiting within the limits therein described, shall, by the oaths of one or more credible witness or witnesses, be convicted of having or bearing any arms or warlike weapons after the day prefixed in such summons, . . . every such person or persons so convicted shall forfeit the sum of fifteen pounds sterling, and shall be committed to prison until payment of the said sum; and if any person or persons, convicted as aforesaid, shall refuse or neglect to make payment of the foresaid sum of fifteen pounds sterling, within the space of one calendar month from the date of such conviction, it shall and may be lawful to any one or more of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, or to the Judge Ordinary of the place where such offender or offenders is or are imprisoned, in case he or they shall judge such offender or offenders fit to serve His Majesty as a soldier or soldiers,

to cause him or them to be delivered over (as they are hereby empowered and required to do) to such officer or officers belonging to the forces of His Majesty, his heirs, or successors, who shall be appointed from time to time to receive such men to serve as soldiers in any of His Majesty's forces in America ; . . . and in case such offender or offenders shall not be judged fit to serve His Majesty as aforesaid, then he or they shall be imprisoned for the space of six calendar months, and also until he or they shall give sufficient security for his or their good behaviour for the space of two years from the giving thereof."

It was further provided that any one hiding or concealing arms in any house or field rendered himself liable on conviction to pay a penalty of a sum not exceeding one hundred pounds sterling, nor under fifteen pounds, and to be committed to prison till payment. Failing payment he was also ordered to serve as a soldier in America. If unfit to serve as a soldier, then he had to suffer a further imprisonment of six calendar months, and find security for his better behaviour during the next two years. "And if the person convicted shall be a woman"—so runs the statute—"she shall, over and above the foresaid fine and imprisonment till payment, suffer imprisonment for the space of six calendar months within the tolbooth of the head burgh of the shire or stewartry within which she is convicted." If arms were found in any house, barn, outhouse, office, cellar, or any kind of building whatever, being the residence of, or in connection with, the house occupied by any tenant or possessor, such tenant or possessor was liable to suffer as a concealer, and a second offence was punished with transportation. Power was also given to apprehend and deal with all persons found carrying weapons contrary to law.

These provisions seemed hard and stringent enough. The claymore, the dirk, and the target were the Highlander's inseparable companions. To deprive him of these might have appeared sufficient for the purpose in view, and was certainly



calculated to sting him deeply enough. That part of the penalty which threatened compulsory removal to serve in America was also subtly conceived, when it is remembered how much the Gael loved his own wild country. Fifteen pounds was a sum the common Highlander was not likely to possess ; and when banishment from the land which gave him birth was the alternative, it was a reasonable expectation that he would make a virtue of necessity, and yield to the inexorable power which had laid upon him its iron grasp.

But the Highlander must also give up his free, picturesque dress, and hamper his limbs in the garb of the Lowlands. " And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid," continues the statute, " that from and after the first day of August 1747, no man or boy within that part of Great Britain called Scotland, other than such as shall be employed as officers and soldiers in His Majesty's forces, shall, on any pretence whatsoever, wear or put on the clothes commonly called Highland clothes—that is to say, the plaid, philabeg, or little kilt, trowse, shoulder belt, or any part whatsoever of what peculiarly belongs to the Highland garb ; and that no tartan or party-coloured plaid or stuff shall be used for great coats or for upper coats ; and if any such person shall presume, after the said first day of August, to wear or put on the aforesaid garments, or any part of them, every such person so offending, being convicted thereof by the oath of one or more credible witness or witnesses, before any Court of Justiciary, or any one or more Justices of the Peace for the shire or stewartry, or Judge Ordinary of the place where such offence shall be committed, shall suffer imprisonment, without bail, during the space of six months, and no longer ; and, being convicted for a second offence before a Court of Justiciary or at the Circuits, shall be liable to be transported to any of His Majesty's plantations beyond the seas—there to remain for the space of seven years."

This was the obnoxious clause in the Act. This was striking at the very root of the liberty and boasted freedom of the

Gael. "Had the whole race been decimated," remarks General Stewart, "more violent grief, indignation, and shame could not have been excited among them than by being deprived of this long-inherited costume. This was an encroachment on the feelings of a people, whose ancient and manly garb had been worn from a period reaching back beyond all history or even tradition." It "was a very harsh regulation," writes Sir Walter Scott, "affecting the feelings and habits of many who had no accession to the Rebellion, or who had taken arms to resist it. Yet there was a knowledge of mankind in the prohibition, since it divested the Highlanders of a dress which was closely associated with their habits of clanship and of war." Expostulations were lodged with the Government against the measure. Loyal chiefs felt chagrined that they should have to lay down the trusty swords they had used to aid the Government, and that they, in common with the whole nation, should be restricted from wearing a certain garb, and that garb one in which they took peculiar delight. But their representations were vain; and it was in vain also that Lord President Forbes wrote—"Now, because too many of the Highlanders have offended, to punish all the rest who have not, and who, I will venture to say, are the greatest number, in so severe a manner seems to me unreasonable; especially as, in my poor apprehension, it is unnecessary, on the supposal that the disarming project be properly secured." The Lord President's favourable opinion of the dress, contained in the same letter from which this extract is quoted, was given in our last chapter. Here, however, he does seem to touch the very heart of the question. If the disarming was properly managed, why entail a needless piece of annoyance by proscribing the dress? General Stewart speaks in much the same strain when he says that "the necessity of these measures is the best apology for their severity; but however proper it may have been to dissolve a power which led to such results, and to deprive men of authority and their followers of arms which

they so illegally used, the same necessity does not appear to extend to the garb." "It affords," says Dr Johnson, "a generous and manly pleasure to conceive a little nation gathering its fruits and tending its herds with fearless confidence, though it is open on every side to invasion; where, in contempt of walls and trenches, every man sleeps securely with his sword beside him; and where all, on the first approach of hostility, come together at the call to battle, as the summons to a festival show, committing their cattle to the care of those whom age or nature has disabled, to engage the enemy with that competition for hazard and glory which operate in men that fight under the eye of those whose dislike or kindness they have always considered as the greatest evil or the greatest good. To lose this spirit is to lose what no small advantage will compensate, when their pride has been crushed by the heavy hand of a vindictive conqueror, whose severities have been followed by laws which, though they cannot be called cruel, have produced much discontent, because they operate on the surface of life, and make every eye bear witness to subjection. If the policy of the Disarming Act appears somewhat problematical, what must we think of the measure to compel the Highlanders to lay aside their national dress? It is impossible to read this Act without considering it rather as an ignorant wantonness of power than the proceeding of a wise and beneficent Legislature."

The nature of the oath which the Government imposed was also peculiarly suited to bind the Highlanders, and its framer must have been a man who thoroughly understood the Gaelic character. The person taking the oath swore, as he should answer to God at the Great Day of Judgment, that he had not nor should have in his possession any gun, sword, pistol, or arm whatsoever, and that he would never use tartan, plaid, or any part of the Highland garb; if he did so might he be cursed in his undertakings, family, and property—might he never see his wife and children, father, mother, or relations—

might he be killed in battle as a coward, and lie without Christian burial in a strange land, far from the graves of his forefathers and kindred ; and might all this come across him if he broke his oath. Natures so much under the power of superstitious feeling, and with the whole interests of their being bound up in the relationships mentioned in the text, could not fail to be firmly bound by such an oath.

The intention of the Government was, therefore, effected. The turbulent Highland spirit which had manifested itself in so dangerous a manner was completely subdued. The character of the people became softened, and their intercourse with one another of a more peaceable nature.

It was scarcely to be expected, however, that this interference in a matter so personal and apparently harmless as that of dress, and which seemed an act of mere wanton and insulting oppression, and an outrage upon the most cherished and harmless prejudices of the people, should be allowed to take effect without considerable obstinacy being shown in its resistance. The Highlanders showed no small ingenuity in their endeavours to elude the law. As a substitute for their sword " they seldom went without a stick," and in place of the dirk " they carried a short knife stuck in a side pocket of the breeches, or inserted between the garter and the leg of those who ventured to wear the hose." " The tight breeches were particularly obnoxious," observes Stewart. " Some who were fearful of offending, or wished to render obedience to the law, which had not specified on what part of the body the breeches were to be worn, satisfied themselves with having in their possession this article of legal and loyal dress, which, either as the signal of their submission, or more probably to suit their own convenience when on journeys, they often suspended over their shoulders upon their sticks ; others, who were either more wary or less submissive, sewed up the centre of the kilt with a few stitches between the thighs, which gave it something of the form of the trousers worn by Dutch

skippers." Others again, instead of wearing the prohibited tartan kilt, wore pieces of blue, green, or red thin cloth, or camblet, wrapped round the waist, and hanging down to the knees in the form of the *feal dag*—an article of dress different from the philabeg only in so far as it was unplaited. These evasions of the Act were at first severely punished, but by and by the officers of the law gave a general acquiescence in the Highland manner of interpreting the Act. A man of the name of M'Alpin, or Drummond Macgregor, from Breadalbane, was tried in 1757 for an evasion of the law, but was acquitted on proving that the kilt had been stitched up the middle. This was the first instance of the Act being formally relaxed. Though slightly in abeyance, however, it remained unrepealed for 35 years, at the expiry of which time the dress was looked upon as one of the things of the past. Two-thirds of the generation who saw the detestable law passed had gone the way of all the earth before it was repealed. "The youth of the latter period knew it only as an illegal garb to be worn by stealth under the fear of imprisonment and transportation. Breeches, by force of habit, had become so common that it is remarkable how the plaid and philabeg were resumed at all."

But when in 1782 the Duke of Montrose, then a member of the House of Commons, brought in a Bill, which was passed without a dissenting voice, to repeal all penalties on the garb, the old love returned as strong as ever, and again the Gael donned without fear the dress of his people. By this time it had also been recognised by the English "as the most graceful drapery in Europe," and the Highlanders were proud to see the Saxon who had previously mocked them now dressed with all the pomp and circumstance of the clansman. Tartan is in our day worn by the first Lady of the kingdom, it adorns the ladies and courtiers who surround her throne, and appears to advantage in some of the most brilliant assemblies of the metropolis.

## CHAPTER III.

### HIGHLANDERS' LOVE OF COUNTRY—TRADITIONAL LITERATURE IN PROSE AND VERSE—OSSIAN'S POEMS.

Whatever distinguished the Gael from other men was strongly marked and clearly defined. His peculiarities, from the prominent position they occupied in the texture of his character, were at once observable.

Love of country was one of those outstanding characteristics. It was a sentiment which lurked deep in his bosom, and which his surroundings had a tendency to foster and cherish. Born and reared in some quiet glen or strath, environed by mountain ranges, beyond which he rarely penetrated, he learned little or nothing of the outside world. His mind dwelt on the scenes among which he moved. He looked with pleasure on the quiet smiling loch, and listened with delight, sometimes mixed with awe, to the roar of the thundering waterfall. His sense of the beautiful was gratified by the long undulating purple heath over which he roamed, by the green birch woods, the bonnie blue bells, and feathery ferns. The romantic element of his nature was fanned into activity by the sight of the beetling cliffs and the cloud and snow-capped summits of the hills. The water murmuring in the valley, the wind moaning down the glens and shrieking in the corries, and the wild cries of the solitary birds seemed to his mind like the voices of his departed kinsmen bearing a message from the unseen world. The striking scenery everywhere around caught and excited his fancy; and when to this was added the thought that connected with every stone and cairn near the path he trod, with every pool and turn in

the river, and with every gully in the hills, was a story full of interest, it can be easily understood how deeply was seated the romantic and poetical propensity in his nature. Here on a dark and stormy night a kinsman in days gone by had stumbled into the cold water and been drowned—there another had been caught in the snow-drift and perished. This cairn marked the spot where an old chief had been stricken in the flush of victory, while that marked the last resting-place of the clansmen who had fallen on a day of misfortune, of which the bards still sang laments, and the *senachies* recited thrilling tales. The Gael recognised his chief as the doughtiest of heroes, and his kinsmen as the most brave and honourable among the clans. Almost all he knew or cared to know was connected with his clan or native glen—hence his great attachment to his immediate surroundings.

The Highlanders lived in the past, and their highest and best inspirations they drew from the traditions of their people. These “traditions referred to a common ancestry, and their songs of love and valour found an echo in general sympathy.” When a Highlander had to leave his home he snapped many an endearing tie; and when he took up his abode among a people who could not appreciate his amusements, his associations, and his tastes, the expatriated Gael heaved many a sigh for the mountain home he had left. The sacrifice of leaving even one part of the Highlands for another was very severe; and of this a good illustration is given by General Stewart. “A tenant,” says the General, “of my father’s, at the foot of Schiehallion, removed a good many years ago, and followed his son to a farm which he had taken at some distance lower down the country. One morning the old man disappeared for a considerable time, and being asked on his return where he had been, he replied—‘As I was sitting by the side of the river a thought came across me that, perhaps, some of the waters from Schiehallion and the sweet fountains that watered the farm of my forefathers might now be passing by me, and

that if I bathed they might touch my skin. I immediately stripped, and, from the pleasure I felt in being surrounded by the pure waters of Leidnabreilag (the name of the farm), I could not tear myself away sooner."

In our introductory paper we said that the occupation of the Gael was war, and his delight to be warlike. This, however, is viewing from but one side. He was social, and a firm and fast friend. He was rarely alone. He had companions in the chase and on the battlefield. They became endeared to each other by sharing the same dangers and privations—the same hazards and sufferings; they had to requite the same wrongs; and were animated by the same high feelings. The Highlander was not selfish, because he had seldom any property to care for other than he might obtain by pre-eminence in valour or dexterity in the hunting field.

Such scenes as he was accustomed to move in were, as we have already indicated, precisely the kind required to awaken the sensations which nurse and stimulate poetic fancy. Heroism was the theme on which his mind chiefly dwelt, and heroism was the leading element in the songs, poems, and traditions of the Gael. From the strength of his affections, increased by the peculiar family system under which he lived, love also claimed a large share of his musings, and this often brightens the picture of the poet's fancy. He required not to be read in books or have a knowledge even of letters. He was inspired by the traditions of his family and kindred, was filled with the knowledge to be drawn from the book of Nature, felt the poetic fire—or the duller flame which gives birth to romance—burning within him; and sang and recited to eager listeners. "The arts of poetry and rhetoric," says Macaulay, "may be carried near to absolute perfection, and exercise a mighty influence on the public mind in an age in which books are wholly or almost wholly unknown."

"Though ignorant of letters," writes Mrs Grant, the



authoress of "The Superstitions of the Highlanders," "the art of conversation was well understood and highly cultivated among these mountaineers. Of this conversation the heroic actions, the wise or humorous sayings, the enterprises, the labours, the talents, or even the sufferings of their ancestors were the subjects. These were so often and so fondly desecanted on, where all the world abroad was shut out, and the meanest became hallowed by their veneration of the departed, that they were carried on from father to son with incredible accuracy and fidelity." Exception must, however, be taken to this latter remark. The tales told by the Highlanders, and the poems recited by the bards, could not by any manner of means be accepted as literal statements of fact. Nor were they wilful misrepresentations. To strong poetic sentiments, equally strong passions, and belief in the superstitious, the people added a great admiration for the wonderful. This tended in no small degree to cause them to magnify the real into the ideal. One narrator, playing upon the credulity of his hearers, would add, for better effect, a little here; while another, if doubtful of his story being fully accepted, would curtail a little there. In course of time the history of a real event became thus so mixed up with hyperbole, superstitious inferences, and new matter, that it became impossible to say which, if any, part of the story was true. Mrs Grant adds:—"I must be supposed to mean such anecdotes as did honour to the memory of their ancestors. Departed vice and folly slept in profound oblivion; no one talked of the faults of conduct or defects in capacity of any of his forefathers. This might be perhaps too faithfully recorded by some rival family; but among a man's own predecessors he only looked back upon sages and heroes." This of itself was a noble trait in the Highland character, and could not have been without its influence in elevating the spirit of the people. One or two of the traditional poems and stories so frequently told by the Gaels we intend to bring under the notice of the reader.

Before doing so, however, we will take the liberty of quoting the remarks of General Stewart as to the character of the meetings at which they were recited.

"The recitation of their traditional poetry was a favourite pastime with the Highlanders when collected round their evening fire. The person who could rehearse the best poem or song, and the longest and most entertaining tale, whether stranger or friend, was the most acceptable guest. When a stranger appeared, the first question, after the usual introductory compliments, was "*Bheil dad aquad air na Fian?*" ("Can you speak of the days of Fingal?") If the answer was in the affirmative, the whole hamlet was convened, and midnight was usually the hour of separation. At these meetings the women regularly attended, and were besides in the habit of assembling alternately in each other's houses with their distaffs or spinning wheels, when the best singer or most amusing reciter always bore away the palm. When a boy I took great pleasure in hearing these recitations, and now reflect with much surprise on the ease and rapidity with which a person could continue them for hours without hesitation and without stopping, except to give the argument or prelude to a new chapter or subject. One of the most remarkable of these reciters in my time was Duncan Macintyre, a native of Glenlyon, in Perthshire, who died in September 1816, in his 93rd year. His memory was most tenacious; and the poems, songs, and tales, of which he retained a perfect remembrance to the last, would fill a volume. Several of the poems are in possession of the Highland Society of London, who settled a small annual pension on Macintyre a few years before his death, as being one of the last who retained any resemblance to the ancient race of bards. When any surprise was expressed at his strength of memory and his great store of ancient poetry, he said that in his early years he knew numbers whose superior stores of poetry would have made his own appear as nothing."

The General also mentions the case of a young woman who

recited in his own house, to a collector of Highland poetry, upwards of 8000 lines, and could have given as many more.

One, and that the shortest and simplest, of the many versions of the story of the "Lay of Diarmid," or "*Laidh Dhiarmaid*," is the first we shall transcribe. It is illustrative of love and adventure, and we quote from the "West Highland Tales" of Mr J. F. Campbell, whose work is a very valuable addition to the collection of Gaelic literature and antiquities.

The version of the "Lay of Diarmid," which we now give, is popularly known as the "Boar of Ben Laighal," and is as follows :—

"There lived once upon a time a King in Sutherland whose land was ravaged by a boar of great size and ferocity. This boar had a den or cave in Ben Laighal, full of the bones of men and cattle.

"It came to pass that the King swore a great oath, saying he would give his only daughter to the man who should rid the country of this monster. Then came Fingal, Ossian, Oscar, and I know not who besides, and tried in vain to kill the boar, whose bristles were a foot long, his tusks great and white, and whose eyes glowed like beltain fires. But when Diarmid saw the King's daughter, whose robes were white, and beheld her blue eyes and her long yellow hair, as she stood in the gateway, he said to himself that, 'Come what would, he would win her.' So he went out ere it was yet dawn, and when he came to the boar's lair he saw the monster lying as large and black as a boat when its keel is turned up on the shore; drawing a shot from his bow he killed it on the spot. All the King's men turned out and pulled the carcase home with shouts to the palace; and the King's daughter stood in the gate, beautiful as the May morn. But the King's heart was evil when he saw that the boar was dead. He went back from his word secretly, saying to Diarmid that he should not have his daughter till he had measured (by paces) the body of his fallen foe, once from the head to the tail, and once again backward

from the tail to the snout. That would Diarmid gladly do, and the wedding should be to-morrow. He paced the beast from tip to tail without harm or hindrance, but on measuring it backwards the long poisonous bristles pierced his foot, and in the night Diarmid sickened and died. His grave and the den of the boar may be seen in Ben Loyal to this day."

The foregoing is a short version of a story, existing in many instances to far greater length, and embracing many other features both of plot and narrative, which has been transmitted from mouth to mouth for 400 years at least. These versions had never, we believe, until quite recently, been written. One of them was received by Mr Hector M'Lean, teacher in Islay, from Angus M'Donald, in South Uist. M'Donald learnt it from his mother, Marion Galbraith, and could trace it up for six generations to a maternal ancestor of his who came from Kintyre.

Diarmid is supposed to have been the founder of the family of Campbells, and the boar's-head crest on the Argyll arms is said to have been taken from the incident above quoted. In the west of Sutherlandshire we believe it is common to call the Campbells by the name of MacDiarmid, and Macaulay terms the Campbells "the children of Diarmid." We may add that a sculptured stone in the Churchyard of St Vigean, near Arbroath, is supposed to represent Diarmid and the boar. Diarmid is in the act of firing the arrow from his bow as the boar approaches with lowered head, but the representation is very rude. As to who Diarmid really was, however, or if he actually lived at all, there can be no definite answer given. There is no end to the speculations of the learned on the subject; but an idea of how little dependence can be placed on any of them may be gathered from the manner in which Mr Campbell sums up the discussion. "Let this tale of Diarmid," he says, "be taken as one phase of a myth which pervades half the world, and which is still extant in the Highlands of Scotland, and in Ireland, amongst all classes of the Gaelic

population. Let all that can be got concerning it be gathered from the most unsuspecting and the most unlearned witnesses; and when the traditions are compared with what is known to the learned, there is some chance of digging knowledge out of these old mines of fable. At all events, I have now shown the same legend in a poem, a popular tale, a proverb, a family tradition, and a family history; I have shown it in Ireland, Cantyre, Islay, Lorn, Skye, the Long Island, and Sutherland; and I believe it to be an ancient Pagan myth which belonged especially to the tribe of Celts who took possession of Argyll, and which has been transferred to the family of the chief of the most numerous clan, and perhaps to the real leader of the tribe, together with everything else which a race of family historians thought likely to adorn their favourite topic."

We shall now give a poetic version of the same tale. The poem is usually called "*Bas Dhiarmaid*," or "The Death of Diarmid." It is found in an old MS. collection of Celtic traditions lying in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, known as "The Dean of Lismore's Book," thought to have been written about the 15th or 16th century. The poem bears to have been the production of Allan M'Rorie, whom Dr MacLauchlan, of Edinburgh, the eminent Celtic scholar, considers to have been probably a composer of the 15th century. The scene is laid nearer home than any of the localities mentioned by Mr Campbell—namely, in Glenshee, in Perthshire, the Ben Gulbin referred to being a well-known hill in Glenshee. We quote from the English translation of Dr MacLauchlan, given in his article in the "Scottish Highlands":—

#### THE DEATH OF DIARMID.

Glenshee, the vale that close beside me lies,  
Where sweetest sounds are heard of deer and elk,  
And where the Feinn did oft pursue the chase,  
Following their hounds along the lengthening vale.  
Below the great Ben Gulbin's grassy height  
Of fairest knolls that lie beneath the sun  
The valley winds. Its streams did oft run red  
After a hunt by Finn and by the Feinn.  
Listen now while I detail the loss

Of one a hero in this gentle band :  
 'Tis of Ben Gulbin and of generous Finn  
 And Mac O'Duine—in truth a piteous tale.  
 A mournful hunt, indeed, it was for Finn  
 When Mac O'Duine, he of the ruddiest hue,  
 Up to Ben Gulbin went, resolved to hunt  
 The Boar, whom arms had never yet subdued.  
 Though Mac O'Duine, of brightest burnished arms,  
 Did bravely slay the fierce and furious boar,  
 Yet Finn's deceit did him induce to yield,  
 And this it was that did his grievous hurt.  
 Who among men was so beloved as he,  
 Brave Mac O'Duine, beloved of the schools?  
 Women all mourn this sad and piteous tale  
 Of him who firmly grasped the murderous spear.  
 Then bravely did the hero of the Feinn  
 Rouse from his cover on the mountain side  
 The great old boar, him so well known in Shee,  
 The greatest in the wild boar's haunt e'er seen.  
 Finn sat him down, the man of ruddiest hue,  
 Beneath Ben Gulbin's soft and grassy side ;  
 For swift the boar now coursed along the heath ;  
 Great was the ill came of that dreadful hunt.  
 'Twas when he heard the Feinn's loud ringing shout,  
 And saw approach the glittering of their arms,  
 The monster awakened from his heavy sleep,  
 And stately moved before them down the vale.  
 First to distance them he makes attempt,  
 The great old boar, his bristles stiff on end,  
 These bristles sharper than a pointed spear,  
 These points more piercing than the quiver's shaft.  
 Then Mac O'Duine, with arms well pointed, too,  
 Answers the horrid beast with ready hand ;  
 Away from his side then rushed the heavy spear,  
 Hard following on the course the boar pursued,  
 The javelin's shaft fell shivered into three,  
 The shaft recoiling from the boar's tough hide.  
 The spear, hurl'd by his warm, red-fingered hand,  
 Ne'er penetrated the body of the boar.  
 Then from its sheath he drew his thin-leav'd sword,  
 Of all the arms most crowned with victory.  
 Mac O'Duine did then the monster kill,  
 While he himself escaped without a wound.  
 Then on Finn of the Feinn did sadness fall,  
 And on the mountain side he sat him down ;  
 It grieved his soul that generous Mac O'Duine  
 Should have escaped unwounded by the boar.  
 For long he sat, and never spake a word,  
 Then thus he spake—although't be sad to tell—  
 " Measure, Diarmid, the boar down from the snout,  
 And tell how many feet's the brute in length."  
 What Finn did ask he never yet refused ;  
 Alas ! that he should never see his home.  
 Along the back he measured now the boar,  
 Light-footed Mac O'Duine, of active step.  
 " Measure it the other way against the hair,  
 And measure, Diarmid, carefully the boar."

It was indeed for thee a mournful deed.  
 Furth of the sharply-pointed piercing arms  
 He went—the errand grievous was and sad—  
 And measured for them once again the boar.  
 The envenomed pointed bristle sharply pierced  
 The soul of him, the bravest in the field,  
 Then fell and lay upon the grassy plain  
 The noble Mac O'Duine, whose look spoke truth ;  
 He fell and lay along beside the boar.  
 And there you have my mournful saddening tale.  
 Here does he lie now wounded to the death,  
 Brave Mac O'Duine, so skilful in the fight,  
 The most enduring even among the Feinn,  
 Up there where I see his grave,  
 The blue-eyed hawk that dwelt at Essaroy,  
 The conqueror in every sore-fought field,  
 Slain by the poisoned bristle of the boar.  
 Now does he lie full stretched upon the hill—  
 Brave, noble Diarmid Mac O'Duine—  
 Slain. It is shame ! Victim of jealousy.  
 Whiter his body than the sun's bright light ;  
 Redder his lips than blossoms tinged with red ;  
 Long yellow locks did rest upon his head ;  
 His eye was clear beneath the covering brow,  
 Its colour mingled was of blue and grey.  
 Waving and graceful were his locks behind.  
 His speech was elegant and sweetly soft ;  
 His hand the whitest—fingers tipped with red.  
 Elegance and power were in his form ;  
 His fair, soft skin covering a faultless shape.  
 No woman saw him but he won her love.  
 Mac O'Duine, crowned with countless victories,  
 Ne'er shall he raise his eye in courtship more,  
 Or warrior's wrath give colour to his cheeks.  
 The following of the chase, the prancing steed,  
 Will never move him, nor the search for spoil.  
 He who could bear him well in wary fight  
 Has now us sadly left in that wild vale,  
Glenshee.

“This,” says Dr MacLauchlan, “is in every way a fair specimen of the story of the death of Diarmid as it existed in Scotland in the year 1512.” In considering its merits as a poem we should keep in view that the above is but a translation, and that, though well accomplished, it lacks greatly the force and point which in the original it must possess. The repetitions, while tiresome in the translation, were in the original, doubtless, introduced to give strength and dignity to the theme. The conclusion, even as presented to English readers, is not only smooth but elegant, and the imagery throughout is bold and well sustained.

In laying before the reader a specimen of Ossianic poetry, it may be advisable to offer a few remarks regarding Ossian, and some of the works ascribed to him. He and his writings are alike deeply shrouded in obscurity, and whatever is known concerning either has been mainly gathered from floating traditions. The writer in Chambers's Encyclopædia observes that "Ossian, or Oisín, a Celtic warrior poet, is said to have lived in the 3d century, and to have been the son of Fingal, or Finn Mac Cumhaill. The poems which are ascribed to him in manuscript of any antiquity are few and short, and of no remarkable merit." The Dean of Lismore's MS. book, already referred to, contains the earliest written specimens of Ossianic poetry, and it is considered probable that he was indebted to oral tradition for many of them. The earliest publisher of the poems of Ossian was Mr Jerome Stone, Dunkeld, who in 1756 furnished the *Scots' Magazine* with a translation in rhyme of "Bas Fhraoich." Four years later, in 1760, James Macpherson, a Highland schoolmaster, published "Fragments of Ancient Poetry Collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language." This work excited much interest among literary men, and a second edition was immediately called for. It was, however, regarded as a suspicious fact that only the English translation was given; not a word of the original Gaelic could be found anywhere; and though Macpherson in his preface assured the public that they might depend on the genuineness of the pieces, he did not himself give any indication of where the originals might be obtained. In 1763 Macpherson published a second volume, containing the poem of "Temora," in eight books, along with other pieces. Here the Gaelic original accompanied one of the poems in the book.

The genuineness of the poems in these volumes of Macpherson's was the subject of a bitter controversy, in which many literary men of eminence engaged. Professor Blair, Lord Kames, Gray the poet, Sir John Sinclair, and others held that



the poems were the production of Ossian, simply translated by Macpherson; while Dr Johnson, David Hume the historian, Malcolm Laing, and others, boldly asserted they were the fabrications of Macpherson. The conflict has since, at various times, been revived, and many important contributions to Gaelic literature have been the result of the conflict—the partisans on either side displaying untiring activity in searching out Celtic remains to aid them in maintaining their side of the argument. Macpherson, it may be mentioned, claimed Ossian as a Scottish Highlander, and the Irish claim him as a native of their country. Many poems ascribed to Ossian preserved in Ireland have been collected, and are now in the possession of the Dublin Society, while the Scottish Highland Society also possesses a valuable collection.

In 1780 a volume of Ossian's poems, translated and edited by Rev. John Smith, of Kilbrandon (afterwards Rev. Dr Smith, of Campbeltown), appeared. The book was entitled "Gaelic Antiquities," &c. Seven years afterwards Dr Smith published the same poems in Gaelic, under the title of *Sean Dana le Oisian, Orran, Ulann*; but many critics laid the same charge against Dr Smith as was laid against Macpherson. In 1780 an English gentleman named Hill also published a collection of Ossian's poems, picked up in Argyleshire. Six years later a bookseller in Perth, named Gillies, published a most valuable collection. "This," says Dr MacLauchlan, "is perhaps the most interesting collection of Highland songs which we possess." It is also believed to be perfectly genuine—picked up orally from Highland bards and gentlemen—and indicates much refinement of taste among the Celts of ancient times. One of the compositions in Gillies' work, alleged to be by Ossian, we transcribe. It is entitled the

#### ADDRESS OF FINGAL TO OSCAR.

"Son of my son, so said the king,  
Oscar, Prince of youthful heroes,  
I have seen the glitter of thy blade, and 'twas my pride  
To see thy triumph in the conflict.

Cleave thou fast to the fame of thine ancestors,  
 And do not neglect to be like them.  
 When Treunmor, the fortunate, lived,  
 And Trathull, the father of warriors,  
 They fought each field triumphantly,  
 And won the fame in every fight.  
 And their names shall flourish in the song  
 Commemorated henceforth by the bards.  
 Oh ! Oscar, crush thou the armed hero,  
 But spare the feeble and the needy ;  
 Be as the rushing winter, spring-tide stream,  
 Giving battle to the foes of the Fingalians.  
 But as the gentle, soothing, summer breeze  
 To such as seek for thy help.  
 Such was Treunmor of victories,  
 And Trathull of pursuits, thereafter ;  
 And Fingal was a help to the weak.  
 To save him from the power of the oppressor,  
 In his cause I would stretch out my hand ;  
 With a welcome I would go to meet him ;  
 And he should find a shelter and friendship  
 Beneath the glittering shade of my sword.<sup>b</sup>

This is a poem full of strength and life, and in the original must have been the work of a highly-skilled word-painter.

In 1816 there appeared a collection of Gaelic poetry by Hugh and John M'Callum. This collection was printed at Montrose, and gave both the Gaelic and English translations of the pieces it contained. The work is entitled "An Original Collection of the Poems of Ossian, Orann Ulin, and other Bards who flourished in the same age." The M'Callums give the sources whence they derived all their poems, and some of the pieces are of high poetic merit, and go very far to establish the genuineness of the poems given to the public by Macpherson as those of Ossian. We had intended, and are almost tempted, to give here from the M'Callums' collection a beautiful piece entitled "Ossian's Address to the Setting Sun," but space will not permit us to do so. It is very perplexing when, in the various books published, we meet with professedly the same poem, bearing the same title, but in almost every particular different, and not agreeing in a single line. These differences occur so often that it is needless to enumerate instances—it may be considered that the discrepancies arise from their having been transmitted down through

many ages, and through many channels, orally, by means of recitation and repetition.

Regarding the authenticity of Macpherson's Ossian, Dr MacLauchlan says that, from all that has been written on the subject, "it is perfectly clear that Ossian himself is no creation of James Macpherson. His name has been familiar to the people both of the Highlands and Ireland for a thousand years and more. *Ossian an deigh na Feinn*, 'Ossian after the Fingalians,' has been a proverbial saying among them for numberless generations. Nor did Macpherson invent Ossian's poems. There were poems reputed to be Ossian's in the Highlands centuries before he was born, and poems, too, which for poetic power and interest are unsurpassed; which speak home to the heart of every man who can sympathise with popular poetry, marked by the richest felicities of diction; and which entitles them justly to all the commendation bestowed upon the poems edited by Macpherson." Mr J. F. Campbell also makes the statement that the poetry of Ossian has existed in the Highlands for centuries.

## CHAPTER IV.

### HIGHLAND BARDS, PIPERS, PIPES, AND MUSIC.

While it is quite true, as Congreve says, that

“Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,”

Addison expresses an equally important truth when he tells us it will “kindle fury.” Among the Celts poetry and music were coeval, and walked hand-in-hand. The bards were musicians. Their compositions were all set to music—many of them composed the airs to which their verses were adapted; and among the causes which contributed greatly to sustain the military character of the Gael, the exertions of the bards to incite them to deeds of valour had no insignificant place. Every chieftain had his bard. The aged minstrel was in attendance on all important occasions: at birth, marriage, and death; at succession, victory, and defeat. He entertained the festive board by reciting the songs of Ossian, Ullin, Oran, and the older poets; but his most trying duty was to sustain the courage of the clan in the hour of battle.

When the clan went out to fight he attended the warriors to the field. He stimulated them by chanted recitations of the glorious deeds of their ancestors, exhorted them to emulate those distinguished examples, and, if possible, shed a still more imperishable lustre on the warlike reputation of the clan. These addresses were delivered with great vehemence of manner—with outstretched arm, quivering voice, and excited gesture—and never failed to raise the feelings of the listeners to the highest point of enthusiasm. And when the voice of the bard became lost in the din of the conflict the piper raised the inspiring sound of the pibroch. The clans-

men then went forward nerved for the struggle, while their ears

“ — took in strains that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of death.”

With the notes of the bagpipe filling the air, and rising above the clamour and din, they could overcome all obstacles ; their wild fury became invincible ; and if they fell their last thought, like that expressed by poor Keats, was—

“ Let me have music dying, and I seek  
No more delight.”

When the contest was ended and the noise of the conflict had ceased to be heard in the glen, the bard and the piper were again called upon to render service. The bard was employed to honour the memory of those who had fallen, to celebrate the actions of those who survived, and to excite them to further deeds of valour. The piper, on the other hand, had to play the mournful coronach for those who were slain, and to remind the survivors how honourably the dead had met their end.

The bards were often the *senachies* or historians of the clans, and were recognised as occupying a very important position in Highland society. They represented the literature of the times ; they were alike the books and the interpreters thereof. “ In the absence of books,” remarks General Stewart, “ they constituted the library and concentrated the learning of the tribe. By retentive memories—indispensable requisites in their vocation—they became the living chroniclers of past events, and the depositories of popular poetry.”

Many of the peculiar airs to which they recited their thrilling compositions still exist, and several of them may be found noted in Captain Fraser's collection of Highland music. The airs might be considered essential to the bards, because they formed the chief aid to the memory. And the memories of these men were indeed remarkable for their tenacity. They could rehearse the history of a clan from the most remote

period; could give the date and significance of almost every event, both important and trivial, by which it had been in any way affected. When a new chief succeeded to the government and leadership of a clan—on which occasion there was always a ceremony—it was customary for the bard, dressed in a striking manner, to appear and address the young Chief. He would name the whole list of his ancestors, and, dwelling particularly on those who had distinguished themselves in the field, in the chase, or by their good qualities, descant on their many virtues, and in moving terms entreat the young leader to follow their example, and see that he excelled even their greatness. At coronation ceremonials such a custom also prevailed, and we find, according to the writer in the “Scottish Highlands,” that at the coronation at Scone of the child Alexander III. of Scotland, the bard was present and did duty. “The crown, after the King had been seated, was placed on his head, and the sceptre put into his hand. He was then covered with the Royal mantle, and received the homage of the nobles on their knees, who, in token of submission, threw their robes beneath his feet. On this occasion, agreeably to ancient practice, a Gaelic *senachie*, or bard, clothed in a red mantle, and venerable for his great age and hoary locks, approached the King, and in a bent and reverential attitude recited from memory, in his native language, the genealogy of all the Scottish Kings, deducing the descent of the youthful monarch from Gathebus, the fabulous founder of the nation.” At the coronation of Macdonald, King of the Isles, the Bishop of Argyle and seven priests anointed him King in presence of all the heads of the tribes in the isles and continent, who were his vassals. The chief orator or bard also rehearsed a catalogue of Macdonald’s ancestors.

It is thus evident that the bard was a very important personage in the society of which he was a member; but the influence of his orations sank deeper into, and made a more lasting impression upon, the life and manners of the people

than may appear from anything we have written. He taught them to disregard death ; to desire it rather, if resulting from a struggle for a noble cause. He showed them that to be remembered with honour after they were gone was alike worthy of themselves and grateful to their family and kindred. A magnanimous contempt of death was naturally produced and sedulously cherished. "It has thus become," writes General Stewart, "a singular and characteristic feature of Highland sentiment to contemplate with easy familiarity the prospect of death, which is considered as merely a passage from this to another state of existence, enlivened with the assured hope of being again joined by the friends whom they loved." The effect of this sentiment was apparent in the resignation, far remote from affectation or presumption, with which they spoke of, and in the preparations they made for the last great change. Even the poorest and most destitute endeavoured to lay up something for the last solemnity. This habit, which is very prevalent in the Lowlands, especially among rural populations, may be accepted as the result of pulpit influence. In the Highlands the bard occupied the position of moral preceptor, which in the Lowlands is filled by the minister.

We leave the bard and turn to the piper. From the earliest periods the Highlanders were enthusiastically fond of music and dancing, and the notes of the bagpipe moved them as no other instrument could. The piper did duty alike in time of peace and war. His martial duties we have already referred to ; his social duties have yet to be told. At harvest homes, Hallowe'en, christenings, and, above all, at weddings, the evenings were spent in dancing, and while the fiddler did his part, the piper was the great natural hero of the occasion.

His manner was in consonance with the character of the people. They took delight in the high-toned warlike notes to which they danced, and were charmed with the solemn and melancholy airs which filled up the pauses. The quick-going

reels and strathspeys were in keeping with the vivacious side of their character, and excited the most exhilarating gaiety, while the measured lament exercised a strong influence upon their naturally contemplative or reflective minds. The piper was also full of stories, which he told in great style, and was withal a humorous fellow, who could add to the mirth of the meeting.

On the wedding morning the pipers preceded the bridegroom on a round of morning calls to remind invited friends of their engagements. Sometimes the circuit occupied several hours. During the whole day, in fact, the fiddlers and pipers were in constant employment—the former playing to the company assembled inside the house, and the latter to those outside. The piper had again to lead the triumphal procession when the bridegroom led his bride to her new home. This march was accompanied by flying streamers, guns and pistols firing, cheers and shouts, giving all the appearance of military passing in array through an enemy's country. The effect of such a procession through the wild glens which abound in the Highlands could not but be imposing, for, as a writer in a popular Miscellany remarks, "The proper place to hear the Scottish pipe is in a Highland glen—the beloved rock of its adoption." The music of the bagpipe is sweet and inspiring as it floats to our ears over a distant hill, and among the hills it can most pleasantly be heard.

We have seen in Perthshire a dinner table at which perhaps fifty Lowland gentlemen, along with one or two modern Highland chieftains, were seated. Around it marched, with all the solemn dignity of their kind, from four to six lusty pipers, blowing as did the apparition beheld by Tam o' Shanter in Alloway Kirk; but the noise they made, instead of being inspiring, was sufficient to have driven the fiends from pandemonium. It effectually drowned the clatter of knives and forks and plates, and a more horrible combination of sounds could have been produced only by the pipers in question



suddenly ceasing to play a harmonised air and commencing in concert to tune their pipes. This is not at all the function of the bagpipe. Though Dr Johnson mentions that the piper played regularly at the dinner table of the Laird of Coll, we have very good authority for denying that this was an acknowledged Highland custom. On such a subject the statement of General Stewart of Garth\* is entitled to be regarded as authoritative. "Playing the bagpipes within doors is a Lowland and English custom," he observes. "In the Highlands the piper is always in the open air; and when people wish to dance to music it is on the green, if weather permits; nothing but necessity makes them attempt a pipe dance in the house. The bagpipe was a field instrument intended to call the clan to arms, and animate them in battle, and was no more intended for a house than a volley of six-pounders. A broadside from a first-rate, or a round from a battery, has a sublime and impressive effect at a proper distance. In the same manner the sound of the bagpipes, softened by distance, had an indescribable effect on the mind and actions of the Highlander. But as few would choose to be under the muzzle of the guns of a battery, so I have seldom seen a Highlander whose ears were not grated when close to the pipes."

The effect of music in stimulating soldiers to action is acknowledged by all experienced military men, and in this respect the bagpipes are said to have peculiar power. We have seen it stated that the sound of the pipes has cheered on regiments (especially Highlanders) to the conflict when every other means had failed. General Coote, on one occasion during the war in India at the close of last century, was very much impressed with the influence of the pipes in this respect. In an advance of the 73d he particularly noticed the animated manner in which the piper played, and the effect produced on

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\* Now the family seat of that fervid Scot, Sir Donald Currie, M.P., and one of the most interesting places in Perthshire.

the minds of the men by the sounds of their native music. Previous to this he had no very favourable idea of the bagpipe, regarding it as a useless relic of the barbarous ages, and not in any manner calculated for disciplined troops. But the distinctiveness with which the shrill sounds pierced and made themselves heard through the noise and clamour of the battle and the influence they seemed to excite, effected a total change in his opinion. "I am not a Highlander, but I wish I was one," said General Sir Henry Havelock, addressing the 78th, after they had made a brilliant charge with the notes of the pibroch sounding in their hearing. Probably in reading this many will recall the incident, received with credit at the time, though afterwards denounced as untrue, of Highland Jessie hearing the first distant sound of the pipes as Havelock's force advanced to the relief of Lucknow. "Dinna ye hear it! Dinna ye hear it?" was her rapturous exclamation; "'tis the slogan o' the Hielanders!" If true, what a thrill of hope—what a surging wave of joyful gratitude to their deliverers and to the God of their Salvation must have swept across the hearts of the brave beleaguered group within hearing of her voice! If untrue—if told merely to create or heighten effect—the inventor of the fiction displayed a keen insight into the workings of the human heart, and a true knowledge of the Highland character.

Though men of undoubted and well-tried courage, many of the pipers in the Highland regiments used to be very eccentric in their conduct, and frequently became the butt of their comrades' jokes. We have heard of one—a 72d piper—who got much laughed at because he solemnly declared that "she would break her arms across by the knees" rather than perform some service required of him.

An old 92d piper, who has now gone to his rest, used to furnish no small amount of fun to his comrades, and of him we have heard one or two good stories. On one occasion, while the detachment to which he piped was located in Ireland,

an order was given that "Boyne Water" was not to be played. It happened, however, that "Highland Sandy," as the piper was termed, had rather a strong fancy for "Boyne Water," and, to the surprise of the commander, the first time the company marched out after the prohibition was issued, Sandy struck up the forbidden air. "What the deuce do you mean?" cried the officer, addressing Sandy. "Do you know that you are not allowed to play 'Boyne Water?'" "It'll no pe 'Boyne Water' at all," replied Sandy; "it'll juist be another tune to the same air!" The answer was certainly original, whether it was satisfactory we do not know. When the regiment was in the West Indies Sandy was very much annoyed by the men, who, secretly obtaining hold of his pipes, would rub a quantity of Cayenne pepper on the chanter. Poor Sandy often had no idea of the trick played on him till he put the pipe to his mouth to lead the march, and the faces he put on then were something to laugh at. Sandy's grandmother lived in Paisley, and a comrade one day observing a letter in his hand inquired, "Who is the letter from, Sandy?" "It'll be from her granny," responded Sandy. "And how's your granny, Sandy?" "She'll be dead; she'll be brawly!" was Sandy's quiet answer, delivered without a muscle being moved. The letter was from somebody else, telling Sandy of the old woman's death. He often chased his tormentors across the barrack square, and uttered very bitter threats against them. But they repaid him for this by smearing their left hands with lamp-black, and when in apparent friendship they got possession of Sandy's hand, to shake it as a seal of everlasting fidelity, they kept firm hold, and rubbed the blacking on the poor fellow's face.

To return to our subject, however, the bagpipe is said not to be of Scottish origin. By some it is attributed to England, by others to Ireland. One claims it for Spain, and another for the Tyrol; but, as a writer remarks, it can be with all safety said that "the bagpipe has

found a kindly home in Scotland, and developed there into such excellent completeness that every country now would gladly claim it as her own." It suits the people well, and the music perhaps better. The wailing sound of the bagpipe while playing a coronach over the remains of some dying chieftain gives a better idea of the feelings sought to be expressed than any other instrument could. "In halls of joy and in scenes of mourning it has prevailed; it has animated Scotland's warriors in battle, and welcomed them back after their toils to the homes of their love and to the hills of their nativity. . . . The bagpipe is sacred to Scotland, and speaks a language which Scotsmen only feel. It talks to them of home and all the past, and brings before them, on the burning shores of India, the wild hills and oft-frequented streams of Caledonia, the friends that are thinking of them, and the sweethearts and wives that are weeping for them there; and need it be told here to how many fields of danger its proud strains have led! There is not a battle that is honourable to Britain in which its war blast has not sounded. When every other instrument has been hushed by the confusion and carnage of the scene, it has been borne into the thick of battle, and, far in advance, its bleeding but devoted bearer, sinking on the earth, has sounded at once encouragement to his countrymen and his own coronach."

A word or two on Highland music and we shall conclude. A Gaelic air can be recognised among a thousand. It is quaint and pathetic, moving on with intervals singular in their irregularity. What is called Scottish music is believed to have come from the Celtic race. There are those who attribute it to David Rizzio, who is said to have brought it from Italy; but we are inclined to think that General Stewart gives this theory a hard blow when he says that "'The Reel of Tulloch,' 'Rothiemurchus Rant,' and 'Jenny Dang the Weaver' cannot well claim any near connection with Italian music." "So far as the poetry of Burns is concerned," says

Dr MacLauchlan, "his songs were composed, in many cases, to airs borrowed from the Highlands, and nothing could fit in better than the poetry and the music." The Doctor is also of opinion that Scottish Lowland music is a legacy from the Celtic muse, and that there is nothing in it which it holds in common with any Saxon race in existence. When compared with the common airs among the English, the two are found to be quite distinct. "The airs to which 'Scots wha hae,' 'Auld Langsyne,' 'Roy's Wife,' 'O' a' the airts,' and 'Ye banks and braes' are written, are airs to which nothing similar can be found in England." They are Scottish, and only Scottish, and cannot be mistaken. Airs of a precisely similar character are, however, found among all Celtic races. In Ireland and Wales, in some parts of Brittany, and in the Isle of Man they are frequently heard. A few of the Highland secular pieces of music are very remarkable productions. Among these "Mackintosh's Lament" and "Cogadh na Sith" may be mentioned; and it is said that when Mendelssohn, the great composer, on his visit to the Highlands, heard them they impressed him so much that he afterwards introduced a pibroch into one of his finest compositions.

Long may the notes of the bagpipes be heard! Long may their echoes start back from our mountains, and mingling with the roar of the waterfalls and the sough of the wind in the glens cause every patriotic heart who hears to regard the old rugged land with yet greater pride!

## CHAPTER V.

### HIGHLAND SUPERSTITIONS AND SEERS.

The Gael were, as a people, pre-eminently superstitious. They were, in the main, a simple-minded race, credulous to the last degree ; and in almost every form in which superstition has existed it was to be found among them. They had fairies, kelpies, urisks, witches, and prophets or seers. They were visited by spirits from the unseen world ; and so prevalent was the existence of this idea in their traditions that a writer says, " It may be remarked of ancient Highland poetry that it contained as many shadows as substantial personages." Over the Gael watched the *Daoine Shi*, or men of peace. Certain metals had infallible virtues ; holy-healing wells were common over the whole Highlands. The Evil One had power to make compacts, wrestle with and overpower individuals, and against his wiles they had implicit faith in the virtue of the charmed circle. On stated occasions they bribed the wind, and rain, and storms, the birds and the beasts, that their crops and their pastures, their properties and their lives, might be safe. Many other forms did these superstitions take, but these, as we intend to speak of them in detail, need not be mentioned now.

It was not to be expected that the Highlanders should be free from superstition. They understood little, if anything, of natural law, and the external appearance of Nature was presented to them in wild and romantic features. In the glens and corries eerie sounds were to be heard during the watches of the night, to which those in the crowded city are entire strangers. The raging and howling of the frequent

tempests; the roaring of the swollen rivers and dashing waterfalls; the thunder peals echoing from crag to crag; the lightning rending the rocks, and shivering in pieces trees which had stood the blasts of centuries, all tended to fill the breasts of those hearing and viewing them with strange emotions. They believed they were witnesses of the workings of the Spirit of Evil. Then calamitous incidents were ever and anon occurring in some family or clan, and, unable to assign a reasonable cause for this, they, in common with all barbarous or semi-civilised people, ascribed them to the operations of wicked spirits which hovered around. When it was believed that the human race was subject to suffer by the malevolence of these agents, there was nothing more natural than that many minds should be directed to discovering means by which the machinations of the evil imps should be rendered futile. And in course of time many professedly efficacious discoveries were made. Many remedies against diabolical agencies were found—hence arose the charms used to protect the people from evil influences. From this the ascent was easy to the idea that there were likewise at work invisible counter agencies whose aim was to ward off ill and bestow blessing. All the other phases of their superstitions were more or less modifications of one or other of these ideas.

✓ The Water Kelpie was reckoned one of the most dangerous and malignant of the “uncanny” tribe. It was supposed to allure women and children into its element, where they were drowned, and then became its prey. It even went the length of sometimes suddenly swelling the lake or river which it might inhabit so much beyond its usual limits as to engulf the unwary traveller. Highland credulity went so far, indeed, as to believe that this creature was frequently seen skimming along the surface of the water, or browsing by its side. And fancy might doubtless so have tricked the dosing faculties of the shepherds as they sat on some hill top all

alone, and half asleep, miles away from where the apocryphal image appeared.

The *Urisks* seemed to resemble in their habits the "goodly neighbours" of the Lowlands. They were a sort of half-men, half-spirits; but, though inclined to the side of mischief, were by kind treatment susceptible of being induced to do a good turn. By this means they could be got to do many of the drudgeries of the farm, and many families in the Highlands were supposed to have one regularly attached. Though they lived dispersed over all the Highlands, they had a meeting-place for stated assemblies in the celebrated cave—*Coire-nan-Uriskin*—referred to by Sir Walter Scott in his "Lady of the Lake." It is situated near the base of Ben Venue, in Aberfoyle, and Sir Walter says that

"Grey superstition's whisper dread,  
Debarred the spot to vulgar tread;  
For there, she said, did fays resort,  
And satyrs hold their sylvan court;  
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,  
And blast the rash beholder's gaze."

We are unable to give any account of the ceremonies at these meetings. Probably imagination never explored the dreary cave to witness and proclaim the nature of the orgies, and prying curiosity would in all likelihood have found itself unrewarded. Each family who had one of the *Urisks* as an attendant regularly set down a bowl of cream before retiring at night, and in some cases it is said even clothes were added. The *Urisk* did not like this little bit of attention to be neglected, and it is on record that the unfortunate farmer of Glaschoil, which is situated about a mile to the westward of Ben Venue, having, either through forgetfulness or carelessness, omitted to lay out the cream one night, entirely lost the services of his eccentric friend. "After performing the task allotted to him, he took his departure about day-break, uttering a horrible shriek, and never again returned." There is no data for these incidents but tradition, and to speculate upon how they originated were a vain labour.



The *Daoine Shith* or *Shi'* (men of peace), who were also sometimes called *Daoine Matha* (good men), were of a different stamp from any of the others mentioned. They were supposed to be dressed in green, and were dreadfully afflicted with envy—in which particular they may be recognised as very closely resembling a large portion of the human race. They were peevish and repining, and, possessing but little happiness themselves, envied the more substantial enjoyments which mankind possessed. The shadowy happiness which they enjoyed in the subterranean recesses they inhabited they would willingly have exchanged “for the more solid joys of humanity.” They had, however, a very high opinion of the colour of their dress, and considered themselves insulted if any of the ordinary race of mortals presumed to attire themselves in their favourite colour. By the Highlanders the death of Claverhouse at Killiecrankie is attributed to the fact that on that fatal day he was dressed in green. The *Daoine Shi'* resented the insult by compassing his death. Below green grassy knolls, on which grew the bilberry and foxglove, they were supposed to have their abode. Here they celebrated their festivities beneath the soft light of the moon, to strains of the most fairy-like music. Members of the human race were often allured into these retreats, and were permitted to eat of the richest dishes and drink of the most choice wines. But for this they paid dearly; henceforth they lost their mortal nature, and became one of the *shi'ichs*. The daughters of men were not to be compared to the *shi'ichs* in point of beauty. Though termed “men of peace,” they required to be treated with great consideration, else they sometimes proved not so peaceable after all. Bailie Nicol Jarvie, who was a prudent man, thus spoke of them—“They ca' them,” said Mr Jarvie, in a whisper (as he passed one of the green mounds), “*Daoine Shi'*—whilk signifies, as I understand, men o' peace; meaning thereby to make their gudewill. And we may e'en as weel ca' them that too, Mr

Osbaldistone, for there's nae gude in speaking ill o' the laird within his ain bounds." But he added presently after, on seeing one or two lights which twinkled before him—"It's deceits o' Satan after a', and I fearna to say it—for we are near the manse noo, and yonder are the lights in the Clachan of Aberfoyle."

The Rev. Mr Kirke, minister of Aberfoyle—the first translator of the psalms into Gaelic verse—wrote a book concerning the *she'ichs*, in which, with a thorough belief in their existence, he told many of their supposed secret habits. This, it is presumed, so enraged the "Men of Peace" that they carried him off, and he is still believed to be in Fairyland. He was standing on an eminence—one of their haunts—when he was suddenly struck down in a fit, and became apparently dead. This was not so, however, as will be gathered from the following remarks made by his successor at Aberfoyle, the Rev. Dr Grahame, author of "Sketches of Perthshire":—"Mr Kirke," says the Doctor, "was a near relation of Graham of Duchray, the ancestor of the present General Graham Stirling. Shortly after his funeral he appeared in the dress in which he had sunk down, to a medical relation of his own and of Duchray. 'Go,' said he to him, 'to my cousin Duchray, and tell him I am not dead. I fell down in a swoon, and was carried into Fairyland, where I now am. Tell him that when he and my friends are assembled at the baptism of my child (for he had left his wife pregnant) I will appear in the room, and that if he throws the knife which he holds in his hand over my head, I will be released and restored to human society.' The man, it seems, neglected for some time to deliver the message. Mr Kirke appeared to him a second time, threatening to haunt him night and day till he executed his commission, which at length he did. The time of the baptism arrived. They were seated at table; the figure of Mr Kirke entered, but the Laird of Duchray, by some unaccountable fatality, neglected to perform the prescribed

ceremony. Mr Kirke retired by another door, and was seen no more. It is firmly believed that he is at this day in Fairyland."

If the Laird of Duchray had thrown the knife, and Mr Kirke been "restored to human society," this story would have been very convincing. As it is, however, it fails just where it should have been strongest. We leave the reader to draw his own inference, and express our sympathy with poor Mr Kirke, who, if he be still alive, must be beginning to feel life rather burdensome.

Against women in childbed and newly-born babes the 'Men of Peace' also had designs. It was believed that it was necessary to closely watch women in childbed, and the children from the time of their birth till their baptism, in case the *shi'ichs* should carry them off. They had also, it was believed, "a great propensity for attending funerals and weddings and other entertainments, and even fairs. They had an object in this; for it was believed that, though invisible to mortal eyes, they were busily employed in carrying away the substantial articles and provisions which were exhibited, in place of which they substituted shadowy forms having the appearance of the things so purloined." So strong was this impression in the minds of the Highland people that on occasions of the kind they would scarcely eat anything lest it should do them injury.

With the shepherds and children in the Highlands May Day was a great occasion for the observance of superstitious rites. They met together to engage in a kind of rude worship or observance for the protection of their flocks. In the first place, a great feast of milk, eggs, butter, and cheese took place. When all the preparations had been made a boy stood up, and, holding in his left hand a piece of bread, covered with a kind of hasty pudding or custard of eggs, milk, and butter, with his face turned towards the east, threw a piece over his left shoulder and cried—"This to you, oh, Mists and

Storms, that ye be favourable to our corns and pasture : This to thee, oh, Eagle, that thou mayst spare our lambs and kids." The foxes, ravens, &c., were appealed to ; and in the beginning of the present century these observances were quite common, though they have been quite lost sight of for many years.

Among the natives of South Uist—one of the largest of the Western Islands—a very singular superstition was noted by Mr Martin on his visit there. The people believed that a valley called Glenslyte, situated on the east side of the island between two mountains, was haunted by spirits, whom they called the Great Men. It was also their firm conviction that if any man or woman entered the valley without first making entire submission of themselves to the care and conduct of these spirits, they should certainly go mad. When Mr Martin remonstrated with them on this extraordinary fallacy, the people answered that but a short time before a woman had entered the glen without resigning herself, and had become mad—thus confirming them in their adhesion to the superstition. The people of the Western Isles were also in the habit of consulting invisible oracles concerning the fate of families, the result of prospective battles, &c. There were three different ways of consulting these oracles ; but these to be fully understood would require to be described at greater length than we care to devote to that purpose. We may, however, say in a word that the whole of the silly manœuvres were barbarous in the extreme. In other parts of the Highlands practices much resembling those described by Burns in his "Hallowe'en" were conducted with great gravity, and with an implicit confidence in their virtues.

All the foibles connected with the horrid idea of witchcraft were firmly held by the Gael. It was believed that certain women had the power to spirit away the milk from their neighbour's cows, and others could take away the milk from nurses. Men by using charms could also cause all the virtues to leave

their neighbour's ale and go into their own. Hectic and consumptive complaints were cured by the Highlanders in a novel way. They pared the nails from the fingers and toes of the patient, put the parings into a bag made from a piece of his clothing, and waving the bag three times round his head, and carrying *Deis-iuil*, buried it in some unknown place. We are unaware if the means taken often proved efficacious.

Speaking of *Deis-iuil*, this was a practice very prevalent in the Western Islands. It meant a fiery circle, and the circle was described in order to keep evil spirits from coming within. A man carried a blazing fire in his hand round whatever it was desired to protect—houses, corn, cattle, horses, &c. Women before being churched after child-bearing were also kept for safety within the charmed circle, which was renewed morning and night. It was generally believed that there was a great charm in circles. The great white snake frequented Sutherland, and sometimes threw off an ivory ring which encircled its body. The ring was formed of its own slime, and the finder of it was secure against all diseases and enchantments. Iron was one of the metals which the Evil Spirits could not pass, and if any one stood in the centre of a circle made with a sword or piece of iron, though the Old Gentleman visited him personally—and there are many instances recorded of his doing so—he was quite unable to go within the circle, or do the person inside a bit of harm. A gun or sword was, however, specially efficacious; no spirit could pass either of these in pursuit of a victim.

The popularity of such a book as Mrs Crow's "Night Side of Nature," which with a shiver even yet we remember reading many years ago, would have been immensely increased had it been translated into Gaelic and circulated in the Highlands. Its dreary stories of wraiths and apparitions, spectral lights and haunted houses, would have been accepted with the greatest pleasure by the people, and hailed as in every respect coinciding with their own experiences.

They never thought of rejecting the most exaggerated accounts of supernatural phenomena. They believed it to be as possible to be revisited on earth by their parents or friends who were dead as it was common to have intercourse with them in life. They never doubted that the seers who lived among them were gifted with the power to peep into futurity, and were confident that those who cared for them when alive would after death return in spiritual form, and renew their watchfulness.

A gentleman died in Strathspey about the middle of the last century. He left a widow, who had to pay great attention to the working of the farm and a mill on the estate that she and her family might be provided for. The mill was leased to another, who allowed her a portion of the grist as rent, and she often went down from the farm to the mill to see that her due was put aside and properly allocated. One evening she stayed rather later than usual, and night came on before she could get home. It must be remembered that Highlanders did not care to be out alone after nightfall. Her way lay through a little wood, and a brook had to be crossed by a temporary bridge of fallen trees. She was in a flurried state—half excited and half afraid—as she approached the bridge, when to her surprise she saw on the other side her late husband standing dressed as usual. He approached, led her over the bridge with the greatest attention; then as they walked forward, he said—“Oh, Marjory, Marjory, by what fatality have you been tempted to come thus rashly alone when the sun has gone to sleep?” The spectre then disappeared, and was seen no more.

A chieftain, who had some time before lost his wife, was one day walking with a friend. He was bitterly lamenting the death of his young helpmate whom he had so ardently loved. The friends seated themselves in a meadow by the side of the Spey, and the bereaved chieftain, whose mind could not be drawn from the loss he had sustained, suddenly

threw himself on the ground, and burying his face in his hands exclaimed—"Alas, that I had but one sight of my dark-haired Anna!" Just as he was uttering the words his friend saw the "dark-haired Anna" appear in the bright sunshine beside her husband, and look down on him with an expression of compassion on her face. "Behold her!" cried the friend, but before the chieftain could look up the vision had gone, and the flowers were not bent where she had stood. Mrs Grant says she knew intimately the persons concerned in this incident.

Imagination did certainly play the Gael strange tricks. The shoe of an entire horse nailed on their doors filled them with a greater degree of security, and gave more real satisfaction, than would the presence of half-a-score of armed protectors. The subject is one full of the deepest interest, and we are sorry that our remarks thereon must be brief, to enable us to hurry on to themes of a more exciting kind.

We have already mentioned that the Highlanders firmly believed in the powers of fairies or *Daoine Shi'* to spirit away mothers and their newly-born children; and the greatest precautions had to be taken to prevent the occurrence of such an unfortunate event. One way of obtaining the desired security was to draw the bed containing the mother and child to the centre of the floor, and the attendant, taking a Bible, went thrice round the bed, waving all the time the open leaves, and abjuring the enemies of mankind by the power and virtue contained in the holy book to flee instantly from the spot and betake themselves to any locality whence they might have come. All slept soundly and quietly after such a ceremony; but it was considered still more secure when the watchers sat by the bedside the whole night to scare away the evil-intended imps. The Evil-Eye—one of the forms of witchcraft—had also to be guarded against, and to avert its evil influence on the child much vigilance and pious exercise was required. The

youngster was thus reared amid quite a thicket of dangers, and the paternal heart was apt to glow with pride as day by day and year by year removed it from them.

But in this there was likewise danger. There was an indistinct idea that it was impious and too self-dependent to place a high value on the health or beauty of any creature entrusted to their keeping. They considered that the child was not really a gift to them, but a loan from the Creator, and that it was to be recalled at pleasure. If any parents, then, were guilty of boastfulness or incontinent admiration of their children, they in reality exposed them to all the dangers from which they were so eager to protect them. They were exposed to the shafts of evil spirits and at the mercy of the Evil-Eye, which might at any moment deprive the figure of symmetry and the cheek of bloom. In fact, to praise an infant at all with safety required a previous invocation of the Deity in its behalf. Nor was the danger a whit less though another person, and not the parent at all, should speak well of one's offspring; nor did it matter although the individual praised had reached blooming womanhood or lusty manhood. The blight was as sure to follow; and in illustration of this superstition an interesting story is told:—

When Queen Mary visited the north she stayed for some time at Inverness, in the castle well known as the scene of King Duncan's murder, and received there the homage of all the gentry and nobility in the neighbourhood. At this time there lived in Ross-shire a wealthy and powerful chief named Monroe, who had been attending his Sovereign and showing his loyalty. His lady had twelve sons and twelve daughters, many of whom were, by marriage and otherwise, detached from the family circle; but she collected them all to adorn her train in presence of the Queen. The sons were dressed in "Lincoln green," a costume in favour with knights and hunters, and, mounted on sable steeds, led the procession. The mother followed, attended by her twelve daughters,



elegantly attired in white, and riding on horses of the same colour. When the lady and her family had been ushered into the presence of Royalty, she dropped on one knee, and told her Sovereign that she had brought twelve squires and twelve damsels who were ready to devote themselves to Her Majesty's service. As might be expected, the Queen was filled with surprise as well as admiration at the sight of such a goodly offspring, and, starting from her seat, exclaimed—"Madam, ye sud tak' this chair; ye best deserve it." The presentation ceremony was after this duly performed, and the mother and her happy family returned home delighted with the charming manner, the beauty, and accomplishments of their Sovereign. But the blight which such a rash exhibition invited immediately fell. The family became scattered, and were never seen together again. Moreover, the imprudent mother who had thus taken such pride in her offspring, and who had listened with pleasure to the Queen's words of admiration, lived to survive the greater portion of her brave sons and beautiful daughters.

Too much lamentation for the death of friends was considered impious rebellion against the will of God, and was believed to be injurious to the happiness of the souls of the deceased persons, and displeasing to the Most High. Many touching stories are told of the reappearance of departed spirits, and some of them in illustration of what we have just said :—

On one occasion, a young student in Aberdeen College died from an infectious fever, and left an only sister—an orphan—to lament his loss. The grief of the poor forlorn girl was very great, and she could find no consolation in the bereavement she had sustained. Not only did she burst into wild fits of weeping at the time of the sad occurrence, but time brought with it no healing influences, and for a long period after she sat up night after night calling frantically on the beloved name of him who was gone for ever. One night,

while she wept and mourned, her brother suddenly appeared before her, wrapt in his shroud, which was wet, and within which he seemed to shiver. "Why, selfish creature," said he, addressing his sister, "why am I disturbed with the impious extravagance of thy sorrow? I have a long journey to make through dark and dreary ways before I arrive at the peaceful abode where souls attain their rest. Till thou art humble and penitent for this rebellion against the decrees of Providence, every tear thou sheddest falls on this dark shroud without drying; and every night thy tears still more chill and encumber me. Repent, and give thanks for my deliverance from many sorrows."

To account for the origin of such stories is a duty we would not undertake to perform. The girl herself narrated this story, and those who knew her said they perfectly believed that she herself had no doubt of the truthfulness of what she told.

It was customary for neighbours to warn bereaved ones not to mourn too deeply or too long, and to point out the consequences likely to arise from their weakness. They read passages of Scripture, and told tales, which tradition had handed down, of the sad results which had followed undue exhibitions of sadness in days gone by. They also gave illustrations alleged to be founded on their own experience. The following story was told by a woman on such an occasion. It is simple, beautiful, and touching, and indicates the purity of the sentiments which filled the peoples' hearts. In gloomy Glen Banchar, a few peaceful tenants lived. They were wealthy in cattle, and enjoyed comfort and plenty. One peasant in particular had attained to great importance in the little community. He had wealth and wisdom, and was beneficent and kind to all. He was fortunate in all respects but one. Three fine children had died in succession after being weaned. Before, they had given every indication of health and firmness, but when weaned they had drooped and

died. Both father and mother grieved for their little ones ; but the grief of the father was considered not becoming in a man. It was so clamorous that it more resembled the conduct of a child. They resolved that the next child with which they should be blessed should not be weaned till it was much older than the others. If it were suckled for two years they hoped to tide over the misfortune. They carried out their resolution ; the mother continued to suckle the babe till it had attained its second year. It seemed to be prospering well, and their hearts were filled with gratitude. But the expectations formed were vain. It, too, withered and fell. The grief of the father then was almost beyond description. The longer tenure of life which had been granted to this boy endeared his affections more closely to it than to any of the others, and the snapping of the tie was more difficult to bear. In the midst of his trials he had, however, a duty to perform. This was to obey an old Highland custom—invite his friends to his home and feast them in the hour of mourning. It was late in spring when the death occurred, and the sheep in that wild and stormy region were still confined in the cot. It was a dismal, snowy evening when he went forth to kill a lamb, with which to treat his friends, and as he went he gave utterance to loud lamentations. At length, however, he reached the cot, and to his surprise found a stranger standing before the entrance. His astonishment was heightened by the fact that the night was one on which few but those who could not do otherwise would care to be abroad. The stranger was plainly attired, but had a countenance of great mildness and benevolence. He at once, in sweet, gentle tones, addressed the bereaved parent, and asked what he did out in the tempest. The man was filled with an unaccountable awe, and in trembling accents replied that he came for a lamb.

“What kind of a lamb do you mean to take?” said the stranger.

"The very best I can find," replied the parent, "as it is to entertain my friends; and I hope you will share of it."

"Do your sheep make any resistance when you take away the lamb, or any resistance afterwards?"

"Never," was the answer.

"How differently am I treated," said the stranger. "When I come to visit my sheepfold I take, as I am well entitled to do, the best lamb to myself, and my ears are filled with the clamour of discontent by those ungrateful sheep, whom I have fed, watched, and protected."

The parent, stricken by the words, looked up in amazement, but the vision had fled. His presence of mind, however, he did not lose, but at once entered the cot, selected the lamb, and in haste returned home. Nor was this all. When the mournful wake dance common on such occasions was introduced, he cheerfully did the part incumbent upon him as nearest relative of the deceased—led off the dance, a task he had never before been able to accomplish. He was a changed man. He knew who had spoken with him, and understood the purport of the visit. The lesson was not lost on him, and he lived to see grow up around him many happy, prosperous children.

These incidents are selected from among an unknown quantity of the same kind current in the Highlands, but they are not by any means peculiar to the Gael. In the Lowlands, about the Borders, and throughout England, and many parts of the Continent, such tales were and are still more or less common. They are, however, fast dying out—ghost-seeing being now regarded by the most illiterate as a mere hallucination.

A very important class of individuals in the Highlands were the seers. They were not only much respected, but were regarded with the highest veneration. And no need to wonder at this. They professed to be gifted with the prophetic faculty, and to see in visional form events which were still in

the future, and whose consummation was quite beyond the ken of ordinary mortals. Whether their predictions were always fulfilled we are unable to say; but the belief could not have obtained credence and lived and flourished without at least some ground of truth. Whether this was merely shrewd guessing, or whether the shadows which are said to precede coming events revealed something to them which they did not to others we leave wiser men to decide.

The seers, who were to be found in greatest number in the Western Isles, were gifted with second-sight, which Dr Johnson explains to be "a mode of seeing super-added to that which Nature generally bestows." According to another writer, second-sight was a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object without any previous means used for that end by the person who saw it. As long as the vision continued the seer could neither observe nor think of anything else, and after it had gone he remained very much under its influence, and was elated or cast down according to its nature and tendency on the mind. When beholding a vision the eyelids of the seer were turned outwards and upwards, so far, indeed, in some cases that after its disappearance they had to be pulled down into their proper place by the fingers.

Those with second-sight were generally aged men—as Campbell says, " 'Twas the sunset of life gave them mystical lore;" and it is difficult to obtain an explanation of the presence of the faculty in any individual. Some believed it to be hereditary, running through families; but a writer, who studied the subject closely, and who is said to have been a very credulous gentleman, denies that this is the case. He did not think the faculty could be communicated in any way from one person to another. Before the vision appeared the seer was as ignorant of what was about to occur as other men; and even after he had seen, he was in many cases mistaken in the inferences to be drawn from the phenomenon. Others who had not the gift could often, from long experience in such matters,





LOCHIEL AND THE SEER.

say with much more certainty when the foreshadowed event would take place, what form it would take, and whom it would affect.

Objects were generally seen in the morning, evening, or night, and the event they portended followed speedily or otherwise according to the time. If an object was seen in the morning, which was not a frequent occurrence, the accomplishment of the event would follow in a few hours; if at night, according to the earliness or lateness of the hour, it might be weeks, months, or even years distant.

If a seer saw a shroud around any one, it was a sure prognostication of death. But the end was judged to be near or distant according as the shroud was wrapped high or low about the person. If it did not come up to the middle, death was not expected for a year, and perhaps longer; but if it reached up nearly to the head, death was believed to be but a few days, if not only a few hours, off. And speaking in reference to this, Mr Martin, the writer referred to above, says:—"Examples of this kind were shown me, when the person of whom the observations were then made was in perfect health." It is said that on the occasion of a fierce battle between the M'Gregors and the Colquhouns, the M'Gregors, who were much inferior in point of numbers, were cheered on to the attack by the declaration of a seer, who professed he saw shrouds wrapped round the bodies of their principal opponents. So much were the M'Gregors stimulated by the statement that they routed the Colquhouns with great carnage, while their own loss was but two men killed. Another sign of death was the seer looking upon the chair in which a person sat, and observing it empty. The person so missing to the seer's vision was the one doomed. A spark of fire beheld by the seer was also a forerunner of death to some child carried in the arms of those present at the moment.

Seers often saw houses, gardens, and trees in bare, barren places, which, through process of time, became populated,



and had the appearance which had been represented. In support of this it is alleged that at Mogsloot, in the Isle of Skye, where there were but a few thatched shielings, visions of greater magnificence were frequently seen by the seers, with the result that several good houses were erected, and valuable orchards planted.

In our day there are very few even in the remotest glens who pretend to possess the faculty, and belief in it is almost universally exploded. Yet many writers adduce proofs of its existence, which have a strong tendency to convince, and which have staggered many in their scepticism. It is impossible with the light we have to account for the extraordinary phenomenon—probably many instances of it were exaggerated, and many stories gained currency which had never any real foundation in fact. When Dr Johnson visited the Hebrides, and saw real or supposed manifestations of second-sight, he was, upon the whole, inclined to believe in the supernatural powers claimed for the seers; and in his own pompous and philosophical style gives plausible reasons for their existence. Referring to certain objections urged against the genuineness of the faculty, he says—“To the confidence of these objections it may be replied that, by presuming to determine what is fit, and what is beneficial, they pre-suppose more knowledge of the universal system than man has attained, and therefore depend upon principles too complicated and extensive for our comprehension, and that there can be no security in the consequence when the premises are not understood; that the second-sight is only wonderful because it is rare, for, considered in itself, it involves no more difficulty than dreams, or perhaps in the regular exercise of the cogitative faculty; that a general opinion of communicative impulses or visionary representations has prevailed in all ages and all nations; that particular instances have been given with such evidence as neither Bacon nor Boyle has been able to resist; that sudden impressions, which the event has verified, have been felt by more than own or publish them;

that the second-sight of the Hebrides implies only the frequency of a power which is nowhere totally unknown ; and that where we are unable to decide by antecedent reason, we must be content to yield to the force of testimony." The eminent Doctor's reasoning must, however, be taken for what it is worth. Dr Carruthers, of Inverness, in an editorial note to Boswell's "Journal of a Tour in the Hebrides," makes the following remark :—"Johnson's credulity as to the second-sight, when he was so incredulous in other matters, is one of the prominent features in his strangely mingled character. He was eager to believe in supernatural agency as some relief to that dread of death and morbid melancholy which clouded his masculine understanding and genuine piety. In this respect the English philosopher, with all his town-bred tastes and habits, was on a level with the rude islander of the Hebrides, nursed amidst storms and solitude."

Another phase of Highland superstition closely connected with this was a custom to which chieftains frequently resorted of consulting with prophets, witches, wizards, or seers as to their probable success in battle, or in any important undertaking in which they might be concerned. Every one knows how Macbeth—according to Shakespeare—was influenced by his meeting with the three witches at Forres, and that he sought for their counsel a second time, to be thoroughly deceived.

Before a battle between the Macleans and the M'Donalds at Groynard in Islay, Sir Lauchlan Maclean consulted with a witch as to the result of his expedition. The hag advised him in the first place not to land upon the Island of Islay on a Thursday ; secondly, that he should not drink of the water of a certain well near Groynard ; and she told him lastly that one Maclean should be killed at Groynard. The first of these injunctions, says Sir Robert Gordon, who writes of the affair, Maclean transgressed unwillingly, being driven into the Island of Islay by a tempest on a Thursday ; the second

he "transgressed negligentlie, haveing drunk of that water befor he wes awair, and so he wes killed ther at Groinard, as wes foretold him, but doubtfullie. Thus endeth all those that doe trust in such kynd of responses or doe hunt after them."

The warnings of the prophets or prophetesses were, according to tradition, not always received with the attention they deserved. When James I., King of Scotland, on that last and fatal journey to Perth, before he was assassinated by Sir Robert Graham and his co-conspirators, was crossing the Tay to reach the city, a Highland prophetess met him at the ferry, and cried out—"My Lord the King, if you pass this water you will never return again alive." The King had read in an old book that a King should be slain in Scotland that year, and for a moment was struck with the woman's words; but recovering himself with a laugh and a jest to a knight in his retinue, he passed on, unheeding, to his doom.

As a general rule, indeed, we believe that the chieftains were not often deterred from their purpose by the warnings of the oracles they consulted. They conferred with them more as a matter of form than of prudence. If they were insulted, no fear of consequences would prevent them from unsheathing the sword; if a friend asked their aid no personal considerations would be allowed to stand in the way of granting it. This idea is well displayed in Campbell's magnificent poem, "Lochiel's Warning." The "gentle Lochiel" has gone to consult with the wizard as to the propriety of joining Prince Charlie, and he is warned of the disasters of Culloden. Says the seer—

"Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day  
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array;  
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight!

——— a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—  
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave!"

But the proud spirit of the brave chief cannot brook the tale. He tells the old man to "Go preach to the coward," or,

if Culloden appear so dreadful, to draw a mantle around his wavering sight, that the phantoms of fright may be shut out. The wizard repeats his warning, and tells him that his plumage shall be torn and destroyed. But again in a noble, defiant passage the chief answers—

“False wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan ;  
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one ;  
 They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,  
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.  
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock—  
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !  
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws !”

Once more the old man entreats, as if he felt sorry that one so good and noble should be sacrificed in a cause so hopeless—

“Lochiel ! Lochiel ! beware of the day !  
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal ;  
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal ;  
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
 And coming events cast their shadows before.”

But his kind offices are vain, and Lochiel, determined still—heedless of death, but jealous of honour, in these lines concludes the interview :—

“Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale ;  
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet  
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.  
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,  
 Like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,  
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
 With his back to the field and his feet to the foe !  
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
 Look proudly to heaven from the deathbed of fame.”

In the poem Campbell faithfully portrays the restless, chafing spirit of the chief—impatient that anything should be said tending to dissuade him from his already fixed purpose.

In concluding our remarks upon the superstitions of the Highlanders, we cannot refrain from saying that their influence on the character of the people seems, on the whole, to have been elevating and wholesome. Whatever lifts the mind above mere objects of sense, enlarges the conceptions and exalts the general

character of the individual. Such was the effect of the superstitions of the Highlanders—they taught men to believe that a dishonourable act attached disgrace not only to themselves but to their kindred; and that oppression, treachery, or any wickedness whatsoever would be punished alike in their own persons and in generations yet to be born. “When the Highlander imagined that he saw the ghost of his father frowning upon him from the skirts of the passing clouds, or that he heard his voice in the howlings of the midnight tempest, or when he found his imagination awed by the recital of fairy tales, stories of ghosts, and visions of the second-sight, the heart of the wicked was subdued; and when he believed that his misdeeds would be visited on his succeeding generations, who would also be rewarded and prosper in consequence of his good actions, he would either be powerfully restrained or encouraged.”

## CHAPTER VI.

### CLAN PRIDE.

We have now come to speak more particularly of the fighting qualities of the Gael, and shall almost immediately enter upon the history of a series of events of the most exciting interest. Before doing so, however, it is necessary to glance at one very prominent feature of the Gaelic nature—a feature which, indeed, contributed greatly to determine the value of the Highlanders as soldiers. We allude to their pride; or more properly, the native dignity of their character.

This feeling was engendered and strengthened by the peculiar system of clanship under which they lived. In their own family or clan they knew exactly their true position, but they were utterly unable to determine the true relative position of a neighbouring clan to their own. The Macdonalds considered themselves greater than the Camerons, and the Camerons greater than the Macdonalds. The Campbells fancied they were superior to either, while both looked with contempt on the Campbells. Each clan, in short, recognised no power higher than its own chief, and the chief could think of no force stronger than his own clan. Had “The Highland Chieftains” been toasted in a banqueting hall, the right to reply would have required to be decided by the sword. Lochiel dared not have answered for Clan Ranald, nor Clan Ranald for Macpherson.

Such a feeling, with which there could be no compromising, gave rise to many feuds, and cost the lives of many brave men. It was at one and the same time the chief element of strength and of weakness in Highland warfare. The individual Highlander was well qualified for the dangers of the

battlefield. He could endure fatigue; he could move with ease and celerity; he was accustomed from infancy to the sight of blood and the use of the sword; and displayed prodigies of true heroism, which have bestowed imperishable lustre on his fame. In short, he was a ready-made soldier; and as the individual Highlander was easily turned into a soldier, so a tribe or clan was easily turned into a battalion. The chief was the colonel or principal leader, and each subordinate office was filled by the person occupying the relative status in the clan. In such an organisation was found discipline, steadiness, promptitude, and steadfast courage. Writing of this subject Macaulay says that "every private had from infancy respected his corporal much, his captain more, and had almost adored his colonel. There was therefore no danger of mutiny. There was as little danger of desertion. Indeed, the very feelings which most powerfully impel other soldiers to desert kept the Highlander to his standard. If he left it, whither was he to go?" Around it all his kinsmen, all his friends, were arrayed. To separate himself from it was to separate himself for ever from his family, and to incur all the misery of that very home sickness which in regular armies drives so many recruits to abscond at the risk of stripes and of death.

When all this is considered, it is not strange that the clans should have on many occasions achieved great renown in the use of arms. But while it all added to the strength of the individual clan, it added to the weakness of any combination of these clans. If the clans were to be grouped together as an army, who was to lead? The Frasers would neither advance nor retire at the command of a Maclean, and a Mackay would never have presumed to issue his orders to a Macgregor. They were all rivals or enemies of each other, and Macaulay is of opinion that it was precisely because neither Dundee nor Montrose were Highland chiefs that they were able to command Highland clans. They stood in the same relationship to

all. "Had Montrose," says the eminent historian, "been chief of the Camerons, the Macdonalds would never have submitted to his authority. Had Dundee been chief of the Clan Ranald, he would never have been obeyed by Glengarry." These haughty chieftains might bear the pre-eminence of a stranger, but could not brook the thought of a neighbour being placed over them as a superior.

Indeed even under Montrose they were far from being easily managed. He dared not treat them as he would regular troops under his command. To cashier, degrade, or shoot a chief for insubordination would have been an insult to clan honour, which the meanest and the greatest would have felt equally bound to resent. To demand the sword of a chief was to run the risk of being struck to the earth on the spot. Local jealousies and local interests brought the clans under Montrose together, and the same causes dissolved the army. "The Gordons left him because they fancied that he neglected them for the Macdonalds; the Macdonalds left him because they wanted to plunder the Campbells." Even in front of a common enemy had a Fraser thrown a taunt at a Murray these clans would have drawn their weapons and engaged in hot fury in the private quarrel, whatever the result to the side on which they had been brought together.

In better illustration of this spirit, and as showing the desire of the clans for precedence, we shall give one or two interesting incidents:—

In the year 1386, a feud arose between the Clan Chattan and the Camerons, and a great battle was fought. The Camerons marched into Badenoch with about 400 men. Macintosh, the leader of the Clan Chattan, called his friends, the Davidsons and Macphersons, together, and hastened to meet the enemy. To Macintosh, as captain of the Clan Chattan, the centre of the army was given, with the consent of all parties; but a difficulty arose as to which of the other chiefs was to have the honour of commanding the right



wing. Cluny Macpherson demanded it as the chief of the ancient Clan Chattan, of which the Davidsons were only a branch; while Invernahavon—the leader of the Davidsons—demanded that, as the leader of the oldest branch, it should belong to him. This he held to be the custom of the clans. The Camerons were now up, and time could not be wasted in argument, so Macintosh, as umpire, decided against the claim of Cluny. This he did, though knowing well that the Macphersons exceeded in number both his own men and the Davidsons, and that they were at the moment in the country of the Macphersons. But the decision was nearly fatal. The Macphersons, feeling insulted, withdrew from the field, and became for a time mere spectators of the action. At length, however, friendship proved stronger than wounded pride. The Camerons were cutting to pieces the Macintoshes and Davidsons, and the Macphersons grew furious at the sight. They sounded their war-cry—“*Creig dubh Clann Chattan*”—and rushed into the fray. The Camerons were by this time so thoroughly exhausted that they could not withstand the fury of the new foe, and suffered a most disastrous defeat.

A similar difference arose between the Gordons and the Murrays during a long-continued and fierce feud between the Earls of Caithness and Sutherland. The Murrays and Gordons had joined the standard of the Earl of Sutherland, and the leaders of both desired that the command of the vanguard should be entrusted to them. The Murrays rested their claim on the fact that they had previously been of great service to the House of Sutherland, and the Gordons advanced a reason equally good. The Murrays fumed and the Gordons swore. The former would not fight under the latter, nor the latter under the former. Again and again the Murrays reiterated their claim, but the Gordons, refusing to admit it, withdrew from the field, leaving only three of their name to engage in the conflict. They retired to a hill hard by, and

were there, apparently unmoved, witnesses of the sanguinary struggle which immediately ensued.

Somewhat similar in nature, but much more melancholy in its results, was the conduct of the Macdonalds at the ill-fated battle on Culloden Moor. This tribe, which included the Clans of Glengarry, Keppoch, and Clan Ranald, had distinguished themselves in the theatre of Scotland's greatest and most triumphant struggle for independence—on the field of Bannockburn—and had always since then been allowed to form the right wing of the Highland army. At Culloden, however, through the imprudence of the leaders, they were placed on the left, and were enraged at this, as they considered, deliberate insult. The Macintoshes in the centre charged with the fierceness of a mountain blast, and shattered the ranks of Cumberland's chosen host; the Camerons of Lochiel, the Murrays of Athole, and Stewarts of Appin, who formed the right wing, led by a brave and devoted man, dashed nobly against the showers of lead and lines of glittering steel. But the left stood still. They would not advance. Their slogan arose from the bagpipes, and Keppoch shouted their battle-cry. Their ranks were thinned by the enemy's shot. The Duke of Perth entreated them to go forward, said they might yet by their valour change the left into the point of honour, even promised that henceforth he would take the name of Macdonald; but he spoke in vain. Keppoch, with claymore drawn, rushed against the English ranks, expecting they would follow him; but without moving they heard him cry—"My God! have the children of my tribe forsaken me?" and saw him receive his death-wound, and fall on the moor; but their point of honour they would not forsake. They were wild with rage—they were eager to dash against the *Sassenach*—they even, in their bursts of passion, drew their swords, and gnashing their teeth, hewed the heather at their feet; but the insult they fancied they had received overmastered every other feeling, and in their own way they took their revenge. Long

before the conflict was decided, with banners flying, and pipes playing, they left the field without having struck a blow ; and perhaps to this cause were due the loss of Culloden and the fall of the Pretender's hopes.



## CHAPTER VII.

### CLAN FEUDS.

Our readers must be familiar with the fierceness and obstinacy with which Highland feuds were conducted. They were generally fought to the bitter end, and in their almost interminable nature remind us of the horrors of the Corsican Vendetta.

From the 12th to the end of the 17th century the Highlands may be described as being in a state of almost perpetual turmoil. There was scarcely ever a period in which all the clans were on peaceable terms with their neighbours. There was never a really cordial feeling between any. In some part or other of the country there was always a quarrel to be settled by the sword. To-day it was Sutherland against Caithness; to-morrow Argyle against Lochiel; now it was the Macdonalds against the Breadalbane Campbells; and anon the Menzieses of Rannoch drew the claymore against the Murrays of Athole.

The Clan system occasioned so many petty sovereignties, so many petty jealousies and conflicting interests, that the existence of a state of peace and security was hardly to be expected; and when to this was added the fiery disposition, the characteristic pride, proneness to fight, and desire to be distinguished for valour which animated the Highlanders, the reason of so many lamentable struggles becomes plain enough. A slight, an angry word, a sneering answer, was sufficient to plunge whole clans in bloodshed—was enough, indeed, to cause a feud which might continue for generations, until almost a whole people had been decimated. To openly insult or kill a clansman merited the most sanguinary vengeance, and the

records of many of the requitals which have followed are sickening to read.

These internal disorders the Imperial law was powerless to prevent. The authority of the King was unheeded ; his mandate could neither subdue the animosities of rival clans, nor cause them to relinquish hostilities. Yet the clans were loyal in all respects, *save one*. If two, three, or more clans joined against a common enemy, in the agreement there invariably was a clause swearing loyalty and fidelity to the King ; but if the King offered to oppose them in their purpose they were ready at once to collide against him. In their quarrels they would not tolerate his interference.

The history of the clan feuds is a subject so wide that we must content ourselves with pickings from the mass. A dozen volumes would not exhaust the accounts of all the battles, great and small, which have been fought between contending clans ; and a still greater number would be required in which to detail the grievances, real and supposed, which have led to these battles.

The manner in which feuds arose were generally something like the following:—When two men of different families quarrelled, and the one slew or injured the other, the relatives of the injured person, numbering in every case a whole clan, set about obtaining revenge. Sometimes they contented themselves with simply killing an innocent relative of the person who did the injury ; sometimes they killed the person himself. The family of the other in turn then tried to be revenged, and killed one or two of the first injured family. At length the feeling rose so high that the fiery cross went through the glen. One of the clans mustered at their meeting-place, their war-cry was sounded, and they marched against their enemy. If the enemy were prepared, a battle was the result ; if not, the aggressors burned his houses, pillaged his lands, carried off his stock and herds, and returned in triumph to their own fastnesses. This victory they were permitted to enjoy till the

other side gained strength, when they in turn made the onslaught, and committed like depredations. Such a manner of living was, of course, hostile to peace and security, but it was much loved by the wild mountaineer. The spirit of opposition and rivalry between the clans encouraged the cultivation of the military at the expense of the social virtues, and perverted the people's ideas of law and morality. "Revenge," says General Stewart, "was accounted a duty, the destruction of a neighbour a meritorious exploit. Their love of distinction and their conscious reliance on their courage when under the direction of these perverted notions only tended to make their feuds more implacable, their condition more agitated, and their depredations more rapacious and desolating. Superstition added its influence in exasperating animosities, by teaching the clansmen that to revenge the death of a relative or friend was a sacrifice agreeable to their shades, thus engaging on the side of the most implacable hatred and the darkest vengeance the most amiable and domestic of all our feelings, reverence for the memory of the dead and affection for the virtues of the living."

Submission to the most trifling insult was held to be disgraceful, and as it was considered that it might, if left unrevenge, lead to a fresh aggression, immediate measures were taken to wipe out the stain. The most glaring insult which could be given to a clan was to speak disrespectfully of its chief. To every follower this was held as a personal insult, and nothing short of a regular declaration of war and a struggle to the bitter end could heal the clansmen's wounded pride. "It often happened," says the writer in the *Scottish Highlands*, following the line of General Stewart's observations, "that the insulted clan was unable at the moment to take the field to repel aggression, or to vindicate its honour, but the injury was never forgotten, and the memory of it was treasured up until a fitting opportunity for taking revenge should arrive. The want of strength was sometimes supplied

by cunning ; and the blackest and deadliest intentions of hatred and revenge were sought to be perpetrated under the mask of conciliation and friendship. The feeling of revenge, when directed against rival tribes, was cherished and honoured ; and to such an extent was it carried that there are well authenticated instances where one of the adverse parties has been exterminated in the bloody and ferocious conflict which the feuds occasioned."

A case in point is that of the M'Nabs and Neishes of Strathearn. A feud had long existed between these families, and at length the M'Nabs were successful in killing the Neishes root and branch—one boy only being able to escape.

A similar fate befell the MacDonalds of Eigg at the hands of the MacLeods. The MacLeods, who belonged to the Western Islands, about the end of the 16th century were a very powerful clan, and had subdued a great part of Harris and Lewis, the largest of the Hebrides. On one occasion a boat manned by one or two of the MacLeods reached the island of Eigg, peopled by the MacDonalds, and were kindly received. But having treated some of the young women of the island with incivility, the MacLeods so exasperated the MacDonalds that the latter seized upon, and having bound them hand and foot, placed them in their boat and cast it adrift. Fortunately for the MacLeods, their boat was picked up by another belonging to the chief of the MacLeods. They were taken to the Castle of Dunvegan, in Skye, where the Laird of MacLeod lived, and in his ears they detailed the insult they had received from the MacDonalds of Eigg. MacLeod was in a great rage when he heard the story, and at once put to sea with his galleys and a strong force of men. The MacDonalds when they became aware that the MacLeod was approaching against them had no hope that they would be able to give him battle, but they thought they might escape his vengeance by hiding in a cave by the seashore. This cave, which bore the name of *Uamba Fhraine*, or Cave of Francis, had a small entrance—so small,

indeed, that a person had to crawl on hands and knees to be able to enter. It got no wider for a distance of twelve feet in, but then gradually opened out to its full capacity. Its length was 213 feet, its breadth 22, and its height 27. A rill of water fell from the rock above, and almost completely hid the entrance. Here the MacDonalds fancied they would be safe, and the whole number on the island, with the exception of three, who took other places of refuge, and a boat's crew, which was at the time in Glasgow, hastened thereto, and took advantage of the concealment it afforded. The MacLeods arrived on the island, but were chagrined to find no trace of the MacDonalds. Not one was to be discovered. The irate chief destroyed their huts and plundered their property. He wreaked his vengeance on whatever he could lay his hands, but still he was far from being satisfied. In fact, it added not a little to his chagrin that he believed that the inhabitants were actually concealed somewhere on the island out of his reach. For three days he searched, and had appointed the following morning for leaving. In the grey of the morning The MacLeod was actually aboard to leave when one of his men espied a figure on the island. This was a spy which the MacDonalds had sent to learn whether the MacLeods had retired. When the poor fellow saw himself discovered he ran with all his might to the place of concealment, doubling like the hare and fox to prevent the pursuers discovering where he had entered the cave. But his arts were vain. He was tracked to the entrance by MacLeod and his men. MacLeod then summoned those within to deliver up the individuals who had maltreated his men, to be disposed of at his pleasure. The MacDonalds, still confident of the security of their fastness, declined to give up the offending clansmen. MacLeod, determined to be revenged, then commenced a work of brutal atrocity. He cut a ditch above the rock, and carried away the water from the mouth of the cave. Then he caused his men to gather together all the fuel which could be found on the island. Peats, turf, wood,



and heather were collected and piled up against the entrance. He then fired the pile, and kept up an immense fire for many hours, during which period the smoke penetrated every cranny of the cave, and suffocated every living creature within. Not one of the MacDonalds survived to tell the tale. "There is no doubt," says Sir Walter Scott, "of the truth of this story, dreadful as it is. The cavern is often visited by strangers; and I have myself seen the place where the bones of the murdered MacDonalds still remain, lying as thick on the floor of the cave as in the charnel-house of a church."

Another anecdote may be told here illustrative of the trivial origin of a feud, which ended in the almost complete extermination of one of the sides. Stewart, the Laird of Garth, had been nursed by a woman named M'Diarmid. This woman had two sons, one of whom was foster-brother to the Laird. The foster-brother was injured in a quarrel with Macivor, the Laird of a portion of Glenlyon. The young man threatened to apply to his foster-brother, Stewart of Garth, who owned the other portion of Glenlyon, for assistance. Garth was about fourteen miles distant, and the young M'Diarmid, accompanied by his brother, at once started to walk the distance. In those days foster-brothers were recognised as being flesh and blood with each other, and Macivor, fearing that the Laird of Garth would espouse his friend's side, ordered a pursuit. The pursuing party came up with the brothers, who, for safety, threw themselves into a deep pool in the Lyon. The foster-brother was, however, desperately wounded, and was drowned in the pool, which retains the name of *Linne Donnel*, or Donald's Pool. The other reached Garth, and, as expected, Stewart at once took up the quarrel, and resolved to avenge M'Diarmid's death. Macivor also mustered his men, and the contending parties met about the middle of the glen. A brief parley ensued between the chiefs, then an incident occurred to which, one would think, Sir Walter Scott must have been indebted for one of the most exciting situations in the "Lady of the Lake"—the scene be-

tween Sir Roderick Dhu and Fitzjames. Stewart and Macivor were engaged in the conference, when Macivor whistled loud, and immediately there started up from behind the rocks and bushes around a number of armed men. They had been concealed before. "Who are these?" asked Stewart, "and for what purpose are they there?" "They are only a herd of my roes that are frisking about the rocks," replied Macivor. "In that case," said Stewart, "it is time for me to call my hounds." The chieftains then retired; the Stewarts took off their sandals preparatory to engaging; and at given signals the clans advanced to the fray. The battle was not an obstinate one—the Macivors soon gave way, and the Stewarts gave chase. Eight miles further up the glen the Macivors rallied and again gave battle. Again they were defeated with great loss. Those surviving fled across the mountains to another part of the country, and Stewart of Garth seized Macivor's lands. Of these he retained undisputed possession, and a Royal Charter for the lands was granted in his favour by James III. at Edinburgh on the 24th of January 1477.

In the West Highlands and the islands beyond, where the state of civilisation was greatly behind that attained by the rest of the country, perpetual warfare reigned, and the atrocities committed were of a barbarous and sickening description. In the north there existed for many years a deadly feud between the Earls of Caithness and Sutherland. About the borders of Inverness and Argyle shires fierce struggles ever and anon took place between the Macallum Mohr, on the one hand, and the Macdonalds of Keppoch, Clan Ranald, and Glengarry, and the Camerons of Lochiel, on the other.

But perhaps there occurred as much fierce fighting in that district which bounded the Highlands from the Lowlands as anywhere else throughout the country. The clans which inhabited that district were on all sides surrounded by foes. Their southern neighbours they regarded as their natural enemies, and were constantly fighting with them. They carried

off their herds, flocks, and crops. *Cearnachs*, or *Caterans*, from the *Badenoch*, *Lochaber*, and other districts also made raids upon the Lowlands, and on their return quarrels often ensued between them and the Border Highlanders. These quarrels led to animosities deep and strong between the Northern and Southern clans, and many a hard struggle was the result.

One of the most noted clan fights recorded in settlement of a feud is that which took place on the North Inch of Perth—actually on Lowland ground, and with the sanction and in presence of Royalty. So celebrated was the struggle and so memorable has it become through the writings of Scott and others, that we presume it is more or less familiar to all our readers, yet we feel we would be guilty of an omission were we not to make a slightly extended reference to it in the present volume.

We have alluded to the dispute between the Macphersons and Davidsons as to their precedence in the Clan Chattan, which comprised the families of Macintosh, Macpherson, Davidson, Macgillivray, Farquharson, Macbean, Macphail, Macqueen, &c. The dispute then referred to is alleged by Shaw, the historian of Morayshire, to have been the origin of the celebrated judicial conflict on the Inch. Sir Walter Scott, in his "*Tales of a Grandfather*," says that the battle was between the Clan Chattan and Clan Kay; but this statement is misleading. It was really fought between two branches of the Clan Chattan—the Macphersons and the Davidsons or Clan Kay, as they were named.

For a long period these rival tribes had kept up a deadly enmity against one another; but it broke out fiercer than ever after the decision of Macintosh against the Macphersons and in favour of Davidson of Invernahavon, and for upwards of ten years a war of extermination was carried on between these families, which kept the whole district in a state of anarchy and disorder. In the year 1396, King Robert III. sent

the Earl of Moray and Lindsay of Glenesk, afterwards Earl of Crawford, two of the leading men of the kingdom, to endeavour to effect a reconciliation between the contending parties. These noblemen, however, signally failed in their humane endeavour, and finally they proposed that their differences should be fought out by the clans in presence of the King. The proposal was adopted, and it was agreed that the question at issue should be decided by combat between 30 of each party. In regard to this proposal Scott says—"Now, there was a cruel piece of policy in this arrangement; for it was to be supposed that all the best and leading men of each clan would desire to be among the 30 which were to fight for their honour, and it was no less to be expected that the battle would be very bloody and desperate. Thus the probable event would be that both clans, having lost very many of their best and bravest men, would be more easily managed in future. Such was probably the view of the King and his counsellors in permitting this desperate conflict, which, however, was much in the spirit of the times."

Whether this was the purpose of the King or not we cannot tell. There does seem to be an air of probability in Scott's supposition when taken in connection with the extraordinary interest he manifested in the struggle. All preliminaries having been arranged, the day of trial—the Monday before Michaelmas—arrived, and the clansmen appeared on the Inch. A noble assembly attended to see the fierce gladiatorial display. The King was present, with his Queen, Annabella Drummond, by his side. They were surrounded by a brilliant galaxy of the Scottish nobility, as well as by noblemen from foreign Courts. These occupied a platform where an uninterrupted view of the whole proceedings could be obtained, and a strong barrier was placed around the arena to prevent the ordinary spectators from interrupting the conflict. Armed with sword and target, bows and arrows, short knives and battle-axes, the warriors at length entered the arena, and glared at each other with looks

of the most deadly hatred. Before the commencement of the fight, however, a circumstance occurred which well-nigh disconcerted the whole arrangements. One of the Macphersons was missing. How, it is impossible now to ascertain, as historians are not at all agreed upon the subject. Some say he fell sick, one that he fled from the ranks and swam across the Tay, and another that he was "priville stolne away." However, a man was wanting, and a pause had to ensue till further arrangements were made. It was proposed that one of the Davidsons should retire from the conflict, that both sides might be again equal, but this they refused. The battle was about to stick through the disparity of numbers, for the King had made up his mind to disperse the meeting, when a new-comer appeared on the scene. This was *Gow Chrom* (or "Crooked Smith"), Henry Wynd, a burgher of Perth, and celebrated by Sir W. Scott in his famous novel, "The Fair Maid o' Perth," as "Hal o' the Wynd." He was a saddler and armourer by trade, and was a little, deformed man, but of a fierce character and possessing much strength, to which he added great proficiency in the handling of the broadsword. Henry at once, it is said, sprang within the arena, and, addressing those assembled, said—"Here am I! Will any one fee me to engage with these hirelings in this stage play? For half a mark will I try the game, provided, if I escape alive, I have my board of one of you as long as I live. 'Greater love,' as it is said, 'hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' What, then, shall be my reward who stake my life for the foes of commonwealth and realm?" Henry got the promise of all he asked, and at once seized a weapon, and entered the lists. A most sanguinary conflict immediately ensued. Both sides felt that not only their own honour, but that of the clans to which they belonged was at stake. They fought in the presence of their King, and what was of more consequence, under the immediate supervision of their chieftains. Everything, then, that art and skill

and wild courage and ferocity could do was done ; and soon the greensward upon which they fought was reddened with the fast-flowing blood from their many wounds. On all sides terrible blows were given and received. Now the tide of success seemed with the Davidsons, and anon with the Macphersons. Then the combatants got locked up in such a seething, whirling, struggling mass that it was impossible clearly to distinguish one party from another. Dead and wounded men now covered the field, but it began to be observable that the most of the fallen wore the tartan of the Davidsons. The prowess of the Macphersons did much against them, but the prowess of the "Crooked Smith" did more. Early in the conflict Henry had killed one of his opponents, an thinking his duty accomplished, retired from the conflict. He was observed doing so by the leader of the Macphersons, and under the promise of a suitable recompense, induced to re-enter the lists. The result of his extraordinary skill in the use of the weapon with which he fought, his strength of body and ferocity of disposition, was that no foe could stand against him ; and at length, after a severe struggle, victory declared for the Macphersons. Twenty-nine of the Davidsons were slain, and nineteen of the Macphersons. All the survivors of the latter were much wounded, with the exception of the redoubtable Smith, who had not received a scratch. Equally fortunate in this respect was the surviving Davidson, who escaped without a cut. " But," says Sir Walter Scott, " this single individual dared not oppose himself to eleven men, though all more or less injured, but throwing himself into the Tay swam to the other side, and went off to carry to the Highlands the news of his clan's defeat. It is said he was so ill received by his kinsmen that he put himself to death." This latter incident will remind readers of Greek history of the fate of Pantites, one of the two survivors of Thermopylæ, who was treated with such contempt on his return to Sparta that he killed himself in despair. Such was the result of the bloody

conflict on the North Inch of Perth ; and ever since the Macphersons have been allowed to take second place among the families composing the Clan Chattan. They have, indeed, claimed the first place, but this, by popular consent, has been assigned to the Macintoshes.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE TARTAN ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

The Highland regiments of to-day are not, as at first, composed of the true-blooded Gael ; but each regiment bearing a clan name, whether wearing the kilt or the tartan trews, knows it has to maintain unbroken an imperishable record of fame. If there are fewer Gordons and Grants, fewer Campbells and Camerons, fewer Macdonalds and Macintoshes, fewer Frasers and Farquharsons, those having other names who rally round the regimental colours in the heat of conflict know they must sustain the character for valour gained in former days by those heroes of the north. The kilted regiments are to-day as they have been for nearly a century and a half—the flower of the British army. On many a hard-fought field has their unexampled courage been displayed, and never has the kilt been disgraced in battle, from its first contest with an enemy at St Antoine, when the Black Watch met the French, to the brilliant assault on the Tel-el-Kebir entrenchments, when the Highland Brigade scattered the Egyptians. They have led the van in many a gallant charge, formed the rallying centre in many a deadly struggle, inspired courage in many a wavering line, and covered with fidelity and honour many a harassing retreat. Again and again have their stern bearing and waving plumes carried dismay into the enemy's ranks, sent them reeling back even when roused with the wild flush of victory, and evoked the admiration of those upon whom they inflicted defeat. Again and again have they won laurels as the custodiers of British honour, and proved themselves the ready avengers of British wrongs.

The instances of their heroism are by far too numerous to be overtaken here. The inscriptions on their flags silently tell the chequered tale. For a hundred and forty years, wherever British arms have been engaged there have the Highland



regiments been in the heat of the fray. In Flanders, in America, in Egypt, the Peninsula, the Crimea, India, Africa, and Afghanistan, their flags have waved, and their bagpipes breathed the wild war music of the hills. "It was impossible to witness such a scene unmoved," wrote a spectator of the march of the 42nd and 92nd out of Brussels on their way to Waterloo. Their firm bearing, their steady step, their fine physique, the martial strain of the bagpipes, and the glitter of their well-polished weapons, threw a charm over eye and ear. And as they comported themselves on the march so did they distinguish themselves in action. But it is needless to go back to almost forgotten times for examples of the prowess of the men of the kilt. We need only refer to the days of Sir Colin Campbell's Highland Brigade in the Crimea, and to the terrible months of fighting in India under Havelock, Outram, and Campbell.

Who has not heard the tale of the Alma? who has not heard or read of the Highland valour displayed on that memorable day? The grim old Brigadier was in command of men with the warm Highland blood in them, but with little experience of fighting. First he caused their hearts to bound with expectancy as he told them that now was a good time "to loose half their cartridges." Then around them arose the wild roar and clangour of battle. The Allied forces were advancing to drive the Russians from the heights beyond the river. First the French army to the right commenced the attack, which rapidly travelled westward, until the "scarlet tide" of British infantry was pressing forward. On through the hail of lead went regiment after regiment—impeded by the river, the rocks, and the forms of falling and fallen comrades whose death-yells sounded in their ears. "Forward—on, on!" cried the officers, and the men with alacrity obeyed. "Forward, the Welsh Fusiliers!" "On, Seventy-Seventh!" "Well done, Eighty-Eighth!" were shouts that rang on the air above the din of battle, and inspired with herosim hearts already

brave. But as yet the Highlanders had not moved. The conflict was desperate. Many of the finest British regiments were engaged in a literal death struggle—hundreds of officers and men being killed and wounded. A weak officer had indeed already cried to the sorely-pressed Guards to retreat, but a soldier stronger in faith shouted—"Let the Scotsmen go on; they'll do the work!" Then Sir Colin spoke the words. "Now, men, be steady—keep silence—fire low! *The army is watching us. Make me proud of my Highland Brigade!*" And the kilted warriors advanced—three regiments against twelve. The 42nd led the way, followed by the Cameron and Sutherland Highlanders in *echelon*. Many a heart swelled with pride as they watched the gallant, white-haired Brigadier lead his invincible countrymen through the valley. Forward they went with long, steady, swinging stride. The "Black Watch" was exposed to a murderous fire, but nothing could stop their swift approach towards the enemy, or repress their eagerness to engage in the terrible death contest. Now, as has been eloquently written, "their tartan ranged dark in the valley;" in a few seconds more the hill had been scaled, and their "plumes were on the crest." Then, like succeeding waves of valour, appeared first the gallant Camerons, and then the 93rd. A few minutes of desperate work and the Highlanders had carried the hill. Volley after volley they poured into the Russian masses before them as they advanced with levelled weapons to complete the rout. The Muscovites were panic-stricken at the terrible sight. Men so appalled they had never beheld before. They regarded the bare-kneed warriors as actual emissaries of the demon of death, and uttered a wail of maddened despair as they turned and fled. Then arose for the first time in the Crimea the true Highland cheer—a wild, ringing cry of triumph which ran along the line till the hill-sides resounded with the warlike echo. A day of brilliant deeds can show nothing more splendid than the bravery of the Highland Brigade at the battle of the Alma.

Let us shift the scene, and watch the conduct of the 93rd Highlanders at Balaclava on the fatal 25th of October. Sir Colin Campbell was Governor of Balaclava, and part of his garrison consisted of his gallant brigade. On the left of his position were posted some 4000 Turks to guard the road to the camp; on their right was the cavalry division, consisting of the Light and Heavy Brigades; and further to the right was the 93rd. At seven in the morning came the alarm that a strong force of Russian cavalry, heavily supported, was carrying the Turkish position. In a moment the British cavalry trumpeters blared out the order to "boot and saddle," and equally prompt was Sir Colin in having the Highlanders under arms. It was soon seen that the alarm was well-founded, and the British horsemen dashed into the valley towards the scene of action. Sir Colin had formed his regiment into line, and waited the turn of events. He could see the Russians driving the Turks before them, and the terror-stricken and fleeing Ottomans, observing the line of Highlanders, rushed in confused masses towards it. Sir Colin formed them up on the flank of his faithful regiment, before whom, he felt, lay a stern and terrible duty. Already, in fierce pursuit, were thundering towards him the whole force of the Russian horse—many thousands in number. But he calmly rode along his line—only 550 strong—saying, as he went, "Remember there is no retreat, men; you must die where you stand." The reply from the ranks was worthy of his confidence—"Ay, ay, Sir Colin; we'll do that." On came the host, squadron after squadron, appearing like "the successive waves of a human sea." Reining up for a little, they gazed with wonder, if not contempt, on the "thin red line." Then on they dashed again, and the affrighted Turks, who had stood shivering on the Highland flanks, fled still further to the rear, leaving the calm, stolid, solitary regiment of Highlanders to meet the onslaught. On rode the horsemen, brandishing on high their swords and lances, straight at Sir Colin's front, and

it seemed as if they would simply pass over the spot as they might over a furze fence. But, as they drew near, there rang out a sharp, clear, stern word of command; calmly, as with a regiment on the parade ground, the Minie rifles were raised and levelled, the black-plumed bonnets drooped a little to the right—a moment spent in taking steady, careful aim—then from flank to flank poured out a withering, deadly volley. As the men calmly and quietly reloaded, the smoke cleared away, and there, not many yards in front, was a confused mass of rolling men and horses, writhing and tumbling in the fearful death agony. Beyond was the remainder of the Russian cavalry galloping off in full retreat, while over the plain rolled the sound of the triumphant Highland “Hurrah!” It was well done—a glorious victory which will never be forgotten. Brilliant as were the deeds which immediately followed—the charges of the Heavy and Light Brigades—deeds unsurpassed in the long annals of British valour, neither of them eclipsed the cool act of bravery displayed by the 93rd.

We need only summarise the details of the conduct of the men of the tartan in India. All who have read the history of the Mutiny and of the reliefs know what was accomplished by the 78th Highlanders under Sir Henry Havelock. Again and again they displayed heroism of the most conspicuous kind. They went forward to avenge the death and outrage of their sisters and wives, mothers and daughters, and of the thousands of brave men who had become the victims of the Sepoy butcheries. Their advance on Lucknow was one long display of determination and valour. Desperately they fought against terrible odds. Then at a later period appeared Sir Colin Campbell as Commander-in-Chief, and under him were again the 42nd and 93rd, the very veterans with whom he had won such honour and distinction in the Crimea. If they sustained their high character amidst the Crimean snows, still better did they behave under the burning Indian sun. Not a man among all these stalwart Highlanders but would have laid down his

life at the old chief's bidding, and he had but to express a desire to see it accomplished. Did he ask them to march for days under a burning sun, without water and with but few rations, it was done without a murmur; did he ask them to remain steady while the enemy poured death into their ranks, not a man would have moved though the heavens should have fallen; did he ask them to charge an overwhelming mass of the enemy, the rapid rush and the terrible clash of conflict was the ready reply; did he ask them to storm a fort, or silence a battery, that fort was carried and that battery silenced, although but a handful returned to tell of the victory won. All credit be given to the brave men of other regiments who bore themselves nobly, or who sold themselves dearly, in the struggle, but history will tell of the tartan-clad warriors who were the saviours of India. Many a weary, sinking heart was cheered into new life by the "slogan of the Hielanders." It was a thrilling war note, which never sounded the knell of disappointment, but which always filled the downcast and despairing with faith and hope.

The conditions of war are changed. Science, and not human valour, is now the one thing needful. So we are told. But still our hearts swell with pride at the sight of a bare-kneed regiment, and at the tale of what it has done. From the Peiwar Kotal, from Candahar, from Majuba's height, and the trenches of Tel-el-Kebir the tale still reaches us of the value of British bravery and of Highland soldiers true to the traditions of their regiment and their flag. So long as the British nation is what it is, courage will be of service in its rank and file, and so long as the tartan covers the loins of the cream of the Scottish regiments, so long will that courage be maintained untarnished and unblemished; and ever, when our Highlanders meet the foe, may we have reason to remember the words of brave old Sir Colin—"These men are mine—ye needna fear for Scotland."

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN.

The Highland Chieftain occupied a position peculiar to the society in which he lived. He was the leader, the father, and the judge of his people. He heard their complaints, and redressed their wrongs. He was their friend and counsellor in time of peace, and their rallying point in the day of battle. They were educated by his wisdom, imbued with his courage, and inspired by the dignity and independence of his bearing.

An ideal Chief was one who was grave and dignified in manner, discreet in his judgments, and generous to all—an honourable enemy and a firm friend. In times when the target was unslung and the claymore hung on the wall, he made the desires and wants of the meanest of his followers his special study. He visited their shielings, and having broken bread with them, invited them to the banqueting hall, that they might in return be feasted. He knew each by name, and was as familiar with their tastes and habits as with those of his own family. In the day of battle, when the blazing fiery cross summoned the clansmen to the meeting-place, when the pipes pealed forth the slogan and the pibroch, and when the bard incited to deeds of heroic valour, the Chieftain was the first on the ground, ready to lead his followers—ready with his trusty weapon and stalwart limbs to dash into the thickest of the fight—ready for victory or defeat—prepared equally to live with his men or with them to die.

The Highland Chief possessed despotic powers. Custom gave him the right to preserve life or to inflict death. His position he held, not because of his peculiar wisdom or because of any faculty which he might possess, but because of his descent.

The clan system was a kind of patrimonial monarchy—each family constituted a separate petty state. The head was the Chief, and every clansman could claim a family relationship either near or remote. Peculiarly enough, the position of the Highland Chief did not depend on his possessions. Though these became lost or forfeited those dwelling on the soil under the new landlord did not give allegiance to the latter. The Chief retained his sway and authority undiminished. And not only so, but if necessary the clan contributed to the support of his family. To him they looked as their head, to him alone they rendered obedience; at his call they assembled to fight, and his leadership they followed.

The authority of the Chief being thus founded upon established custom, and there existing little reasonable probability that his followers would seek to remove it from him, it might be supposed that he would be apt sometimes to exercise his power in an arbitrary way. But this was not the case. The Chief loved, next to his renown, nothing so much as the attachment of his people. It was the universal custom, and a wise one it was, for the Chief to endeavour to strengthen this feeling. He never failed to show gratitude for any special service rendered him by any member of his clan. Upon such he conferred signal benefits, and the spoils of war he shared with all. He thus showed himself to be not a thankless tyrant, but a kind and grateful leader, and an affectionate father of his people. The possessions of a Chief were considered as much the clan's as his own. He had full power and authority over them, but these were only exercised in trust. The clansmen were bound by their customs to render implicit obedience to him; but he had also to see that they were provided for. "The Chief," wrote Captain Burt, "is their leader in clan quarrels, must free the necessitous from their arrears of rent, and maintain such as by accidents are fallen into decay. If by increase of the tribe any small farms are wanting for the support of such additions, he splits others into lesser portions,

because all must be somehow provided for." Burt also mentions—and the statement is borne out by other writers—that the followers of the greatest Chieftains, whenever they met him, insisted on their right to clasp and shake his hand. Being so much dependent on one another, the necessity for keeping up the attachment between a Chief and his followers becomes very apparent; but in many cases it led to bad results. For once that a Chieftain had to go forth and resent an injury done to his clansmen, they had ten times to take up the claymore and engage in his quarrel. The ordinary Gael had, as a general rule, no political bias. As the Chief thought, so thought the clansmen. Where he led they followed. Tennyson's couplet in the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade" represents well the condition of the Highlanders:—

"Their's not to reason why;  
Their's but to do or die."

Whether the position taken up by their leader was honourable or dishonourable was a matter with which the clansman gave himself no concern. His duty was plain and distinct—to follow the Chief—and no power was strong enough to persuade him to relinquish that duty. He stuck to his Chief with unwavering adhesion. The greater the hardship the more pleased he was to suffer, and to lay down his life for his leader's sake he considered the legitimate end for which he had been born. Painful results, however, often followed this unquestioning attachment. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the ordinary Highlanders would have lived as contentedly under the rule of the Hanoverians as under the Stuarts. When Prince Charlie called the clans to arms probably not a man would have stirred in response had the Chiefs remained indifferent. But the leaders rallied round, and they had but to beckon to their men. And when disastrous Culloden was fought and lost, what sufferings did the poor innocent Highlanders endure! They were subjected to cruelties which we can hardly pen. They were butchered as pheasants at a



battue. Their homes were given to the flames, their parents were cast forth homeless to perish on the hillsides, and their sisters' honour was sacrificed to the incontinent desires of a brutal soldiery. This was the price the poor clansmen paid for their fidelity, not to the cause at issue, but to their Chiefs, whom they had sworn to follow.

Every Chieftain was, as already indicated, the supreme judge in the district over which he held patriarchal sway. He regularly held court, before which all grievances were pled, and generally dispensed justice with a fairness and discretion which won the confidence of all concerned. Beside the authority of the Chief, the authority of the King was of little moment. So long as the King's will coincided with that of the Chief, then the King's will was obeyed, but whenever the commands became opposed to each other, that of the Chief became law. Against this principle of action nothing would be tolerated. This was a law which must be held sacred; the sway of the Chief must be arbitrary or it was useless. The greater Chiefs had even their own executioners, who dispensed the last penalty to those adjudged to be deserving of such fell punishment. A remarkable instance of the power of the Chiefs, and one which illustrates the weakness of the imperial law at the time, is related by General Stewart. On one occasion, previous to the Rebellion of 1745, Lord-President Forbes, in journeying from Edinburgh to Culloden, dined at Blair Castle with the Duke of Athole. In the course of the evening a petition was delivered to his Grace. The Duke read it, and turning round to the President said—"My Lord, here is a petition from a poor man whom my Baron Bailie has condemned to be hanged; and as he is a clever fellow, and is strongly recommended to mercy, I am much inclined to pardon him."

"But your Grace knows," said the President, "that after condemnation no man can pardon but his Majesty." "As to that," replied the Duke, "since I have the power of punishing it is but right that I should have the power to pardon." He

then called upon a servant, and said—"Go, send an express to Logierait, and order Duncan Stewart, presently under sentence, to be set at liberty."

The reputedly loyal and deservedly celebrated Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel on a certain occasion took a summary method of resenting Royal interference with his legal "rights." King James, probably to show his authority, directed the Sheriff of Inverness-shire to hold a Court in Lochaber. The Sheriff attended, and found Lochiel in waiting with four hundred sturdy Camerons armed to the teeth. The Chief affected great reverence for the Sheriff and his attendants, but he so acted as to be perfectly understood by his own followers. At length he said—"Is none of my lads so clever as to send this judge packing? I have seen them get up a quarrel when there was less need of one." That moment a brawl got up in the crowd; no one could say where or how it originated. But dirks flashed in the air, and cries of "Murder!" and "Help!" resounded on every side. Two men were killed, a number were wounded, and the sitting broke up in great tumult. The worthy Sheriff, terrified beyond measure at the aspect of affairs, placed himself under the protection of Lochiel, who escorted him to Inverness. Thus Sir Evan got rid of what he considered a troublesome interference with his power.

The greater Chiefs were distinguished from the lesser not by their wealth in land or cattle, not by the splendour of their equipage or the richness of their dress, but by the number of retainers they could bring into the field, and by the number of guests they entertained at their table. For instance, in a memorial which Lord-President Forbes transmitted to the Government in 1745, the importance of the Chiefs is reckoned by the strength of their followers. At this time, and according to the Lord-President's calculation, Argyle could bring into the field 3000 strong fighting men, Athole 3000, the Earl of Sutherland 2000, the Earl of Seaforth and other Mackenzies 2500, the Sinclairs of Caithness 1100, and Breadalbane 1000. A

Chief was once asked regarding the amount of his possessions, when he proudly answered—"I can bring 500 men into the field." In a state of society in which the power of the King was *nil*, the Chieftain's only hope of redress for any injury that might be done him, and his only hope of success in any enterprise in which he might engage, lay in the number of his claymores, and the strength of the arms by which they were wielded.

Before a young Chieftain was honoured as the leader of his people, custom held it to be necessary that he should give a specimen of his valour. The youth was generally attended by a retinue of young men who, like himself, had not previously engaged in any serious affair, and who, to give proof of their courage, were eager of an opportunity of distinguishing themselves. The usual practice was to make some desperate incursion upon the lands of a neighbour with whom the clan was at feud, and carry off the cattle on the land which they attacked, or die in the attempt. The achievement performed, the young Chief and his followers were reputed valorous—the former was judged worthy to lead the clan, and the latter to go with it to battle. "The custom," observes a writer, "being reciprocally used among them, was not reputed robbery; for the damage which one tribe sustained by the inauguration of the Chieftain of another was repaired when their Chieftain came in his turn to make his specimen."

Although the authority of the Chief was absolute in the clan, there were certain restraining influences to which he was subjected. If he should prove of a wild and ungovernable temper, the elders of the tribe, who were his constant councillors, curbed and checked his waywardness. Before any measure of consequence was decided on they were consulted; and the Chief fell in the estimation of his followers if he acted directly contrary to the advice of the sages.

Cases have indeed occurred—although very rarely—in which the native independence of the Gaelic spirit has asserted itself,

and a Chieftain has found himself at a critical moment deserted by his followers. If a Chief was found to be really unfit for his exalted position—if he had by any wanton act degraded himself in the eyes of his clan, he found them to be as bitter enemies as they had hitherto been friends. They would depose him, and elect another in his stead—generally the next in succession. This happened in the case of two Chiefs, both Macdonalds—the one being the Chief of the Macdonalds of Clan Ranald, and the other the Chief of the family of Keppoch. General Stewart relates that an ancestor of his own, a very ferocious Chief, was not only deposed, but imprisoned in the Castle of Garth by his clansmen. He also relates that the clan Mackenzie prevented their leader, the Earl of Seaforth, from destroying Brahan Castle, the family residence. The followers of the Laird of Glenorchy, ancestor to the Marquis of Breadalbane, interfered with his selection of a site for a new residence. He had laid the foundation-stone on a hill near the side of Loch Tay, but his people insisted that the residence should be erected at Balloch of Taymouth, where it now stands. A very remarkable instance of a clan thinking for themselves as against the wishes of their leader occurred not long before the famous battle of Killiecrankie. Lord Tullibardine, eldest son of the Marquis of Athole, collected a numerous body of Athole Highlanders, and handed them over to Lord Lovat, his brother-in-law. These men had been inspired with the chivalrous bravery of Dundee, they had heard of his heroic exploits, his daring in the field, and his condescension and love for the Highlanders. When, therefore, they were informed by Tullibardine that they had been raised to fight for King William against the interests of the abdicated King James, and against Dundee, they with one accord rushed from the ranks, and having drunk to the health of King James from the water of an adjoining stream, again re-formed, and placing themselves under the command of the Laird of Ballechin, marched off to join Dundee. General Mackay, who was de-

feated at Killiecrankie by Dundee, describes these men as "fifteen hundred of the men of Athole as reputable for arms as any in the kingdom."

The Highland Chief is now, however, an institution of the past. There are Highland lairds who assume the title, which is merely the shell without the kernel. For the power and authority of the Chief have long since departed from the ancestral hall, and he is now as amenable to the Imperial law as the poorest subject who lives on his domains.

"Colonel Alexander Ranaldson Macdonnell of Glengarry," says the writer in the *Scottish Highlands*, "who in January 1822 married Rebecca, second daughter of Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Bart., was the last genuine specimen of a Highland Chief. His character in its more favourable features was drawn by Sir Walter Scott in his romance of Waverley as Fergus MacIvor. He always wore the dress, and adhered to the style of living of his ancestors, and when away from home in any of the Highland towns, he was followed by a body of retainers, who were regularly posted as sentinels at his door. He revived the claims of his family to the Chiefship of the Macdonalds, styling himself also of Clan Ranald. In January 1828 he perished in endeavouring to escape from a steamer which had gone ashore." But there are many lairds in the north who still retain all the noble qualities of heart, and generous care for their dependents, which characterised the Chieftains of old, and they are worthy of all honour in their desire to perpetuate the best traditions of an honourable institution.

## CHAPTER X.

### HIGHLAND FIDELITY.

A Highlander considered his honour as of more account than his life. In fact

"His honour was his life ; both grew in one :  
Take honour from him, and his life was done."

While he might be ready at any moment to sacrifice the latter, to the former he clung with a tenacity which death itself was powerless to overcome. And the most marked form in which this adhesion to honour was displayed was in the incorruptible fidelity which he exhibited to his Chieftain, or to any other who might place absolute dependence on his faithfulness. Fidelity was the best ornament in the Highland character ; the brightest and most precious, because most dearly-bought jewel in the coronet of Celtic glory and fame. The hackneyed and well-worn phrase, "a faithful Highlander," glides so glibly off our tongues that we heed not the "world of meaning"—the sterling truth—which the words contain. We may have become so familiar with the idea of Gaelic fidelity that it has long since ceased to strike us as remarkable, but we presume that our Highland friends at least will not be angry with us for recalling this noble trait in the character of themselves and their ancestors. Genuine fidelity, Heaven knows, is a commodity so little current in this grasping commercial world of ours that when it is found it ought not to be hidden or lightly passed by.

That the Highlanders were, after they emerged from their primitive state of utter barbarism, honourable and faithful as a people is a fact which, so far as we are aware, has not been

often disputed. The epithets which have been uttered against them are too numerous and by far too severe for us to repeat here; but this virtue of fidelity has all along borne itself like some proud bird, whose strong pinions carry it with unapproachable majesty and grace beyond the reach of its assailants. To be faithful they were daily taught; to be faithful was an exercise in which they were daily tried. *Fide parta, fide actua* ("acquired by fidelity, increased by fidelity") is the motto of the Mackenzies; and *Fide et fortitudine* ("by fidelity and fortitude") is the motto of the Farquharsons. The people were bred and reared in a moral atmosphere in which fidelity was a quality as essential as bravery. To those curious to learn whence this noble spirit originated, we may remark that it appears to have been the result of a strong feeling of attachment to their first loves, which they could never transfer to any other. Their first home and their first friend, their first lover and their first wife they could never forget; to separate them from either was a trial which years could not obliterate from their memories; and no other attraction could ever fill the vacuum left in their hearts. Thus a Highlander was found to be at one and the same time a brave patriot, a trusty friend, a true lover, and a faithful husband. But as honour to wives and faithfulness to sweethearts are considered by historians and the world as of less consequence to society than love of country and fidelity to leaders, the records which have come down to us of the latter are much more numerous than those of the former.

As an illustration of the dependence which was to be placed on the bare word of a Highlander, it is told that on one occasion a Gael wished to borrow a sum of money from one of the Stewarts of Appin. Stewart agreed to lend the money, and the parties met at Ballachulish to have the cash handed over. When Mr Stewart had counted out the money on the table, the other offered a form of receipt for the amount. "Nay," said Mr Stewart, again lifting the money from the table,

"I'll have no receipts. The man who cannot trust to his own honour without a written paper cannot expect to be trusted by me. I'll not give you the money." With these words he departed, taking the money with him. General Stewart, who is the narrator of the above, also tells of a merchant in the same district who collected his accounts once a year, who never gave nor asked receipts, and who never had occasion to wait but once for his money beyond the day it fell due. He was paid the next morning, however—the debtor, who had been from home, calling before the merchant had got out of bed. The General sarcastically expresses his belief that modern "improvements" in manners and customs have not been favourable to the preservation of the spirit of genuine honesty.

An illustration much stronger than any of these of a Highlander's adhesion to his honour was exhibited on one occasion by an ancestor of Rob Roy—Macgregor of Glenstrae. One day the young Laird of Lamond and Macgregor's son quarrelled, and, blows having been interchanged, young Macgregor was killed. Lamond fled, and some of the Clan Gregor pursued. The hunted man reached the house of the murdered youth's father, and besought protection from his pursuers. He did not, however, state what crime he had committed, and on this point old Macgregor did not question him. "You are safe with me," he simply said, "whatever you may have done." At length the pursuers arrived, and, informing the unfortunate parent that the man he protected had murdered his son, demanded him to be given up. But Macgregor, though grief and rage boiled in his breast, having passed his word, would not break it. "Let none of you dare to touch him," he exclaimed with dignity and firmness. "I have promised him protection, and, as I live, he shall be safe as long as he is with me." He then collected a party of his followers, and escorted the trembling youth home. When bidding him good-bye, the old man said—"Lamond, you are now safe on your own land. I cannot and will not protect you further. Keep away from my



people, and may God forgive you for what you have done." He then turned away, and it was difficult to say which man was the more affected. It was a noble act this of Macgregor's—worthy to be recorded among deeds of most enlightened chivalry.

But the fidelity of the Highlanders went further than honour led. Where honour did not bind they were faithful still. In many cases where their lairds were outlawed for political actions, the tenants supported them and their families. When the estates were forfeited to the Crown, the faithful tenants paid rental to laird and Crown alike. And this was not done without a struggle. Highland farms were not and are not the richest and most easily made payable in Scotland, and two rents were not easily dragged from the soil. But the simple-minded tenants, with a singleness of purpose which cannot be over-appreciated, stinted themselves and their families of food and of clothing that they might be able to send aid to their chief. In this way Cameron of Lochiel and Stewart of Ardsheal were supported by their tenants while they lived in France after the Jacobite rising of 1745. Macpherson of Cluny, compelled to hide among the mountains, was supported for nine years by his tenantry, and after he died they saw to the comfortable maintenance of his widow and family. The widows and families of many other chiefs who had fallen in the struggle referred to were supported in the same generous and noble manner. During the exile of James II. many in Scotland regularly sent him a portion of their yearly income—an old maiden aunt of Flora Macdonald being among the number. To this practice the old lady adhered with religious devotion all her life, and, if our recollection of the story serves us aright, left to him all she possessed when she died.

At the beginning of the 16th century, a very remarkable instance of sterling fidelity to a chief was displayed by the Macintoshes. Hector, their chief, had committed such ravages

on the estate of the Earl of Moray that the King—James V.—granted to the Earl a Commission to proceed to the utmost against him. This Commission, of course, legalised every species of cruelty which the Earl might devise against the Macintoshes; and all who bore a grudge against the clan could have their revenge gratified by placing themselves under the Earl's standard. Moray soon had a considerable force collected, and at once proceeded to wage war against Macintosh. He surprised the clan, and succeeded in taking about three hundred prisoners. Hector Macintosh, however, succeeded in escaping to a secure retreat, the locality of which was perfectly well known to every one of the prisoners whom Moray had in his possession. As the Earl wished to get his hands on Hector, he tried to bribe his prisoners to betray him. But not one would utter a word. He offered to each prisoner the grant of his life if he would but reveal where his leader was hiding; he threatened to hang all if the information was not given. But promise and threat were equally unheeded. Every clansman was faithful, and each of the noble, true-hearted fellows immediately suffered death—choosing rather to die than be guilty of a mean action.

The life of the "Great Montrose" was at one time placed in the hands of a Highlander. When proceeding to the north after his defection from the Covenanting party to raise an army for the King, he was in great danger of being recognised and arrested by his former friends. This would have been a severe blow to the prospects of the Royalists, and every precaution to avoid the contingency had to be adopted. Montrose, therefore, was accompanied by a relative of his own, Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie, and both were under disguise—Montrose leading a spare horse and acting as groom to his relative. To their consternation, however, as they were passing through Athole a man who met them saluted the pseudo groom, and addressed him by name. The Marquis, in alarm, said the man was entirely mistaken. But the latter persisted, and at length

explained that he had previously fought under him. "Do not I know my noble Lord of Montrose?" he concluded. "Ay, well, indeed. But go your way, and God be with you." Not a little agitated, the Marquis hurried on. He was afraid of immediate betrayal. He did not then know the Highlanders so well as he was destined to do; but the faithful fellow was true to his old leader, and would probably have suffered death cheerfully rather than have betrayed him.

An act still nobler than this is recorded of John Macnaughtan, a native of Glenlyon, in Perthshire. John was a servant to James Menzies, the Laird of Culdare. Menzies had been engaged in the Rebellion in favour of the first Pretender in 1715, taken prisoner at Preston, conveyed to London, tried, and condemned to death. He, however, got from the Government a free pardon; and being grateful for this clemency, did not take up arms in 1745, when "Bonnie Prince Charlie" came to "seek his own." But he sympathised with the young hero and with his cause; and in testimony of this sent a handsome charger as a present to the Prince. Macnaughtan, who was the servant entrusted with the delivery of the horse, was unfortunately taken prisoner, and at Carlisle condemned to be executed. The Government officers, however, more eager to secure the person who sent the horse than the agent through whom it was sent, tried to tamper with John's fidelity. They offered him a free pardon if he would give up the name of the person who had sent the horse, and they threatened immediate execution if he refused. But John told them he knew what it all meant. If his life was to be saved it would be at the cost of his master's, and he thought his own the least worthy of the two. They took him out for execution, and renewed their pressure; but the faithful fellow, in this moment of severest trial, was firm. "Are you serious?" he asked. "Do you really suppose me to be a villain? Were I to betray my master and my trust, Glenlyon would be no more a home for me. I would be despised by my kindred,

smitten in my own conscience, and an outcast among mankind. No, no ; I will never betray my master." And with his blood the brave fellow sealed his vow.

Than John Macnaughtan man never laid down his life more heroically, and his example is as worthy of being lauded and remembered as that of any Christian martyr who ever sacrificed his life for that which he held to be dearer.

Instances of devotion in the field are numerous. The Highlanders have ever been famed as brave and devoted soldiers. This character they have always maintained, whether fighting against disciplined foes in a foreign land, or engaged in battle against a neighbouring clan in their own glen. They were a fighting people, and officers of experience knew well, and, we presume, still know, that no higher honour could or can be conferred upon a Highland regiment than to place it at the post of danger, or wherever an opportunity might or may be afforded of displaying its prowess. And he who trusts in their valour is never deceived. An instance of their cowardice must occur before it can be described.

Highlanders never cared to enter the army for a life of ease. General Stewart states that while they were offered and declined twenty guineas bounty to join the fencible regiments and remain at home, they readily accepted twelve guineas to enlist in the regular army and engage in hard campaigning abroad. And even at the time to which the General refers, the draining which the country had previously sustained through the embodiment of some and the recruiting of all of the Highland regiments, men were not so easily obtainable as half a century before. Their attachment to their officers, their obedience to discipline, their unflinching courage in action and under trying circumstances, proved the lealness of their hearts.

At the battle of Inverkeithing, fought between the Royalist troops and those of Oliver Cromwell, the Clan MacLean suffered very severely, upwards of five hundred members having been left dead upon the field. The leader of the MacLeans,

Sir Hector, was severely pressed, and would have been either taken prisoner or cut down but for the fidelity of seven brothers who were fighting beside him. These brave fellows covered their chief from the blows of the enemy, and as one fell another took his place, shouting "Another for Hector." One by one these intrepid clansmen were made to bite the dust, till the lives of the whole were sacrificed; but through their devotion Sir Hector MacLean was saved, and, this result accomplished, not one in the clan would have grudged to lay down his life.

Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel, of whom we shall have more to tell in a future chapter, was in many respects one of the most remarkable men in the Highlands. Whether regarded as a soldier, as a statesman, or as an orator, he was a man towering above his fellows, and Macaulay metaphorically pronounces him to have been the "Ulysses of the Highlands." His actions were blunt and independent, his reasoning terse and incisive, and his manner of redressing his grievances and maintaining his rights of a kind which could be disputed only by the sword. The life of this Chieftain was on two occasions saved by the fidelity of followers, who in each case sacrificed their own in his behalf. It is singular that the men were father and son—the elder being foster-brother to the Chief. During the Cromwellian campaign in Scotland the Protector, as Oliver was termed, gave orders to cut down all the forests in which the insurgents who opposed him could find hiding and shelter from his arms. A garrison was established at Inverlochy, in the centre of Evan Dhu (or Black Ewan's) territory, and an edict went forth that his woods were to be levelled and his cattle destroyed. Lochiel was indignant at such treatment, and resolved to resent the insult and injury whenever offered. He, therefore, determined to watch the movements of the enemy, but as he was anxious not to attract attention to himself, he dispersed all his followers but fifty, with whom he kept close watch on the English garrison. At length three hundred

armed men arrived in two light vessels, and proceeded to disembark at Achdalew to commence their work. As soon as they had landed the English soldiers were attacked by Cameron at the head of his fifty Highlanders, and after a severe battle forced to retire to their boats. The Highlanders entered the water after them, the Chief wading in till he was up to the neck. Once a bullet grazed his head, but during the whole of the struggle his foster-brother had kept near him, and, as a second English soldier took deadly aim at Lochiel, the devoted foster-brother interposed his body between the bullet and his Chief, and was shot dead.

The other instance of this Chieftain's life having been saved by a follower occurred many years after at the battle of Killiecrankie, and, as we have already stated, the hero was a son of the brave clansman just mentioned. Lochiel fought on the side of Dundee, and he and his gallant Camerons were in the very heat of the fray. During the whole of the battle this faithful young follower kept close by his Chief's side, constantly interposing his blade or target to ward off the blows aimed at Lochiel. At length the Chief missed his faithful attendant, and turning saw him lying on the ground with an arrow sticking in his breast. He turned back, and with his dying breath the youth whispered that seeing an enemy aim an arrow from the rear at his Chief he had sprung back and received the shaft in his own body. Burns in his "Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn," exclaims:—

"Oh! had I met the mortal shaft  
Which laid my benefactor low;"

and probably as Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel saw his devoted follower breathe his last, some such sentiment as that uttered by the poet may have risen from his heart, and sought expression by his lips.

When the Highland regiments were first embodied, they were generally commanded by the chief of the district from which the men were taken; and to their officers, as we have

mentioned, the Highlanders showed great attachment, discharging their duties with the same fidelity as if they had been acting to their chief in the capacity of clansmen. An easy familiarity also existed between officers and men, which added greatly to the moral stamina of the regiments, and was probably the secret of the excellent discipline which the Highlanders maintained. On one occasion when General Fraser, a son of Lord Lovat, was addressing a detachment of Camerons in Gaelic, an old man, who had been listening very attentively, walked up to the General, and, shaking him by the hand, exclaimed—"Simon, you are a good soldier, and speak like a man. So long as you live, Simon of Lovat will never die."

General Stewart gives another illustration of this easy familiarity. When he joined the army an old Highland soldier named Fraser was attached to him as his servant. This old man constantly addressed the young officer by his Christian name, and ordered him about as if he had been one of his own boys. The General observes that old Fraser was, notwithstanding this apparent eccentricity, one of the most respectful as well as most faithful of servants.

A very powerful instance of a foster-brother's attachment to his commander is related by Mrs Grant, in her "Superstitions of the Highlanders." Captain Fraser, of the Black Watch, was present as a volunteer at the unfortunate and unsuccessful assault on Bergen-op-Zoom, and was accompanied by his foster-brother. A party was directed one night to attack and destroy a battery which the enemy had erected, and Captain Fraser went to join the affray. The Captain ordered his foster-brother, who acted as his servant, to remain in the garrison till his return. As the party were feeling their way forward in the darkness Captain Fraser suddenly felt his path impeded. He put down his hand quickly, and, catching hold of the corner of a plaid, held fast its owner, who lay grovelling at his feet. He drew his dirk, and was about to plunge it into the man's body, when, to his surprise, there arose from the prostrate form the

imploring voice of his foster-brother. "What the devil brought you here?" angrily demanded the Captain. "Just love of you and care of your person," was the reply. "Why so, when your love can do me no good? And why should you encumber yourself with a plaid?" "Alas!" replied the faithful fellow, "how could I ever see my mother had you been killed or wounded, and I not been there to carry you to a surgeon or to a Christian burial? and how could I do either without my plaid to wrap you in?" Upon inquiry it was found that the devoted Highlander, with characteristic fidelity, had crawled out between the sentinels on his hands and knees and followed the party. When he had reached his master he had again dropped to his knees, that he might unobserved be near to guard him from the weapons of the enemy, and had been accidentally discovered in the way we have described.

The gallant author of the "Sketches of the Highlanders" says somewhere that he has frequently observed Highland soldiers differ with their officers in reference to the supply of rations or the want of a halfpenny in their pay; and yet, ere the day was done, he has witnessed the same men surround their officer when hard pressed, fight like lions that he might be protected, throw themselves between him and levelled muskets, and cheerfully die, if their death in any way contributed to his safety. He also relates an incident of a Highlander whose officer was shot down in the midst of an engagement. The brave fellow was determined to recover his dead commander's remains for burial; and when the regiment to which he belonged retired he managed to obtain the body, and dragged it behind him down a hill for upwards of a mile. Here he was compelled to leave it, and when he and a few companions returned to the spot sometime afterwards, they were delighted to find the officer not dead, but breathing. They carried him tenderly into quarters, where, under the surgeon's treatment, he was soon able to rejoin the ranks. The brave soldier's devotion was thus the means of saving the officer's life.



We have one more illustration of true military heroism to lay before the reader—an incident which is well entitled to a prominent place in the traditions of the gallant 71st (Macleod's Highlanders). In the heat of the fight men will execute brave deeds without reckoning the cost. Their whole surroundings incite them to do so, and a deed of heroism may be performed in a merely mechanical manner. A severe trial, when all excitement has ceased, and when death is staring one in the face, is more difficult to endure. But the men to whom we refer triumphantly stood the test. In September 1780 over one hundred men of Lord Macleod's regiment were thrown by Hyder Ali into an Indian dungeon. Officers and men were chained together, and for three years they remained immured in their gloomy prison. The food handed to them was unwholesome rice, which acted as a slow poison. Day by day they sank under the torture to which they were subjected, but they never relinquished either their allegiance or their religion. Ever and anon some comrade succumbed to the cruelties to which they were subjected, and all were slowly pining away. Daily they were offered freedom and riches if they would give up the bonnet for the turban, and Christianity for Mahomedanism. But the gallant fellows, who were prepared to endure to the bitter end, flinched not. Neither, in the midst of their trial, did their generous attachment to their officers waver. Every day, as their scanty, poisonous rations were handed in, they secretly selected the best and most wholesome portions, and these they placed before their officers, retaining the more morbid scraps for themselves. What was the result of all this? When they were at length restored to liberty only thirty survived, and among the thirty was *every officer who had entered the dungeon* / Fidelity could do no more than this. These brave fellows, courageous in the field as ever were the sons of Spartan mothers, could exhibit a generous sympathy, a power of endurance and moral firmness worthy of the admiration of all who place a value upon genuine heroism. "It was not theirs,"

says a writer, "to meet death in the field of honour, while the mind, wrought up with fervid eagerness, went forth in search of him. They saw his slow approach, and, though sunk into languid debility, such as quenches the fire of mere temperament, they never hesitated at the alternative set before them."

These instances show the general characteristics of the people. They were ever faithful and true to their trust. To betray a friend was an act sufficient to disgrace themselves and their families in their own eyes and in the eyes of all others. Happily it was a species of degradation which the Gael seldom or never suffered. Poor, uneducated, untutored, ignorant savages we may in the abundance of our self-sufficiency term them, but we should always remember that they held as common-place points of virtue which we now laud to the skies. Fidelity and honour, generated with their being and growing with their growth, were among them universal.

As we have repeatedly said, however, the eventful period after Culloden was that in which the fidelity of the Highlanders was tried to the utmost. But as stars shine the clearest in a dark sky, so did the integrity of the clansmen become the more strongly displayed the more severe the trial to which it was subjected.

Bribes were offered them by the hundred—bribes, too, the possession of which would have made the common clansmen richer than their chiefs; but we will search history long before finding a single instance of the reward of infidelity being claimed or earned. A second Samson would be a wonder no greater than an unfaithful Highlander. What trials and sufferings the outlawed chiefs must have endured after their overthrow on Drum Mossie Moor! Skulking in caverns, sleeping on the moss, destitute almost of clothing and of food, they had to elude the eye of their pursuers for weeks and months and years. During these trying times what a history must have been theirs, and of them what tales of thrilling adventure could be told! But the veil has never been raised. The movements

of the outlaws were indeed known to many, but they were those who would sooner have died than breathe a whisper which might taint the air with danger.

The history of the long years during which Macpherson of Cluny lay concealed in the caves and morasses of his own estate remains to be written. The most meagre snatches only of the events have been penned. A tithe of the incidents which befell him during his nine years of hiding have never been revealed. His every movement was known to his faithful clansmen ; but all the pressure that an anxious and not over-scrupulous Government could bring to bear upon these simple people never made them swerve in their fidelity. The outline of the history is now, of course, known ; but the details are in great measure wrapt in the mist of speculation. The subject offers to the pen and imagination of the novelist congenial work and profitable study. In the hands of Sir Walter Scott, Macpherson of Cluny would have proved a hero greater than ever strode the streets of Sparta or Rome, and his adventures in the wilds of Badenoch would have furnished to the novelist a dressing of incident so brilliant that the work would certainly have added to the great romancer's fame.

The story as we have it we shall briefly tell. Cluny Macpherson of Cluny was one of the most devoted followers of the young Pretender, and was present and did good service at many of the battles between the Jacobites and Hanoverians. He became a marked man ; and when the tide of victory on the field of Culloden at length declared itself with the hosts of Cumberland, Macpherson, who with his clan had been hurrying to join the Pretender's ranks, found it necessary for his safety to take to hiding. He wandered about among the wilds for a time, uncertain as to where he might ultimately find a place of security. At length, however, he fixed upon a spot in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain, called Letternilichk, which formed a part of the greater Benalder. This place was remarkably well situated to afford perfect security

to the outlaw, and in it he had for a time as companions Cameron of Lochiel and the outlawed Prince himself. This habitation Cluny named the "Cage." It was an artificial cave in the midst of a small and thick plantation of wood, and was ingeniously formed by his own clansmen, who worked only during the night, and conveyed all the stones and rubbish to a lake in the neighbourhood, into which they were flung, so that no trace might be left to betray their master. Inside there were by chance two long stones standing upright next the precipice. These formed the chimney, and the smoke was conveyed upwards and dispersed along the face of the rocks. The smoke was also, by judicious use of combustibles, made to so nearly resemble the rocks that it was almost completely invisible, its appearance being scarcely observable in the clearest day. After Lochiel and the Prince had left him to his solitude, Cluny's whereabouts became suspected by his enemies, and a strong force of military was sent to hunt him down. The soldiers knew that he was concealed on the estate, but they were baffled to discover where. They coaxed, they threatened, they endeavoured to bribe the outlaw's followers, but not a word was spoken which could lead them to discover a clue. £1000 reward was offered to any one who would reveal where Cluny was concealed. £1000 was a sum in these days worth ten times its present value. It could have been gained by hundreds, and yet not one betrayed his trust. And the losing of the reward was not all. Every clansman knew that by conniving to conceal the outlaw he placed his own life in the balance. But the knowledge of the sacrifice which they might be called upon to make never for one moment caused them to turn aside from the straight though dangerous line of honour and of duty. For two whole years Sir Hector Munro, then a lieutenant in the 34th Regiment, with a large party, remained in Badenoch, scouring the country every day. Eighty men were constantly prowling around, now near and now distant from the place of his concealment, but they could never hit

upon the spot. They burned the outlaw's house, and his lady gave birth to a child—afterwards Colonel Macpherson—in a limekiln, temporarily fitted up for her accommodation. But they were utterly baffled in the one object of their mission. "Though the soldiers," says General Stewart, "were animated with the hope of the reward, and though a step of promotion to the officer who should apprehend him was superadded, yet, so true were his people, so strict to their promise of secrecy, and so dexterous in conveying to him the necessaries he required in his long confinement, that not a trace of him could be discovered, nor an individual found base enough to give a hint to his detriment."

The soldiers were never idle. They were always on the alert, and did not miss a single chance which offered itself. Cluny, doubtless wearied with the monotony of his confinement, so irksome to his chafing spirit, and probably becoming a little reckless as time wore on, sometimes ventured, after night-fall, to leave his "Cage" and pass a few hours in the society of his wife and friends; and on one occasion he was so nearly captured that he was just escaping by a window at the back as the military were breaking open the door at the front. At other times he ran similar risks. By-and-by, however, when nine long weary years had passed away, and there appeared no hope of his bettering his condition in this country, Cluny secretly removed to France, and there joined his Prince, who, it is alleged, had asked him to go. The trials and vicissitudes he had undergone, however, had completely undermined his naturally vigorous and healthy constitution, and he had spent but a year in the new country when death put a period to his troubles.

As we intend further on to deal with the subject of Prince Charlie's wanderings, our present allusion to that exciting theme must be short. The whole history of his remarkable adventures bears testimony to the fidelity of the Highlanders, but there are one or two incidents whose nature fairly

entitle them to come within the scope of the present paper. The connection of Flora Macdonald with the Prince might be mentioned, but we reserve it for special attention and special treatment.

During his five months' wanderings after Culloden, before his escape to France, nothing could have saved the Prince from falling into the hands of his enemies but the incessant watchfulness and incorruptible fidelity of those by whom he was surrounded and supported. He was often reduced to the greatest extremity of fatigue, unable of himself to have made the slightest effort to escape from the dangers by which he was constantly beset, and yet there were always those near who never wearied in giving him assistance, and who never grudged to suffer if they could but save him a pang. The price set upon his head was £30,000, but even this sum was insufficient to corrupt the Gaelic honour. Two incidents we shall relate as illustrating how faithful the Highlanders were to his person and interests. The first is the case of a young man named Roderick Mackenzie, the son of an Edinburgh goldsmith, who had been in the Prince's army, and who took a delight in personating Charles, whom he much resembled. The similarity is said to have been quite remarkable, and the heroic youth conceived the idea of taking advantage of this circumstance to help his Prince. When the latter was hunted so closely after Culloden that his capture appeared daily imminent, and his escapes perfectly miraculous, Mackenzie always kept near him, and on various occasions by showing himself diverted the attention of the troops from the Royal fugitive, and caused them to pursue in a direction opposite to that which the Prince had taken. He trusted to escaping himself by making his way through passes, woods, and morasses where he could not be followed but with the greatest difficulty. For a time by acting in this manner he was of the greatest service to Charles, and the final adventure of the devoted youth was perhaps the greatest service of all. One day he met a party of

soldiers, and immediately turned and retired. The soldiers followed, and the young man intimated by his manner that he was the Prince, and the object of their search. That day, however, his usual good fortune forsook him. The soldiers, maddened, doubtless, with previous failures, tired of the harassing, toiling marching through the wild Highlands, and eager for the reward offered for the Prince's head, pursued with an eagerness from which there was no escape. They came up with him, and though he defended himself with a valour worthy of a spirit so noble and a purpose so high, he was shot down. In his mortal agony he did not forget the position he had assumed, but exclaimed deprecatingly to those by whom he was surrounded—"Ah, villains! you have slain your Prince!" This incident was of much service to the Pretender. Mackenzie's head was taken off, and displayed as that of the Prince. Vigilance was for a brief time relaxed before the trick was discovered, and in the meantime Charles had been enabled to move beyond the region of immediate danger.

The concluding incident in connection with the Prince to which we shall at this moment refer is the following:—Charles was closely pressed by the Government troops, and had no companions but Macdonnell of Lochgarry and an Irishman, of whose name we are ignorant. They had been for two days among the mountains of Lochaber, lying out during the night, and without tasting any food. Being reduced to this sad extremity, the three consulted together as to the steps to be taken, and Charles proposed to go down to a hut or cave at some distance, into which he had observed several men enter in the morning. Macdonnell tried to dissuade him from doing this. He said he might be exposing himself to great danger, as the men had rather a suspicious appearance. The Prince, however, replied that he had reposed confidence in Highlandmen under similar circumstances, and he was not afraid to do so now. He went, accompanied by his companions, to the cave, and found six men sitting round a great stone, on which

was placed some beef for their dinner. Despite the gaunt appearance and tattered costume of the Prince, one of the men recognised him, but being afraid to trust his companions with the knowledge cried out—"Oh, Dougal Mahony, I am glad you have come? Sit down and dine with us. I wish the Prince had as good." The Prince, acting on the hint, did not further reveal himself, but sat down and took a share of the dinner, which he relished most heartily indeed. When the repast was finished the man who had spoken led the Prince aside, and asked whether he would be pleased to trust his companions with the knowledge of his identity. The Prince replied that from them he had no desire to conceal himself. The man then explained that they were outlaws, living upon whatever they could lay hands on and carry off, but he was sure not one of them would seek to enrich himself by sacrificing the life of his Prince. He then informed his companions separately that it was the Prince who was present, when each rushed to his side and vowed eternal fidelity. He told them of his straitened circumstances, and they offered to share with him their rude home. This he accepted, and stayed with them for about three weeks. During that period they showed the most firm and unalterable attachment. To procure the Prince a change of dress, they waylaid and killed the servant of an officer who was on his way to Fort William with his master's baggage. The baggage they took, and with its contents supplied the Prince with a suitable disguise. One of them even ventured into Fort Augustus, and obtained information as to the movements of the troops which were in pursuit of the Royal outlaw. Sir Walter Scott relates that the faithful fellow "brought back in the singleness of his heart, as a choice regale to the unhappy Prince, a pennyworth of gingerbread!" When the time arrived at which it was necessary for Charles to depart, the faithful outlaws were loth to let him go. With them they felt he was safe; away from them they feared the dangers to which he might be exposed. They assured him that the moun-



tains of English gold which were placed as a price upon his head would never induce them to betray him ; and Charles, firmly impressed with their devotion, took two of them with him to act as his guards and guides.



## CHAPTER XI.

### JOHN BROWN.\*

Before dismissing the subject of Highland fidelity, we think it desirable to introduce here an illustration in our own day, which is worthy of being compared with the best examples of the past. The late John Brown, Her Majesty's famous gillie, was a living proof that this strong virtue of fidelity, this leading characteristic of the Highland character, still survives. John Brown must indeed have been a remarkable man, presenting in himself an epitome of the virtues. He occupied a position unique in modern times, one requiring rare delicacy, tact, and judgment in its maintenance—a position of the highest honour and trust—which apparently owed nothing to external influence, but everything to his own peculiar character. He was a humble servant, yet his mistress called him "friend." Apparently a mere menial, his place in the Queen's estimation was higher than that of noble or contemporary sovereign. He was the faithful one who was never absent from her side. For years he had been her constant companion in all her outings, and, while never yielding to the most distinguished courtier in the respect of his manner, was perhaps the only one among all the brilliant galaxy by which the person of her Majesty is surrounded who dared to address her in the language of familiarity, or to whom Her Majesty ever descended from the high pedestal of royalty. Strong in the consciousness of his own high qualities of manhood, as being something beyond the common ornamentations of titledom, he recognised in his Royal

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mistress those attributes of true womanhood which are native to the heart, which neither sceptre nor crown can lend, and so instinctively addressed the woman and not the crown—respected the Royal character rather than the sceptre which is the cynosure of the Court. His language and demeanour were thus ever the same—blunt, plain, honest. To others he was the same. “What’s wrang wi’ the woman?” he is alleged to have exclaimed one day to an imperious lady of title whom he met in great distress at having lost something. Straightway the grand dame, highly offended at the familiarity, sought the presence of the Queen, and complained that Brown had called her “a woman.” “And pray what are you?” inquired Her Majesty, more in sympathy with the servant than the lady.

It is not necessary to sketch at length the career of the famous gillie. A Crathie farmer’s son, he was not born to any high position. Indeed, it was misfortune which first placed him on what proved to be the path to distinction and honour. While but a lad at work in the neighbourhood, he went one day without leave to help his father in the peat moss, and was dismissed on returning to his usual occupation next day. He quickly got employment in the Royal stables at Balmoral, where his demeanour and appearance attracted the attention of Prince Albert, whose keen eye to character was a distinguishing feature, and who also probably saw the promise, if not the presence, of uncommon qualities in the lad. He was selected as a gillie, and proved an admirable servant in this capacity. Strong and athletic, he could endure an enormous amount of fatigue, and walk over the hills at a rate that was prodigious—keeping up with the ponies of the Royal party without apparent difficulty. He ultimately got special charge of the Queen’s pony, and proved himself a most useful servant. He was ever at his post, watchful, alert, and dexterous—neither brawling mountain torrents nor precarious footways proving impassable if his careful guidance and strong arm were called into request. Speaking of him in those days, Her Majesty says he was “so

handy and willing to do anything and everything, and overcome every difficulty." When the Royal party took a journey *incog.*, Brown was with them, and scarcely ever, by look or sign, gave indication of the distinguished character of those he served. He was always respectful, yet never servile—always useful, yet never obtrusive—always silent and discreet, yet betraying no sign of the time-serving self-seeker. It became quickly apparent that Brown was a man whose fidelity and worth would bear a far stronger strain. His trustworthiness was beyond question; his capacity to serve well was equally proved, and he quickly became promoted to the position of attendant upon Her Majesty—"out of doors everywhere in the Highlands." From this there was but one step higher, and this he reached in 1864, when he was appointed personal attendant to the Queen on all occasions. From then till his death he had, in the words of the *Court Circular*, "never once absented himself from his duty for a single day."

The place, as we have said, was one of extreme delicacy. He was, as it were, the shadow of the Royal person—hearing all, knowing all, yet deaf to all, and knowing nothing. What an eagerly sought-for volume would have been—"Twenty Years' Recollections of Court Life," by John Brown. What a revelation of scheming and plotting, jealousy and rivalry among those in high places. What fawning and pleading, what tricks and subterfuges must he have witnessed in the struggle for favour, and place, and power. He was no dull lout who sat behind the Queen's carriage, who attended her in her walks, who stood behind her at the banqueting table; but a clear-headed, shrewd man of the world, with alert understanding and keen intelligence, who could measure and compute the mental and moral lights which flickered round the throne. Yet his word was never heard, and the volume of "recollections" will never find its eager purchasers; for John Brown, we dare affirm, was too discreet a man to keep a diary. He was himself the object of jealousy and suspicion. Many in

high position would have given much to have been so near the Royal ear as Brown, and to have had the privilege, as he had, of offering suggestions which had not been invited. But he was trusted because he never betrayed his trust—he had the Royal ear because he never tried to turn its listening to personal advantage nor to the injury of others. Thus he maintained his place, amid all the changing scenes of Court life at home and abroad, unmoved amidst envy, spite, and calumny. In busy London, with its undercurrent of discontent and social madness, his duty was that of a watchful hound guarding his mistress from disturbance or attack. With his arm to lean on, with his stalwart form between her and danger, she felt safe wherever she went. In the Highlands he recalled old scenes and stirred old memories of dearly beloved times gone for ever. Associated with the Queen in her happy days of wifehood among the Braemar wilds, he remained with her when the cloud of widowed desolation darkened and saddened her life. He had been attached to the loving couple when, released from the strict conventionalities of Court life, they had laid aside title and rank, and rambled about as simple Victoria and Albert over the Scottish mountains and by the moorland lochs and rivers. He had never changed, and in her frequent visits to her Highland home the Queen would doubtless regard him as a near associate of the happiest of those bygone days.

He was more than a servant, more than a companion. He was a "real friend," and the Queen has been at pains to let this be known, alike when he lived and after his death. In the early days of his attachment to her person, while he was yet nothing but the mere gillie, she again and again expressed her admiration of the manner in which his simple services were rendered. In her charmingly, and sometimes affectingly, written "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands" she repeatedly refers to the favourite gillie. "As for Grant and Brown," she remarks, "they are perfect—discreet, care-

ful, intelligent, attentive, ever ready to do what is wanted; and the latter particularly is handy, and willing to do everything and anything, and to overcome every difficulty, which makes him one of my best servants anywhere." Again, in describing her second visit to the Duke of Athole, she says—"A very few minutes brought us to the celebrated ford of the Tarff (Poll Tarff, it is called), which is very deep, and after heavy rain almost impassable. The Duke offered to lead the pony on one side, and talked of Sandy for the other side, but I asked for Brown (whom I have far the most confidence in) to lead the pony." A very flattering reference indeed is found in a footnote attached to an account of the Royal visit to Loch Muick. The note says that Brown is "the same who in 1858 became my regular attendant out of doors everywhere in the Highlands, who commenced as gillie in 1849, and was selected by Albert and me to go with my carriage. In 1851 he entered our service permanently, and began in that year leading my pony, and advanced step by step by his good conduct and intelligence. His attention, care, and faithfulness cannot be exceeded, and the state of my health, which of late years has been sorely tried and weakened, renders such qualifications most valuable, and indeed most needful in a constant attendant upon all occasions. He has since (in December 1865) most deservedly been promoted to be an upper servant, and my permanent personal attendant. He has all the independence and elevated feelings peculiar to the Highland race, and is singularly straightforward, simple-minded, kind-hearted, and disinterested, always ready to oblige, and of a discretion rarely to be met with."

The above was written many years ago, but time had not diminished the regard of the Queen for her faithful attendant. In the *Court Circular* issued on the day after he died are the following "inspired" lines:—"An honest, faithful, and devoted follower, a trustworthy, discreet, and straightforward man, possessed of strong sense, he filled a position of great and

anxious responsibility, the duties of which he performed with such constant and unceasing care as to secure for himself the real friendship of the Queen." It is further said :—"To Her Majesty the loss is irreparable, and the death of this truly faithful and devoted servant has been a grievous stroke to the Queen." The extent of her regard and the greatness of her grief found full expression in the thoughtful instructions she gave concerning his funeral, in the inscription, written by her own hand, on the wreath of spring flowers which she sent to be laid on his coffin :—"A tribute of loving, grateful, and everlasting friendship and affection from his truest, best, and most faithful friend, Victoria R. and I.;" and in the erection of the tombstone over his grave, and the feeling language expressed thereon.

John Brown's social position was humble indeed compared with that of many thousands of personages in the State with whom he came more or less in contact. Yet few men have earned for themselves higher encomiums, and we are safe to say that, of the many distinguished courtiers who have passed away during the reign of Queen Victoria, there is none of whose loss she has spoken with such heartfelt expressions of regret. The reason is not far to seek. The Throne is constantly surrounded by those high in rank, great in intellect, and varied in accomplishment. Of such there are always more eager for favour and preferment than circumstances will accommodate, and, when one goes, another quickly arises to fill his place. It is, besides, an artificial crowd in an artificial atmosphere; and, when there is removed one who has been distinguished solely for his honest worth, one who had no rank but that of his common manhood, no accomplishment save that of fidelity to duty of the highest kind, yet stood in the Royal estimation higher than all the others of the group, a blank is left which few are able to fill. Among all the crowd there are so few genuine men—so few whose lives will stand the crucial tests under which honest John Brown triumphed. He was no mere

"upper servant," but the companion of one who, as the *Spectator* after his death remarked, is peculiarly lonely. A naturally simple-minded, motherly woman, with a keenly sensitive and peculiarly affectionate nature, the Queen is set on a high place above the common run of humanity, and can never be addressed as other women are. She is "hedged round" by an "impenetrable etiquette." All this honest John respectfully broke. He could show Royalty nothing but plain, civil, blunt devotion. Preserving his own characteristics through all his days of Court life, he never got spoilt, even to the extent of adopting the southern tongue. He spoke as he thought—even in Her Majesty's presence saying roundly and roughly—sometimes indeed hardly politely—just what he would have said had she been absent.

As an example of a true Highlander he has had in our day no equal. He came of a race rich in their records of unflinching devotion and fidelity, whose constancy to duty has run like a bright streak of gold through dark ages of trouble and persecution, but till now in reference to none so humble has the Queen of England come down from her high position and in simple accents declared to her own people—"My friend is dead—the loss can never be repaired." It is a touching tribute, better than the victor's sword or the statesman's order. With all the faithfulness that man can display he served his Queen; and his pure, simple worth found him favour which kings might envy. He had qualities that would have advanced him in any station in life, and the lesson of his career and of Her Majesty's feeling words will not soon be forgotten.



## CHAPTER XII.

### THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

There are events in history which we can never but regard with the deepest interest, and we have always a lingering desire to gaze upon the scenes of their occurrence. The story of the noble effort of the Athenians under Miltiades against the Persian hosts of Darius has come down through many ages, and Marathon has but to be mentioned to strike the heroic chord in our nature. The mere name of Thermopylae, where Leonidas and his brave Spartans, fighting against the army of Xerxes, were sent to "sup with Pluto," brings before our mind such an example of self-sacrifice and unwavering adhesion to principle as the world has rarely witnessed. At Waterloo, a power which seemed invincible was by one supreme effort overthrown, and tens of thousands rush to feed their morbid curiosity by gazing on the scene of conflict. At home we look with a melancholy interest on Flodden Field, on which the flower of Scotland's chivalry were left to fatten the ground. Bannockburn we regard with a fond pride that moves our heart, and Culloden is interesting as the spot on which a dynasty was crushed.

But to Glencoe attaches an interest of a peculiarly melancholy nature. Here was committed in the name of the Royal authority one of the most infamous and murderous deeds by which history's page was ever blackened—a deed that for inhuman cruelty and vengeful blood-thirstiness was never equalled among the most barbarous outrages of the clans in the most lawless times. Aided by its remote situation, its dark and gloomy aspect, the "Glen of Weeping"—for such, strangely enough, is the translation of Glencoe—conjures up

in the mind of the beholder a weird, romantic feeling which magnifies the interest attaching to the spot ; and in our day, by means of railway and steamboat arrangements, which bring it within easy access of the great centres of Scotland and England, thousands annually visit the glen to view the scene of a piece of villany so eminently atrocious.

We feel the difficulty of laying before the reader a faithful and accurate description of Glencoe. Words can but feebly paint its dismal appearance and solitary state—it must be seen to be realised in all its awe-inspiring, impressive grandeur. Twice we have paid it a visit. Once when a July sun, shining in brightest splendour, had dispelled the brooding mists, and revealed the high rugged summits of the hills, white with the glistening snow, and how silent and desolate it appeared ! Again, we saw it when a storm was raging in the glen, and each leaping waterfall strove to drown with its mighty rush the Cona's sullen roar. From each crag and corrie leaped the foaming flood. Down it dashed, bubbling and writhing over each serried rock, till strange sounds mingling with the buffeting of the tempest seemed to suggest that the deserted glen had become again filled with life, and that the fury of a new warfare was being expended within its bounds.

Glencoe is situated at the northern extremity of Argyleshire, and opens out at the inner end of Loch Leven, a beautiful sea loch which running far inland separates the counties of Argyle and Inverness. Entering the Glen from its lower end—a short distance from Ballachulish, which Professor Blackie has felicitously described as “a bit of English beauty sleeping in the midst of Highland grandeur”—one is not immediately impressed with its sterile wildness. On the left, in the midst of some trees, is the house of Invercoe, where the old chief of the Macdonalds was murdered on the fatal night when Stair's hounds were let loose to feast on blood. Here the scenery is delightful. Above towers the “Pap of Glencoe,” and behind glistens the pure blue waters of Loch Leven, which mirror in

their pellucid depths the rich woodland fringing their borders, and the terraced mountains which stretch away to the westward. "All round about Ballachulish and Invercoe," writes Professor Wilson, in his essay on "Highland Scenery," "the scenery of Loch Leven is the sweetest ever seen overshadowed by such mountains; the deeper their gloom the brighter its lustre; in all weathers it wears a cheerful smile; and often while up among the rocks the tall trees are tossing in the storm, the heart of the woods beneath is calm, and the vivid fields they shelter look as if they still enjoyed the sun. Nor closes the beauty there, but even animates the entrance into the dreadful glen—Glencoe." A little further within the glen, and when the bold bleak hills are beginning to loom up before you, on your right can be seen the farm-house of Inveruggen, celebrated as that in which Campbell of Glenlyon stayed—for we cannot believe that he slept—during the early part of the night of the horrible massacre. A mile or more further up is Auchnachoin, where the fearful work of death was carried on under the direction of Sergeant Barber. It is a bit of green level meadow, and the remains of the huts inhabited by the slaughtered Macdonalds can still be distinctly seen. The traveller is now fairly within the glen, and the scarred, frowning mountains surround him on every side. Peak rises beyond peak, and huge rents here and there reveal dark yawning corries behind. Rarely, indeed, are these mountains without their "robe of clouds and coronet of snow;" and as one with subdued feelings casts his eyes upwards to the jagged summits the reflection comes home to his mind that he is gazing upon heights which have never been trodden by human foot.

Macaulay's description of Glencoe has long been regarded as an admirable specimen of descriptive writing. "Mists and storms brood over it," he says, "through the greater part of the finest summer; and even on those rare days when the sun is bright, and there is no cloud in the sky, the impression made by the landscape is sad and awful. The path lies along a

stream which issues from the most sullen and gloomy of mountain pools. Huge precipices of naked stone frown on both sides. Even in July the streaks of snow may often be discerned in rifts near the summits. All down the sides of the crags heaps of ruin mark the headlong paths of the torrents. Mile after mile the traveller looks in vain for the smoke of a hut, or for one human form wrapped in a plaid, and listens in vain for the bark of a shepherd's dog or the bleat of a lamb. Mile after mile the only sound that indicates life is the faint cry of a bird of prey from some storm-beaten pinnacle of rock. The progress of civilisation, which has turned so many wastes into fields yellow with harvests, or gay with apple blossoms, has only made Glencoe more desolate."

George Gilfillan also, in papers communicated to the *Dundee People's Friend* in August 1870, describes Glencoe in powerfully eloquent language. Speaking of it when the "glare of intensest summer glory lay upon the landscape," he says—"Its proud summits, its deep and giddy ravines, its specks and streaks on rivers of unmelted snow, its placid lake, its one stream uncoiling like a serpent in the sun, its scattered but intense patches of green, its few ferns and trees, terror-stopped as they were climbing its shaggy sides and approaching the foot of its tremendous precipices—were all shown, and glorified as they were shown, in the brilliant sunshine. The valley smiled under the radiance—but it was a smile which only a Glencoe could have given—stern, severe, haughty—the smile of a king—how distinct from laughter!—with dignity overpowering joy, and condescension exceeding dignity—such a smile as lofty and somewhat gloomy natures may give, and almost despise themselves for giving! It seemed to say—I am Glencoe in summer, but I am still Glencoe—the glen of gloom, with the memory of massacre and the quenchless but hopeless thirst for vengeance as my everlasting companions."

Again, he saw it in mist as "Gloomy Glencoe;" but, while much of the view was lost, he writes that "it was still Glencoe

—but Glencoe abridged, mutilated, shorn, although unspeakably grand and awful. It was still the face of the Old Prophet; but now it was covered with a mantle. A gentleman we met had seen it the day before one wide and fierce wave, rain falling in concert with a thousand cataracts. But whether in sunshine, in mist, or in rain Glencoe is always the ‘only one,’ the secluded, self-involved, solemn, silent valley.”

To the events which, apart from its natural conditions of beauty and wildness, give Glencoe an undying celebrity we have already alluded. We now ask the attention of the reader while we concisely state the relative positions of some of the parties connected with the melancholy tragedy.

When James II. of England and VII. of Scotland in 1688 abdicated the throne, and fled from Whitehall to St Germain, he left behind him in Scotland many staunch adherents; and nowhere were they more true than in the Highlands. So strong and influential, indeed, was the Jacobite party, as James’s supporters were termed in the Highlands, that on the accession to the throne in the following year of William of Orange and his consort Mary, the new King and his counsellors felt rather uneasy in regard to their movements. They had already been in open revolt under Dundee, and the Royal army had been defeated at Killiecrankie. In the midst of the concern which the Highland insurrection had occasioned, Viscount Tarbet, an able and experienced statesman, sprung from the Highland family of Mackenzie, had suggested that the distribution of a sum of money among the clans would have the effect of securing their loyalty to the Crown. He had represented, according to Macaulay, that “if the Camerons, the Macdonalds, and the Macleans could be convinced that under the new Government their estates and their dignities would be safe” no further danger from them need be feared. This advice, though not immediately acted upon, was not lost sight of; and about two years afterwards it was resolved that twelve or fifteen thousand pounds should be expended in endeavouring to quiet

the Highlands. Opposition to the resolution was made by the Prime Minister for Scotland, Sir John Dalrymple, better known as the Master of Stair, but his arguments were laid aside, and arrangements made for putting the experiment into practice.

The agent chosen by the King to negotiate with the Highlanders was John, Earl of Breadalbane, a man who had far less principle than ability. "Nobody who knew him could trust him," says the eminent historian just quoted. But "he had, as he disclosed with every appearance of truth, strong personal reasons for seeing tranquillity restored." During the time of disquiet his lands were daily ravaged; his cattle were insecure, and one of his houses had not long before been burned to the ground.

Armed, then, with powers from his Sovereign, Breadalbane invited the disaffected chiefs to a conference at Auchallader. But as there were many complications requiring to be adjusted, and as many of the chiefs had not sufficient confidence in the arbiter to cause them to receive his utterances with assurance, and, moreover, as the money which was to be distributed, and which the chiefs expected to receive, was not immediately forthcoming—was, in fact, not then, if ever it was, in the Earl's possession—the settlement of affairs proceeded but slowly indeed. Lochiel's shrewdness was more than a match for the Earl's diplomatic skill; Glengarry's pretensions were overpowering, and his demands unappeasable. But a greater obstacle than any other in the way of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion to the conference was old Mac Ian, the venerable chief of the Macdonalds of Glencoe.

Glencoe was contiguous to the lands of Breadalbane, and the Macdonalds had in their incursions lifted many head of the Earl's cattle, besides proving themselves generally troublesome to that magnate. When, therefore, the chief of the Macdonalds of Glencoe had arrived at the conference Breadalbane so far forgot his position and good-breeding as to

demand in angry and menacing tones from the old chief reparation for the cattle which had been lost through the ravages of his followers. To say that this attitude of the Earl disconcerted old Macdonald would be to cast a slander upon his courage and self-possession. But he had a dread of danger, felt his pride wounded to boot, and judged it both wise and expedient to at once return to his own mountain fastness. He knew a little of the character of Breadalbane, and felt sure that no money would come to him till the Earl's claims against him had been satisfied. Mac Ian, who, though a small chief himself, was come of the best blood in the Highlands, and was, besides esteemed for his venerable age and natural shrewdness and wisdom, had considerable influence among his compeers, therefore exerted himself to thwart the designs of Breadalbane. This greatly incensed the Earl, and his dislike to the old man was deepened.

Breadalbane, though unable to secure a final settlement, was, however, successful in obtaining a declaration from the chiefs that they would cease hostilities from the 30th June 1691 till the 1st October in the same year. This allowed the King and his counsellors breathing time, and they deliberated upon the next steps to be taken. On the 27th of August their Majesty's pleasure became known. A proclamation of indemnity was issued from Edinburgh, which stated that "we are resolved graciously to pardone, indemnifie, and restore all that have been in arms against us and our Government who shall take the oath of alleadgance prescribed by our Act of Parliament before the first day of January next." The oath had to be taken before witnesses in presence of the Lords of the Privy Council, or the Sheriff or Sheriff-Deputes of the shire where the persons taking advantage of the indemnity lived. "And," proceeded the proclamation, "such as shall continow obstinat and incorrigible after this gracious offer of mercy shall be punished as traitors and rebels, and otherwayes to the outmost extremity of the law."

From this proclamation springs the interest of the narrative of Glencoe ; from this arose the plot which thickened over the head of poor old Macdonald.

The proclamation issued by William and Mary was, as a matter of fact, a throwing down of the gauntlet to the clans. "You swear allegiance to us before the 1st of January next, or we will cut you off, root and branch," was, in plain terms, its language ; and was so understood by the Highlanders.

It was not by any means the way in which the Gael liked to be addressed. They had no favour for terms being placed before them to which they should be compelled to submit. To yield to the Government without a struggle was quite opposed to their notions of independence, and it was not to be supposed they would at once come cheerfully forward and take the oath. Indeed, it is very much to be questioned whether they would have done it at all had they been supported in their opposition by Argyle and Breadalbane. The former of these, however, was attached to the Government, and the latter occupied such a go-between position that neither Highlanders nor Government could regard his word with confidence.

That the Government intended to issue their letters of fire and sword against the Highlanders who remained disaffected at the end of the year became quite apparent from the military movements which followed the proclamation. Troops were posted at convenient stations throughout the north. Forts were garrisoned in the very centres of the possessions of Glengarry and Lochiel, and other general preparations were both secretly and openly carried forward. The chiefs became concerned. From the beginning they had only had four months in which to make up their minds, and a considerable portion of that time was wasted in indecision. Then the ticklish question arose—"Who will yield first? Who will show the example?" Glengarry, expressing his determination that it would never be him, set about fortifying his house. So



inflexible, indeed, was this chief that his conduct called from Colonel Hill, the Governor of Fort-William, the remark that he was "the most bygotted man that wayes alive." Lochiel, too, was loth to "break the ice," but permitted his dependents to do as they chose. The Camerons closed with the Government's offer; then the Macdonalds of Keppoch, Sleat, Clan Ranald, and Glengarry followed the example; and their chiefs, after holding out as long as prudent, at length repaired to the Sheriffs of the bounds, and swore allegiance to William and Mary. All this was done so quietly and peaceably that it has been alleged by more than one writer that the Highlanders acted as they did under the direct instructions of the exiled James, who foresaw that if they pretended quietly to submit now they might be of use to him some other day, but if they were cut up his chance of regaining the throne would be much diminished. So general and universal, indeed, was the movement on the part of the Highlanders that at one time it really appeared as if the military were to have no trouble at all.

One "sheep," however, to use the figure employed by Colonel Hill, strayed long away from the fold. This was old MacIain of Glencoe. He was a determined old man—a firm Papist, and good sound hater of King William and all his Protestant innovations. He had doubtless viewed with grim contempt the weakness of Glengarry, Lochiel, and the others in swearing allegiance to the new sovereigns, and felt a peculiar pride in standing out alone as the only chief who had not gone forward to do so. But while he thus took delight in giving the Government—which was well informed of the conduct of the Highlanders—petty annoyance, he appears at heart to have loved his people and considered their safety. He was desirous that no stubbornness of his should cause them to suffer, and so he, too, at length broke down and repaired to take the oath. Whether the expostulations of his friends or his own fears for the consequences had induced him to take this

step, it is impossible to tell, but it would have been better for him had he formed the resolution sooner. On the 31st December, the last day of grace, he set out, followed by his principal retainers, for Fort-William to take the oath ; but when he arrived there he found to his dismay that Colonel Hill, the Governor, was not a magistrate, and had no authority to administer it or to grant the King's indemnity. At this information old Macdonald was much distressed, and the Colonel, who seems to have been a considerate as well as a kindly man, tendered him the best advice and gave him all the aid he could in the circumstances. He told him that there was no magistrate who could administer the oath nearer than Inverary. There, however, he would find Sir Colin Campbell of Ardkinglass, Sheriff-Depute of Argyleshire, who was empowered by the terms of the proclamation to grant the indemnity to such Highlanders as appeared before him in time to secure its benefits. As the Colonel, however, clearly foresaw that it would be impossible for MacIain to reach Inverary—which was many miles away—within the time specified in the proclamation, he wrote a private letter to Sir Colin, asking him to receive the old man as “ a lost sheep.” This letter he handed to Macdonald, and advised him to hasten with all speed to Inverary.

Poor MacIain was now, doubtless, aware of the folly of his conduct. He had delayed till the last moment, and had not time to remedy his mistake. Acting under the instructions of Hill, however, he at once started for Inverary. But Inverary was distant sixty or seventy miles at least, and the road, even at the best, was rocky and tortuous. It lay through lonesome glens, and over bleak, barren mountains. At the best such a journey could not be easily encountered ; and, as if adding to his misfortunes, old Macdonald was fated to undertake it at the worst. The time was mid winter, and the snow lay deep on the hills. And as he trudged on, earnest and full of determination, a wild storm burst upon his path and

raged violently over the region, obstructing his progress and increasing tenfold his fatigue. So much intent, however, was the aged chieftain on the accomplishment of his journey that, though he passed within half a mile of his own house on his way, he stayed not to call.

He was detained on his journey for twenty-four hours by a Captain Drummond, to what end we are unable to say, and it was the 3rd of January till he reached Inverary. Sir Colin Campbell was not at home, and, owing to the state of the weather, did not arrive at Inverary till three days later. Glencoe at once presented Colonel Hill's letter and made known his errand; but Sir Colin declined to administer the oath. He said the last of December, the time appointed for taking it, was past, and his power was at an end. At this declaration the poor old man became so much agitated that he actually burst into tears, and in weeping accents begged to be allowed to testify to his allegiance. If Sir Colin would allow him to take the oath he promised that all his people would be brought in a short time to do the same thing. "If any of them refused they should be imprisoned and sent to Flanders."

Sir Colin, moved by MacIan's entreaties, and seeing also, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, "that MacIan had complied with the *spirit* of the statute in tendering his submission within the given period, under the sincere, though mistaken belief that he was applying to the person ordered to receive it," administered the oath, and immediately sent a certificate thereof to Edinburgh, along with Colonel Hill's letter, asking the opinion of the Privy Council as to whether it could be received. The paper containing the certificate of Glencoe also bore certificates concerning several other parties.

It is necessary that we follow this document to Edinburgh. The manner of its treatment there may serve to prepare the reader for what is to follow. It was received by a namesake of Sir Colin Campbell—Colin Campbell, the Sheriff-Clerk of Argyle, who was at the time in Edinburgh. It reached Edinburgh

fully written, bearing the certificate of Glencoe's taking the oath quite legible and distinct. Colin Campbell laid it before Sir Gilbert Elliot and Mr David Moncrieff, Clerks to the Privy Council, but these gentlemen refused to take it in, because dated after the day appointed by the proclamation. Evidently feeling concerned for Glencoe, Colin Campbell and Mr John Campbell, W.S., Edinburgh, waited upon Lord Aberuchil, then a Privy Councillor, and asked whether he would take the advice of the Privy Councillors regarding it. His Lordship promised that he would, and consulted several of his compeers upon the subject. One of those he consulted was Mr Secretary Stair, and the opinion he received from the Secretary and the other Councillors consulted was that the certificate could not be received or entertained without a warrant from the King. After this Colin Campbell scored, deleted, or dashed the entry in the document relating to Glencoe, and by this means rendered it null, though it could still be read. The matter was never brought before the Council Board; the King's opinion was never, so far as known, asked regarding it; and though the respected Sir Colin Campbell of Ardkinglass asked the opinion of the Council concerning his action, such opinion was never given. Macaulay says:—"By a dark intrigue, of which the history is but imperfectly known, but which was in all probability directed by the Master of Stair, the evidence of MacIain's tardy submission was suppressed." The significance of this remark will in good time become apparent to the reader.

But other action was taken; and such action as shall for ever stamp its perpetrators with the brand of blackest infamy. Glencoe when he had taken the oath, went home with a comparatively light heart. He had complied with the spirit of the proclamation, and felt safe. He entered under his own roof-tree in peace, and, calling his people together, told them that he had taken the oath of allegiance, and that it was his desire that he and they should live quietly under King William's

Government. Matters went on peaceably till the 1st of February, when the Macdonalds were surprised at the appearance of 120 soldiers, under the command of Captain Campbell of Glenlyon—a relative of their own—his Lieutenant and Ensign being named Lindsay. They were met by John Macdonald, the eldest son of the chief, who demanded their purpose. The reply was that they were come on a peaceable errand, and that they simply meant to quarter in the glen. Glenlyon was uncle to the wife of young Alexander Macdonald, and was received with every mark of friendship. He was quartered with a tacksmen under the old chief of Inveruguen. Lieutenant Lindsay was accommodated near Invercoe, while a sergeant named Barber or Barbour found a dwelling-place with Auchintriaten, a leading man of the clan, who lived at Auchnaion or Auchna-choin. "Provisions were liberally supplied," says Macaulay. "There was no want of beef, which had probably fattened on distant pastures, nor any payment demanded, for in hospitality the Gaelic marauders rivalled the Bedouins. During twelve days the soldiers lived familiarly with the people of the glen. Old MacIan, who had before felt many misgivings as to the relation in which he stood to the Government, seems to have been pleased with the visit. The officers passed much of their time with him and his family. The long evenings were cheerfully spent by the peat fire with the help of some packs of cards which had found their way to that remote corner of the world, and of some French brandy, which was probably part of James's farewell gift to his Highland supporters. Glenlyon appeared to be warmly attached to his niece and her husband Alexander. Every day he came to their house to take his morning draught." But all the while he was cautiously, callously, fiendishly making his preparations to strike the fatal blow at those who so cheerfully gave him food and shelter.

At length the night arrived on which it had been determined to execute the horrible mission on which the soldiers had come. The officers were that night entertained by old Macdonald at

Invercoe, and the evening was, so far as outward appearances could indicate, happily spent. MacIan saw no sign of danger, and Glenlyon was smiling and cool as ever. Professor Blackie, in his poem, "Glencoe," thus describes the scene in the Chief-tain's house:—

"— Macdonald is King of the feast to-night,  
And sways the hour with a landlord's right,  
And broadens his smile, and opens his breast,  
As a host may do to a dear-loved guest ;  
And many a stirring tale he told  
Of battle and war and chase,  
And heroes that sleep beneath the mould,  
The pride of his lordly race ;  
And many a headlong venture grim,  
With the hounds that track the deer,  
By the rifted chasm's hanging rim  
And the red-scaured mountain sheer.  
And many a song did the harper sing  
Of Ossian, blind and hoary,  
That made the old oak rafter ring  
With the pulse of Celtic story ;  
And the piper blew a gamesome reel  
That the young blood hotly stirred,  
And they beat the ground with lightsome heel  
Till the midnight bell was heard.  
And then to rest they laid them down,  
And soon the strong sleep bound them,  
While the winds without kept whistling rout,  
And the thick snows drifted round them."

The old chief before the party at his house separated for the night invited them to dine with him next day. The invitation was accepted, though the cruel butchers had already proposed in their hearts that Macdonald and his kinsmen should then be no more.

In laying before our readers a brief sketch of the tragedy of Glencoe we will adopt as our text the admirable historical ballad on the subject by Professor J. S. Blackie, of Edinburgh. The poem, which we have carefully compared with the historical documents bearing on the subject, is very accurate in its details, having, as the worthy Professor himself says, "the merit of being framed upon a firm backbone of topographical and historical study;" and it will have the advantage of making our pages more light and readable than a prose version, without involving any sacrifice of interest.

One or two preliminary statements, however, require to be made. The order had been given to Glenlyon by his superior officer—Major Duncanson—that at five in the morning he was to fall on the Macdonalds, “and put all to the sword under 70.” The often-quoted letter of instructions we may again transcribe :—

“FOR THEIR MATIE’S. SERVICE TO CAPTAIN ROB.  
CAMPBELL OF GLENLYON.

“1629, Feb. 12.

“You are hereby ordered to fall upon ye M'Donalds of Glencoe, and putt all to ye sword under seventy. You are to have a speciall care that the old fox and his sone doe on no acct. escape yor. hands. Yow're to secure all the avenues that none escape ; this you are to put in execution at 5 a cloack precisely, and by that time or verie shortly efter it, I'll strive to be at you wt. a stronger party. If I do not come to yow at 5, yow are not to tarie for me, but to fall on. This by the King's speciall command, for ye good and saftie of the countrie that the miscreants be cutt of, root and branch ; see that this be putt in execution without fear or favor, else yow may expect to be dealt with as one not true to King nor countrie, nor a man fit to carry a commission in ye King's service. Expecting yow will not faill in fulfilling hereof as yow love yor. selfe, I subscribe this wt. my hand at Ballechillis, feb. 12, 1692. Sic. Sub.

“ROBERT DUNCANSON.”

If brutality was a test of fitness to hold a commission in the King's service, as the above precious document would seem to imply, then Captain Campbell of Glenlyon was a most fitting officer, as the sequel will sufficiently show. The men under his command were, we must state, not English soldiers, as has sometimes been erroneously supposed, but Campbells—men belonging to the Duke of Argyle employed in the service of the

King. Those under Duncanson's command, whom he expected to have forward to Glencoe by five o'clock, were English soldiers from Colonel Hill's regiment.

On the morning of the 13th of February, then, the massacre was ordered to commence. The Macdonalds, as we have said, retired to rest as usual, with no thought of fear or danger in their hearts, while the soldiers lay down, not, we should think, to sleep, but to wait with feverish anxiety and beating hearts for the events which a few hours would bring to pass. The night seemed to favour them. There was no moon, snow began to fall, and soon a violent storm was raging in the glen. Says Blackie :—

“ One there was whose eye that night  
No peaceful slumber knew,  
Or if he slept, he dreamt of blood,  
And woke by Coe's far-sounding flood,  
To make his dreaming true.  
A Campbell was he, of a hated clan—  
God's curse be on his name !  
Who to Macdonald's goodly glen  
On traitor's errand came.”

It would, indeed, be hard to imagine that sleep that night could visit Glenlyon's eyes. The horrible scene in which he was to play a leading part, the deceit he had been practising, and the responsibility resting on his shoulders, were enough to keep him awake ; and his state of mind as the hours slowly passed must have been anything but enviable. At length, however :—

“ 'Tis five o'clock i' the morn ; of light  
No glimmering ray is seen ;  
And the snow that drifted through the night  
Shrouds every spot o' green.  
Not yet the cock hath blown his horn,  
But the base red-coated crew  
Creep through the silence of the morn  
With butcher work to do.  
And now to the old man's house they came,  
Where he lived, in the strength of his good old name,  
A brave unguarded life ;  
And now they enter the old oak room,  
Where he lay all witless of his doom,  
In the arms of his faithful wife ;  
And through the grace of his hoary head,  
As he turned him starting from his bed,  
They shot the deadly-missioned lead,  
And reaved his purple life ;



Then from the lady where she lay  
With outstretched arms, in blank dismay,  
They rove the vest, and in deray  
They flung her on the floor ;  
And from her quivering fingers tore  
With their teeth the rare old rings she wore ;  
Then haled her down the oaken stair  
Into the cold unkindly air,  
And in the snow they left her there,  
Where not a friend was nigh,  
With many a curse, and never a tear,  
Like an outcast beast to die."

The soldiers who attacked the house of Invercoe where old Macdonald lived were under Lieutenant Lindsay. They even at the last moment kept up the show of hypocrisy, and pretended friendship. The simple statement of their enormous cruelty as given in the report of the Royal Commission afterwards appointed by the King to inquire into the massacre shows the deed in all its bare hideousness:—"Lieutenant Lindsay, with a party of the foresaid soldiers, came to old Glencoe's house, where, having called in a friendly manner, and got in, they shot him dead with several shots as he was rising out of bed ; and the mother having got up and put on her clothes, the soldiers stripped her naked, and drew the rings off her fingers with their teeth ; as likewise they killed one man more and wounded another grievously at the same place." The cowardly ruffians, as if afraid to face the doughty old Chief who had often before made better men bite the dust, shot him from behind—one bullet going through the head and another through the body.

Powder and lead do not perform their work silently, and already the alarm had spread in the glen. But what could the poor clansmen do ? Fearful that the presence of Glenlyon and his men among them might deprive them of their arms, they had several days before removed these to a distance, and had them safely concealed. The only chance before the wretched people was to attempt an escape. And how hopeless was that attempt ! Few, indeed, could scale on such a morning the giddy heights which made the glen rockbound, and to which

was due its security as a safe retreat. And there was little hope of escape by the passes. Argyle's men were on the alert to cut the fugitives down should they attempt to reach the shelter of his domains, and Breadalbane had long before given promise to the butchers of like assistance. Those who were able might, indeed, huddle in the corries till the dawn should show them how to choose their steps; but that was all. Wails of despair from terrified women now mingled with the hoarse shouts of the men and with the reports of the firearms. Wounded men screamed aloud in their agony; the dying uttered piteous moans; and another sound, piteous as any—the cries of distracted, weeping children—added its quota to the increasing disturbance.

“Flying from their burning huts, and from their murderous visitors,” says Scott; “half-naked fugitives committed themselves to a winter morning of darkness, snow, and storm, amidst a wilderness, the most savage in the West Highlands, having a bloody death behind them, and before them tempest, famine, and desolation. Bewildered in the snow-wreaths, several sank to rise no more. But the severities of the storm were tender mercies compared to the severities of their persecutors.”

Professor Blackie continues—

“And now the butcher work went on  
Hotly—hotly, up the glen;  
For the order was given full sharply then—  
The lion to slay with the cubs in his den,  
And never a male to spare.  
And the King's own hand had signed the ban  
To glut the hate of the Campbell clan  
And the spite of the Master o' Stair.  
From every clachan in lone Glencoe  
The shriek went up, and the blood did flow  
Reeking and red on the wreathed snow.  
Every Captain had his station  
On the banks of the roaring water,  
Watching o'er the butchered nation,  
Like the demons of the slaughter.  
Lindsay raged at Invercoe,  
And laid his breathless twenty low;  
At Inveruggen Campbell grim  
Made the floor with gore to swim—

Nine he counted in a row,  
Brothered in a bloody show,  
And one who oft for him had spread  
The pillow 'neath his traitor head  
To woo the kindly rest.  
At Auchnachoin stern Barber pressed  
The pitiless work with savage zest,  
And on the broad mead by the river  
Heaped ten souls in huddled slaughter.  
The young man blooming in his pride,  
The old man with crack'd breath,  
The bridegroom severed from his bride,  
And son with father side by side,  
Lie swathed in one red death.  
And fire made league with Murder fell,  
Where flung by many a raging hand,  
From house to house the flaming brand  
Contagious flew; and crackling spar  
And crashing beam made hideous jar,  
And pitchy volumes swell.  
What horror stalked the glen that day,  
What ghastly fear and grim dismay,  
No tongue of man may tell."

"Rise, Alister MacDonald! it is no time for you to be sleeping when they are killing your brother at the door," was the cry from his servant which awakened Alexander MacDonald, the chief's second son; and rising and rushing forth, prepared to brave the fury of the elements rather than fall a victim to the fury of the murderous traitors by whom he was beset, he was successful in making good his escape. Less fortunate was the poor Laird of Auchintriaten, who was up early that morning, and was seated with eight more round his brother's fire at Auchnaion. The talk was suddenly interrupted by a loud report, there was a belching of fire and smoke, and five men—Auchintriaten among the number—lay dead on the ground, and four others were wounded—fired at and butchered as no sportsman now would treat sparrows. Auchintriaten's brother was amongst the wounded. "I would prefer to be shot outside," he gasped, as Sergeant Barber stooped over him to give him the quietus. "For the bread of yours that I have eaten I will grant your request," was the reply. The men were called outside, and the unfortunate Highlander marched after them to his doom. But as they

levelled their pieces to take aim at his breast he threw his plaid over them, and with one wild bound fled to the hills, whither the soldiers dared not follow.

As might be expected, Glenlyon's particular share of the work was executed with a fiendish coolness, of which such a villain only could have been capable.

"At Inveriggen, where Glenlyon was quartered," says the Report of Commission, "his soldiers took other nine men, and did bind them hand and foot, and killed them one by one with shot." There was a callous method in the murders executed by Glenlyon. He was, however, guilty of a piece of weakness for which it is difficult to account. One young man of 20 years of age was to have his life saved. Glenlyon had actually intimated his intention of doing so; but his humane designs were frustrated by the zeal of a Captain Drummond, who killed the youth. A child of 13 years of age also begged Glenlyon to save it. The poor thing promised to be a slave, and go anywhere with him, if he would but spare its life; but Glenlyon was not always humane and weak, and the child's blood soon dyed a reeking blade.

At length, however, the mad crew had expended their fury—the poor Macdonalds were all dispersed or dead; and, skipping the interval of woe which the poor sufferers endured, Blackie continues—

"'Tis twelve o'clock at noon; and still  
Heavily, heavily on the hill  
The storm outwreaks his wintry will,  
And flouts the blinded sun;  
And now the base, red-coated crew  
And the fiends in hell delight to view  
The sanguine slaughter done.  
But where be they, the helpless troop,  
Spared by red murder's ruthless swoop—  
The feeble woman, the maiden mild,  
The mother with her sucking child,  
And all who fled with timely haste  
From hissing shot and sword uncased?  
Hurrying from the reeking glen,  
They are fled—some here, some there;  
Some have scrambled up the Ben,  
And crossed the granite ridge's base,

And found kind word and helping hand  
 On Appin's green and friendly strand ;  
 Some in the huts of lone Glenure  
 Found kindly care, and shelter sure ;  
 And some in the face of the tempest's roar  
 Behind the shelving Buchailmore,  
 With stumbling foot did onward press  
 To thy Ben-girdled nook, Dalness ;  
 And some, huge Cruachan's peak behind,  
 Found a broad shield from drift and wind,  
 And warmed their frozen frames at fires  
 Kindled by friendly Macintyres.  
 But most—O Heaven ! a feeble nation,  
 Crept slowly from the mountain station—  
 The old, the sickly, and the frail,  
 Went blindly on with straggling trail.  
 The little tender-footed maid,  
 The little boy that loved to wade  
 In the clear waters of the Coe,  
 Ere blood had stained their amber flow.  
 On them, ere half their way was made,  
 The night came down, and they were laid,  
 Some on the scaurs of the jagged Bens,  
 Some in black bogs and stony glens.  
 Faint and worn, till kindly Death  
 Numbered their limbs and froze their breath,  
 And wound them in the snow."

A scene of most distressing misery well painted. Though men only were understood to be included in the orders for butchery, women, too, perished ; and down by the side of the rushing Cona, after the tumult was over, and a shrinking Macdonald or two had ventured back to view the scene of desolation, the wee hand of a babe was found. Well, indeed, might the finders raise it to heaven and invoke the curse of God on the inhuman monster who had been guilty of such a deed as that to which it silently bore witness. One old patriarch, too, who had seen eighty winters, and whose life, therefore, ought to have been spared, was cruelly butchered. The storm had prevented Duncanson and his party from getting forward at five in the morning as they anticipated, and it was broad day when they reached the glen. This old man was the only visible survivor of the horrid night, and Duncanson cut him down.

A sad and mournful sight indeed presented itself to those few who, shivering and despairing, again sought the desolate

glen when the soldiers had left, carrying with them everything of value they could obtain. Upwards of 1000 head of horses, cattle, and sheep were taken, and nought was left but blackened ruins and stiffened bodies. In his poem, "The Widow of Glencoe," Aytoun describes in powerful language the return of a bereaved widow to the glen. History tells us that the bodies of the murdered men, after being hewed, cut, and disfigured, were dragged forth and flung upon the dung heaps, and Aytoun's widow exclaims—

"Better had the morning never  
Dawned upon our dark despair.  
Black, amidst the common whiteness,  
Rise the spectral ruins there.  
But the sight of these was nothing  
More than wrings the wild dove's breast,  
When she searches for her offspring  
Round the relics of her nest ;  
For in many a spot the tartan  
Peered above the wintry heap,  
Marking where a dead Macdonald  
Lay within his frozen sleep."

Who was to blame for the Massacre of Glencoe ? is a question which has been often put. The answer is not difficult to furnish, and to do so we propose to carry the reader back to the political movements prior to the massacre. "Had the clan," says a writer, "been proceeded against in open and legitimate warfare, resulting in its utter extinction, the affair might have occupied no more than a short paragraph in this and other histories. There can be no doubt that what gives the affair its nefarious stamp is the fiendishly deliberate and deceitful way in which it was accomplished, in violation of laws of hospitality which are respected even by cut-throat Arabs." When we have concluded our short review of the base plot it will have been shown that the plotters (and the ringleader in particular) were even more infamous than at first sight appears, and that the deed they so successfully accomplished merits for their memories scornful indignation.

We have seen that Breadalbane hated the Macdonalds of Glencoe ; and it is easy to infer, suppose no other evidence

existed, that their removal from the face of the earth would have given him much cause for rejoicing. But evidence there is against him of a kind which leaves little room for doubt that he had, long before the expiry of the period for taking the oath, conceived the idea of trying to exclude the Glencoe men from the advantages of the indemnity. There is evidence, indeed, that in his mind had originated a plan, not only for the wholesale destruction of the Macdonalds, but for the extermination of several of the neighbouring clans. And it is greatly to be regretted that he found a willing ally occupying a high place in the councils of the nation. Secretary Dalrymple—the Master of Stair—was ready, not only to listen to his proposals, but to see them carried out. In fact, Breadalbane had simply expressed an idea which Stair himself fondly cherished. Stair had no high opinion of the attempt to mollify the Highlanders by money bribes. “God knows,” he wrote, “whether the £12,000 sterling had been better employed to settle the Highlanders or to ravage them; but, since we will make them desperate, I think we should root them out before they can get the help they depend upon.” He had an idea, too, that the “winter time was the only season in which they were sure the Highlanders could not escape them, nor carry their wives, bairnes, and cattle to the mountaines.” Breadalbane and Stair had joined hands, and, this bond complete, there was little chance of fairplay being secured either for the Macdonalds or any others, if these magnates were disposed against them, and had the power to do them wrong.

A letter from Secretary Stair to the Earl, of date December 3rd, 1691, indicates clearly the relationship in which the one stood to the other. The Highlanders, who were doubtful of the honesty of Breadalbane, believed he was acting openly or professedly for the Government, but really for the exiled James; and some of the chieftains, preferring to deal with the Government through an honest agency, addressed the King on the subject. Among these were Menzies, Glen-

garry, Lochiel, and Keppoch, and in the letter referred to the Secretary says:—"Menzie, Glengarry, and all of them have written letters, and take pains to make it believed that all you did was for the interest of K. James. Therefore look on, and you shall be satisfied of your revenge." In this letter the Secretary writes that by the Earl's next communication he expects "to hear either these people are come to hand, or else *your scheme for mauling them*, for it will not delay." In this last sentence is the evidence that the scheme of murdering the Highlanders was Breadalbane's, and that it was fully approved by Stair. The Secretary also coolly remarked that he was "not changed as to the expediency of doing things by the easiest means, and at leisure." He saw plainly there was "no reckoning on them," and added "*Delenda est Carthago*," which, translated to express his meaning, signifies "they must be utterly destroyed."

Being thus agreed upon the means to be taken, Stair and Breadalbane found exactly what they desired in the stubborn and foolish conduct of old Macdonald, in so long refusing to take the oath that the time had expired before he came in. We have seen that Breadalbane hated the Macdonalds with a special hatred, and we shall soon learn that Stair did the same.

"His purpose of rooting them out by fire and sword was a settled one," remarks the Secretary of the Maitland Club, in the introduction to one of the Club volumes; and to prove this nothing more than Stair's own statements as contained in his letters is required. Writing to Lieut.-Col. Hamilton, Commander at Inverlochy, on December 3rd, 1691—on the same day, be it noted, that he addressed the letter to Breadalbane—he says:—"The Macdonalds will fall in this net. That's the only Popish clan in the kingdom, and it will be popular to take severe course with them. Let me hear from you with the first whether you think that this is the proper season to maul them in the cold long nights." This letter, the reader will



observe, was written while yet a month remained with the Highlanders in which to close with the Government offer, and shows conclusively that it was the desire of Stair to have them rooted out, whatever course they might pursue—whether they should take or refuse to take the oath. It can thus be easily understood that when the 31st of December—the expiry of the time—did arrive, and the information was transmitted to him that not only the Macdonalds of Glencoe, but of Keppoch and Glengarry, Stewart of Appin, and Cameron of Lochiel had not taken the oath, Stair felt very highly pleased. His pet scheme of *mauling* would yet, he felt, be carried out, and Glencoe would be among the *mauled*. In a letter dated at London on the 7th Jan. 1692, and addressed to Sir Thos. Livingston, Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, he says that the Highland business was to be considered by the Council on the next day, and that orders would be with Sir Thomas by a “flying packet.” “But,” he continues, “you know in generall that these troops posted at Inverness and Inverlochy will be ordered to take in the house of Invergarry, and to destroy entirely the countrey of Lochaber, Lochiel’s lands, Keppoch’s, Glengarry’s, Appin, and Glencoe. If there be any opposition, then the troops will need to joyne; if not they may act separately, which will make the work shorter. I assure you their power will be full enough, and I hope the soldiers will not trouble the Government with prisoners.” The hope here expressed, which, from one in Stair’s position, amounted to a recommendation, if not a command, is as bloodthirsty as it is cool. It must, therefore, have filled the indefatigable Secretary with chagrin when later intelligence arrived in London, stating that all the chiefs had actually taken the oath within the prescribed time. Two days after the date of the last letter we find the Secretary writing, that for his part he could have wished that the Macdonalds had not divided, and expressing sorrow that Keppoch and MacIan of Glencoe were safe. But this intelligence was also found to be erroneous. More authentic

information, carried to London by the Earl of Argyll, showed that Old Glencoe had not taken the oath in time, and the hopes of Stair again revived. The Secretary felt almost satisfied. Vengeance might yet be wreaked upon the Macdonalds of Glencoe, and this was his great desire. Such being the state of his mind, it was not surprising that when Stair heard of this erratic chief having tendered his submission six days after date, he should insist on the letter rather than the spirit of the proclamation, and see to the suppression of the certificate of the chief's allegiance. This accomplished, the rest was easy. He might have allowed the law to take its course—have kept his private opinion in the background, and to some extent saved his reputation; but he was too eager for the consummation of his purpose; too finical in the manner of its fulfilment; too anxious that no slip or blunder should mar his design.

Writing to Sir Thomas Livingston, on the 11th of January 1692, he says:—"Just now my Lord Argyle tells me that Glencoe hath not taken the oaths, at which I rejoice. It is a great work of charity to be exact in rooting out that damnable sept—the worst in all the Highlands." On the 16th of the same month the final instructions of the King concerning the rebels were despatched to Sir Thomas Livingston. In these instructions Livingston, and presumably those acting under him, were authorised to receive the submission of Glengarry, and those with him who still stood out, and to allow them to take the oath of allegiance. But it concluded with the following remarkable passage—"4. If M'Kean (MacIan) of Glencoe and the tribe can be well separated from the rest, it will be a proper vindication of the public justice to extirpate that sept of thieves." This letter was signed by the King, but it is significant that the date is filled in by the hand of Secretary Stair. Much speculation has taken place among historians as to the authorship of these instructions. Some are inclined to believe that the terms are the King's own; but others,

Macaulay and Burnet among the number, are of opinion that the language is that of Secretary Stair; that, as the plot was in fact now his own pet scheme, he would himself see to the perfecting of every arrangement. The probability is that the document was prepared, if not actually written, by the Secretary, and handed among numerous other papers to the King to be signed. In all likelihood William knew not the nature of the document to which he attached his name; though he did, the details might have escaped his eye; and even if he mastered these, he could never, as Macaulay points out, have dreamt of the treacherous significance lurking beneath the words, nor of the fiendish manner in which the order was to be fulfilled.

Of the fact that the order at least fully expressed the mind of Stair there can be no doubt. It was he who wrote the note which accompanied the order to Livingston, bearing the same date; and in it we find him saying—"But, for a just example of vengeance, I intreat that the thieving tribe in Glencoe may be rooted out in earnest." In another letter written on the same day, addressed to Col. Hill, there is against him still further and more damning evidence. It is evidence which betrays how deeply he had been planning against the poor Macdonalds. "I shall intreat you," he says, "that for a just vengeance and publick example, the thieving tribe of Glencoe may be rooted out to purpose. The Earles of Argile and Broadalban have promised they shall have no retreat in their bounds. The passes of Rannoch would be secured, and the hazard certified to the Laird of Weem to reset them."

When Secretary Stair, the Prime Minister for Scotland, saw proper to address such language to Sir Thomas Livingston, it is not at all surprising to find Sir Thomas writing in the following strain to the officer under him—

"TO COLL. HAMILTON AT FORT WILLIAM.

"Edr., 23rd Jary., 92.

"Sir,—Since my last I understand that the Laird of Glencoe, coming after fixed time, was not admitted to take the oath,

which is very good news here, being that at Court its wished he had not taken it, so that the thieving nest might be entirely rooted out, for the Secretary in three of his last letters hath made mention of him, and it is known at Court he has not taken it. So, sir, here is a fair occasion for you to show that your garrison serves for some use. . . . I desire that you would begin with Glencoe, and spare nothing which belongs to him, but do not trouble the Government with prisoners. . . .—Your humble servt.,

“T. LIVINGSTON.”

If it might be supposed that Stair's language was still wanting in sufficient emphasis to justify the terms employed by Sir Thomas, the next letter from the Secretary is surely enough to dispel the idea. “I am glade,” he says, “that Glencoe did not come in within the time prescribed. I hope what's done will be in earnest. . . . I think to herry their cattle or burn their houses is but to render them desperate, lawless men to robb their neighbours; but I believe you will be satisfied it were a great advantage to the nation that thieving tribe were rooted out and cut off. It must be quietly done, otherwise they will make shift for both the men and the cattle.” “Pray,” he writes to another officer on the same day, “Pray, when anything concerning Glencoe is resolved, let it be secret and sudden, otherwayes the men will shift you, and better not meddle with them than not to do it to purpose.”

Such were the general directions given by the Master of Stair for, and resulting in, the massacre of Glencoe. The reader knows the rest. The details of the horrible affair were harrowing enough; but nothing was done contrary to the orders here given. Stair indicated the course he thought it desirable to take, and he found men in His Majesty's service mean enough to undertake the duty, and to accomplish it in a manner base enough to brand with disgrace the honour of a nation. His word to these time-servers, whose promotion lay in his hands, was law. As they understood his orders, so did

they perform them. He was inclined for ruthless, bloodthirsty murder, so were they. Had he been merciful, their mission would have been mercy. They were mere tools in his hand—mere automata acting under the springs he touched; good for nothing, bad enough for anything. Attempts have been made to whitewash his guilt, but they have been vain, and vain they will be so long as the sense of honour and justice is paramount in the country and among mankind. Against him the voice of history is raised. He brought a deserved curse upon his name if not a stain upon his descent. If ever the blood of murdered men called for the life of those by whom their blood was shed, the blood of the slaughtered Macdonalds appealed to heaven for a fell penalty to follow the crime committed by the Master of Stair. And justice was balked when this appeal was denied.

Macaulay speaks of him as “eloquent and accomplished”—he was as cruel as eloquent, accomplished in crafty deceit, and unscrupulous to a degree excelling all other points of his character. We scarcely need to tell the reader now who was guilty of the wicked crime. The question—Who was to blame? we have answered by the language of the guilty one. We charge Stair with the foul deed, and the proof is clear as the indictment is strong. Confederates he might have had; but he was the ruling spirit who planned all. He had the will to do the deed, and possessed the power which others lacked. Had he so desired, the unfortunate Macdonalds might have continued to live in peaceful security; because he willed otherwise the fiat of extermination went forth. It was but a clumsy dressing applied to the lacerated feelings of a wounded nation when the Parliament recommended the apprehension and trial of the tools who carried out the fatal work. Satisfied of the guilt of Stair, they had not the courage or the manliness to demand his life. They considered his “high place,” and left the King to do with his favourite as seemed to him best. He was removed from office, it is true; but instead of being treated

with contumely or overtaken with vengeance, honours were heaped by his Royal master on his head. It was an outrage upon common decency—a premium paid to guilt. Well, indeed, may the poet indignantly cry—

“What shame to Orange William’s sway—  
When murder throve, with honours decked,  
And every traitor stood erect,  
And every true man fell!”

It might have modified our resentment a little had Stair shown signs of regret after the commission of the deed. But his language betrays feelings of the very opposite kind. Writing to Colonel Hill from London on the 5th of March, he says—“I have the acct. both from you and yr. Lieutenant-Colonell of the affair of Glencoe. There is much talk of it here, that they are murdered in their beds after they had taken the allegiance; for the last I know nothing of it. I am sure neither you nor anybody impowered to treat or give indemnity did give him the oath, and to take it from anybody else after the diet elapsed did import nothing. All I regrave is that any of the sept gote away, and there is necessity to prosecute them to the utmost.” Here he not only prevaricates, but lies. And having received information of the horrible details he regrets they had not been worse.

We seek not to screen Breadalbane, Argyll, Glenlyon and his subordinates, or any others who partook of a share of the guilt. But the one pre-eminently guilty was the Master of Stair; and we conclude our imperfect record of the harrowing event by quoting the dignified language of Macaulay. Speaking of Stair’s part in the affair he says—“To visit that guilt with exemplary punishment was the sacred duty of a sovereign who had sworn, with his hand lifted up towards Heaven, that he would in his Kingdom of Scotland repress, in all estates and degrees, all oppression, and would do justice without acceptance of persons, as he hoped for mercy from the Father of all mercies. . . . Numerous instruments had doubtless been employed in the work of death, but they had all received their

impulse, directly or indirectly, from a single mind. High above the crowd of offenders towered one offender, pre-eminent in parts, knowledge, rank, and power. In return for many victims immolated by treachery only one victim was demanded by justice, and it must ever be considered as a blemish on the fame of William that the demand was refused."

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The number of Macdonalds killed in the massacre was never definitely ascertained. In the Report of the Royal Commissioners it is set down at 25, but this is believed to understate the death list, which has been estimated as high as 38. See Vol. IV. of *Laing's History of Scotland*.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### ROB ROY MACGREGOR.\*

During the troubled times when might was right, the Clan Gregor, one of the purest of the Celtic tribes, was severely tried. They were a harshly-judged, ill-used, sorely oppressed people; and if they did sometimes commit deeds of violence which were difficult to justify, the blame lay perhaps as much at the door of those who by oppression goaded them on as it did at their own.

For nearly a century the hand of every man might be said to have been uplifted against them, but the hands of the Macgregors dared not be raised in retaliation. Enactments were passed by which it was declared that no Macgregor could be allowed to appear in arms. A Macgregor, indeed, was not to be called by, and dare not sign, his proper name. He might be hunted by bloodhounds—might be put to death by the hand of his neighbour, and yet the deed constitute no crime in the eye of the law. A Macgregor could claim no possession—neither the roof which covered him, nor the ground upon which he trod. He was denied food to eat and even air to breathe—indeed, his very existence was proclaimed a transgression.

These harsh, cruel enactments, which often gave scope for the perpetration of sickening atrocities, aimed at the complete

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\* Since this biographical sketch of the famous outlaw was written, an exhaustive History of Rob Roy has been published by Mr A. H. Millar, F.S.A. Scot. In it the facts of Rob's life and the circumstances of the Clan are carefully compiled, and much that is simply traditional and imaginary has been exposed and rejected. To that exhaustive History we refer those who wish to be more fully informed on the subject. We may add that Mr Millar has kindly read the proof slips of the present sketch of the outlaw, and, while leaving the opinions expressed regarding Rob as he found them, has, so far as possible, corrected all inaccuracies as to matters of fact.



extirpation of the race. They were instigated by the representations of the avaricious and at the same time powerful neighbours by whom the Macgregors were surrounded. These neighbours desired to secure what little property the clan possessed; and, fully aware of the meaning of their persecutions, the Macgregors were not slow to retaliate and exact summary vengeance. They were high-spirited and independent. Although the law declared they should not be armed, every Macgregor carried his claymore, dirk, and target; although the law decreed that not more than four might meet together under penalty of their lives, the Clan was ever numerous, compact, and alert. Outlawed they might be, but so long as they had trusty weapons in their grasp and brave hearts in their bosoms they would never submit to be run like foxes to the earth without striking a blow in return.

Through the generosity of a Sovereign (Charles II.), to whom the Macgregors had rendered good service, the enactments against them were repealed, and they were permitted to possess all the rights of citizenship. They had, however, enjoyed for but a short time their new and happier condition when the accession of William of Orange to the throne of England again changed entirely the aspect of affairs. The original proscriptive Act was renewed, and the unfortunate clan were subjected to the same harsh regulations and cruel oppressions which a generation before they had experienced. This change occurred in 1693, and it was about the same period that the subject of the present article—Rob Roy (or Red Robert) Macgregor Campbell—first came prominently into notice. The liberty to use his own name he was, like his fellow-clansmen, denied, and he adopted that of Campbell, because his mother and wife were Campbells, and because he was on friendly terms with his neighbour, the Duke of Argyll.

Rob Roy has the rare fortune to be remembered alike as a hero in real life and a hero in fiction. In the State archives and in tradition his name is coupled with the execution of deeds

which leave no doubt of the hardihood of his character; and under the hands of the great master of Scottish romance he is exalted as a being alike independent, brave, and magnanimous. With great skill has Scott portrayed him, though unquestionably the doughty hero in "Rob Roy" was a person more to be admired than the real Macgregor. Scott's hero is filled with chivalrous notions, and moves and acts under the influence of high and lofty sentiments to which Rob was to some extent a stranger. The fictitious Rob was a man who was as incapable as Aristides of doing a mean or unjust deed; the veritable Rob, we are afraid, laid little claim to the scrupulous principles of the honest Athenian. The description of him, however, which Scott places in the hero's own mouth, is peculiarly happy, and must be accepted. "He who is without name, without friends, without coin, without country, is still at least a man; and he that has all these is no more." Rob was a man subject to the frailties and shortcomings which all men have; and he had sufferings to endure and trials to bear which many have not.

Rob Roy was the son of Donald Macgregor of Glengyle, and his mother was sister to Campbell of Glenlyon, the leader in the massacre of Glencoe. The exact date of his birth is not known, but it is believed to have occurred sometime between 1657 and 1660. It is more difficult to say when he was married; and historians do not agree about the personality of his wife. Sir Walter Scott states that "she was a woman of fierce and haughty temper;" but so far as we have been able to discover does not mention her name, nor the family to which she belonged. Upon this latter point other historians differ. The writer in the *Scottish Highlands* says, "Rob Roy himself married Helen Mary, the daughter of Macgregor of Cromar;" but General Stewart states that Rob married "Helen Campbell, of the family of Glenfalloch." [Mr Millar says her name was Mary Campbell, and that she was a daughter of Campbell of Taineagh.] A good deal of obscurity surrounds his early days,

but he is said to have distinguished himself in a predatory excursion as early as 1691. A party of Highlanders descended into the Lennox and laid waste the parish of Kippen, and Rob is said to have been the leader of the band. He is also said to have been actively employed in the wars which succeeded the Revolution period. In times of peace he engaged in trade as a cattle dealer, and about the beginning of the eighteenth century was recognised as one of the most honest and trustworthy drovers or dealers in his district. Inversnaid belonged to him; but so assiduous to business and so careful of his gains had he been, that before the year 1707 he was able to purchase from the family of Montrose the lands of Craig-Royston, on the banks of Loch Lomond. His father died about this time, and Rob succeeded to the management of the property of his nephew, Gregor Macgregor of Glengyle. His importance in the clan was also increased from the fact that he was appointed tutor to his nephew.

Rob's relationship with the Montrose family was strengthened because a business connection became established between himself and the Duke. After the Union, a free trading intercourse was opened between Scotland and England, and, in partnership, Rob and the Duke took advantage of this. They advanced each 10,000 merks, and the sum was entrusted to Rob to trade upon in the interests of both. With this money Rob purchased a great quantity of cattle, and personally drove them to the English markets. Macgregor, however, found the markets already overstocked, and had to be satisfied with prices much under what he had advanced for the stock. He returned with the money obtained, and went to Montrose to settle the partnership account, and deduct the amount of loss. To this arrangement it is said the Duke would not agree, but insisted on having returned to him the full amount he had advanced. But the Duke found Macgregor as stubborn as himself, and from the sturdy Highlander's reply we obtain the first glimpse into his character. "In that case, my Lord," said

Macgregor, "if these be your principles, I shall not make it my principle to pay the interest, nor my interest to pay the principal, so if your Grace will not stand your own share of the loss you shall not have a farthing from me." Rob then turned on his heel and walked off. Another account of the affair says that Macgregor absconded with large sums of money in his possession which he had obtained from several noblemen and gentlemen with which to buy cattle; that he had failed either to do so or return the money. Probably there is truth in both versions of the story; but, in any case, a proclamation for his apprehension appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* of June 18th and 21st 1712; and from subsequent proceedings it appears that the Duke of Montrose was his principal creditor. By the proclamation "all magistrates and officers of His Majesty's forces were intreated to seize upon the said Rob Roy and the money he carried with him."

This was the turning-point of Rob's career. The Duke of Montrose took the strongest legal measures against him. He obtained possession of Macgregor's lands of Craig-Royston, and the outlaw's very house and furniture were subjected to arrest and sale. His wife and children were expelled and driven forth landless and homeless; and the former—a high-spirited woman—was insulted by the officers of the law in a manner which led her and her husband to seek unbounded vengeance upon their persecutors. Macgregor's wife felt so strongly her position, and suffered so much keen anguish, that it is said she "gave vent to her feelings in a fine piece of pipe music, still well known to amateurs by the name of 'Rob Roy's Lament.'"

To say that Rob was incensed against Montrose were but feebly to describe the wild torrent of passion which surged and swelled in his bosom. He was absolutely furious, and his vehement hatred was kept alive and fanned into a more furious flame by the representations of his maddened wife. He vowed

eternal warfare against Montrose—vowed that his Grace's lands should supply him with cattle and his coffers with money. And he kept his oath. He collected about twenty men, for whom, along with himself, he found shelter on the domains of Argyll. Past Argyll's boundary no power dare follow him, and within its line he was safe. Protected thus he for many years conducted a system of continual warfare against Montrose. His attacks were characterised by the most extraordinary courage and cool daring. He did not rush on defenceless foes by night, but made his attacks in open day; and the suddenness and audacity of his movements became the talk of the time.

The surroundings of Macgregor were highly favourable for the course of life upon which he had now resolved, and for the enlargement of his sphere of work which he afterwards made. (For being, avowedly at least, a strong Jacobite, he declared war against those of his neighbours or border Lowlanders who were of the opposite side; and it is not a little remarkable that Rob affected to believe that all who had plenty of good fat nowte and respectable flocks of sheep were professed Hanoverians.) He was backed by brave, sturdy, determined followers, and lurked chiefly in districts in which Macgregors were plentiful as currants in a plumcake. Of these not one would raise a hand against him, but all were willing to assist, either in his daring enterprises, or to get him out of a difficulty. Rob was now the "bold outlaw;" and in his own person appears to have been well adapted for his profession. He was a man of medium height, but of great breadth of shoulders, of splendid muscular development, and with arms so long that he could without stooping tie his garters. This gave him a great advantage in handling the broadsword, in the use of which he was more than usually proficient. "His hair," says Scott, "was dark red, thick and frizzled, and curled short round the face." Scott also speaks of his countenance as being open and manly; but an authentic portrait which we have before

us as we write shows a dogged, sulky, scowling face. His countenance wears an expression of jealous distrust—vengefulness appears to contend with caution, and determination unites with scorn. It is altogether a face that naturally fills one with dislike. The portrait shows no whiskers, but a short stumpy beard, and strong moustache. His presence, however, inspired those who followed him with confidence; and he is said to have been a warm and trusty friend.

Before giving an account of the ravages pursued by Rob upon the Duke of Montrose, we shall mention one or two interesting incidents in the outlaw's career. Readers of Scott's novel of "Rob Roy" will remember that Macgregor, descanting on the qualities of his sons—Hamish and Rob—to Nicol Jarvie, said, in a tone betraying enthusiasm and honest pride—"Hamish can bring down a black-cock when he's on the wing wi' a single bullet, and Rob can drive a dirk through a twainch board." Rob is represented as considering the accomplishments referred to as being the solstice of human attainment. To make his sons weavers, mechanics, or scholars were a disgrace to the name of Macgregor! The language is true to life, and shows how well the great novelist had conceived and grasped the feelings of his hero; for, as a matter of fact, on one occasion the self-same sentiments put by Scott into his mouth were in reality spoken by Macgregor. The outlaw was related to Dr James Gregory, Professor of Medicine in King's College, Aberdeen, and Rob was, when in Aberdeen on Jacobite business, invited by the worthy Professor to live in his house. Rob was much affected and gratified by the kind hospitality thus shown him, and was anxious to repay his kinsman for his generosity. The Professor had a son, rather a brisk young chap, of about eight years of age, and in the youth Macgregor got much interested. At length he addressed the Professor confidentially, and said—"My dear kinsman, I have been thinking what I could do to show my sense of your hospitality. Now, here you have a fine-spirited boy of a son,

whom you are ruining by cramming him with your useless book learning, and I am determined, by way of manifesting my great goodwill to you and yours, to take him with me and make a make a man o' him." Rob desired to make the lad a stranger to fear, to train him to strong and lusty manhood in the midst of danger and strife. He might have taught him to make the heather his bed, the sky his curtain, and a stone his pillow. He might have substituted the claymore for the pen, and the firelock for the ferule, and taught the youth to seek and win his breakfast before he ate it. But, to the outlaw's regret, the offer was declined, and instead of becoming, as Rob intended, "a man," young Gregory lived to die a Professor.

We have already stated that Rob was a strong Jacobite, at least he professed to be so. But there are several facts which make it questionable whether the outlaw had very strong opinions on either side. In the first place, Rob's best friend, Argyll, was the great Anti-Jacobite leader in Scotland; in the second place, though Rob did join the army of the Earl of Mar, which was raised in favour of the First Pretender, he was of very little, if any, service to the cause; and, in the third place, he many years afterwards said that his sympathies were with King George, and that though he did join the opposite side he felt he was doing wrong. In fact, the part he acted at Sheriffmuir is a standing disgrace to his name. In the unfortunate battle Rob was in command of a strong party of Macgregors and M'Phersons, and when ordered to charge Argyll's army replied coolly—"If they cannot do it without me they cannot do it with me"—meaning that if Mar's army could not without his assistance beat Argyll, he did not think they could succeed though they had it, and he stood immovable. Rob, in fact, seldom cared to fight if he could avoid it; and on this occasion there seems to be good ground for believing that his sole purpose was simply to obtain booty to enrich himself and followers. It is said that he robbed both

sides, and he is thus referred to in an old satirical ballad of the time :—

“Rob Roy he stood watch  
On a hill for to catch  
The booty, for aught that I saw, man;  
For he ne’er advanced  
From the place he was stanced  
Till nae mair was to do there at a’ man.”

We must now introduce an anecdote which shows the skill, address, and daring of Macgregor. We do so the more readily as it appears to us that Scott’s well-known incident of the meeting of “Dougal” with the soldiers at the inn of the Clachan of Aberfoyle, and the trick he played them, might have been suggested by the story in question. On a certain occasion an officer and forty chosen men were in pursuit of Rob through Breadalbane’s domains. The party arrived at Tyndrum, and Macgregor, who had got scent of their movements, hied towards the same spot with a number of trusty followers. He disguised himself as a beggar, and coolly walked into the kitchen of the Tyndrum Inn, where the soldiers were resting and feasting. He sat down amongst them, and with great good-humour and some display of eccentricity entered into the conversation. The soldiers for amusement attempted some practical joking upon the mendicant, who, pretending to get extremely angry, threatened to inform his friend Rob Roy of their conduct. “What do you know of Rob Roy?” queried the soldiers, with great interest. “I know him well, and know where he is,” replied the pretended beggar. The soldiers communicated with their officer, who at once entered the kitchen, and, after a good deal of persuasion, induced the beggar to promise to guide them to the haunt of Rob. He said Rob and his men were at Crianlarich, and that the arms were in one room while the men were seated in another. Rob, he assured them, was very friendly with him, sometimes joked with him, and put him at the head of his table. “When it is dark,” he said, “I will go forward, and you will follow in half an hour. When you near the house rush on, place your men around the



house, enter yourself with two men, and call upon the outlaw and his band to surrender. Don't you be surprised though you find me at the head of the company." The party set out, and as they marched on had to cross a rather deep stream. Here the soldiers asked the beggar to carry them over on his back. This he did, sometimes two at a time, and charged each a penny for the trouble. They reached the house as arranged after dusk—the beggar having gone on half an hour earlier—and the officer darted into the house with his sergeant and three men. They had hardly time to look to the end of the table, where, sure enough, the beggar was standing, when the door was shut behind them, and they were instantly overpowered. Two men stood at each side with a loaded pistol at their ear, and threatened to shoot them dead if they uttered a word. Macgregor, still retaining his disguise as a beggar, then went and called in the soldiers by couples. In like manner they were overpowered, till the whole were secured. He placed the now disarmed and sorely chagrined men under a strong guard, and kept them close prisoners during the whole night. In the morning he gave them their breakfast and let them go, retaining their arms and ammunition in his own possession, and for his own use.

With the Government determined to hunt him down, and living continually at mortal variance with an enemy so powerful as the Duke of Montrose, it is really wonderful that Rob was enabled to live so securely as he did. He was living in persistent defiance of law and order. Soldiers were constantly scouring the country at his heels, and Montrose and his agents gave them what aid they could in their futile attempts to put a period to the outlaw's career. But he had with him the sympathies of the Macgregors, who were not easily dispersed. The more they were hunted and oppressed, the more closely they clung together. Had their enemies taken measures less harsh, the object in view might possibly have been more easily accomplished. As it was, they roused the

most savage, undying spirit of opposition. The Macgregors were determined not to be conquered, and this determination to resist to the death is powerfully expressed in the "Macgregor's Gathering," a stirring song, which, in point of stately strength and wild majestic dignity, has few equals in the language :—

"The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,  
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day ;  
Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,  
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful halloo.  
Then halloo, halloo, halloo, Gregalach !  
If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,  
Give our roofs to the flames and our flesh to the eagles,  
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalach !  
While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,  
Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever.

Glenorchy's proud mountains, Colchurn and her towers,  
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours—  
We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalach !  
Through the depth of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,  
O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,  
And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt,  
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt."

Rob himself, having the special privilege of retiring to Argyll's possessions in every case of emergency, felt perfectly secure ; and as soon as the turmoil occasioned by the rising of 1715 had subsided, he at once resumed his predatory warfare against the Duke of Montrose. He was, doubtless, partly led to this line of conduct by the fact that his friend Argyll was also the enemy of Montrose. In his depredations Rob was of a rather free-and-easy disposition, kept as clear of bloodshed as possible, and no unnecessary violence of any kind was ever laid to his charge. In fact, his general character partook a good deal of the generous and humane, and in his intercourse with friends he is said to have been courteous and affable.

After 1715, before formally recommencing hostilities with Montrose, Rob, by an adroit piece of diplomacy, freed himself for a time from the resentment of the Government. He then established a residence at Craig-Royston, in the midst of his own kinsmen, and immediately set afoot his hostile operations.

He collected an armed force as great as any he had previously commanded, and never moved about without being accompanied by a small body-guard of the bravest and most active of these. He conducted his ravages of Montrose's property in the most systematic manner—"at an appointed time," according to General Stewart, who had the information from the principal official in Macgregor's band, "making a complete sweep of all the cattle of a district, always passing over those not belonging to the Duke's estate, as well as the estates of his friends and adherents. And, having previously given notice where he was to be by a certain day with his cattle, he was met there by people from all parts of the country, to whom he sold them publicly. These meetings, or trysts as they were called, were held in different parts of the country. Sometimes the cattle were driven south, but oftener to the north and west, where the influence of his friend, the Duke of Argyll, protected him. When the cattle were in this manner driven away the tenants paid no rent, so that the Duke of Montrose was the ultimate sufferer. But he was made to suffer in every way. The rents of the lower farms were partly paid in grain and meal, which were generally lodged in a storehouse or granary, called a giral, near the Loch of Monteith. When Macgregor wanted a supply of meal he sent notice to a number of the Duke's tenants to meet him at the giral on a certain day with their horses to carry home his meal. They met accordingly, when he ordered the horses to be loaded, and, giving a regular receipt to his 'Grace's' storekeeper for the quantity taken, he marched away, always entertaining the people very handsomely, and careful never to take the meal until it had been lodged in the Duke's storehouse in payment of rent."

- Rob also attended sometimes when the money payments were made, and one most audacious adventure of the outlaw is recorded. When Mr Graham of Killearn—Montrose's factor—was at Chapellarroch collecting the rents, Rob's men were dispersed, and he had but a single attendant. This man,

whose name was Alexander Stewart, and who afterwards joined the Black Watch and was wounded at Fontenoy, was for many years a servant to the father of General Stewart of Garth. He was a bold, hardy fellow, and in every way suited to be the companion of Rob in his most desperate enterprises. With him, then, Rob resolved to attend the rent-paying. When the two reached the house in which was the factor it was dark, and Rob advanced and looked through the window into the lighted room. Inside he saw Killearn surrounded by a number of the Duke's tenants, and with a large bag of money in his hand, which he was in the act of placing in a press or cupboard. Singularly enough, too, the topic of conversation between the factor and the tenants at the moment was Rob Roy; and the factor was heard by the outlaw to say that he would cheerfully give all the money in the bag for Rob's head. Macgregor smiled grimly, and instantly formed his resolution. Those inside were immediately startled to hear in the darkness without the stern voice of Rob Roy shouting forth his commands—

“Place two men at each window, two at each corner of the house, four at each door, and let no man escape with his life.”

In the midst of the surprise the outlaw entered, followed by Stewart. Each carried a pistol in his left hand and a drawn claymore in his right, and dirks and pistols were stuck in their belts. The company started up in alarm, but Rob soothed the troubles of most by saying that his business was with Killearn alone, and that they had all better be seated. Macgregor's injunction was at once obeyed. Believing as they did that he had twenty men posted outside, they never dreamt of offering the slightest resistance. He coolly ordered Killearn to hand down the bag containing the money, which the unfortunate factor was obliged to do. He then had the money—about £300—counted, and caused a form of receipt, certifying that he had received the money as the Duke's property from Killearn, to be written out. This he signed and handed to the factor, that the latter might thus be able to account to his

master for the money. He afterwards found that some of the tenants present had not received their receipts for the money paid. These receipts he caused the factor to prepare and hand to the tenants. "I wish to show his Grace," he remarked, "that it is from him I take the money, and not from these honest men who have paid him his dues." The outlaw then ordered supper for the company. Plenty to eat and drink was provided, and for everything Macgregor paid. "I have got the purse," he jocularly said, "and it is but right that I should treat you well." Having stayed with the company as long as he deemed it prudent, Rob called upon Stewart to lay his dirk naked upon the table. Killearn was then sworn to remain where he was, and to keep the others present with him for an hour after the outlaw had left. The oath was taken, and Macgregor gruffly said—"If you break it, this, pointing to the dirk, will be your reward in the present world, and you know what you will receive in the next." He then left the room with Stewart, and was in a short time safe beyond the reach of pursuit.

Some time after this (in November 1716), and on a similar occasion, Rob played a still more audacious trick upon Killearn. He not only lifted the rents from him, but carried off the factor bodily, with all his servants. He conveyed him to an island in Loch Katrine, and kept him for several days as a hostage till he should procure from the Duke of Montrose a full discharge of all he owed his Grace, as well as money down to the amount of 3400 merks. Rob, however, after better consideration, allowed the factor to go, giving him all his bonds and papers, but keeping the rents, which on this occasion amounted to £3227 2s 8d Scots.

These proceedings exasperated the Duke to such an extent that he actually at the head of a band of retainers took the field against the outlaw; and, what is still more remarkable, surprised and took him prisoner among the Braes of Balquhidder. The outlaw was bound and tied upon a horse behind James

Stewart, one of the Duke's tenants, with whom Rob was personally acquainted, and to whom he had extended favours in days gone bye. As the Duke's party were hurrying on in the darkness of the night, they had to cross a stream, and here Rob took the opportunity of speaking a quiet word to Stewart. He urged that they had long been good neighbours, and he might for auld langsyne give him a chance to save his life by making his escape. He said he might thus be able to do Stewart a good turn some other day; and possibly darkly hinted that if Stewart did not let him go he might, ere long, see his own roof-tree blazing and miss his flocks and herds when he went to seek them. Perhaps softened by compassion, perhaps moved by fear, Stewart cut the saddle girth by which the outlaw was bound, and Macgregor slipping down behind the horse's back into the river swam and dived until he got clear of the Duke's party. This incident is greatly elaborated in Scott's novel; but its main features are retained with a fair degree of accuracy. The interest is merely heightened by a strong play of feeling, and other delightful embellishments suggested by the illustrious author's fancy.

After this episode Rob actually wrote a challenge to the Duke to meet him and engage in mortal combat. He said in the challenge that if the Duke should succeed in taking his life it would be unnecessary for his Grace to clamour any more at Court for assistance to hunt him like a fox, under the pretence that he was not to be found above ground. It would, besides, Rob said, leave his Grace in possession of the glory of having secured his much-coveted head.

The outlaw also became more fearless in his adventures, and carried on a regular system of black-mailing over a large district of country. From this practice he secured a great deal of money and cattle, and with the wealth thus obtained showed a spirit of warm generosity. It is alleged that he never robbed a poor man, but assisted many. Sir Walter Scott says "He was publicly liberal, as well as privately beneficent."

Indeed, in this trait of his character we are inclined to believe lay in a great measure his immunity from capture. It is said that he had not a personal enemy outside the sphere of the Duke of Montrose's influence. Had he been the enemy of the people among whom he was constantly moving they would have found means to deliver him up ; because he was their friend in need they often took means to afford him protection.

As years began to grow upon him, however, and age to press him with a heavy hand, Rob became more peaceably disposed. He and his people gave up their quarrelling with Montrose—indeed, that magnate had begun to see that it was more to his advantage to win them to his favour than treat them as enemies, and the semi-reconciliation was mutually agreeable. Rob's last dispute was with the Stewarts of Appin. The chief of that clan was the proprietor of a farm in Balquhiddy called Invernenty, and this farm the Macgregors claimed. The Stewarts mustered two hundred men to support their claim by force ; but Macgregor brought a much smaller number into the field. He therefore said that, as both clans were loyal to the King, it was a pity they should be cutting away at one another, and he proposed that Stewart should be allowed to retain the farm. But he remarked that it was a pity and shameful to part without a trial of skill, and if any one of the Stewarts would come forward, they might single-handed engage in a bout for the honour of the respective clans. A champion came forward for the Stewarts—either Stewart of Appin himself, or his cousin, Alister Stewart of Invernahyle, it is uncertain which—and the two set to work with the broadsword. Rob was now, however, old and very corpulent, and his opponent soon drew blood from his arm, when the Macgregor lowered his point, and declared himself beaten.

At length, when he had reached nearly his 80th year, his sturdy frame gave way, and he was compelled to lie feeble and helpless in his bed. Here he expressed contrition for some of the deeds of his past life ; but that his spirit was still unbroken

an incident which occurred on his death-bed will amply testify.

One of his old foemen came to see him, and when Macgregor heard he was coming, he caused his attendants to bring his claymore, dirk, and pistols. When they had brought these, and placed them in his hands, Rob said—"Raise me up, and throw my plaid around me. It shall never be said that a foe-man saw Rob Roy Macgregor defenceless and unarmed." The visitor entered, and spoke with him for a short time. When he had retired, Rob gasped out—"Now all is over; let the piper play '*Ha til mi tulidh*'" (we return no more).

A few minutes and the end had come. Thus died Macgregor in 1734, and with his end was closed a highly eventful life. He had faced many trials and hardships, but we believe no man can lay to his charge the committal of a really base action. His funeral was attended by all classes in the neighbourhood, both high and low, with the exception of the Montrose family, who probably felt they were consulting their dignity by remaining absent. He was buried in the little, but picturesque kirkyard of Balquhiddy, and his funeral is said to have been the last at which a piper officiated in Perthshire. His dust still rests beside the ruins of the old kirk, and but a few weeks before this was written the writer stood on his grave. The trampled ground around gave testimony to the celebrity which still clings to his name; and the chipped tombstone was evidence sufficient of the eagerness of tourists to obtain relics of the bold outlaw. His "hurly-burly" is ended, and he sleeps on a quiet bed. Loch Voil sings a soft lullaby at his feet, the hills encircle him round, and the Braes of Balquhiddy, over which he so often roamed, and of which Tannahill so sweetly rhymed, dip down towards the setting sun.

In concluding our remarks upon Macgregor, we must not omit to mention that, except in warfare, he was personally free from bloodshed; and this shows in a bold, clear light alike his daring courage, and the address and skill with which he con-



ducted his operations. "The formidable outlaw was," says Sir Walter Scott, "the friend of the poor, and, to the utmost of his ability, the support of the widow and the orphan—kept his word when pledged—and died lamented in his own wild country, where there were hearts grateful for his beneficence, though their minds were not sufficiently instructed to appreciate his errors." We may add that Rob was survived by his wife, and that two of his sons became nearly as notorious as their father. Of these, however, we will say no more than that, like their father, they have found in Mr Millar a careful biographer.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### EVAN CAMERON OF LOCHIEL.

Ulysses, the King of Ithaca, one of the principal characters in the "Iliad" of Homer, and hero of the "Odyssey," was the "embodiment of prudence, versatility, and expediency." He was a "man of many devices," energetic in action, wise in council, and brave in battle. In personal prowess he was almost the equal of the all but invincible Achilles, whose armour he was awarded when that hero died. In the council-room he stood pre-eminent as the leader of the Greeks.

"When his chest its deep-toned voice sent forth  
With words that fell like flakes of wintry snow,  
No mortal with Ulysses could compare."

He was nursed among the rugged cliffs and mountains of his own island kingdom, but from travel had become well versed in the "ways of men, the stratagems of war, and the councils of princes." His stature was not of the tallest, but his figure was handsome, and his chest and shoulders were broader than those of Agamemnon, whose majestic mien and royal bearing were not equalled among the Greeks.

To Ulysses Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel, the subject of the present chapter, has been compared by Lord Macaulay. "In truth," says the historian, "the character of this great chief was depicted two thousand five hundred years before his birth, and depicted—such is the power of genius—in colours which will be fresh as many years after his death. He was the Ulysses of the Highlands." The comparison is happy and just. Lochiel was a man born to command alike in the field and the council chamber. His daring courage was only equalled by

his sagacity and wisdom. In single combat he had few equals, and at the head of men he was unmatched as a leader. As an orator he stood without a rival among the Celtic Princes, and his manner, bearing, and personal appearance wherever he went commanded respect. "He was," says the eminent author already quoted, "a gracious master, a trusty ally, a terrible enemy. His countenance and bearing were singularly noble. He was tall and strongly built. In agility and skill at his weapons he had few equals among the inhabitants of the hills. He had repeatedly been victorious in single combat. He was a hunter of great fame. He made vigorous war on the wolves which down to his time preyed on the red-deer of the Grampians; and by his hand perished the last of the ferocious breed which is known to have wandered at large in our island. Nor was Lochiel less distinguished by intellectual than by bodily vigour. . . . Though Lochiel had little knowledge of books, he was eminently wise in council, eloquent in debate, ready in devising expedients, and skilful in managing the minds of men. His understanding preserved him from those follies into which pride and anger frequently hurried his brother chieftains. Many, therefore, who regarded his brother chieftains as mere barbarians, mentioned him with respect. Even at the Dutch Embassy in St James's Square he was spoken of as a man of such capacity and courage that it would not be easy to find his equal."

Such is a bird's-eye glimpse of Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel. The execution shows a master hand, and though we may broaden we cannot hope to present a more life-like picture to the reader. Presuming, however, that the few bold rapid touches of Macaulay have awakened a keen interest regarding the chief in the reader's mind, we will now proceed to give a few details and incidents of his life, which the distinguished historian does not supply.

Evan Cameron was born in 1629. He was called *Evan Dhu*, or Black Evan, from the dark and swarthy nature of his com-

plexion. During the first seven years of his life he dwelt with his foster-father, and at the age of ten he was taken in charge by Archibald, Earl of Argyll, to whom the Clan Cameron of Lochaber was deeply indebted. The Earl, who looked upon the young chief as a hostage, superintended his education, and endeavoured to instil his own covenanting, puritanical principles into the young mind, so that he might gain the clan as his ally. But Evan Cameron could not brook the strait-laced restraint which Argyll sought to place upon him, and at the age of eighteen he broke loose from the authority of the *Mac Callum More*. This was at the period when the great but unfortunate Montrose—Argyll's bitterest enemy—was making his final effort in behalf of the Royalist party in Scotland. Montrose was a hero congenial to the young Lochiel, and at the head of his clan the youth hastened to join the Marquis. But Montrose's star had set ere Evan Cameron could reach him, and, very much disappointed, the chief returned to Lochaber, there to wait the course of events. He did not, however, allow his clan to disband, but kept them constantly under arms, for the times were stirring, and at any moment work might be found for the Camerons to do. In the year 1652 "the boy," as Macaulay terms him, found an opportunity to display his bravery. The Earl of Glencairn raised the Royal Standard in Scotland, to do battle for King Charles against the forces of Oliver Cromwell. Lochiel was one of the first, if not the very first, to join Glencairn's standard. The chiefs who flocked to join the Earl were proud, haughty, and imperious. They were, in fact, almost unmanageable. They quarrelled among themselves, and fought duels to wipe out the insults. The duels led to arrests and executions; all was confusion, and in the midst of the turmoil the King's cause naturally suffered. But Lochiel held aloof from all this unseemly brawling. He had come to fight for the King, and he cared not to interfere with anything else. Various battles ensued against General Lilburne, Colonel Morgan, and others, and in all of them Lochiel

and his brave Camerons engaged. Lochiel always fought in the forefront of the conflict, an example not only to his own men, but to the whole army. On one occasion at Braemar his bravery and devotion to duty saved his companions in arms. Glencairn's forces were at the moment rent by dissensions. The chiefs and gentlemen present were eager for power, and looked upon the cause for which they had assembled as of secondary importance. Glencairn in this state of matters was attacked by Lilburne, and Lochiel was entrusted with the defence of an important pass. Here he fought with great obstinacy against heavy odds, and maintained his position till Glencairn was able to retire with his disorganised army. Lilburne, exasperated at this result, made a detour and attacked with great determination Lochiel's flank. The young chief, however, resolutely maintained his ground, but finding himself unable to repel the enemy, who continued to bring up additional forces, retreated slowly up a snow-clad hill, keeping an unwavering front to his foes, who dared not follow. It was also the constant habit of Lochiel to station himself at the outposts, and, leaving his brother chiefs to fume and quarrel in the camp, harass the enemy with continual skirmishing. For his intrepid conduct in this insurrection he received a letter from the exiled Charles, dated at Chantilly, Nov. 3rd 1653, in which the King expressed his hearty sense of his courage and devotion, and warmly thanked him for the same.

Lochiel, however, hearing that the English had marched into and were laying waste his own country of Lochaber, withdrew from the Royal army, which was soon afterwards, near Loch Garry, defeated and dispersed by General Monk. The chiefs of the insurrection at once made their peace with Monk, who treated them with much generosity. But Lochiel refused to listen to terms. He would yield to no man. Monk tried threats and bribes, but to no purpose, and, as a last resource, proceeded to plant a garrison in the very centre of Lochaber. Lochiel, with undiminished determination, resolved to harass the garrison in

every way possible. He took up a position within three miles of Inverlochy (now Fort-William), and was a perpetual source of annoyance to the soldiers. He engaged with them in incessant skirmishes. He cut off detachments. He proved to be more than their equal alike in daring and strategy. If they sallied forth to forage he was upon them ; if to destroy, they found themselves destroyed. In this long-continued strife he displayed the most signal daring, and his skill and acuteness were superlative. In one of the skirmishes he had a terrific personal encounter with an English officer of gigantic size and strength. The officer pounced upon Lochiel unawares, but the chief was in a short time able to disarm his adversary. The officer, however, leapt forward and wound his arms round Lochiel, rendering his weapon powerless. For a time they swayed and struggled, and at length fell to the ground, the officer being uppermost. The latter stretched out his hand to seize his sword, which he intended to plunge into the chief's body, when Lochiel, nerved for a final effort, sprang up and seized the distended throat of the Englishman with his teeth. Despite the struggles of the officer Lochiel kept his hold, and in the end tore out the windpipe of his antagonist, who fell backward and died. Lochiel is said to have afterwards remarked that this was the sweetest morsel ever he tasted. In a previous chapter we related the incident of his being saved in another encounter by his foster-brother receiving the shot intended for him. He was, in fact, ever ready to expose himself to the greatest danger, and the number of hairbreadth escapes made by him is marvellous. In one of the battles with the garrison 120 of the English were killed, and in another over 100. The encounters were thus not mere showy skirmishes, but fierce and bloody encounters, in which many lives were lost. At length Monk, wearied with this incessant, harassing, and dangerous warfare, was induced again to make overtures to Lochiel to endeavour to secure his peace. But the chief answered that he would never submit to Cromwell,

whom he described as a canting, ambitious, hypocritical pretender. He was, however, now more inclined to consider an honourable treaty than formerly, for his own country was nearly devastated, and living was precarious. But submit he would not. If terms which he could accept without compromising his honour could be arranged, he would be inclined to listen to them; if the Protector could not grant such terms, then Lochiel and his men would live as outlaws and brave the consequences. He would neither, he said, lay down his arms nor abjure the King. General Monk knew the character of the man with whom he had to deal—knew that he was high-souled and honourable, and that his bare word went as far as his oath, and he at once determined to grant him such terms as he would have granted to no other man in Scotland. He sent word to Lochiel that if he would be content to lay down his arms *in the name of King Charles*, and take them up again in the name of the State, all hostilities would be at an end. He would neither be required to abjure the King nor mention Cromwell. "Proudly," says General Stewart, "might he accept the terms offered to him. No oath was required of Lochiel to Cromwell, but his word of honour to live in peace." He and his clan retained their arms. He received reparation for all the loss his estate had suffered from the garrison. He and his men received a full indemnity for all the crimes they had committed; and all public burdens which had not been paid were remitted. Such was the importance attached to securing the peace of this resolute and influential chief.

After this, for a long period of years, he remained at peace, and received the honour of knighthood from James II. In connection with this event a characteristic incident is related. He went to London to obtain pardon for some members of his clan who had unwittingly transgressed the law. He was received with great distinction and condescension by the King and Court, and his request was immediately granted. The King then expressed his desire to bestow the honour of knight-

hood on Lochiel, and asked the chief's sword with which to perform the ceremony. Lochiel had come up from Scotland in the midst of heavy rains, and his sword was rusted to the scabbard. When, therefore, he placed his hand upon the hilt and tried to draw the weapon it would not stir. He compressed his lips and pulled again, but with the same result. Then, affronted at the idea of his being unable to draw his sword in presence of the King and so many of his courtiers, the proud chief burst into tears. "Do not regard it, my faithful friend," said James. "Had the Royal cause required it your sword would have left the scabbard of itself." With his own sword the King then performed the ceremony, after which he handed the weapon to the chief, among whose descendants it is probably to this day regarded as an heirloom.

Lochiel was faithful to the Stuarts. On the expulsion of King James, General Mackay endeavoured by money bribes and other inducements to gain him over to the side of William and Mary, but his attachment to James and his hatred of Argyll, who took the opposite side, caused him to reject Mackay's proposals and espouse the cause of Dundee. In fact, Dundee's trysting-place with the clans was beside Lochiel's house in Lochaber. Thither Dundee and the plaided warriors went, and Lochiel, with "six hundred broadswords," was there to meet his guests. Among the warriors who joined the intrepid and dashing Claverhouse Lochiel was second to none in point of influence and skill. Dundee wished the forces under his command to submit to the discipline of a regular army. The Earl of Sefton, Lord Dunkeld, and other experienced Lowland officers, supported the opinion; but Lochiel—the Highlanders' spokesman—opposed the idea. "Our system of fighting may not be the best," he argued, "but we are well used to it. We have been bred to it from childhood. Making war in our own fashion gives us the expertness and coolness of veterans; making war in any other way will make us raw and awkward as recruits. We have time enough to exercise



our own discipline, but not time enough to learn yours." Such was the confidence with which the word of Lochiel—now aged and hoary—inspired Dundee, that he at once acquiesced in the opinion which the chief had expressed.

On Lochiel's decision and action depended the result of Killiecrankie. Mackay's men had possession of the famous pass, and Dundee and his Saxon officers were against hazarding a battle. "Fight, my lord," cried Lochiel in effect. "Fight immediately, if you have only one to three. If we attack I'll answer for the result; if we remain on the defensive, I answer for nothing." "You hear, gentlemen," said Dundee, with brightening face. "We have the opinion of one who knows Highland war better than any of us. Fight we will." Before the conflict commenced the veteran chief spoke with every Cameron in the field, and exacted a promise from each that he would conquer or die—which promise Lochiel gave in return. When the war cries were raised, and the claymores, red with blood, were flashing in the air, Lochiel was in the front of the battle. Above all his noble form towered. His iron grey hair streamed over his shoulders like a great wave, as he, bare-legged and bare-footed, with his own arm shattered the English ranks. Before him the soldiers fell like reeds under the sickle, and his clansmen, inspired by his example, became an invincible force, bearing down all who opposed. The result of a half hour's fight was a complete victory for Dundee's arms, although Dundee himself had received his death wound.

Sir Evan immediately after retired from the Highland army, convinced of the incapacity to lead of Colonel Cannon (Dundee's successor), and shortly before the massacre of Glencoe took the oath of allegiance to William and Mary. The remainder of his days he spent in peace, respected and esteemed by all who knew him. He died in 1719, at the patriarchal age of 90 years, and so enfeebled had he become prior to his end that it was necessary to rock him to sleep in a cradle as one would a child.

Lochiel was thrice married—first to a daughter of Macdonald of Sleat, next to a daughter of Maclean of Duart, and a third time to a daughter of Barclay of Urie. He had four sons and eleven daughters, all of whom survived him. He was certainly the most remarkable of the Highland chiefs, and to this day is spoken of with veneration throughout the whole Highlands. In concluding this very imperfect sketch of his life we may add that those wishing to obtain fuller information regarding him can have their desire gratified by procuring his “Memoirs,” published in 1842 by the Abbotsford Club, Edinburgh.



## CHAPTER XV.

### THE GREAT MONTROSE.

No Lowlander was ever so well beloved by the Highlanders as James Graham, Marquis of Montrose. They loved him because he was brave and chivalrous like themselves. He made a close study of their character, knew their prejudices and likings; and, while treating all with firmness and independence, respected the peculiarities of the people, and never gave occasion for offence. He was, besides, a gallant and experienced soldier, qualified and willing to lead them to victories which added to their military renown—in fact, Montrose was the first man who had ever ranged the Highlanders on a side against foes of a different race, and the first to prove how valuable they were as a force in the field under the command of a man who could govern their turbulent spirits. Montrose thus becomes a central figure in Highland history, and his memory is still deeply cherished in the Highlands. His eventful life and melancholy death equally assist in keeping alive the feeling; and few are likely to deny that when Montrose was beheaded on the scaffold, the country robbed itself of one of its ablest sons.

Montrose, who was descended from an ancient family, was born in 1612, and studied first at St Andrews University. At the age of twenty he went to the Continent to continue his studies, and returned several years after an accomplished scholar, a polished gentleman, and brave soldier. He presented himself at Court; but fancying that the King did not receive him with those marks of special favour which he had been taught to expect, he withdrew, and held aloof from the move-

ments which were then being made on behalf of the Royalist party in the State. This was at the period when Charles made his ill-advised and unfortunate attempt to foist the Episcopal Liturgy upon the Scottish people, who have always contended for perfect freedom in religious opinion. The men of the Covenant refused to submit to a proceeding so tyrannical and so subversive of liberty, and Montrose attached himself to their side. Of this party the Earl of Argyll was the great political leader; and when it was decided to resort to arms Montrose became the leader of the Covenanting forces. The Marquis of Huntly was loyal to the King, and raised the Royal standard in the north-east. Montrose went northward too, and quickly raised an army of 3000 Highlanders, at the head of whom he immediately marched against Huntly. His military genius soon asserted itself, and as he caused the King's forces again and again to flee before him, the Covenanters were jubilant in the thought that they had found in Montrose an unassailable tower of strength. Charles, who neither wanted skill nor cunning, saw the mistake he had committed, and now made an attempt to gain by persuasion the Scottish nobility to his side, believing that the common people would follow. He accordingly invited fourteen of the noblemen who had taken part against him to meet him at Berwick, that he might consult with them as to the propriety of introducing certain measures calculated to improve the prosperity of the country.

Montrose was among those who went to meet the King. What passed between him and Charles can never now be known, but the result was that from that day Montrose became a changed man. He did not as yet leave the party with whom he was professedly allied, but he served them with a lukewarmness which contrasted very strangely with his previous hearty zeal. He also—and this will ever unfortunately remain a blot upon his character—revealed the movements of the Covenanters to the King. Notwithstanding, he dissembled

well. He was the first man of the Covenanters to cross the swollen Tweed on their march into England, and he also fought heroically at the battle of Newburn. He likewise gave the Covenanters assistance in their diplomatic negotiations with the King, but it cannot be supposed that, changed as his sentiments were, his services would be of any real value. Unquestionably, as Robert Chambers observes, there was at this time a secret party among the Covenanters, who were only seeking their own aggrandisement, and among these Montrose stood conspicuous. That his ambition led him into this unpardonable position is more than probable, and we need not attempt to condone the fault. In this he acted a dishonourable part, and one singularly at variance alike with his previous and after character. At length, however, his treachery, which had been for sometime suspected, was discovered, and he was along with others seized and imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle.

His confinement was short, and he left prison with a fixed determination. He had made up his mind to devote his life to the service of the King, and immediately to raise an army in Scotland in Charles' behalf. He now regarded the Covenanters with a bitter hatred, and probably felt disgusted and sick at the atrocities which he had seen committed by his former companions-in-arms. With the leaders of the Covenanters—Argyll, Hamilton, and Lanark—he determined to wage a bitter war. He had formerly held the rank of Earl, but was now raised by the King to the dignity of Marquis. His Royal master also appointed him Lieutenant-General of Scotland. The short experience he had previously had of their character revealed to the Marquis the true qualities of the Highlanders, and to the north he cast his eye. He was persuaded that if he could but induce the Clans to rally around the Royal standard no power could be found in Scotland to cope with them in the field.

Northward he went alone, and for sometime took up his quarters with Graham of Inchbrakie, a relative of his own. He

immediately commenced operations, and soon had the gratification of learning that young Macdonald of Iona, with 1200 men, had come to join him. The following day 800 of the men of Athole flocked to his standard, and he thus found himself at the head of 2000 men. Without delay he put his army in motion, and marched towards Strathearn, where he was joined by Lord Kilpont and Sir John Drummond, with a number of men, raising his force to 3000. Many of these were unarmed ; but this fact did not discompose the General in the slightest degree. On the very next day at Tippermuir he attacked with great spirit Lord Elcho, who was in command of 6000 Covenanters. The disparity of numbers only increased the Marquis's determination and called forth his powers, and the battle resulted in a most complete victory for the Royal arms. Many of the Covenanters were killed, and Montrose's men were fully equipped with arms recovered from the field. On the side of the Marquis only two men, it is said, were wounded, and we may as well note here that all throughout his campaign Montrose suffered losses so trifling as to fill with surprise all who read of his marvellous achievements. He entered Perth on the day following, and, after remaining for several days in the city, marched to Aberdeen. His entrance was opposed by Lords Burleigh and Lewis Gordon, but these he overcame with ease, and entered the town. The Earl of Argyll had by this time collected a large army and was following hard in the rear of Montrose, for whose head he offered 20,000 pounds Scots. Montrose, however, eluded him, passed safely out of Aberdeen, down through the wilds of Badenoch, and rested for several days in Forfarshire. Argyll still pressed him hard, and Montrose, with a view to induce the Gordons to join him, again marched northwards across the Grampians. By this time an arrangement had been made by the Covenanting Generals to entrap the Marquis. While Argyll pressed him forward in the rear, Generals Baillie and Hurry waited him in front. Montrose when he became aware of the trap which was set turned, and,

though his forces were greatly inferior, gave battle to Argyll on an eminence behind the Castle of Fyvie. At the first the battle went against the Marquis, but he dashed forward, and by a display of the most daring personal courage so raised the spirits of his men that they at once rallied, and obeyed his commands with a precision which left nothing to be desired. Argyll was driven back to his first position, and darkness coming on the battle ceased for the night.

In the morning it was found that Montrose had executed one of the strategic movements for which he had now become famous. He had left the field, and was already safely entrenched in Strathbogie. After this battle hostilities ceased for a time, and Argyll retired to his own strongholds in the West. But the Royalist leader now determined to assume an aggressive policy, and formed the daring resolution to enter and lay waste the country of Argyll. By a series of sudden and brilliant movements Montrose arrived at the stronghold of his foe before Argyll was prepared to receive him. A bloody battle ensued, which resulted in the slaughter of 1500 Campbells, three privates only having fallen on the side of Montrose, who then pillaged till his heart was satisfied. He proceeded eastward, burned Stonehaven and Coupar Angus, and wasted the lands around. He occupied Dunkeld; he entered and plundered Brechin, and sacked Dundee. The Marquis had now become the terror of the country, and his name was pronounced in accents of fear.

It is impossible in the space at our command to give even a glimpse at the brilliant military movements which Montrose performed after this. Again and again he fought against overwhelming odds, but invariably the enemy had to fall before him. Hurry, Baillie, and Argyll were defeated not once but many times. His marches were so surprising in their suddenness, his attacks so astounding in their audacity, and his retreats so masterly performed, that his daring, skill, and success became the wonder of the time.

At length, however, when he was at the very pinnacle of his glory, he suffered a most crushing defeat. The proud Lords who had hitherto attended him began to realise that his fame was spreading so quickly that they were likely to be eclipsed by his greatness, and they retired from his ranks, taking with them their men. This weakened his army, and when he was met by General David Leslie at Philiphaugh, through disparity of numbers, he was driven back with terrible loss. He retired to the Highlands, with General Middleton pursuing, but no general could overtake Montrose in a flying march, and in safety he reached the Spey. When here, however, the crushing news reached him from the King that he must disband his army. The fact was that the King was a prisoner in the hands of his enemies, and had to issue the orders they dictated. Montrose, though loth to do so, showed his loyalty by disbanding his army. The disbandment took place on the left bank of the Ericht, near Blairgowrie, and the scene when Montrose separated from his men is said to have been most affecting.

He went abroad on the 3rd of December 1646, and landed at Norway. Thence he went to Paris, and after staying some time there actively engaged in securing the sympathy of those he met for his King at home, he left for Germany. There he heard of the King's execution, and shortly after received a message from the deceased King's son, Charles II., asking him to go to the Hague to receive a commission to attempt a new invasion of Britain. Montrose accepted the commission, and as Ambassador for the King of Britain visited the Courts of several of the northern Powers, and solicited assistance in his enterprise. He pleaded his cause with success, and received money from the King of Denmark, arms from the Queen of Sweden, ships from the Duke of Holstein, and men from the State of Hamburg and Holstein. With these he embarked for Scotland. He landed in Orkney, but a disastrous voyage had reduced the number of his men from 1200 to 200. He was joined by about 800 Orcadians, but these in the field proved



useless. In his first battle against the Earl of Sutherland, who took the field against him, he suffered a crushing defeat, and, after wandering as a fugitive in the wilds of Sutherland for a time, was at length captured and given up to the Government by Neil Macleod, the Laird of Assynt.

The Marquis was conveyed to Edinburgh, and though his enemies treated him with great cruelty, he maintained a demeanour so dignified that all who came near were overawed by his presence. In the capital he found himself in the hands of those who regarded him with feelings of deadly hatred. He was publicly paraded in a humiliating posture through the streets, and thousands of the populace were turned out by the powers that were to jibe and deride him as he went along. But his courage was so undaunted, his manner so calm and firm, and the majesty of his presence so overpowering, that not a reproachful sound was heard from the multitude. Indeed the sympathies of all were rather excited on behalf of the fallen great one who passed before them, and a rescue would not have been difficult to execute had there been friends enough present to take advantage of the turn of public opinion. His trial was a foregone conclusion. The Lord-Chancellor poured out against him the most bitter invectives, and, though Montrose was permitted to speak in reply—and spoke as became his talents and former high position—his pleading was unheeded. He was condemned to be executed, his limbs to be severed from his body, and placed on spikes in towns throughout the country.

To the very last he conducted himself with the same dignity and firmness. On the scaffold he appeared "radiant and serene," and would have addressed the multitude, but was refused permission. He then bowed his head to the block, and met his end without a murmur.

In personal appearance Montrose had few equals, and his mental powers were of a high order. He was a great man, full of lofty thoughts, and his burning ambition led him into

daring attempts, from which thousands of brave men would have shrunk. We have given but a mere glimpse of his career. Those who wish to obtain fuller information regarding his character and life may be referred to Chambers' "Biography of Eminent Scotsmen," or "The Scottish Highlands."



## CHAPTER XVI.

### GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE.

The "Bloody Clavers" has a Lowland as well as a Highland interest. While he is in the low country hated with a perfect hatred, in the Highlands he is regarded as a man of virtuous parts and a great hero. This arises from the different ways in which the different peoples look upon his conduct. In the south he was the enemy of the Covenanters, who regarded his persecution of them as being directed by Satan himself; in the north, where all were either Papists or Episcopalians, Claverhouse was the representative and leader of the people. He was the bitter enemy of the former, and the friend and guide of the latter.

We purpose briefly to sketch the main facts of his life. John Graham, latterly Viscount Dundee, born in 1643, was the elder son of Sir William Graham of Claverhouse, near Dundee, and was related to the "Great Montrose," who formed the subject of the preceding chapter. His mother was Lady Jane Carnegie, third daughter of John, first Earl of Northesk. He was, like Montrose, whose eventful career exercised a great influence on his life, educated at St Andrews University. He distinguished himself by a high proficiency in mathematics, and by a deep and passionate love for Gaelic poetry. At St Andrews he also gave early indications of that zeal for the maintenance of the then existing order of things in the Church and State for which he afterwards gained so notorious a distinction; and his abilities were such as attracted the attention of the Primate of Scotland, Archbishop Sharpe, the malevolent

and hoary-headed victim of Magus Moor. Between the old man and the young a friendship was formed, and Claverhouse, in the brief space of his power which followed the murder of Sharpe, revenged the death of his friend by many severities which make his name even yet to be uttered in bitter terms. His mathematical knowledge, his strong will, and fiery disposition eminently fitted him for military service, and in the French Army he commenced the career of a soldier. When the British war with Holland was concluded, he became a cornet in the Guards of the Prince of Orange, whose life, it is alleged, he saved at the battle of Seneff in the year 1675. For this deed he was rewarded by receiving a captain's commission in the Prince's Corps. In the armies of France and Holland he also earned great distinction.

At the age of thirty-five he returned to Scotland, and immediately entered upon the most widely known though darkest part of his career. He was appointed by King Charles II. to the command of the first of three troops of horse which were then being raised to keep in check the recusant habits of the Scottish people.

Political and religious feeling ran high in Scotland at the time. Papacy and Protestantism, Episcopacy and Presbyterianism were at war. The Protestants refused either to submit to the crushing yoke of leviathan Rome, or to be restricted in their praise and prayer by the language of the Episcopal liturgy. They desired to worship God according to the dictates of their own hearts, and had subscribed a solemn Covenant declaring their hatred of and uncompromising antagonism to Popery, and that they would do their utmost to conserve their liberties and to give one another support in their common purpose. They had done more. When tyranny in the shape of a letter from the King established Episcopacy in the country, four hundred of the ministers of the Scottish Church had declared that they would not obey the Act of Parliament based upon the terms of the letter, and at once, in the

depth of winter, and notwithstanding that many of them had dependent families, left their churches, manses, and all they possessed. Silence then reigned in the churches, but the voice of praise ascended from the hallowed Scottish hillsides. The old and young, the halt and the blind of the peasantry of Scotland, all strengthened by an unwavering resolution, met on the moors and in the glens to worship their Father in Heaven in spirit and in truth. These four hundred men, earnest to uphold the cause of God, and to break the bread of life to perishing sinners, felt inspired by a new power as, standing beneath the blue sky, they heard their words re-echoed by the everlasting rocks and their songs of praise carried upwards by the soaring larks. Nor in the midst of the tempest did they grudge to be buffeted and beaten, for they felt that every sacrifice they should make would be pleasing in the sight of the Almighty.

And when a still darker day of persecution fell, and Dalziel and his soldiers were let loose to shed the blood of the innocent, the Covenanters still rejoiced that they were enabled to suffer for the sake and in the cause of the Lord. Believing that God would be with them in a determined struggle against oppressive tyranny, they took up weapons of war to maintain their rights and to do battle in freedom's cause. Armed conventicles met in the fields, and simple-minded but true soldiers of the cross assembled to engage in worship with swords by their sides, firelocks in their hands, and pistols in their belts.

Such was the position of the Scottish Covenanters when Graham of Claverhouse appeared among them as their bitter and relentless enemy. He regarded the stern, determined Covenanters as idle, stupid, and vulgar "fanatics," and considered that to put them to death was fit sport for gentlemen. His leading ambition became to hunt them down, and to exterminate them as completely as ever Stair wished to exterminate the Macdonalds of Glencoe.

We feel a repugnance in contemplating the actions of Claverhouse at this time. He might have been possessed of military skill, of great courage and address in the management of men, but none of those qualities were required in the work he set himself to perform. Brutality enough to murder and torture was the only requisite he required, and this, according to all authorities, in the fullest measure he possessed. That he was a man of great abilities—that he could rise to the dignity of great occasions—we may yet be able to show, but that he deserves any credit for his cruel conduct at this time towards the helpless Scottish Covenanters is what we are afraid, with every disposition to be lenient, cannot be admitted. The allegations against him are often exaggerated, and many of them are now believed untrue. But still there are obtainable sufficient facts to convict him of the most wanton cruelty. “He was,” says Dodds, in his “Fifty Years’ Struggle of the Scottish Covenanters,” “influenced with the passions of a Grand Inquisitor. In his one bosom seemed to be hoarded the whole accumulated rage of his party against the Presbyterians. . . . The Scottish Episcopalians saw in him the champion who was to fix their ascendancy beyond all reach of attack; and year after year he marched and toiled, planned laborious campaigns, and perpetrated hideous butcheries to execute this fell purpose.” The work of himself and of those under him was to put an end to the “fanatical” conduct of the Covenanters, and this he determined to accomplish though at the cost of every life which espoused the cause. The notoriety which his name obtained among the simple, God-fearing, and superstitious people upon which his iron hand fell with such unsparing power, is apt in our day to create a smile; but it is nevertheless a true index to the manner in which he pursued his vocation. The people believed that he was proof against lead, and that the horse he rode—alleged to have been black, without a single white hair—was a gift from Satan himself. The horse had not been born in the usual manner, but had been

cut out of the belly of its dam. Claverhouse was supposed to have, when upon this animal, the power to transport himself from one place to another with lightning rapidity. His very name, indeed, was almost sufficient to provoke a panic.

Numerous deeds of his cruelty are narrated by historians, but of these we can only select one or two for presentation to the reader. The instances we shall give are said to have occurred in the history of a single fortnight, but we admit that the truth of some of them has been questioned.

John Brown, a poor Lanarkshire carrier, was a very pious man, of great Bible knowledge, and living a quiet and blameless life. He, however, absented himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians. One day—said to be the first of May—he was, while engaged cutting turf, seized by Claverhouse and his dragoons. His trial and conviction were matters which hindered but a few minutes. He had been asked by Claverhouse if he was a preacher, but answered that he was not. “If you have not preached, meikle have you prayed in your time?” replied the officer. “But betake you now to your prayers for the last time, for you shall presently die.” Brown commenced to pray, but was interrupted by Claverhouse, who said that he was preaching. “You know little of preaching or praying,” retorted the poor victim, with undaunted firmness. He then continued his supplications with great earnestness. But when the last act came to be performed a touch of humanity was observable among the followers of Claverhouse, though he betrayed no such weakness. The poor man’s wife was present. By the hand she led one little child, and her condition indicated that she was just about to give birth to another. The soldiers, hardened as they were, shrank from murdering the man before his wife’s face. Claverhouse commanded him to bid farewell to his wife and child, and Brown, turning, took the former by the hand. “The hour is come,” he said, with tremulous voice, “of which I spoke to you when I asked you to be my wife.” “In this cause,” replied the

woman, with heroism in her language and look, "I am willing to resign you." "Then I have nothing to do but die," replied the man, and he thanked God that he had been ready to do so for many years. Again he prayed, and Claverhouse, roused to anger by his utterances, shot him dead. "What think you of your husband now?" he derisively asked the sobbing widow. "I ever thought much of him, and now more than ever," was the reply. "It were but justice to lay thee beside him," growled Claverhouse. "If you were permitted I doubt not but you would do so," replied Mrs Brown, "but let me ask you how will you answer for this morning's work?" "To man," profanely replied the murderer, "I can answer for what I have done, and as for God I will take Him into my own hands." Then he rode off, leaving the unfortunate woman alone with her little boy and the lifeless body of her butchered husband.

Two artisans of Ayrshire were a few days afterwards tried by a military tribunal of fifteen soldiers. They were charged, not with any act of rebellion, but with holding doctrines which had caused others to rebel. In two hours their lifeless bodies were hanging on the gallows.

A week after, three poor labouring men were asked whether they would pray for James the Second. About doing this they had conscientious scruples which we need not state. Macaulay finishes his narrative of the melancholy event in the elliptical style of a Yankee paragraphist. We shall quote his words:—"A file of musketeers was drawn out. The prisoners knelt down, they were blindfolded; and within an hour after they had been arrested their blood was lapped up by the dogs."

A respectable widow gave shelter to a wayworn Covenanter, who, being sick unto death, gave up the ghost in her dwelling. This fact came to the knowledge of a friend of the Episcopal party, who pulled down the house of the poor woman, destroyed and carried away her furniture, and sent her and her



children to wander homeless in the fields. Her son Andrew, a youth of eighteen years, he dragged before Claverhouse, who was passing through the district. His end was summary. The youth was asked to pull a bonnet over his eyes while the soldiers levelled their muskets. He refused to do so. "I can look you in the face," he said. "I have done nothing of which I need to be ashamed." The weapons belched forth their murderous hail, and the brave but unfortunate boy fell weltering in his gore. A burial in the moor, and all was over.

From deeds like these, some of which undoubtedly occurred, arose the vile character bestowed by the people of Scotland upon Graham of Claverhouse.

When he went forth to disperse the famous Avondale Conventicle, Claverhouse met with his first reverse, and suffered a most inglorious defeat. The action is known in history as the Battle of Drumclog. "The place of meeting was on the Harlaw, a slight knoll in that wide, heath-clad expanse which is overlooked by the dark, frowning peaks of Loudon Hill." Claverhouse was at the time in command of the garrison stationed at Glasgow, and, being apprised of the gathering of the Covenanters, hastened with his own dragoons and two troops of horse to the spot. He was determined to strike a decisive blow here—determined to shed as much blood as might quench the zeal of the stern Presbyters. When he was first seen by the Covenanters advancing from the east, the preacher—Thomas Douglas—was in the midst of his sermon. When thus interrupted, Douglas, addressing those assembled, exclaimed—"You have got the theory; now for the practice!" and the Covenanters at once prepared to fight. If Claverhouse and his dragoons were determined, so were they; in fact, they were as eager for the fight as the Royalist commander could be—for they felt that in the struggle now imminent they would be fighting with the strength of the Lord's right hand. The armed men drew slowly to the front—their aged parents,

their wives, their sisters, their children, and those maimed and disabled remaining behind to seek a place of safety. Then they mustered in order of battle, "transformed at once," says Dodds, "from a peaceful assemblage of Christian worshippers into a body of stern and fearless warriors, ready, to the last drop of their blood, to protect their homes and the moorland temple of their God." The total fighting strength of the Covenanters was fifty horse, fifty footmen with guns, and one hundred and fifty footmen who had only halberts, scythes, forks, and other rude weapons with which to contend against the disciplined troopers of Claverhouse. Among the Covenanting leaders was William Cleland, a youth of eighteen, who afterwards distinguished himself in the cause, and met with his death at the famous struggle between the Cameronians and the Royalist forces at Dunkeld. The Covenanters were met by Claverhouse at the swamps of Drumclog, and the troopers at once led off the attack. At the first onset the soldiers met with a determined check. Volley after volley was poured into them with the utmost precision, and although Claverhouse dashed forward with his dragoons and came to close quarters, he was unable to retrieve the mischief done by the opening assault. Two of Claverhouse's officers fell by the first fire; and almost as soon as his men had closed with the Covenanters his own horse was disembowelled by a pitchfork, while he himself narrowly escaped. So determined was the Covenanters' assault that the dragoons wavered and broke, leaving about forty men dead on the field, while a great many suffered from serious wounds. Only one man was killed on the opposite side, but five died afterwards from their wounds.

This defeat more than ever embittered the soul of Claverhouse against the Covenanters. He was proud and imperious, and chafed like a caged tiger under the disgrace which the result of the battle had brought upon his professional reputation. His thirst for revenge was partially gratified by the battle of Bothwell Bridge, at which the Covenanters sustained

a crushing defeat. He was shortly after sent further west, with absolute powers, and the manner in which he exercised these powers has, in the language of Macaulay, left him "a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with peculiar energy of hatred."

In 1682 he was appointed to an office which gave him ample opportunity of wreaking his vengeance on the unfortunate peasantry who stood by the Covenant. He was appointed Sheriff of Wigtown, and was joined by his brother, David Graham, in the following year. The two went together in the persecution of the unhappy victims who fell into their hands. The most horrible cruelties are said to have been inflicted, and the smallest slip constituted a mortal offence—indeed, more than one case occurred when men suffered death against whom no charge could be sustained.

Up to this period he can be regarded as little else than a hot-blooded legal murderer—a bloodthirsty, revengeful man, with every facility at his hand for carrying out his demoniacal ends. But in a year or two afterwards he appears to have lifted his mind a little above the mere desire for shedding human blood, and his action and movements had a remarkable influence on the affairs of the State. Despite the efforts made in favour of Episcopacy in Scotland and Papacy in England, the cause of the Covenanters had been surely gaining ground, and was fast "leavening the whole lump." James, Duke of York, had succeeded his brother, Charles II., under the title of James II. of England and VII. of Scotland. He had endeavoured to carry out the policy of his brother, but the people of England invited his son-in-law, William of Orange, to their shores, and, when James, alarmed by their attitude, fled for safety, they proclaimed William and his consort Mary King and Queen of the British Isles. William was the enemy of Popery, the champion of Protestantism, and the friend of freedom in religious opinion and observance. Claverhouse was

the very reverse, and the coming into power of the new King meant a death-blow to all he held dear. James had ever been the patron of Claverhouse, and had before quitting the kingdom promoted him to the Peerage, under the title of Viscount Dundee and Lord Graham of Claverhouse. At the very time, indeed, of the abdication of James, Dundee was in England with a body of troops which he had raised to oppose the landing in London of William; and believing him to be one of his most faithful friends James had confided to him the care of his military affairs in Scotland. To Lord Balcarres, a friend of Dundee, he entrusted his civil affairs. These two men, in fact, James appointed his representatives in Scotland during his enforced absence from the country. Dundee was thus, it will be perceived, directly opposed to the administration of William, and the idea that he might be able to restore James and drive this Protestant Prince and his Consort from the throne had already begun to fix itself upon his mind. He, however, dissembled his true feelings, and presented himself at Court. To William, whose life, it is said, he had on the Continent been instrumental in saving, he was well known, and the new monarch, who was aware of his political proclivities, asked no more from him than an assurance of peaceable behaviour. This Dundee gave, and at his request he and Balcarres were escorted to Scotland by a body of the Royal troops.

No sooner, however, had Dundee arrived in Scotland than he commenced to act on behalf of the exiled James. The Scottish Convention—the administrative body in Scotland—met to consider the steps to be taken in view of the abdication of James and the accession of William. The Jacobites mustered in strong force—Dundee and Balcarres among them—to maintain the cause of James; but the Whigs, gratified with the change, and determined to support the new King and the measures he proposed to introduce, were in a majority. They were tired of James and his interference with their rights

and liberties, and now saw a chance of emancipation. They took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded, and upon the main question, as upon every other, the Jacobites were defeated. William and Mary were proclaimed sovereigns. The Jacobites were highly incensed, and none more so than Dundee. The Duke of Gordon held the Castle of Edinburgh in the interests of James, and the Convention called upon him to surrender. Dundee obtained an interview with Gordon, and entreated him not to do so. Gordon, who had been wavering and undecided as to the course he should take, became in his contact with Dundee inspired by the fiery zeal and determined courage of the latter, and when two heralds, acting by instructions from the Convention, finally summoned him to surrender, he refused. He determined to stand a siege, but would not, though asked by Dundee, consent to fire upon the city. This was but a small gain for the Jacobites, however, and they were at their wits' end as to the course to be taken. Various steps were proposed, which we need not specify; it is enough to say that Dundee was dissatisfied with all. He looked upon his party as a weak, vacillating rabble, and made up his mind to act by himself. He resolved to quit Edinburgh. There was necessity for this, because the town was filled with men who hated him, and rumours were abroad of a plot being formed for his assassination. He made an appeal to the Convention to order all strangers to quit the town, but the Convention declined to accede to the demand. He left the Assembly in a rage, and, filled with a burning thirst for fame, a lofty desire to accomplish a great end, called out his men, and in broad daylight, and in full view of friends and enemies, rode out of the town. Passing under the Castle walls, he summoned the Duke of Gordon to an interview. What passed between the two men is imperfectly known; but it is certain that Dundee asked him to maintain the Castle at all hazards, and stated that he would soon be back to his relief. This incident has been immortalised by Sir Walter Scott in the well-known Scottish

song, "Bonnie Dundee," one or two verses of which we quote:—

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke—  
 "Ere the King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke;  
 So each cavalier who loves honour and me,  
 Let him follow the bonnet of bonnie Dundee."

The cowl o' Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,  
 The lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;  
 But they shrank to close-heads and the causeway left free  
 At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

The Gordon has asked him whither he goes—  
 "Wheresoever shall guide me the soul of Montrose;  
 Your Grace in short space shall have tidings of me,  
 Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

"There are hills beyond Pentland and streams beyond Forth;  
 If there's Lords in the Southland, there's Chiefs in the North,  
 There are wild dunnie-wassals there thousand times three,  
 Will cry, *Hoigh!* for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Away to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks,  
 Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch with the fox,  
 And tremble, false Whigs, though triumphant ye be,  
 You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.

He waved his proud arm, and the trumpets were blown,  
 The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,  
 Till by Ravelston Crag and on Clermiston lea  
 Died away the wild war notes of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,  
 Come, saddle my horses and call up my men,  
 Fling all your gates open, and let me gae free,  
 Sae't is up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Dundee was now fired with a wild ambition. He had set a high ideal before him, which he was determined to realise. "Wherever the spirit of Montrose leads me I shall go," he replied to the query of Gordon, and his face, as indicated in Scott's lines, he set to the Highlands. He was of the same blood as the "Great Montrose," was now filled with the same chivalrous notions, and believed that among the mountaineers he would meet with the same success as signalled the efforts of his immortal ancestor. He conjured up wild visions of enthusiastic plaided warriors and flashing claymores. He had confidence in his own power to keep in subjection these

turbulent spirits and in his own skill to lead them to victory. He was no longer the mere butcher of defenceless hinds ; his pole-star was the salvation of his country, and his high purpose to be its saviour. He dreamt of fame—of brilliant attacks and glorious victories.

To his family seat at Dudhope he hied, and there rested for a few days, during which he put himself in communication with the Highland Chiefs. He was driven to the Highlands with more expedition than he expected. The Duke of Hamilton, as President of the Convention, ordered the arrest of Balcarres, and also of Dundee, who was declared an outlaw, and troops were immediately sent in pursuit. Balcarres was captured, but to get hold of Dundee was a matter not so easy of accomplishment. He fled with his followers to the Highlands, and in the rockbound fastnesses of that mountain region was perfectly secure.

He was not idle during his brief stay in the north. He used his eyes and his ears to good purpose, and his persuasive tongue to better. Nor did he grudge to part with his money. All the riches he had gained in the service of the Stuarts he now expended in their behalf, and was doubtless delighted to find that he was spending not in vain. The Highlanders were ready to rise—at least a proportion of them so large that Dundee confidently expected the realisation of his fond dream. He found that his presence stirred up the Celtic warriors of the hills, and that they warmly espoused the cause he had so deeply at heart. He found that the name of Montrose, whom he was determined to imitate, was still a name by which to charm. But the truth is that it was neither the person of Dundee, the cause he represented, nor the traditional glory of Montrose which inspired the Highlanders at the moment. It was something deeper still, something which had a stronger, firmer hold upon their minds. They were moved by self-interest. Argyll, the great feudal Chief of the West, had with the new dynasty suddenly risen into power. The Whigs were

triumphant, and among the Whigs *Mac Callum More* was a leader. He was at variance with the whole of the neighbouring clans. Between Argyll and his neighbours there was a perpetual feud. The Argyll family had, years before, with the State at their back, waged aggressive war upon and plundered the lands of the weaker clans who lived beside them ; and against the Earl the latter, jealous of his power, and alarmed for their own safety, had formed a coalition. They therefore regarded his present position with distrust, because they knew that for them it portended bad things. Dundee was the bitter antagonist of Argyll, and nothing was more natural than that the discontented clans should, for protection, range themselves under so enthusiastic a leader. In fact, Macaulay alleges that it is not proved that a single clan offered to join Dundee who did not "dread or detest" Argyll.

Preliminary arrangements completed, the trysting day was fixed and the meeting-place named. Its locality, as we mentioned in our notice of Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel, was in the vicinity of that chieftain's house. The cry of war went forth, the fiery cross gleamed in the glens, the pibroch was echoed back from the hills, and the plaided warriors hastened to join the second "Montrose." Cameron of Lochiel, with six hundred claymores, welcomed Dundee. The standard of King James was raised, and there crowded around it thousands of brave and battle-scarred Gael. The Macleans of Lochbuie and Stewarts of Appin, the Macdonalds of Glengarry, the Macdonalds of Glencoe (under the ill-fated Mac Ian), the Macdonalds of Clan Ranald, and the Macdonalds of Keppoch were present in all the pomp and show of their warlike array. Sir John MacLean of Duart led forward five hundred fighting men, while Macdonald of Sleat, Lord of the Isles, appeared at the head of "seven hundred towsie Celts from Skye."

Dundee was enthusiastic, but not yet quite prepared to begin the campaign. General Hugh Mackay, an able officer, had been sent to quell the threatened insurrection, and Dundee



felt that he would require more men before he could hazard an engagement. Ireland still stood true to James, and to Dublin Dundee applied for aid. There was a Royal army of forty thousand fighting men in Ireland, and he reasonably expected that a portion of these might be sent to his assistance. The gratifying intelligence arrived that an army would be despatched, and Dundee resolved to remain inactive till it should appear.

Mackay had in the meanwhile been hurrying up one glen and down another, crossing dreary bogs here and mountain ranges there. He had been harassing and wearing out his soldiers, but beyond a mere skirmish now and again no practical result had ensued to repay the trouble. He got tired of the work, and his exhausted men became dispirited. The General, therefore, resolved on a brief cessation of hostilities, and retired with his men to Lowland stations that they might rest and recruit. Dundee remained in Lochaber, but, realising the difficulty of providing for an army so large while in a state of inaction, resolved to disband and reassemble on the arrival of the auxiliaries from Ireland. He extracted a promise from the chieftains that they would be ready whenever he summoned, and then allowed them to return to their own glens.

This was early in June; but the peace was soon broken. Athole became the theatre of war. The Marquis of Athole, who possessed many of the characteristics of the notorious Master of Lovat, was desirous of occupying a go-between position between the two contending parties in the State, and would declare for neither. He left on the pretext of ill health to drink the waters of Bath, and during his absence a civil contention arose within his domains. His eldest son, Lord Murray, declared for the Prince of Orange, while Stewart of Ballechin (said by Macaulay to be the confidential agent of the Marquis) took up arms in the name of King James. Both summoned the men of Athole to their standard, but the people

were divided and distracted. Stewart, with his followers, seized upon Blair Castle, the strongest position in Athole, while Lord Murray placed it in a state of siege.

Around this position, then, the first and last grand struggle of Dundee in behalf of James was to be waged. Dundee summoned the clans, who responded to his call. The contingent from Ireland, under Colonel Cannon, arrived, but they were a most contemptible lot—300 ill-fed, ill-armed, ill-disciplined men, and Dundee and his Highlanders saw that they must depend on their own exertions. Dundee set out for Athole with little more than 8000 men, who had been hurriedly and unexpectedly called together. But he knew that if he could but manage them with the same tact and skill as his great prototype Montrose, he could depend on the invincible courage and determination of each. His object was to give assistance to Stewart of Ballechin in his endeavour to hold the Castle.

But Mackay had also been roused from his quiescent state, and was hurrying to the same spot—his object being to assist young Lord Murray against Ballechin. He went well supported. To four veteran regiments, which had seen much service, were added two newly raised, and these were supported by Belhaven's and Annandale's horse—the whole army being much stronger and better appointed than that of Dundee.

Both Generals advanced in hot haste to Blair Castle, and the intelligence of their expected arrival was heralded to each of the contending sides there. The effect upon Murray's men was to him sadly disheartening. The greater part of them walked off, declaring they would not fight against King James. General Stewart says that these men put themselves under the command of the Laird of Ballechin, and marched off to join the advancing Dundee. Macaulay, however, states that their "zeal for James did not induce them to join the standard of his General," but that they hid themselves among the rocks and thickets which overhang the Garry. The statement of

Macaulay there are several reasons for assuming to be the correct one, but in any case the result of this defection of Murray's men was that he immediately raised the siege of the Castle, and retired to the Pass of Killiecrankie.

Dundee soon after, on the 27th of July, arrived at the Castle and joined Ballechin. Here he was informed that his opponent, General Mackay, was already in the Pass of Killiecrankie, a few miles further down. The opposing Generals were almost face to face, and Dundee immediately deliberated upon the step to be taken. The question, as we mentioned in our paper on Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel, was—"Fight, or not fight?" and Lochiel, for the Highland chiefs, answered—"Fight immediately." Dundee, with spirit and animation, adopted the opinion of Lochiel, and without delay gave the order to march. His army, a motley, rugged throng, at once obeyed.

It is difficult to say whether at this moment Viscount Dundee's hopes were high. He was not until later able to judge accurately of the numbers which waited to oppose him in or above the Pass. But he knew that his own followers were filled with as high and ardent a devotion to his person as ever leader inspired in the breasts of men. He had already made himself acquainted with their peculiar ways; and without in the slightest detail relaxing the strictest discipline, he treated all with a kindness and consideration which would have made the followers of Richard Cameron stare in mute dismay—his treatment of the Highlanders was so different from what his southern reputation would have led them to expect. It is very pleasing to have the following view of his character presented to us by a contemporary writer who was well informed upon the subject of which he wrote:—"If anything good was brought him (Dundee) to eat, he sent it to a faint or sick soldier. If a soldier was weary, he offered to carry his arms. He kept those who were with him from sinking under their fatigues, not so much by exhortation, as by preventing them from attending to their sufferings. For this reason he walked

on foot with his men ; now by the side of one clan, and anon by the side of another. He amused them with jokes. He flattered them with his knowledge of their genealogies. He animated them by a recital of the deeds of their ancestors and of the verses of their bards. It was one of his maxims that no general should fight with an irregular army unless he was acquainted with every man he commanded." Yet with all his kindness the only punishment he cared to inflict for breaches of discipline or other offences was death. In this respect he was inflexible as the rocks. Sir Walter Scott relates that Dundee saw a young man waver in his first engagement, and riding up to him said that, out of respect for his father, he would give the youth an opportunity of going home. The timid lad begged for another chance. "As you please," replied his General, "but remember my eyes will be upon you, and if you shrink you will die." The engagement came, and again the youth wavered, and would have fled, but Dundee galloped up, and quietly saying, "The son of your father is too good a man for the Provost-Marshal," put a pistol to his head and shot him dead. Resolute, however, as Dundee was, he was sometimes held in check by the inflexible, daring chiefs who had ranged themselves under his banner. On one occasion he ordered the Camerons of Lochiel to attack a defenceless crowd. "No," calmly replied Sir Evan Cameron, "they will not. I'll cut down nobody in cold blood." "Do you dare to dispute my orders?" cried Dundee, his cheeks mantling with passion. "I do," replied Lochiel, with ready decision. "Will you stand by me, men?" he exclaimed, laying his hand on the hilt of his claymore, and addressing his kinsmen. Dundee had no difficulty in reading their answer in their attitude and looks, and wisely cancelled the order. He found, indeed, that to lead the mixed army he now commanded required all the skill and tact which he possessed.

But this mixed character of Dundee—this blending of kindness and sternness—probably attached those wayward spirits

who were under him more closely to his person than if he had been all suavity and love. They knew that courage and decision in the camp meant courage and decision in the field. They knew that he was just such a man as would sustain their character for valour, and were not without signal proofs that he possessed in no small measure their own wild dash and fire.

In such a spirit, then, they obeyed with alacrity the order to go forward to battle. A four mile march brought them within sight of Mackay's forces just emerging from the gloomy Pass of Killiecrankie. They saw the latter General call in his outposts, and set his troops in order of battle. The sight inspired the hearts of all, and the Highlanders, led by Dundee, and their respective chieftains, also moved forward and took up their ground upon an ascent which gave them every advantage of position. Each General, anxious for the honours of the day, spared no pains in the disposal of his men. Each company and battalion was narrowly inspected, and earnestly exhorted to fight as if victory depended on its individual effort.

At length all was arranged, and for two full hours did the rival armies stand within gunshot of each other. Below, the Lowland soldiers gazed up with a species of dread at the half-naked savages who glared down at them from the heights above; while above, the Gael, filled with the memories, and inspired by the recollections, of achievements at Kilsyth, Auldearn, and Tippermuir, scowled down on the Sassenach below with looks of the most savage hatred. At last, when the sun was declining in the west, the word was passed by Dundee, and the Highlanders raised a great shout. From the plain below came a feeble response. "We shall do it now," said Lochiel, grimly, as he took off his shoes. "That is not the cry of men who are going to win."

In a moment more the Highlanders had commenced their movement down the hill. Crouching low, they pressed forward,

grasping their firelocks and heedless of the leaden hail which the troops of Mackay fired with wonderful precision into their ranks. Three rounds at less than one hundred paces distance were delivered, and gaps were formed in the advancing line. Still there was no waver, no indecision in that resolute onward movement. But a moment later the mountaineers paused. One straggling volley they delivered from weapons to the use of which they were little accustomed, and then with their bonnets drawn down over their brows, and their broadswords clutched in their hands they bounded on, and ere the troops of Mackay could fix their bayonets the whole flood of Macleans, Macdonalds, and Camerons had dashed itself against their front. Balfour's regiment broke in a moment, and Balfour was cut down. Mackay's men were literally crushed to pieces by the Cameronian avalanche. Mackay was amazed, but not disconcerted. He called on his horse to charge the Highlanders, but though he and Belhaven, their commander, spurred forward, Belhaven's troops refused to follow. They turned and galloped off; while Annandale's troop followed their example. Among the Lowland soldiers all was confusion, and in the midst of the panic the Highlanders fought like demons let loose. The fury of their blows was tremendous, and the slaughter was immense. In twenty minutes—Macaulay shaves the truth rather bare when he says two—the battle was lost and won. Mackay and his men, separated and dismayed, were in full flight, and the Highlanders were quarrelling over their plunder, while the darkening night covered the scene with gloom.

It was afterwards discovered that about 2000 of Mackay's men were either killed or made prisoners, while the loss to Dundee amounted, so far as could be computed, to about 900. A satirical Jacobite ballad of the time thus alludes to the battle:—

“ Her skipt about, her leapt about,  
And flung amang them a', man;  
The English blades got broken heads,  
Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.

The durk and door made their last hour,  
 And prov'd their final fa', man ;  
 They thought the devil had been there  
 That play'd them sic a paw then.

"Sir Evan-Dhu, and his men true,  
 Came linking up the brink, man ;  
 The true Maclean, and his fierce men,  
 Came in amang them a', man ;  
 Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,  
 All fled and ran awa' then."

But in the very short time the battle had lasted an event of the greatest importance to the Stuart cause had occurred. Dundee was mortally wounded. He had charged at the head of his horse, and was watering the animal he rode at a well near Urrard House, when he was shot from one of the windows—the bullet entering by a chink in his armour. His horse reared and plunged forward, and he fell from the saddle. A companion in arms caught him as he sank to the ground. "How goes the battle?" he gasped. "Well for King James," answered the man ; "but I am sorry for your Lordship." "If it is well for him," heroically answered Dundee, "it matters the less for me." The General never spoke again. Half an hour later some friends thought they could discern life in his frame, but in a few more minutes it was certain that the restless, brave, ambitious spirit had fled its earthly tabernacle. He was wrapped in two plaids and carried to Blair, amid the universal mourning of his men. His death, they felt, was a loss for which the gain of the battle could not compensate. The whole scene is vividly painted in the following striking poem, entitled "The Death of Dundee," specially written for this series of papers by Mr Wm. Allan, Sunderland :—

The bright summer sun o'er the Grampians was flinging  
 His keen golden lances of shimmering light ;  
 Far over each peak the wild war-shout was ringing  
 Of warrior Highlanders stript for the fight.  
 There mustered the Camerons 'neath doughty Sir Ewan,  
 There stood the Macdonalds 'neath haughty MacIan,  
 Brave Stewarts of Appin ; Glengarry, and Struan,  
 Clanranald, and Keppoch, and martial Maclean.







W. & A. G. 1874

VIEW OF THE PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE

Heavens ! these were mighty men,  
 Bared in the setting sun ;  
 Hark ! 'twas a signal gun,  
 Broadswords three thousand then  
 Brightly flashed out as one,  
 And swift as a torrent that bursts from its bed,  
 Down on the startled foe,  
 Roaring they thundering go ;  
 Then quivered the earth 'neath their terrible tread.  
 Why trembled Dundee as he led them to glory ?  
 Why paled was his cheek at the foemen's rude flight ?  
 Weird spectres of vengeance, gaunt-visaged and hoary,  
 Arise in their horror to gaze on the sight ;  
 " Avaunt, ye pale shadows ! why haunt me for ever ?  
 Come ye to rejoice as the coward knaves flee ?  
 The day is our own ; Scotland's honour shall never  
 Be tarnished by traitors," spake dauntless Dundee.  
 Swift as a meteor's flash,  
 Fierce as a demon's wrath,  
 Over the bloody strath  
 Dark horse and rider dash ;  
 Death hovers round their path.  
 Grimly he smiled at the swathes of the slain,  
 Rushing the foes among,  
 Cheering his braves along,  
 Fearlessly leading them over the plain.  
 As crushed is the flow'r in the flush of its blooming,  
 As stricken the eagle when soaring in might,  
 As vanquished the tiger when victims consuming,  
 So perished Dundee, in his victory bright.  
 He fell ! and the ghosts of his victims descended  
 To gaze on the face of the merciless man,  
 Who darkened with murder the cause he defended,  
 And left on his country the blight of his ban.  
 Viewing his riven breast,  
 Sorrowing for his pain,  
 Sadly arose their strain,  
 " O thou of fame unblest,  
 Earth will thy name disdain,  
 Where is thy peace in death's fast-closing night ?"  
 'Mid the wild battle roar,  
 Silent for evermore,  
 On dark Killiecrankie his spirit took flight.

In the Highlands his death was almost universally deplored,  
 while in the South it gave occasion for much congratulation. It  
 is a difficult task to give an estimate of Dundee's character ; but  
 we think it can be maintained that his immoderate zeal was  
 as much the offspring of his loyalty and firmly-held convictions  
 as of his ambition and desire for power. That he was proud  
 and overbearing is true, but to say that he was entirely void

of any redeeming quality is to speak too strongly. To look at a man only through the spectacles worn by those who are bitterly opposed to him in religious opinion is not the best means of judging what is true and what is false—what good and what bad, in his character. And we are inclined to think that it is through this medium that the life and character of Claverhouse have been chiefly viewed by his countrymen. Those who sympathised with the object he had in view, though perhaps unable always to approve of every detail of his procedure, could find excuses and reasons for his actions which were apt to be overlooked by those on the opposite side. They were perhaps persuaded that the motives of the Covenanters were not so pure as was professed of them, and may also have been satisfied that in their day of power cruelties were committed on those who fell into their hands which would have made Claverhouse turn sick. Mere denunciations hurled against Dundee will not disprove that his mind was pregnant with great and lofty thoughts ; and, however much we differ from his opinions or blame him for his early persecuting habits, we should not deny that he had the weal of his King at heart. He was a brave man, and had talents of a very high order, which he had but short time indeed to exercise. During the last three months of his life he had, as Macaulay observes, approved himself a great warrior and great politician, and had his life been spared it is difficult indeed to estimate what might have been the result of the victory at Killiecrankie.

In the kirk at Blair Athole his remains were laid ; and says Burton—"Never vaulted roof or marble monument covered the last abode of a more restless and ambitious heart than that which has slept in this quiet spot among peasant dust."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### DUNCAN FORBES OF CULLODEN.

We have now come to speak of a really great man—one of the noblest and best of Scotchmen. Whether viewed in respect of his mental powers or moral worth, Duncan Forbes of Culloden, Lord-President of the Court of Session, towered far above his fellows. In the list of Highland names which have gained honourable distinction his stands pre-eminent, and in Scotland there have been few with whom he might be compared. In the "Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography," Dr Taylor speaks of him as "one of the most sagacious and public-spirited patriots Scotland has produced;" and Robert Chambers says that his "memory is justly entitled to the veneration of his country." During the trying period of the second Jacobite rising, no man in Scotland exerted so much really wholesome influence as the subject of the present chapter, and no man could have discharged more faithfully the services which his country and his duty required him to perform. His enlightened understanding enabled him to perceive the ruin and misery which his countrymen were hastening to bring upon themselves, and the goodness of his heart prompted him to leave no means untried by which the calamity might be averted.

Duncan Forbes was born at Bunchrew, near Inverness, either in 1685 or the year following. He was the second son of Duncan Forbes of Culloden, a determined anti-Jacobite, who enjoyed a perpetual license to distil, duty free, the whole grain that might be raised in the barony of Ferintosh. Young Forbes, it is said, was intended for the military profession, in which he

had an uncle a Lieutenant-Colonel; but in the law he had also an eminent relative—Sir David Forbes of Newhall—and, probably influenced by the position and success of the latter, he entered upon the study of law under the guidance of Professor Spottiswoode in the year 1704. In that year his father died, and the youth, now about 19 years of age, went to Leyden to prosecute his learning. For two years he remained in that city, and made remarkable progress. After his return to Scotland he continued his studies for two years more, at the conclusion of which period he was admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates. This was in 1709.

Mr Forbes was a hard worker, and found plenty of occupation. He had been but a short time at the bar when his reputation was established. He distinguished himself as a man of great penetrative powers, sound judgment, persuasive eloquence, and profound learning. With his greatness as a man of intellect his probity and singular purity of character kept pace. He became an attraction to the leading society of the metropolis, and the Duke of Argyll, at the time one of the most powerful and influential men in the kingdom, was his firm friend. Mr Forbes, being a second son, had no means but those he earned, but with these he was able to keep himself in a style approaching almost to splendour.

During the Jacobite rising of 1715, however, he displayed an amount of spirit which at once stamped him as being something more than a mere lawyer. He showed that he had both the courage and the will to fight. His brother, the Laird of Culloden, was in London as a member of Parliament, and Duncan went north to see that his house should be kept safe in the midst of the insurrection. Culloden House was at length attacked by a numerous body of Macintoshes, under Macintosh of Coul; but Mr Forbes made a gallant defence, and was successful in beating off the rebels. With great spirit and tact he then collected the Frasers and Grants, who, mainly through his influence, remained loyal, and, marching westward,

captured the town of Inverness, wresting it from the hands of the Jacobites and holding it for the King. When the rebellion had been suppressed, he, in conjunction with his brother, pleaded earnestly on behalf of those whom the law was about to visit with a heavy hand. Nothing, in fact, could exceed the interest taken by Mr Forbes and his brother John in behalf of the unfortunate offenders. They were staunch supporters of the Government; but they were the friends of the people as well. They had spent their own money that they might be able to keep loyal some of the wavering clans; but they protested against a display of vindictiveness signalling the hour of triumph. It was proposed by the Government that the prisoners should be sent out of the country, and it was further proposed to appoint Mr Forbes Lord-Advocate, and trust to him the work of prosecution. But on patriotic grounds Mr Forbes was averse to the proceeding; and when he heard of the honour which it was proposed to confer upon him, and of the purpose which the Government had in view, he wrote to say that he would not accept such employment. He felt that the Government were laying the iron hand too heavy upon a discontented and suffering nation; and he trembled, to use his own language, to think what dissatisfaction it would produce. As yet, however, the opinions and suggestions of Duncan Forbes carried with them no other force than that of truth and earnestness, and how important soever these qualities may be in themselves, most people will admit that they are not generally in such circumstances enough to carry conviction. The position or standing of the man who gives advice is of vast importance in gauging the influence of such advice on the minds of others. And so Mr Forbes' efforts were unheeded—except in so far as they excited a suspicion against his own loyalty; but his unblemished character—his honour and integrity—soon caused this idea to be dispelled.

The prominent position he had taken in the discussion had drawn attention towards him, and early in 1716 he was

appointed Advocate-Depute. Six years afterwards he was returned to Parliament for the Inverness burghs, and three years later he obtained from the Government the high and responsible position of Lord-Advocate. In 1784, through the death of his brother John, he succeeded to the valuable estate of Culloden, which added considerably to his usefulness and position alike in the north and in the metropolis. In consequence of the disgraceful riot known as the Porteous mob, which took place in Edinburgh in 1784, it was determined that the city should be deprived of all her privileges. Against the carrying out of this decision Mr Forbes exerted himself to the utmost, and not without success, as at his suggestion were made many modifications of the course at first proposed. "When we contemplate the condition of Scotland in those days," says Robert Chambers, "we scarcely know whether to wonder most at the good which Forbes was able to achieve, or at the means by which he accomplished it."

In 1787 he was appointed Lord-President of the Court of Session, and in this position a new field was opened up by which he was able to do valuable service to his country. His first duty was to improve the regulations of his Court; and his improvements were such that business was expedited and justice rendered less liable to subversion. His influence in this Court has, according to Chambers, been of lasting benefit to his country. Indeed, he infused into its chief tribunal of justice a pure and healthy spirit to which it had hitherto been a stranger, and by his skill and manner taught his brethren in the law to look upon their profession and upon one another with greater respect. He was himself a pleasing, elegant, and eloquent speaker; and, being naturally of a cheerful and urbane disposition, never allowed his temper to overcome him in the warmest discussion. "Everything like artifice," says a writer, "he held in abhorrence; and, truth and justice being at all times the object he aimed at, the law of kindness was ever on his lips, and an impress of candour and

sincerity gave an oracular dignity to every sentiment which he uttered."

It was, however, during the Rebellion of 1745-46 that this excellent man chiefly distinguished himself by his exertions in behalf of his country. He had been bred in the Highlands, had lived much among the people, and from habitual study was intimately acquainted with their character and modes of life. He was a man of keen discernment, and was convinced that the slumbering embers of 1715 might at any moment be fanned into a blaze. He was also convinced that such a result would be disastrous to the peace and prosperity of the country. Besides disliking the idea of crushing men into subjection by force, he was aware that the Highland spirit was naturally inclined to revolt against tyranny and oppression; and in good enough time to prevent a second rising he suggested a scheme to the Government by which it might have been effectually prevented. His plan, in fact, was precisely that for which Chatham afterwards gained so much credit for carrying into effect. He knew the faithful nature of the Highlanders—knew that if once gained to a side they might be trusted though tried to the utmost; and his scheme was that regiments of Highland soldiers should be formed in behalf of the State—that they should be officered by Highland chieftains or leaders, paid with Government money, and kept under Government rule. He also suggested that they should be sent abroad to fight the country's battles in France and Spain, thus bringing them more firmly under Government control. The plan, though it appeared a little obnoxious at first to the proud chiefs and clansmen, would have been sure to succeed—it has indeed been proved to succeed—among such a brave and warlike people; and the friends of the Stuarts would have found those on whom they chiefly depended for support already firmly allied to the Government and the existing state of things. But the advice of the President was neglected, and soon the tide of rebellion swept over the country. Many men



in the position of Lord-President Forbes would have "taken the pet" at the want of deference shown to his opinion by those in power—would have felt satisfied that they had already done their part, and that their duty was ended; but Duncan Forbes was a man of different spirit. The question with him was not—How can I sustain my dignity? but—How can I help my country? He had the very earliest intimation, although it came late enough, of Prince Charles Edward's arrival in the Western Islands, and with promptitude and vigour took steps to oppose him. The Ministry was undecided, and their resolutions weak; but in bold and striking contrast his actions were decided and strong. He at once left Edinburgh for the Highlands. He waited personally on the chiefs. He entreated them to stand aloof from this hopeless attempt on the part of Prince Charles, and persuaded many of the folly of joining his standard. In the public service he expended large sums of money, and to the disgrace of His Majesty's Government that money was never repaid. Through his representations Sir Alexander Macdonald of Skye and the Laird of MacLeod kept firm in their allegiance to the Crown, and it said that the efforts of Duncan Forbes kept in their sheath ten thousand claymores which would have been drawn and wielded for Bonnie Prince Charlie. In short, the result of his influence and labour was such that the unity of the clans was broken up—some were overawed into submission to the Royal authority, and others, as a point of policy, were induced to apportion their men on the side of both parties, that they might, which ever way the struggle went, be on the winning side! Thus he prevented a general and united rising of the clans, which, had it taken place, might have changed Culloden into another Prestonpans.

It would have been pleasant to dwell on the details of the valuable and important services rendered by the Lord-President to his country, but over these we must not linger. We cannot refrain, however, from saying that it must have been distress-

ing to a man of President Forbes' keen sensibilities and moral purity to find himself betrayed by his friends, and treated with ingratitude—with baseness, indeed—by courtiers whom he had served. He was convinced of the value of his services, but for these he asked no reward. He was content to work on so long as he could exert himself in behalf of his country. He never asked that the money he spent of his own should be refunded, but he considered it hard that those from whom he borrowed on the strength of Government security should be neglected and have to suffer with him. It is a further proof of the nobility of his character that in a voluminous correspondence on State affairs, published in 1815, not one letter of which was intended for the eyes of the world, there is not a sentence which he might have regretted writing. Everything is fair and just, upright and honest; with no attempt to conceal, deal double, or gloss over.

When the rebellion was ended he still felt he had a duty to perform. The "Butcher" Cumberland, as Byron has well named him, was reddening the land with the blood of the hunted and defenceless Highlanders, and against this monstrous cruelty the silvery and gentle voice of the Lord-President was raised. His heart bled to see his countrymen hewn to pieces "because of their mistaken loyalty; and he pleaded with Cumberland to cease. "At least," he said, "respect your country's laws." "The laws of the country!" replied the Butcher, with a sneer; "I'll make a brigade give laws." Sad at heart the President was repulsed. Much as he had done in behalf of his country, he felt that he had not been able to accomplish enough; and this thought, the misrepresentations to which he was subjected, and the cold neglect it was his lot to endure, brought him at length to an untimely grave. His health, which had been declining, was considered to be so critical in November 1747 that his friends sent to England for his son to come home. He came in time to receive his father's blessing, which was fervently and heartily bestowed; and on the 10th

day of December in the same year Duncan Forbes passed quietly into rest.

In Scotland his death was looked upon as a national calamity. For thirty years he had been one of the most prominent men in the country, and during that period all movements for her benefit had either received from him their start or their most powerful stimulus. He left behind him, says Dr Taylor, "a reputation for learning, eloquence, wisdom, courage, gentleness, and kindness, of which the recollection is scarcely yet effaced in his native land. His principles were as pure as his understanding was enlightened, and his efforts for the public welfare were acknowledged, even by his opponents, to be as disinterested as they were unwearied." Though much occupied with legal and public affairs, he was a genial and admirable private friend. He was also a man of great piety, and his published writings indicate a clear knowledge of religion, both natural and revealed, and a deep veneration for her teachings. Altogether he was a great and good man; and had his foresight and sagacity been utilised as they ought, the great stream of grief and misery and bloodshed which swept over the country might have been dried up at its source, and the voice of lamentation and weeping which resounded for a century through every Scottish glen need never have been raised.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN AND WANDERINGS OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

We have reached the era of the last great struggle in behalf of the Stuarts, and intend to devote some attention to the central figure in that evil-fraught campaign. The rising of 1715 was less momentous in its results than that of 1745-46. The gathering under Prince Charlie was the last occasion on which the Highlanders as a body stood side by side to oppose the forces of the South. Culloden was the disastrous field which doomed their peculiar modes of life and aspects of character to practical extinction. But of the changes which ensued it is not our intention to write.

Prince Charles Edward Stuart was the eldest son of the Chevalier De St George, who raised the standard of rebellion in Braemar in 1715, his mother being the Princess Clementina Sobieski, daughter of Prince James Sobieski, of Poland. In 1744 the Chevalier and his friends, especially his friends in Scotland, became tired of waiting on assistance from France, which had always been promised, to place the former on the throne of England; and Charles Edward Stuart, then a youth of twenty-four, made up his mind to come to Scotland the following year and throw himself upon the sympathies of the people of this country. Emissaries from the Jacobite party in Scotland to whom he confided his intention endeavoured to dissuade him from the proposed step, but he was inflexible in his determination, and with little delay set about the undertaking. When the intelligence of the Prince's intention to come arrived

in Scotland, the Jacobites gave instructions that he should be turned back when he landed. His friends in Scotland would have been perfectly ready to join him had he come at the head of a respectable army, and with money and supplies; but they were certain that, depending upon their own efforts alone, they would not be able to overthrow the House of Hanover. Charles paid no heed to their remonstrances, but set sail in a small frigate named the *Doutelle*, and arrived among the Hebrides in the end of July. He met with the Laird of M'Leod and Sir Alexander Macdonald, but these refused to join his undertaking, and strongly dissuaded him from attempting to carry it further. He was accompanied in the *Doutelle* by seven companions—men of desperate fortunes—and he consulted with them as to whether he should go on. Even they, with one exception, looked upon the affair as dubious, if not rash, and were inclined to advise a return. Charles himself seemed swayed by their opinion, and on the point of giving up his intention; but the influence of Sir Thos. Sheridan, his tutor, an Irish gentleman, checked him. Sheridan was in favour of going on—at least, until others of the Prince's supporters had been seen and their opinion obtained.

Charles then held towards the mainland and anchored off Moidart. Here he was met by Macdonald of Kinloch-Moidart, who also refused to join his cause, inasmuch as it could only end in ruin. The younger brother of Macdonald was, however, present, and Charles observed that he was ill-pleased with his senior's decision. "You, at least, will not desert me," said the Prince, turning towards the youth. "I will follow you to death," replied Ranald impulsively, "though there were no other to draw the sword in your behalf." The enthusiasm of the younger caused the spirit of the elder brother to move within him, and he immediately declared that he, too, would throw in his fortunes with Charles. Charles then landed in Scotland, and met Cameron of Lochiel—"the Gentle Lochiel,"

grandson of the famous Sir Evan. Lochiel had repaired to the Prince fully convinced of the folly of the undertaking, and determined to give it no support. But the Prince, finding argument fail—for Lochiel was an astute reasoner—appealed to the feelings of the chief, and concluded by exclaiming—“Be the issue what will, I am determined to display my standard, and take the field with such as may join it. Lochiel, whom my father esteemed the best friend of our family, may remain at home, and learn his Prince’s fate from the newspapers.” Lochiel felt the taunt, and with spirit replied—“Not so. If you are resolved to go on this rash undertaking I will go with you.” He thus held his judgment and his personal interests in abeyance, and allowed his sense of loyalty to guide him to ruin or death. His decision decided the whole question. Had he remained aloof from the Prince’s cause, the whole of the Highland chiefs would have done likewise; when he tendered his allegiance and his services so did many more.

On the 19th of August the standard of the Prince was unfurled at Glenfinnan, which lies in the wild country stretching from beyond Loch Eil to the waters of the Atlantic. The aged Marquis of Tullibardine—a dauntless Murray—displayed the colours, and cheers from lusty throats rent the air. We now quote from an admirably-condensed itinerary of the Prince from this period to his arrival in Edinburgh, contained in Johnston & Robertson’s “Historical Geography of the Clans:”—

“The following morning Charles marched at the head of his men into the country of Lochiel; and took up his residence with that chieftain at Achnacairie. On the 21st he removed to Kinlochiel, at the head of Lochiel, in the Cameron’s country. The next day the Prince visited Fassefern, the residence of a younger brother of Lochiel. On the 26th he crossed the River Lochy, and took up his quarters at a small inn at Letterfinlay, on the banks of Loch Lochy. On the 27th he reached

Invergarry Castle. Next morning he marched in the direction of Corryarrick, to attack General Cope, who, in the meantime, had retired to Inverness. After traversing the mountainous regions of Badenoch, the Highland army descended, on the second day, into the Vale of Athole. The army encamped at Dalwhinnie, and on the 30th of August the Prince arrived at Blair Castle, the residence of the Duke of Athole. On the 31st he took up his quarters at the house of Lude, and remained there for two nights. On the 2nd of September he proceeded to Nairn House, the seat of Lord Nairn. On the 3rd the Highland forces were at Auchtergaven. On the 4th of September the Prince entered Perth at the head of his army—Lord Nairn riding at his right hand and Oliphant of Gask on his left—and remained there till the 11th, when he marched to Dunblane, and, on the evening of the 12th, encamped about a mile to the north of that town. On the 13th the army passed the town of Doune, and crossed the ford of Frew about seven miles above Stirling. That same night the Prince slept at Bannockburn House. On the 14th the army reached Falkirk; on the 15th, Linlithgow. The 16th and 17th were spent in the march to Edinburgh.”

On the following day the capital was entered with little trouble—the important duty of taking the city having been successfully performed by Lochiel and the Camerons. The Prince then triumphantly took possession of Holyrood Palace, the home of his ancestors. After the first burst of excitement and fear was over, the citizens of Edinburgh took rather favourably to the new state of matters. They found that the Highlanders, of whom they had been in mortal fear, were kept in wonderfully good subjection, and that the Prince was a young man of pleasing address and graceful person. In fact, all accounts agree that Charles had a most imposing and kingly presence, and on the occasion of his entry into Edinburgh he had with good tact carefully dressed himself in the national garb. Acclamations and other signs of joy soon took the

place of dread, and Prince Charles was fairly enthroned in the capital of Scotland with the almost universal consent of the inhabitants. Here the Prince was surrounded by Lord Elcho, the Earl of Kelly, Lord Balmerino, Sir Robert Thriepland, and many other nobles and gentlemen of distinction. His father was proclaimed James VIII. at the Cross of Edinburgh, and every hour brought fresh arrivals of men under the command of influential and able leaders. His cause looked promising indeed, and additional zest was given to it when on the 21st September he routed the army of Sir John Cope at Prestonpans. In this battle the Macgregors fought with scythes and committed dreadful havoc. Sir John Cope narrowly escaped. He put the "White Cockade," the insignia of the Jacobites, in his hat, by means of which he was enabled to ride with safety through his enemies' ranks, and had the distinction of being the first to convey to Dunbar the news of his own defeat.

Charles now did a very foolish thing—lay for the greater part of a month in Edinburgh and gave himself up to pleasure and gaiety. There was doubtless, in one view, policy in this, but time at that moment was too precious to permit of its being so recklessly spent. In the end of October Edinburgh was left for the march into England. Carlisle was reached on the 18th of November, and the Highland army left on the 20th to march to London by the Lancashire road. It was a most hazardous undertaking, but the spirits of all were high. Manchester was reached on the 29th, and the Prince here received from the populace an augmentation of his forces. He was enthusiastic, and among the more far-seeing of his Generals, who had previously expressed doubts as to the propriety of proceeding far into England, hopes were higher than at any previous time. Even Lord George Murray, the ablest man in the Highland army, and who had all along been averse to a campaign in England, consented to go to Derby.

But, as matters turned out, the Highland army had received at Manchester its last measure of encouragement in England



The Government had been active. A large and well-appointed army, under the Duke of Cumberland, was in the field. George the Second himself was preparing to lead his own Guards against the Highlanders, and the populace were beginning to show an antagonistic spirit to the invaders. When Derby was reached, the Scottish officers refused to go further, and insisted upon an immediate retreat. Cumberland with 10,000 men lay within a day's march in front; Marshal Wade, with a large army, was within two or three days' march of their rear; and they were surrounded by a hostile populace. In these circumstances they held it was time to go back. Reluctantly Charles consented, and the Highland army commenced its retreat to Scotland.

Charles was disappointed, and so were his Highlanders; but in the fortunes of war disappointments are always to be expected, so the Prince conducted himself with fortitude and dignity, and his men performed the retreat with great speed, regularity, and courage. Cumberland followed in hot haste, and one or two skirmishes occurred between his advanced guard and the rear guard of the Prince's army. The Rebel troops reached Scotland in comparative safety, and breathing time was given them while the Duke of Cumberland was recalled to London. General Hawley was meanwhile appointed to the command of the Royal forces in Scotland, and on the 17th of January 1746 the two armies met at Falkirk. Both were equal in point of numbers, 8000 men being marshalled on either side. Hawley's men were all veterans and the flower of the English army; but, notwithstanding, he suffered a crushing defeat, and the Prince remained master of the field. Next day Charles placed Stirling in a state of siege, and his army lay before the Castle till the end of the month. The Duke of Cumberland had, however, in the meantime arrived in Edinburgh from London to take full command of the Royal forces in Scotland, and a movement on his part against the Prince caused the siege to be raised, and an immediate retreat ordered. The

retreat was to the north by Dunblane, Crieff, and Perth. The army separated into two divisions at Crieff—one division led by the Prince proceeding northward by the great high road, and the other through the counties of Forfar, Kincardine, Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray, to Inverness. On the 16th of February the two divisions joined at Moy, near Inverness, and on the 18th the citadel of Inverness surrendered, and the rebels entered the city. If we except a few trifling skirmishes throughout the country, a temporary cessation of hostilities now occurred. It was, however, broken in the middle of April, when "the final act of this great domestic tragedy" was played. Cumberland, who had been lying in Aberdeen for weeks, left that city for Inverness on the 8th of April. His march was steady and rapid, and Nairn was entered on the 14th of the month.

It is saddening to read of Culloden and its result. Anything more unfortunate than the management of the Highland army cannot well be imagined. The men were harassed with unnecessary fatigue; and when almost overcome from the want of food and sleep were suddenly called upon to engage with a force greatly superior in point of numbers and equipments, and who had had ample rest and leisure to prepare for the conflict.

The battle is important alike because of its magnitude and the effect it had upon the question at issue. Its being gained by Cumberland secured the throne in the interests of the Hanoverian succession, and proved the death-blow to the hopes of the Stuarts. Had it been gained by Charles, it is not certain that it would have decided the restoration of the Stuart dynasty; but it would certainly have given an impetus to the cause of the Prince which was much needed at the moment.

Charles marched on the 14th of April from Inverness, and drew up his army in order of battle on Culloden Moor—expecting that Cumberland would that day be prepared to

engage. Cumberland had, however, no such intention. It happened to be his birthday, and as he and his army had a snug camp just outside Nairn, the day was given up to feasting and rejoicing. The delay disappointed Charles and disheartened his men. They had lain all the previous night under arms on the open moor, and here before them was another day's waiting. The Prince, who with his staff had taken up his quarters at Culloden House—the mansion of Lord-President Forbes, which just adjoined the battlefield—called a council of war to consider what steps should be taken. Lord George Murray proposed a surprise attack on the Royal army at midnight, and as the Prince was in sympathy with the proposal the step was at once agreed to. In the evening the Highlanders, tired, cold, and hungry, had lain themselves down to rest, and many of them were wrapt in slumber, when they were roused to engage in the midnight enterprise. The army was formed in two divisions—the first led by Lord George Murray, and the other by the Prince. The night was dark, there were no roads, and the country was irregular. Through fields and over fences for twelve miles on such a night would have been a herculean task for men fresh and vigorous, but for men weak and dispirited it was a mad freak. Discipline became lost; hunger, fatigue, and thirst asserted themselves; and the men perforce fell out on the march. Seven or eight miles were, however, traversed, and at length a halt was made by the leading column, which had considerably outstripped that commanded by the Prince. At two o'clock the attack was to be made, but at that hour the sound of a drum beating to arms was heard in the Royal camp, and the rebel Generals discovered that a surprise was now hopeless. The army of Cumberland was on the alert, and probably prepared to meet the attack. It is indeed stated—and is in all likelihood true—that in the contemplated surprise Cumberland had information from spies of every movement of the Prince's army.

Lord George Murray ordered an immediate retreat, and the weary and dejected men had to turn and retrace their steps. The Prince was displeased with this order, but became reconciled to it by the consideration that he would soon have an opportunity of measuring his strength with that of Cumberland. He found the opportunity sooner than he expected, or was desirable. At five in the morning the Highlanders, almost prostrated with exhaustion, arrived from a sixteen-mile march at their former camping ground on Culloden Moor. They were in bad temper with their profitless expedition. They were worse—they were in a state almost approaching starvation, and their rations were done. Many of the men at once set out for food—some going to Inverness, six miles distant, and others through the surrounding country. At Culloden House some bread and whisky were with difficulty provided for the Prince, and he laid himself down to rest and sleep.

But his slumbers were soon disturbed. He was awakened with the intelligence that Cumberland's army was on the march, and within two miles of the Highland army's position. The assembly was sounded in hot haste, a cannon was discharged, and the gathering pibroch of the clans played. But many of the Highlanders were out of sight and hearing of these signals, and did not return in time to engage in the conflict. The Chevalier de Johnstone, *aide-de-camp* to Lord George Murray, who had galloped to Inverness, says—"I undressed myself almost asleep, and having one leg in bed, ready to stretch myself between two blankets—what a surprise! At that moment I heard the drum and trumpets of Fitz-James sounding 'To horse, to horse'—which struck me like a clap of thunder. I put on my clothes again, my eyes half shut, and, mounting my horse, returned on the instant to our army." This is one case out of many.

Those on the ground and those within hearing also with alacrity responded to the summons to take up their arms. The Prince, attended by the Duke of Perth and Lords George

Murray and John Drummond, hastened to the field, and had the army marched about a mile to the westward of its former position, where it was drawn up in order of battle. This step is considered to have been a mistake, and was due to the Prince, who was undoubtedly hot-headed and rash. His men were so utterly overpowered by the want of sleep and nourishment, and by the harassing night march, that they were at that moment totally unfit to fight; and it was the opinion of his leading officers that he should have contented himself with assuming a defensive position, which could easily have been found in the neighbourhood, throwing up entrenchments, and holding them against Cumberland till the Highland army had recruited sufficiently to give battle. But the Prince obstinately refused to hear any arguments of the kind, and expressed his determination to engage. His army occupied a morass, in which the unfortunate Highlanders stood up to the knees in water and mud. The right of the position was protected by a stone wall surrounding a park. The Highlanders were drawn up in three lines. On the right of the front line were the Murrays of Athole, Camerons of Lochiel, Stewarts of Appin, and the Frasers. In the centre were the Farquharsons, M'Leods, and M'Intoshes; and the left was occupied by the MacLeans and Macdonalds of Clan Ranald, Keppoch, and Glengarry. The Prince took up his position immediately behind this line. The second line consisted of Kilmarnock's guards and regiments under Lord Lewis Gordon and Colonel Roy Stewart. In the rear of this again was a *corps de reserve*, under the command of the Duke of Perth and Lord Ogilvie. Fitz-James' horse and French and Irish Piquets, under General Stapleton, were posted at the right in the rear of the first line. The same position on the left was occupied by Lord John Drummond's regiment and the Perthshire squadron of horse. The whole artillery consisted of eleven guns, distributed at the right and left flanks and centre of the first line. The right wing was commanded by Lord George Murray, the

left by the Duke of Perth, and the centre by Lord John Drummond. It may be here remarked that the Prince's army numbered in all 8000 men, but of these 3000 were absent at the time the call to arms was made, and consequently took no part in the struggle. This reduced his fighting strength to 5000 utterly exhausted men—a number which, as will soon be noted, was unfortunately further reduced.

In face of this array advanced Cumberland at the head of 9000 of the choicest of the English army—men fresh and vigorous, well paid, well fed, well clothed. He had plenty of horse and plenty of cannon, in both of which respects the Highland army was very deficient. At the distance of a mile from the latter he halted and disposed his men for the engagement. Both armies were skilfully placed, and stood for a time regarding each other, uncertain which side should make the attack. The Highlanders were not dismayed by the host opposed to them. Their spirits had been revived by the braying of the enemy's trumpets and the sight of the glittering steel, while the wailing of their own pibrochs and the memories of previous conquests stimulating to action made them eager to be led forward to commence the conflict.

The battle was opened by the artillery on both sides. For an hour the cannonade was kept up, and the fire told with disastrous effect upon the Highlanders. Their own guns, being badly directed, were perfectly harmless. The ranks of the Highlanders were thinning. Camerons, Stewarts, and M'Intoshes were dropping to rise no more; but the fury of the survivors was proportionately rising. They clamoured to be led forward, and at length the M'Intoshes, bursting from all control, bounded from the line and prepared to charge. Observing the movement, Lord George Murray ordered an advance of the whole right wing. With eager haste the clansmen traversed the distance between the armies. Volley after volley was poured into their advancing ranks, but nothing could check the impetuous charge. Like a mighty wave

the infuriated Highlanders dashed themselves against the left wing of Cumberland's army, and Burrel and Monro's regiments were broken with the first shock. Rallying in the rear of the first line, the brave fellows rushed upon the second. Here, however, they were checked. The line was drawn up three deep, as if to resist cavalry, and a most destructive fire was maintained against the mountaineers, who paused in their advance, then reeled under the showers of leaden death-hail, and finally those who were able, leaving behind them literal hillocks of slain, retreated in confusion. Meanwhile the centre, under Lord John Drummond, had advanced, and had also pierced the first line and broken the second of Cumberland's army; but they were unable to make a stand against the murderous fire opened upon them from the reserve, and had also to retire.

Unfortunately, however, the left wing of the Highlanders did not take any part in the fight. It was composed, as we have said, of the Macdonalds of Clanranald, Glengarry, and Keppoch—men almost unrivalled for gallantry in the field—but a fatal question of precedence had arisen. This we referred to in a former article, but may repeat here. Since the battle of Bannockburn, at which they had obtained distinction, the right wing of the Highland army had always been occupied by the Macdonalds. On this occasion they felt insulted by being placed on the left, and did not stir from their ground when ordered to advance by the Duke of Perth. He pleaded with them, but to no purpose. He cried that the success of the day depended on them, but they would not move a step. Keppoch, alone, advanced, and was shot down, but even his example was without effect. The Macdonalds themselves were absolutely mad with fury, hewing in their rage the grass and heather at their feet; but their pride forbade them to yield at a time like this, and they stood inexorable as the rocks. Their unfortunate attitude decided the battle, which was already virtually over. The enclosure which protected the Prince's

right had been carried, and a determined attack was made by dragoons under Hawley upon the Highlanders right flank. Artillery was brought to bear upon the clansmen at but a few paces distant, and at each discharge whole ranks were swept away "like as they cut down a field of corn," observes the Chevalier de Johnstone. This was the turning point. Many of the rebels broke and fled from the field, while others—the stubborn Macdonalds among them—with pipes playing and colours flying—marched in good order off the ground.

Charles was stunned and amazed, but not discomfited. He endeavoured to get his shattered army to rally, and would have led them in person to another attack. His desire was madness, and he was unheeded. Meanwhile the English, exultant with victory, were pressing forward; the Prince was in imminent danger of being captured, and was only saved by the exertions of a friend, who seized the bridle of the horse he rode and spurred it from the field.

Cumberland was victor, and the Stuarts were undone. The last struggle of the Jacobite party was at an end. Cumberland had, however, little cause to boast. One or two advantageous circumstances had given him the battle. Had Cluny and the Macphersons been there it would have materially added to the strength of the Pretender. Had the Macdonalds been in a better mood, and the whole line advanced together, it is believed that the English would have broken and fled, as they did at Killiecrankie; or had Cumberland engaged with the 8000 men who were prepared to meet him the day before—men unfamished by hunger, and unfatigued by the toiling, harassing midnight march to Nairn—it cannot be disputed that he would have had to fight a foe neither wanting in courage nor strength, and one which would not have been likely to succumb to the first fire of his infantry or charge of his dragoons. But he fought with every advantage on his side. The defection of the Macdonalds reduced the fighting strength of the Highlanders to under 4000, and had, besides, the effect



of dispiriting the others who were willing to fight. "When we consider," says an independent writer, "the condition and number of the combatants, the wonder is, not that Prince Charlie lost the battle, but that the Highland army was able to offer the resistance it did."

Cumberland was extolled to the skies for his victory. "At last heaven raised up a great Prince, the son of our gracious King, who with courage equal to that of his ancestors, and with conduct superior to his years, did at one blow put an end to all your wicked attempts." In such language did the Lord-Justice-General, when sentencing a man to death in 1747, refer to the Duke. He was regarded by his party as being amongst the greatest generals of ancient or modern times, and the above quotation illustrates the bombastic manner in which men of his time spoke of the event. We have already said that his conduct after Culloden was barbarous in the extreme. He allowed the wounded Highlanders to lie and die on the field; his men locked the doors of huts into which they had crawled, and, firing the buildings, roasted the poor wretches to death. In one place upwards of forty perished in this way. The Duke established himself in the Central Highlands, and for months persecuted the unfortunate people. Neither young nor old, male nor female, was safe from the brutalities of his bloodhounds. Hundreds of happy homes were burnt, and their unhappy tenants forced out by the hands of the ruffian soldiery to perish among the treacherous bogs, or upon the snow-clad hillsides. Grey-haired parents were murdered before their children's eyes, and maidens were outraged in presence of fathers, mothers, and brothers. What times these for the romancer to study! He would find incident, plot, and tragedy ready made to his hand.

We will now summarise briefly the closing incidents of the career of Prince Charles in Scotland. He was a hunted fugitive fleeing for his life. Thirty thousand pounds were offered for his head; and he was surrounded by enemies eager

to win the blood-money The trials and hardships he endured, and the narrow escapes he ran of falling into the hands of his pursuers, seem almost incredible; and but for the incorruptible fidelity of the Highlanders he could not have existed for a day.

After the battle of Culloden the Prince went to Gortulaig, the seat of Simon Fraser of Lovat, but left there for the West Highlands on the following day. He walked from Mewboll to Glenmorrar, through perhaps the wildest region in the Highlands. Thence he proceeded to Glenbigsdale, where, after waiting some days, he was informed that there was no hope of his troops being again drawn together. On the evening of the 26th he went on board an open boat at Loch-nanuagh, almost the same spot where he had landed full of hope eight months before. He sailed to Long Isle, and, after encountering a violent storm, landed at Rossinish Port on the following day. A day's rest there, then he sailed for Stornoway, the capital of the Island of Lewis. On the 30th he was driven upon the Isle of Scalpay or Glass. He reached the Island of Lewis on the 4th of May, and wandered for eighteen hours among the hills in a heavy rainfall. He waited at Ayrnish Port for a ship, but disappointed of this he again set sail, and put into the "desert Isle of Issurt." On the 11th he was chased by a sloop of war among the rocks at Roudil Port. He escaped from this but to encounter another. This he also eluded, and made his escape to Loch Escaby. On the 16th he went to the mountain of Coradale.

Here he lingered for a month, enduring the most fearful hardships, and almost despairing of ever being able to leave for France. On the 14th of June he sailed to Ouia, and reached Rossinish on the 18th. On the 20th he was hiding in the cleft of a rock at Uishinish Port; thence he went to Celiestiella, and wandered about, hedged in on all sides by enemies, till he met with Flora Macdonald. His adventure with this young lady we will immediately detail. Meanwhile we quote the

account of his wanderings from July 1st from the interesting *Itinerary* of Messrs Johnston & Robertson already referred to. Brief and concise as the information there given is, it eloquently reveals the hardships which the unfortunate youth had to overcome :—" July 1st at Glam. 2nd. On Nicholson's Rock. 3rd. In the evening left the Rock and travelled as a servant to (14th) Elegol, where he embarked at eight that night. 5th. Landed at Loch Nevis, and lay three nights in the fields. 8th. Closely pursued by the King's troops up Loch Nevis. 10th. Arrived at Borodale, and lay in different huts till (15th) Glenalladale came to him. 17th. At Corry-benicabir. 18th. On the tops of the mountains Scooriug and Fruighven, where the laird of Glenshean conducted him through the guards in the night ; at this time he was supposed dead. 19th. The Prince on the top of the mountain Mam-nyncallum. 20th. At Corrinangualt, all day in sight of small camps, twenty-seven of which were formed, each at half a mile distance from the head of Loch Urin to the head of Loch Eil ; passed several camps, and at last escaped between the sentinels of one of them at the foot of the mountain next to Drymachosey. 21st. At Corriscorridill, lying all day within cannon shot of two camps ; soldiers in sight often. 22nd. At Glenshiel. 23rd. On the braes between Glenmoriston and Strathglass. 24th. In a cave, where he was joined by the six Glenmoriston men. August 1st. In the woods and shielings of Strathglass till 7th ; set out on his return for Lochiel's country. 8th. At Fasnacoil. 11th. Among the braes of Glenmoriston. 13th. On the brae of Glengarry. 14th. On the brae of Auchnasual. 15th. Came to the wood at the foot of Loch Arkraig. 19th. Doctor Cameron (brother to Lochiel) found him in the wood, barefooted, &c. Here the Glenmoriston men were dismissed, and staid in this neighbourhood till the 28th ; during this time he was one day taken prisoner by Grant, son to Knokando, but escaped to the top of Mulontagart. 28th. Set out for Badenoch to meet Lochiel. 29th. Arrived at Corinenie

30th. Came to Millanuir, where he met Lochiel, who with his party were about to fire on him and his guides, not knowing who they were. September 2nd. Went to Uiskchilra, two miles further into Benalder. 6th. Went to a hut in the face of the mountain Letternillichk, and remained there till he got intelligence of ships having arrived upon the west coast. On the 13th set out for the ships, and came on the morning of the 14th to Corvoy, and before daylight on the 15th got through Glenroy; 16th—came to Achnecarry; 17th—came to Glencambger; 19th—arrived where the ships were; 20th—set sail in the ‘Bellona,’ of Nantes, and arrived at Roscort, near Morlaix, on the 29th September, after narrowly escaping Admiral Lestock’s squadron.”

Charles died in Rome on the 31st of January 1788, a soured, taciturn old man, unfortunate in his marriage and all his connections. When in Scotland, though a little imperious and haughty, he was nevertheless a high-minded, chivalrous, and courageous youth. But the blow his ambition received here, the disappointment he suffered, altered the whole course of his life, and he gave way to indulgences which friends and foes alike deprecated.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### FLORA MACDONALD AND PRINCE CHARLIE.

The name of Flora Macdonald is known wherever the Scottish tongue is heard. She never, like Boadicea or Joan of Arc, led triumphant armies to battle ; but she possessed the spirit of a true heroine, and in her own sphere performed a work which will not readily be forgotten. "The preserver of Prince Charles Edward Stuart will be mentioned in history, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour," is the language of Doctor Samuel Johnson, and he was not a man to bestow praise lightly, nor was he prone to bestow idle flattery.

It is our intention to lay before the reader a sketch of the life and history of the lady whose name is in the Scottish mind so closely connected with the Pretender, and to detail at some length the part she took in enabling the unfortunate Prince to elude the vigilance of those eager for his capture. For our facts we are indebted to a volume published some years ago by W. P. Nimmo, entitled "Flora Macdonald : Her Life and Adventures," by her grand daughter.

Flora Macdonald was the daughter of Ranauld Macdonald of Milntown, in South Uist, one of the most distant of the Hebrides. Flora was born about the year 1722 ; and her father died when she was a mere child—so young, in fact, that she did not then understand what death meant. Her principal companions in childhood were her brother Angus, a little girl (the daughter of a neighbour), and Niel McEachen Macdonald, an intelligent lad, much older than the others, who

was years afterwards of great service to Prince Charlie, and whose son—Mareschal M'Donald, Duc de Tarante—became one of the ablest generals of Napoleon I. Flora's early education was very plain. Her preceptress was her mother, and the good lady, with a wisdom which, we are afraid, is in the present day too little imitated, made it her especial duty to see that her daughter was well grounded in solid and useful knowledge. The mother did not profess to know much of lady-like accomplishments, and the daughter did not care to acquire them. As she wrote herself, "A Highland lassie has naught to do with harpsichords, guitars, and love songs," they are not greatly required in the rural simplicity of a country life.

Flora's mother, who was an attractive and good-looking lady, found herself shortly after her husband's death closely pressed by two suitors for her hand. One of these was Hugh M'Donald of Armadale, in Skye; but the name of the other does not transpire. The latter, however, was the favourite; and M'Donald, who had been determined to win his prize, took measures accordingly. He tried fair means first, but Mrs Macdonald refused to listen to his addresses. His next argument was one there was no resisting. He landed from Skye with a number of men in a boat, and forcibly carried off the lady. Armadale himself carried her to the boat, while his assistants kept back the servants from interfering; and during the hubbub his piper, who accompanied the expedition, played as loudly and noisily as possible, so that the neighbours might not be aroused by any unusual disturbance. The children were also carried off. This manner of obtaining a wife was quite common in the Highlands at the time, and Mrs Macdonald, though chagrined at the moment, became after her marriage an affectionate and loving wife to Armadale. The home of Flora was now Armadale House, in Skye, and there she was trained from girlhood to woman's estate. Here she came a good deal into contact with the Macdonalds of Kingsburgh,

and formed a strong attachment for Allan, the eldest son of the family. Flora, in fact, became smitten with love—of that there can be no doubt. On one occasion Allan's sister Annie had invited her to Kingsburgh, and with an arch smile had said at parting, "And Allan shall see you safe home again; will he be a bore, bonnie lassie?" And then comes the confession from our heroine's own pen—"She went off laughing merrily. I had no time to say a word. And what could I have said at the moment that my tell-tale cheeks would not have denied? for scarcely to my own heart would I have confessed the strong feeling of preference for Allan Kingsburgh I had always entertained was daily gaining a firmer hold in my affections; yet, rather than have openly acknowledged this fact, I would have sunk into the earth, for he had never told me I was aught to him beyond being the dearest friend of his sister. Thus rested the matter at the time; yet the hint of discovery of my heart's only secret, as shown in the merry countenance of his sister, determined me to be more cautious in concealing the state of my feelings from Allan." Writing of a meeting with Allan, which took place a few days afterwards, she says that his "attentions to me had never before been so marked; and although not absolutely engaged by word of mouth, yet we felt we thoroughly understood each other. Ay, from that day I resolved to accept the love of no man while Allan Macdonald was single; no promise was given, but my heart was pledged."

The Scottish ladies were perhaps more ardent Jacobites than the men. This is probably to be accounted for by the fact that there was a good deal of the romantic element in the exile of the Stuarts and the tinsel Royalty they assumed at other Courts; and most women have the knack of finding a spare corner in their hearts wherein to cherish any romantic notion with which they may happen to become affected. At anyrate the ladies were most zealous in their espousal of the cause of the Stuarts, and Flora Macdonald, now a blooming

woman of twenty-three, was as uncompromising as any of her neighbours in her antipathy to the descendant of the "wee, wee German lairdie" who now occupied the throne of the Stuarts.

Of Charlie's movements we need say nothing more here than enables us to trace the history of Miss Macdonald. Defeated, and his men dispersed, he had been for weeks a wanderer among the hills of Scotland, and on the 16th of May 1746 found himself and one or two companions in South Uist, the island in which Flora was born. Here he was for a time comparatively safe from his pursuers, and was awaiting the chance of a vessel on the coast which might convey him to France. He was the guest of a farmer, who held land under young Clanranald on the Hill of Coradale. Here he stayed for nearly a month, but at last it became imperative to remove. There was, as we have repeatedly mentioned, £30,000 reward offered *for his head*, and the Government soldiers and officers, as well as Highland militia, were eager that he should be captured. Meantime his pursuers had obtained intelligence of his hiding-place, and were quietly forming a circle round, through which it would be impossible for him to make his escape. The island was surrounded by Government frigates and cutters and upwards of 1500 troops, while there were guards at every ferry. He attempted to escape by means of his little boat, and he and his four companions, finding themselves completely hemmed in by the soldiers, had to beat about for four days and nights on the open sea, until, on the 18th of June, they arrived at Rossinish. At this time a Captain Scott with 500 men landed in pursuit within a mile and a half of the Prince, who, startled by their presence, dispersed his followers—three in number—and, taking with him Captain O'Neil, fled to the shelter of the hills. At this time Flora Macdonald was staying with her brother Angus at Miltown, their father's farm, which Angus had heired. She had intended to return to her mother at Armadale; but her brother endeavoured to dissuade her



from this step on account of the disturbed state of the Highlands rendering it dangerous to travel. She was, however, anxious to go, and went over to Ormaclade to consult with Mrs Macdonald, the lady of the old chief of Clanranald, as to whether she should go or stay. Flora, feeling deeply anxious as to the fortune of the Prince, was always eager to hear any tidings of him, and had been for long, so deeply did she sympathise with his sufferings, very anxious to see him. His present companion she had met before and knew. Her pleasurable astonishment may be judged when she was informed by Mrs Macdonald that the unfortunate Prince was in hiding in the neighbourhood. "In this neighbourhood!" she exclaimed; "how much I should like to see him!" Her excitement was intense when her friend replied, "Weel, dear Flora, if such is your wish you may be satisfied; for the puir laddie is close by, and O'Neil with him, both in a sad plight, although I do my best for them."

For the young lady this was news indeed. She felt all aglow with a new ardour. To see the Prince—the rightful heir to the British throne—was like the realisation of a glorious dream, and she was impatient to feast her senses. But patience and caution were in the circumstances imperatively necessary, and, exited as Flora was when she heard of the near proximity of the Prince, she was quite prepared to submit to the restrictions under which Lady Clanranald considered it necessary that she should be placed.

"Hush, dear!" said the old lady. "It's no for his title to be breathed here—it would be his destruction. Not a body kens his whereabouts, save honest M'Eachan and myself; so we just go to the hut where the poor creatures are sheltered, with a few victuals and a wee noggin of whisky, at dusk."

Flora promised that she would not breathe his name, but she entreated that she might accompany the lady to the hut at night. At first Lady Clanranald demurred, but finally con-





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**MEETING OF PRINCE CHARLES AND FLORA MACDONALD.**

sented, and our heroine looked forward with feverish eagerness to the anticipated meeting. The date was about the 20th of June, and the afternoon was long, and wore wearily away. The coming of dusk was tardy indeed. But at length her guide thought it time to go, and the two women set out. When they reached their destination, and entered the Prince's shelter, Captain O'Niel, the Pretender's companion, met them inside the doorway, and, recognising Flora, held out his hand and shook hers warmly. At this moment His Royal Highness came towards them, and Flora obtained her first glimpse of the Pretender. She was slightly confused, and her confusion was increased when Lady Clanranald proceeded to introduce them to one another, adding the significant remark that the young lady might "possibly be of service to His Royal Highness in his distress." Flora could not understand what her relative could mean by these words, but to her surprise saw by the earnest manner of her three companions that they were not meaningless. While Lady Clanranald and the fugitives talked in low tones to each other, Flora regarded the Prince with keen interest. His appearance filled her with sadness and melancholy. In his face and figure were dignity and grace, but he looked woe-begone and emaciated, and his scanty garments—a philabeg, jacket, and plaid—were threadbare and tattered.

Suddenly Flora became the centre of interest. O'Niel and Lady Clanranald informed her that upon her consent or refusal to acquiesce in a scheme proposed, hung the Prince's prospects of escape or death. The scheme was that she should aid in his escape from Uist to Skye. "Indeed, Miss Flora," exclaimed O'Niel, with all the native volubility of an Irishman, "it seems as if you had arrived here on purpose to aid our plan. You are going to join your mother at Armadale. You are to have a female servant with you—that servant is His Royal Highness. Take Niel M'Eachan and myself as boatmen, let us pull for our lives, and that poor man yonder," pointing

to the Prince, "is saved!" Flora was for the moment mute, and O'Niel, with additional vehemence, continued—"Oh, Miss Flora, your goodness of heart and sympathy for all in distress are too well known to your friends for us to doubt your agreeing to help a fellow-being in such distress as our Prince. You alone can save him, and in the simple way proposed."

Flora pondered and considered. She was eager to serve the Prince, but she disliked to run the risk of danger which might be entailed upon her relatives by any rash act of hers. And then there was the insuperable objection of her being the only lady in the boat. She, a female, alone with a number of men was a situation from which she started back with a modest dislike. She quietly but firmly stated that she was afraid she could not undertake the duty.

At her answer both O'Niel and Mrs Macdonald were much concerned. At length O'Niel whispered something into the ear of the latter, who, taking Flora by the hand, said the Prince must not be sacrificed. Each of them would require to do all they could to assist. She said she would have been happy to accompany them herself, but her godeman's age could not battle against future troubles. "God kens," she exclaimed, with enthusiasm, "my heart is willing to brave all that might occur." She then said that O'Niel had started an idea which might relieve Flora of her chief difficulty, and in which she hoped he would have success. "Come, O'Niel, speak it out!" she concluded, turning to the young man.

To Flora's great confusion, although not exactly to her amazement, O'Niel at once advanced and made her an offer of his hand and heart. As her betrothed, he said, he could go with her, and she would then be perfectly safe. He asked her to accept the offer and make him the happiest of men. The young lady had before this been aware that O'Niel regarded her with strong affection, but she had never given him any encouragement to press his suit. She felt that her heart was

not her own. She could neither give it to him nor return his love, and in gentle and feeling, though firm, language told him that she must reject his offer.

At this juncture the Prince again entered the hut and joined in the entreaties of his two friends that Miss Macdonald would think favourably of the proposal to assist him in his escape. His intense earnestness, as well as his eloquence, as he pointed out that the island was so guarded that it was impossible for him to escape unless with her assistance, deeply impressed the young lady. The channel between Uist and Skye was covered by ships of war; every passage was guarded, and he could not move a step. Besides, he was so harassed and worn out that he could not for many days longer stand the fatigue of the life he was leading.

"Give me time to think of the matter," Flora exclaimed. "I feel bewildered, and cannot answer now. I will do so to-morrow."

Time was granted, and on the following day her reply was expected to be ready. She then took leave of the Prince, and she and Mrs Macdonald were accompanied by Captain O'Niel a good part of the way back.

Flora slept but little that night. She was filled with anxiety, her mind halting between two opinions. But at length she made up her mind. Generosity and patriotism were triumphant. She would save the Prince if possible. As she writes herself—"It was a great risk, yet I was determined to save a life more valuable than my own." At break of day Lady Clanranald waited upon her to receive her decision, and she was filled with delight to hear our heroine say "Yes." In the forenoon Flora met O'Niel by appointment, and preliminary arrangements were settled. Then the grateful fellow hurried off to acquaint His Royal Highness with the joyful tidings. On her way back to Lady Clanranald's, Flora was met, and fortunately too, by a party of militia. They asked for her passport, when she answered that she had none. The

leader of the party said that she must in that case submit to be taken prisoner and examined before their superior officer. Before this official she was accordingly taken, and to her astonishment and joy found him to be none other than Hugh Macdonald of Armadale, her own stepfather! Nothing could have been more fortunate than this meeting. From her own stepfather Flora could get the necessary passports, and for these she at once applied.

"To be sure you shall have them," replied Armadale in substance. "I was just thinking of sending to Miltown an order to enable you to return home, for the country is too much disturbed at present for women folk to be moving about."

Flora then explained that she was to take with her an Irish servant girl named Betty Burke, and that Niel M'Eachan would go with them to keep them from molestation. Betty Burke, she assured her father, was an excellent spinner, and would be of great assistance to her mother. Captain Macdonald (for such was the rank he held) then wrote out and handed her three passports—one for herself, one for Niel M'Eachan, and another for the Prince under the fictitious name of Betty Burke. He also wrote and handed to Flora the following letter to her mother:—

"Dear Wife,—I have sent your daughter from this country, lest she should be any way frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who she tells me is a good spinner. If her spinning pleases you, you may keep her till she spin all your lint; or if you have any work to spin you may employ her.

"I have sent Niel M'Eachan along with your daughter and Betty Burke to take care of them. . . .

"HUGH MACDONALD.

"Weel, Flora, ye're a bonnie, clever lassie," was the proud exclamation of Lady Clanranald when our heroine, having re-

turned to Ormaclade, informed her that she had obtained the necessary passports. An essential point had now been gained, and no time could be lost in carrying the bold project into execution. A dress for the Prince was required, and that was soon found. A light-coloured printed petticoat, a large white apron, with a mantle of a dun-coloured camlet, to which was attached a hood sufficient to go over his face, and a cap with a large flapping border—these were the garments which were supposed to metamorphose Prince Charles Edward Stuart into Betty Burke, an Irish serving-maid. A boat was procured—a six-oared one—and everything was in readiness to proceed with the daring enterprise.

On the following night everything was considered ready, and Flora and Lady Clanranald, accompanied by Niel McEachan, proceeded to the hut to prepare the Prince for departure.

When the party entered, the sight which met their eyes was enough to inspire them with a keen appreciation of the low ebb to which the fortunes of this unhappy descendant of a long line of kings had fallen. He was on his knees before a miserable fire of furze and leaves endeavouring to cook his dinner, which consisted of the liver and heart of a sheep. These he was attempting to roast upon a wooden spit before the fire. Flora and her aunt remarked on his destitute condition, when the young man replied with great spirit—"Those wretched to-day may be happy to-morrow; and perhaps many a great man would be the better for suffering as I am now doing."

Hazardous as the position was in which all were placed, they could not restrain their laughter at the uncouth figure which His Royal Highness presented as "Betty Burke." He made a most ungainly woman. His figure was tall and angular, and his strides were anything but ladylike. However, after a little training in deportment, he was pronounced a tolerably good make-up, and the party set out for the boat. The



danger to which they were exposed may be partially estimated when we state that just at that moment a party of military and marines, under General Campbell and Captain Ferguson, were searching for the Prince at the house of Clanranald at Ormaclade, not a mile distant.

The parting between the Prince and O'Niel, which was now imperative, as Flora had passports for three only, was most affecting. The warm-hearted Captain had been for long the Prince's companion, and had shared his every trial and vicissitude. He was still anxious to accompany Charles and be near him as a friend and protector from danger ; but Flora would not permit him to go. It would simply be bringing the whole party into needless danger, she argued, and at any sacrifice of feeling and regard the Prince's safety had to be considered. O'Niel, with a heavy heart, submitted to the inexorable law laid down by the Prince's fair guide ; and at length, at eight o'clock on the evening of Saturday, the 28th of June, the party left Uist in an open boat. The boat was rowed by four men, and the Prince was accompanied by Flora and M'Eachan, the latter, with the consent of Charles and Flora, informing the boatmen that the so-called Betty Burke was none other than the Prince.

The distance to be traversed in the boat was between thirty and forty miles, and, as bad luck would have it, a perfect hurricane of wind and rain commenced just after they had embarked. The boat was pitched about by the wind and waves, and the men had the utmost difficulty in heading in the desired direction. Then the Government vessels were moving about on all sides, and the friends were every moment in imminent danger of being captured. The position of the party was thus trying in the extreme, and it is little wonder that the spirits of Flora became depressed. It would have been less a wonder had the Prince, worn out and harassed as he already was, likewise given way to anxious forebodings. But he showed a spirit worthy of himself, and of the cause in

which he had just failed. "He was the most composed of all," says Flora. The boatmen were alarmed by the storm, and the others had much more to dread. But, instead of being down-cast, Charles cheered his companions by relating amusing anecdotes and singing stirring songs. Thus the heroic youth put his heel on adversity, and crushed it down. It were idle to say that he was not as keenly alive to his true position as any of his companions, but he had the resolution—the strong will—to keep his true feelings locked in his bosom, while his face and manner indicated a confidence and security which it was impossible he could feel.

Fatigue at length mastering Flora, she fell asleep. On awakening she found herself carefully laid in the bottom of the boat, with Charles leaning over to prevent her from being struck by a sail which one of the men was setting. The night was long, but at length dawn showed them the headlands of Skye. They made towards Waternish, but were fired at from the coast by a party of M'Leod's militia. The bullets fell into the boat and struck against it, and the moment was one of imminent peril. "Pull hard," cried the Prince to the boatmen, "and never fear the villains." "It's for yer ainsel we're afraid," answered the men. "Never mind me," replied the youth, heroically placing himself between Flora and the line of fire. But if he had the courage to do this, Flora also displayed true heroism. His life, she said, was of more value than hers, and he must see to his own safety. She would not be protected by him unless he, too, placed himself in a position of safety. At length they got beyond the danger, and held on for another landing-place. Signs of hostility were shown at the first village at which they attempted to put ashore, and they had again to run out. At length they beached on the lands of Sir Alexander Macdonald, whom, as we stated in our notice of Duncan Forbes of Culloden, the Lord-President had persuaded against joining the standard of Charles. Sir Alexander was, however,

at the time from home, and it was believed that his lady was in sympathy with the cause of the Pretender. Leaving the Prince and M'Eachan, Flora went forward alone to see this lady, and it was indeed fortunate that this precaution was taken, as she found on her arrival a militia officer seated in the parlour. This personage proceeded to question the young lady, but Flora, with excellent tact, succeeded in completely allaying any suspicions he might have had.

The details of all that passed here would, we are afraid, prove tiresome to the reader, and we must content ourselves by saying that the Prince at length found himself among friends. He was not taken to the house of Sir Alexander Macdonald, because it was considered unsafe to place him, even disguised as he was, face to face with the militia officer. He was, therefore, hurried over by old M'Donald of Kingsburgh, Flora's future father-in-law, to Kingsburgh House. On the way the ungainly appearance of the Prince attracted much notice. He was termed a "bold-looking hussy." "Irish indeed!" exclaimed one. "She looks like a man in woman's claise! She drags up her petticoats in an unco strange way." Even Kingsburgh himself could not help remarking—"They call your Highness a pretender; if you are one, all I can say is, that you are the worst of your trade that ever was seen." At Kingsburgh House the Prince met with the first signs of comfort he had experienced for many a day. Mrs M'Donald was in bed when the Prince and his companions arrived, but was quickly brought down stairs by her husband to welcome her illustrious guest. A snug little supper party of four then sat down to a substantial meal, of which the Prince partook with great relish. That night Charles also enjoyed the luxury of a warm bed—the first for many months—and in the morning felt greatly refreshed and invigorated.

Next day he left the house, again attired as Betty Burke, and before doing so gave to Mrs M'Donald and Flora locks of his hair. Kingsburgh gave him a pair of new shoes before starting,

as the toes of the poor fellow were seen peeping through those he wore. The Prince now intended to proceed to Raasay, and after they had got some distance he discarded the habiliments of Betty and dressed himself in a good Highland suit provided by Kingsburgh. Kingsburgh then turned, bidding farewell to Charles Edward, who assured him he would never forget the kindness which the former had shown. At parting Charles wept. Flora, the Prince, and M'Eachan then went to a miserable inn within half a mile of Portree. It was a cold, dirty night, and the Prince was loth to venture in such weather upon another sea voyage; but his safety lay in reaching Raasay, and he had to go. The party had now been strengthened by young M'Leod, the Laird of Raasay, and it was resolved that he and the Prince should cross alone.

Flora's connection with the Prince had therefore come to an end. She had been his companion for three days, and had led him safely through all the dangers which had threatened him during that time. At the moment of parting Flora felt pensive and sad. In the unhappy Prince she had taken a deep interest, and was warmly attached to his person. As Charles went towards her to bid her farewell the tears started to her eyes, but with an effort she checked their flow. Charles clasped both her hands in his and bade her an affectionate good-bye. "Although," he said, "at present my affairs are but gloomy and unfavourable, yet the time may come, dear Miss Macdonald, when I shall feel proud to welcome my kind protectress at St James's. Farewell now, and may Heaven reward you as you deserve." As he spoke tears rolled down his cheeks from his glistening eyes, and he turned aside. Then he imprinted a kiss upon her fair cheek, and they parted.

We now leave the history of Prince Charles Edward and continue with Flora. She left the inn as hurriedly as possible after the Pretender had left, because she was afraid of the andlord, who had regarded the movements of the Royal party with rather a suspicious air. She was much troubled in her

mind as to whether her efforts in behalf of Charles would really be of any permanent service. She knew that he was still hemmed in on every side, and was much afraid that she might simply have assisted him to escape from one danger to land him in the arms of another and a greater.

But she had soon to give her attention to what concerned herself. She had made the unfortunate mistake of allowing the four boatmen who had conveyed the Prince and herself from Uist to Skye to return without being bound to secrecy. These had been seized by the Government officials on their return, and on being questioned had revealed all they knew. On her journey homewards Flora received a note from a friend informing her that Captain Macleod of Talisker was on the look-out to arrest her for complicity in the escape of the Prince. The note also stated that a Government sloop was sailing in pursuit of the Prince and herself. She, however, continued her return journey—which was performed on horseback—in safety till she had almost reached Sleat, when she accidentally met her stepfather, who was returning home to Armadale. She felt safer in his company, but he could really do her little good. They had gone but a short distance further when they were met by a party of soldiers. The officer spurred up to them, and asked who they were, adding that he had in his possession a warrant for the apprehension of one Flora Macdonald, a rebel lady, who was to be taken on board the sloop *Furnace Bomb*, commanded by Captain Ferguson.

“For what cause am I to be thus treated?” inquired the young lady, indignantly.

“You are charged, madam, with having aided the escape of the Pretender, and it only remains for us to take you before the commanding officer at present on board the sloop.”

Flora asked to be allowed to ride on to Armadale to see her mother, but this her captors would not allow. She therefore took a hasty and affectionate leave of her father and M'Eachan, and was at once conducted on board the war vessel.

Flora had in the eye of the law acted a traitor's part, and was now a prisoner in the hands of the powers against whom she had offended ; and before proceeding to narrate the story of her trip to London, we may glance back for a moment at the deed she had performed.

It was really an act of remarkable heroism. With true womanly modesty she did not seem so to regard it herself. She said when questioned that she simply followed the dictates of common humanity in endeavouring to save a human being from misery, perhaps starvation ; and anyone reading her own plain, simple story, and catching the spirit in which she writes, is very apt to rise from the perusal with the conviction that she did nothing so very wonderful after all. We confess to have so viewed her adventure ; but a little independent reflection furnished abundant reasons for a change of mind. To place our life in jeopardy in behalf of any cause or of any individual is an act of the highest devotion ; and in this position Flora Macdonald found herself at the very outset of her connection with the Prince. Not only was her life threatened from one side, but from many. Yet she never for a moment lost her self-possession or hesitated in the performance of what she deemed her duty. The very fact of her joining the Prince at all was a risking of her life ; for the punishment due to anyone acting as she did was death ; and it is not a little strange that Flora escaped the doom unhesitatingly meted out to so many of her compatriots. Then, supposing for a moment that her share in his escape might never have become known to her enemies or his, she still exposed herself to fatal danger in that long night voyage in the open boat, amid the raging wind and threatening waves. From this danger she had but escaped when she and her companions were fired at from the headlands of Skye. Here she exhibited calm, quiet courage in circumstances in which had many women been tried they would have been found wanting—at least in the qualities which our heroine displayed. Her Prince would have shielded her from the

enemy's bullets ; but she reminded him that she accompanied him not that he might save her life, but she his, and heroically interposed her form the better to ensure his security. In a man this courage and devotion might not be remarkable. We are accustomed every day—and especially in troublous times such as we write of—to hear of men performing deeds of stirring heroism. The time of which we write was pregnant with the heroism and devotion of men—Prince Charles being in many cases personally the object which called these qualities forth. But Flora Macdonald was only a young inexperienced woman. She was probably when she first met Charles Edward alike unaccustomed to great danger and to unflinching devotion to a great cause. When, however, the moment of trial came upon her—when the circumstances arose to call into active play the sterling qualities of her character—she was found to be fearless, high-souled, and noble, capable of faithfully performing a difficult and hazardous task ; and in testimony of her admirable qualities of mind and heart her name has been handed down to her countrymen as one to be honoured and kept in perpetual remembrance.

But we must return to our narrative. After being taken on board the *Furnace Bomb* she was permitted to go on shore to see her mother, and the meeting, as may be expected, was most affecting. She was closely guarded during her visit, and her mother at the conclusion of the interview parted from her as one she might never see again. She was first sent to Dunstaffnage Castle, where she was kept a prisoner for some time under the charge of Captain Niel Campbell. She was afterwards knocked about a good deal from one place of confinement to another before being finally sent to London. Among the prisoners by whom she was joined was Captain O'Niel, who had been the companion of the Prince when she first met him. On the 6th of December she landed in London, and was at once lodged in the Tower—that gloomy pile of which she had read with awe in her younger days. Here she

was for a long time kept safe within bolts and bars until orders were at length issued that she should be conveyed to a private residence in the city, and there closely guarded till further orders.

By this time the fair young Rebel was an object of great interest not only in London but throughout the country, for the story of her adventure had quickly spread, and many were in the habit of endeavouring to obtain a glimpse of her person. She was visited at this house by Frederick, Prince of Wales, who earnestly inquired into her motives for acting treasonably and rebelliously against the Crown of England. He said he could not understand why a young girl should have joined in such a headstrong scheme. Flora calmly answered that she never had any desire to act contrary to the laws of the country ; and that had His Royal Highness or any of his family applied to her in similar straits, she would, with God's blessing, have extended to them the same assistance. The Prince was inclined to treat Flora mercifully, and assured her his Royal father was the same, but he could promise nothing. Her friends, however, assured her that, since Prince Frederick had shown sympathy towards her, the King would grant her a pardon ; and the hopes thus raised were in a few days realised when she was presented with an announcement that she was at liberty to return to Scotland.

Flora was not friendless in London. A staunch Jacobite lady—Lady Primrose—received her into her house, and the simple-minded Highland girl was almost immediately “launched on the ocean of London gaiety.” To London society she was now pretty much what Robert Burns was for a brief season to the *elite* of Edinburgh—the toy of the moment, a new source of gratification to please the vulgar and stupid butterflies of fashion. Flora, who was a sensible as well as a brave girl, did not like this silly nonsense—she felt the curiosity of the people to be very annoying—but in deference to the wish of Lady Primrose kept her objections to



herself. But she observed high life with a shrewd eye, and afterwards made some very sensible reflections on its customs and shams and follies.

All the while, however, she sighed for the purple hills and the spreading moors of the north, and finally prevailed upon Lady Primrose to permit her to leave for home. She was accompanied on her return journey—which was performed the greater part of the way in a postchaise—by an old friend, Malcolm M'Leod of Raasay, who, like herself, had been to London to answer for his Jacobite proclivities.

The happiness of Flora at meeting with her parents may well be imagined. Nor was their joy at having her restored to them less rapturous; but there was one whose greeting caused the maiden's heart to bound and throb with a sweet and secret joy. This was Allan Macdonald of Kingsburgh, who, finding his little Flora exalted into a heroine, lost no time in formally offering his hand, which was proudly accepted. Allan Macdonald had by this time attained the rank of Captain in His Majesty's service; but in view of his approaching marriage retired on half-pay, and settled down at Flodigary, near Trotternish, an estate given him by his father.

On the 6th of November 1750 Flora and Allan were married. It was a happy marriage, and during their stay at Flodigary seven children were born them. In 1772 old Macdonald of Kingsburgh died, and Flora and Allan went to reside in the family mansion. In the following year (1773) Scotland and the Hebrides were "honoured" with a visit from Doctor Samuel Johnson and James Boswell, his "shadow" and biographer. Kingsburgh House and its mistress were special objects of interest to the distinguished tourists; and Johnson was permitted to sleep in the same bedroom and bed in which Prince Charles had rested during his night's stay at Kingsburgh. Boswell thus describes the host and hostess:—"Kingsburgh," he says, "was completely the figure of a gallant Highlander, exhibiting the 'graceful mien and manly looks' which our

popular Scotch song has justly attributed to that character. . . . He had jet black hair, tied behind, and was a large, stately man, with a steady, sensible countenance." Of Flora he thus speaks:—"She is a little woman, of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well-bred. To see Dr Samuel Johnson, the great champion of the English Tories, salute Miss Flora Macdonald in the Island of Skye was a striking sight."

In the following year, or the one after, Flora and her husband, who had been unfortunate with his crops for a succession of years, went to North Carolina. Here Kingsburgh joined the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment (the 84th). The fortunes of war (the war of American Independence) went against this regiment, and Kingsburgh was taken prisoner. He was subsequently released, and after attaining to the rank of Captain in the North Carolina Highlanders returned to Scotland. "The vessel," writes Dr Carruthers, of Inverness, in an editorial note to "Boswell's Tour," "in which Flora and her husband sailed was attacked by a French privateer, and while Flora, with characteristic spirit, stood on deck animating the seamen she was thrown down and had her arm broken." The heroic woman thus, as she says herself, imperilled her life for the houses both of Stuart and Brunswick, and gained nothing from either side.

We must now conclude our notice of Flora's life, in which no event of stirring interest afterwards occurred. Her sons rose to distinction in the world, and her daughters were comfortably married. All this she had the satisfaction to see before she passed away. Her death occurred on the 5th March 1790, when she was 69 years of age; and the melancholy event took place in the house of the minister of Snizort, situated not far from Kingsburgh. She was interred in the burial ground of Kilmuir, Trotternish, and her shroud was one of the sheets in which the Prince slept at Kingsburgh House—the remains of her mother-in-law, the elder Mrs

Macdonald, having been consigned to the dust wrapped in the other many years before. Her husband survived her for two years.

We leave readers to make their own reflections on the life and deeds of Flora Macdonald. Our own commentary shall be the inscription on her tombstone, with which we shall conclude this article. But before doing so we may mention that the well-known song "Hie to the Highlands" was written by Flora. The music to which it is sung is also hers, though to another belongs the credit of having placed it upon paper. The Ettrick Shepherd is the author of the spirited song "Flora Macdonald's Lament," and the historical references it contains are perfectly accurate. The same cannot, however, be said of a production entitled "The Lament of Flora Macdonald," given in some Jacobite collections. From songs thousands obtain their history and form their opinions, and it is a pity that a mere mawkish, childish love song should be sung or regarded as representing the relationship between Flora Macdonald and Prince Charles Edward Stuart. In fact, it is a question whether it could ever have been intended by its author to have any reference to the subject. In any case, there is reason to dispute its title to be recognised as a Jacobite song or to a place in Jacobite collections.

And now for the promised commentary :—"In the history of Scotland and England is recorded the name of her by whose memory this tablet is rendered sacred; and mankind will consider that in Flora Macdonald were united the calm and heroic fortitude of a man, together with the unselfish devotion of a woman. Under Providence, she saved Prince Edward Stuart from death on a scaffold, thus preventing the House of Hanover incurring the blame of an impolitic judicial murder."

The tombstone bearing this inscription was erected in 1860—a tribute to his grandmother's memory by Major John Macdonald.

THE END.