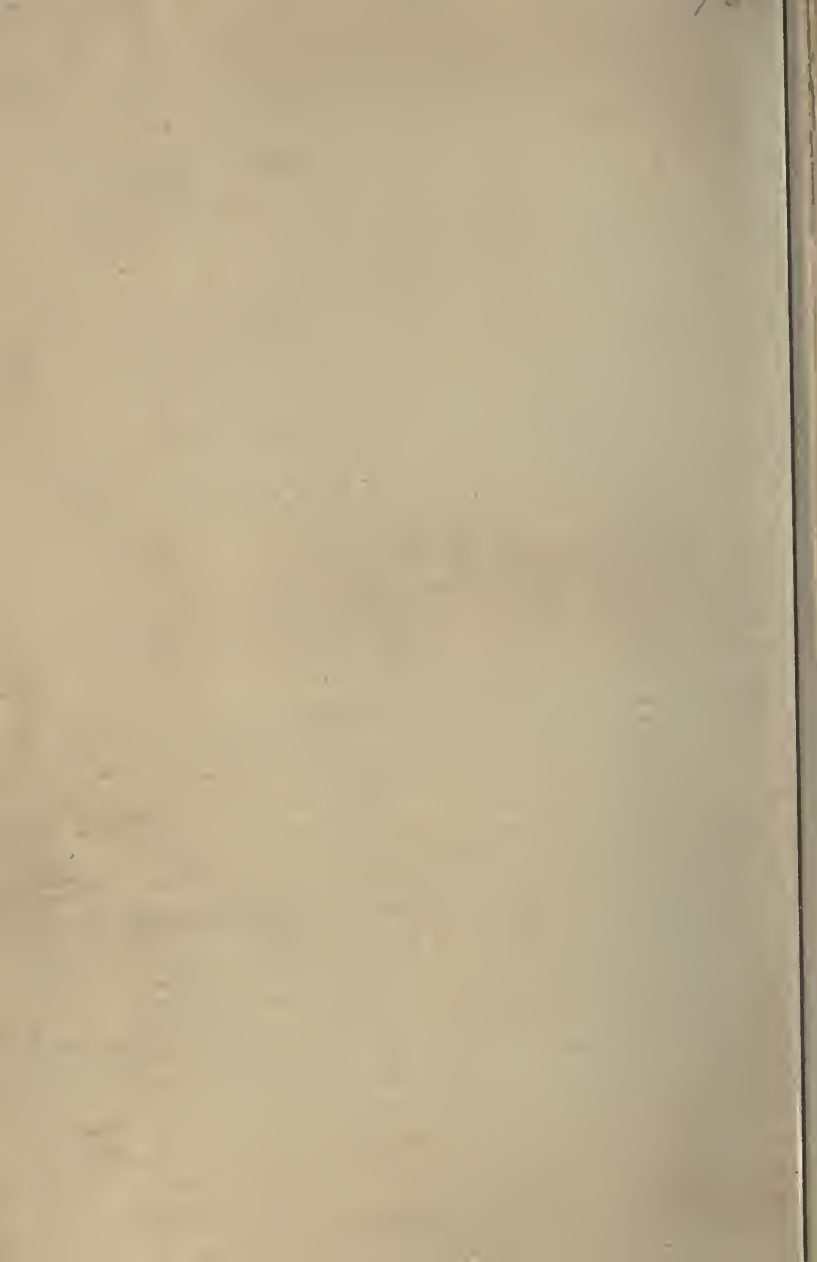


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TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
GAELIC SOCIETY OF GLASGOW.

Comunn Gailig Ghlascho.

TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
GAELIC SOCIETY OF GLASGOW.

Vol. 2.—1891=94.

“Cha mhisde sgeul math aithris dà uair.”



PUBLISHERS—

ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, CELTIC PRESS, 10 BOTHWELL
STREET, GLASGOW.

HENRY WHYTE, 4 BRIDGE ST., GLASGOW.

NORMAN MACLEOD, THE MOUND, EDINBURGH.

H. MACDONALD, ESPLANADE, OBAN.

ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, PRINTER, CELTIC PRESS,
10 BOTHWELL STREET,
GLASGOW.



P R E F A C E . .



THE objects which the Gaelic Society of Glasgow had in view in resolving to publish its transactions were, that a record of the Society's doings should be available to all the members and others who might be interested, and that such literary productions as were at its command should be put in some permanent form of easy access. For want of similar means of preservation, much valuable matter read before kindred societies is continually being lost. Even those who have the privilege of hearing are only a little better off than those who have not that privilege. To listen to an essay or lecture and the discussion which usually follows is, without doubt, pleasing and profitable; but it has not the amount of educative influence which the same matter committed to type has. But it is when we take into consideration the fact that the former exercises a passing influence on only a few minds, while the latter may act on many minds over a long interval of time, that we see the full excess of value of the one over the other. No doubt many papers read before Highland societies find their way into the magazines and weekly newspapers, and, in that way, do a considerable amount of good—much more, perhaps, than would generally be credited—and, among them, some of those included in this volume can be counted. But even these, after being read once, run the risk of never being seen again, and, what is of more consequence, are not likely to come under the eyes of future generations. In the case of literature given in book form, it is different: it is always accessible.

In the present transitional state of the Gaelic race, it is of the utmost importance that the future generations should not lose touch with their country's past. This is necessary for the preservation of those best characteristics that have so frequently won admiration from aliens, and that have sustained them, as a people, through trying social, political, and religious difficulties.

In one of the essays recorded in the first volume, it is said, "We are living in the midst of a Celtic *renaissance*." All who have been following the course of events during the last fifteen years will homologate that statement. Much of this Celtic *renaissance*, so far as the Highlands are concerned, is due to the writings of Highlanders in the South, mostly connected with some society or other. This should be an incentive to all who have the love of the Gaelic race and their land in their heart to further stimulate the movement by becoming members of Gaelic societies, and contributing to, or helping the circulation of, literature bearing upon Highland life and history and the Gaelic language.

It is an honourable characteristic of the Highlander that he is fond of education ; and it is well known that the poor of the Highlands are more ready to make sacrifices in its acquisition than the poor among their wealthier neighbours. But the fact remains that the Highlanders, as a people, are comparatively poor, and, on that account, less able than their neighbours to acquire education and, at the same time, patronize and support their own literature. It is, therefore, all the more incumbent on those who can afford it to make up for their brethren's drawbacks.

The subjects treated of in the following pages cover a wide field—embracing History, Manners and Customs, Philology, Folk Lore, Book Lore, and General Literature ; and while the ordinary reader cannot fail to be entertained and instructed, the studious may find useful information to aid him in his studies.

Some valuable papers which were not available to the Society for publication in this volume have already appeared, or are to appear, elsewhere.

It is gratifying to be able to record that, since the publication of the first volume, an increased interest has been taken in Gaelic Literature, and that a considerable number of valuable publications bearing upon the Gaelic Language, and the ancient and modern literature to be found in it, have been issued.

A fact worthy of recognition here—on which the Society is keeping its eye—is that by the will of the late Rev. A. K. MAC CALLUM of Glasgow, a sum has been placed at the disposal of the Senatus of Glasgow University, to be used in establishing a Gaelic Lectureship in connection with the University. It is hoped that when such a lectureship has been established, all Gaelic students receiving their education in Glasgow will take advantage of it, and through the benefits to be derived, be the better able to promote those objects for which this Society was constituted.



CONSTITUTION AND RULES.



I.—The Society shall be called “THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF GLASGOW.”

II.—The objects of the Society shall be :—The cultivation of the Gaelic Language ; the cultivation and development of Celtic Philology, Literature, and Music ; the elucidation of Celtic Antiquities ; and the fostering of a Celtic spirit among the Highlanders of Glasgow.

III.—The Society shall be composed of persons of Celtic extraction, or of such as take an interest in its objects. All applicants for admission to membership shall be proposed and seconded at an ordinary meeting, and on payment of their subscription, their names shall be entered on the Membership Roll.

IV.—The Subscriptions of Members to the Funds of the Society shall be :—Life Members, one payment of £2 2s. ; Honorary Members, annually, Ladies 3s., Gentlemen 7s. 6d. ; Ordinary Members, annually, 3s.

V.—The business of the Society shall be conducted by a Board of Management, consisting of the President, the Vice-Presidents, the Secretary, the Treasurer, and the Directors—five to form a quorum. The Members of the Board shall retire annually, but shall be eligible for re-election at the Annual Business Meeting of the Society.

VI.—The Society shall meet in the Religious Institution Rooms, Buchanan Street, or other convenient place, on the last Tuesday of each month, from October to April—seven to be a quorum.

VII.—The Annual Business Meeting of the Society shall be held on the last Tuesday of April. No part of the Constitution shall be altered or amended except at this meeting, and then only on the resolution of at least two-thirds of the Members present ; but notice of any such alteration or amendment must be in the hands of the Secretary within at least one month of said Meeting.

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THE TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
GAELIC SOCIETY OF GLASGOW.

[OCTOBER 27TH, 1891.]

AT the meeting held on this date, Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P. for Inverness-shire, F.S.A., read a Paper on "Incidents in the Risings of 1715 and 1745." The following is the portion of the Paper referring to the '45.

Turning to the '45, a period which has caused much greater attention than the '15, the selection of materials is difficult from their abundance.

The defeat of Sir John Cope's army by the Clans filled the authorities with dismay. The Secretary of State writing to the Duke of Cumberland, then in the Low countries, under date 25th September, 1745, desiring him to send home some troops, says—"Had not that reinforcement (Ligoniers) providentially arrived the day before the news came of Sir John Cope's defeat, the confusion in the city of London would not have been to be described, and the King's Crown (I will venture to say) in the utmost danger."

The Duke of Cumberland in reply was "rather rejoiced than frightened" at the Highlanders' success, but the coarse German King who hitherto saluted his

ministers with oaths, now in fear and trembling, received them graciously.

During the occupation of Edinburgh by the Highlanders, an incident occurred which is worthy of being recorded. One James Lorimer gave information to General Preston that certain houses, upon the north side of the Castle Hill, sheltered many rebels. Orders were accordingly issued for the destruction of these houses, and Lorimer's only mode of exit from the castle, was, as he tells us, under "the smoke of the cannon when firing hottest with big 12 pounders flying over my head." He further tells us "that when the garrison sallied down the hill, near to the weigh house, upon the rebels, and put fire to these houses they had battered down and had spent most of their ammunition, my servant maid ran up to the castle, in the heat of the firing on both sides, with muskets, and brought down her lapful of cartridges to supply them, notwithstanding a musket ball went right through her pitty coats, on her way up there. Afterwards, as I directed her, she carried some of the soldiers through a back entry, and yard, and brought them up my own close, where opposite to it there were rebels, standing in a line, and ere they were aware, they shot one and wounded two or three more." It is a great pity that the maid's name has not been preserved.

Lorimer relates a conversation he had with the "gentle Lochiel," who it seems could occasionally use bad language, and from it we gather that Lorimer was a merchant. Lochiel asked him "why the devil you merchants do not open your shops?" "If you are

afraid of harm" said the Highland chief, "I will give every one of you merchants two sentries at your doors." Lorimer replied "that the cure was as bad as the disease, seeing it was upon account of the Highlanders they were most afraid, as they were all a parcel of thieves." Lochiel said "if any of the men offer you wrong, you have only to tell, and you shall see them punished." This did not satisfy Lorimer, who said—"No, we have suffered enough already;" whereupon he (Lochiel) damned us altogether, and as the castle was firing, he went off cursing us all." Another story about Lochiel is from the declaration made upon 9th November, 1745, before the authorities, by Hugh Cameron, who says "that with several others he tried to desert at Edinburgh, but they were seized upon by Lochiel and some of the Life Guards at a little distance from the city, and Lochiel beat them severely with his whip."

In illustration of the manner of proceeding against those unwilling to take arms, and those who ran away, I give the following in connection with Cluny, and Glenmoriston; "William Robertson in Badenoch declares young Cluny came to his house and ordered 20 cows and 6 horses to be taken from him and otherwise threatened him, but upon consenting to go, they were restored, except one cow which had been killed (Signed) WILLIAM (his X mark) ROBERTSON;" "My dear Life—The reason of writing this letter now is that last night Alex. George's son deserted with several others after getting all necessaries and encouragement from the Prince and me, which I think

is a piece of ingratitude that deserves to be resented in the strongest manner possible, and I lay my commands upon you to deal every way in your power, by giving them a charge of removal from my lands and exercising the severest punishment. Rising the double rents and otherwise, which will be the greatest obligations you can lay upon me, and if ever I shall go home it will be my first business to raze them from off my country, and other places where I shall have any interest, as it is really no more than the usage they have given me deserves, and so my dear I hope you'll show this to Daldreggan, and let him and you do the utmost of your endeavours to lay all stress and inconveniences possible upon such as have gone home and left me to make for myself, which is the greatest favour I can intreat of you and Daldreggan. I am with my compliments to you and him and all other friends, and Peter Macallester, who, I hope, shall do his utmost to resent this piece of ingratitude. My dearest life, your most affectionate husband (Signed) PAT GRANT, Dalkeith, 3rd November, 1745 (addressed) To the Lady Glenmoriston."

The rapid and daring advance of the Highlanders into England filled the Royalist leaders with consternation. General the Duke of Richmond, who was sent to oppose their progress, writing from Litchfield to the Secretary of State, upon 23rd November, says—"For God's sake don't think of sending Hawley from us, indeed he is equal to anybody, and will speak his mind. We are in a strange irregular way here, and had the rebels at-

tacked us at Stone on Monday night, as we thought they would, we had been undone, and Ligonier said so himself." From the following excerpt of a letter from his Grace, two days later, we learn how unprepared were the Government troops for the campaign. "We have neither paymaster nor hospital here. We can't move without the first, and shall be in a most miserable way without the latter. We have not seen the face of a surgeon, physician, or apothecary, nor is there an ounce of drugs, or a surgeon's needle, but what belongs to the regiment, which I do say is a most shameful thing." By a strange fatality Prince Charlie was compelled to retreat, when victory was within his grasp, for between him and London lay only scattered bodies of troops, utterly exhausted with their forced march to the front, and want of food. Now that the Highlanders began their masterly retreat the authorities took heart; the King again treated ministers to some German oaths, because, says Newcastle, "the danger is now more remote." Even the Duke of Richmond, who, while the rebels lay in front of him, was filled with abject terror, now waxes valiant. Richmond "in the field," and Richmond "in his closet" are different individuals; in the former we have a veritable coward, in the latter a boasting braggart, as may be gathered from the following letter, written at Goodwood upon 6th February, 1746.

"I am excessively obliged to you, my dearest lord, for the very good news you sent me; tho' to have heard that these villains were totally destroyed would have been better. I always did, and always shall, despise

them as the scum of Scotland, which is certainly the sinke of the earth, and I always said it was only but looking these rascals in the face, and I was sure they would never stand their ground. This the late Lord Cadogan always said, and I have since been an eye-witness of it, but indeed if our people run away, at the sight of them, they must be beat even by the Westminster scholars, and what did that panic come from, but their hearing they were desperate fellows, with broadsword, target, Lochaber ax, and the devil knows what, that was eternally preached up by the Scotch Jacobites, even at White's and St. James'. Stuff actually fit to frighten nothing but old women and children." And this from one holding a Scottish Peerage, that of Lennox, one of the ancient Earldoms.

We know pretty well all about Prince Charlie's movements from a military point of view, day by day, but it is only now and then we get glimpses of his manner of life, when neither on the march or preparing for battle. From a wretchedly scurrilous broadsheet entitled "A short account of the behaviour of the Rebel Army while at Hamilton, in a letter to a friend at Edinburgh, dated Hamilton, 6th Jan., 1746, I excerpt the following:—"Tuesday night, 26th Dec., 1745. Camerons, Macphersons, and Macdonalds of Clanronald came in, and behaved badly, and would have burnt Lesmahago unless prevented by two of Lochmoirdart's brothers." . . . "The Prince went a hunting in the Duke's park, he shot two pheasants, two woodcocks, two hares and a young buck, all which were carried in triumph. He dined at Chatleroy, where I

saw him, but could not find the angel-like Prince amongst the whole rabble, till he was pointed out to me." For this small glimpse of Prince Charles's private life, I forgive the Hamilton lampooner, who uses language, with regard to Highlanders, unfit for ears polite.

The loss of the "Hazard," with her arms and specie, off the Sutherland coast, was a great blow to the Prince. The sum taken amounted, it is said, to over £12,000 sterling. The application of the money, as recorded by collector Thos. Wedderburn of Inverness on 11th April, 1746, was somewhat unequal, viz.—"Lodged in the Duke of Cumberland's hands, 5000 guineas. To the Captain of the "Sheerness" ship of war, 500 guineas; to the doctor of Loudoun's regiment, 400 guineas; to each of the sergeants, 8 guineas; the corporals, 6 guineas; and to each of the private men, 4 guineas. Captain Sutherland a purse, and to each of the militia 1 guinea." The services of the gallant Sutherland Militia do not seem to have been highly regarded, but likely the guinea was enough.

Glasgow was particularly Whiggish and Hanoverian as may be gathered from the preamble of their memorial entitled "Memorial stating the facts relative to the conduct of the Town of Glasgow at and since the Revolution, and particularly during the late wicked Rebellion in 1745," which narrates that "the community, upon hearing of the Pretender's landing immediately signified to the late Lord Advocate their willingness to arm in the defence of the Government. His Majesty's approbation was at length obtained, to-

gether with an order to General Guest to deliver a thousand stand of arms, at the sight of the Lord Advocate and Justice Clerk, but this approbation and order did not come to Edinburgh until after the rebels had passed the Forth, and were marching to take possession of that city, and of consequence too late to be used at that time."

The day after this pretended Prince had crossed the Forth, he sent a letter, dated 13th September, directed to the Magistrates of Glasgow, and signed with his own hand, requiring of them a sum not exceeding £15,000, besides the public money and their arms, as they should be answerable for the consequences, and threatening to take measures, unless the demand was complied with. To this letter no answer was returned. General Cope was then at Aberdeen, with the foot, and only two regiments of dragoons near or at Edinburgh.

"Soon after the battle of Preston, John Hay, W.S., came with a party of horse, and a letter from the pretended Prince, dated 25th September, demanding £15,000, by way of loan, and offering to assign the Land Tax and Excise of Clydesdale in payment. He brought likewise, a commission to treat with the Magistrates and Council, who after convening the inhabitants, by their advice, answered that they had no money to lend, but were soon made to understand, that there was a necessity for complying with the demand, which with much difficulty was restricted to £500 in money and £500 in goods, and the town's credit interposed for borrowing, and furnishing the same. But no broadswords or other arms were

furnished, and the community refused to meddle with any of the publick money, which was offered to be assigned to them for their repayment."

"The inhabitants of Glasgow continued firm and inflexible in their alledgeance to their most Gracious Sovereign, during the Rebels' stay at Edinburgh tho' they were then Masters of Scotland, and the town often visited by their parties; yet, none of the Corporation joined them. They expressed on all occasions the utmost fidelity, Loyalty, and attachment to our happy Government. October 30th, his Majesty's Birthday, was celebrated as usual, by bonfires, ringing of bells, public rejoicing, and one entertainment in the Town Hall, though a large party of the Rebels, by them called Hussars, who had come to levy the public Taxes left the place only the day before, and were then at Hamilton, within eight miles."

"The Rebels left Edinburgh and marched for England, upon which Marshal Wade detached two Regiments of foot, and two of Dragoons to take possession of the Capital, and secure the peace of the Country. About this time a second body of the Rebels were beginning to draw together at Perth, threatened to cross the Forth and once more to take possession of the southern parts of Scotland. November 15th the community did hereupon then signify unto the Lord Justice Clerk, by a letter from the Provost, their intention of raising a number of men for the service of the Government, upon which a thousand stand of arms, with proportionate ammunition, was by direction of the Lord Justice Clerk sent them. Upon November 30th

the Earl of Home, who was afterwards appointed by his Majesty to command these Volunteers, came at same time, and under his lordship's direction a Regiment of 600 men was raised, in nine days, and marched the 10th to assist in guarding the pass at Stirling. The officers subsisted themselves. The inhabitants contributed a sum for paying the battalion, during the space of two months at 1s per diem to each sergeant, 10d each corporal and drum, and 8d to each private man. At same time another battalion, of 600 men, was raised for defence of the town."

"When the Pretender's son repassed the River Esk, and returned to Scotland, with his followers, it was judged proper, by the commanders of his Majesty's forces, to draw all the troops together to defend the Capital. This the Glasgow Regiment cheerfully agreed to, and marched to Edinburgh with the King's troops, where a stand was made until the army came from England."

"The rebels entered Glasgow on Christmas day, and soon made the inhabitants feel the effects of their resentment. They were ordered to provide their whole following in free quarters, were much threatened, and used with insolence, and to sum up all a verbal demand was made by Mr. Hay, afterwards in writing, by one Jackson, who called himself agent to the Prince, for 12,000 shirts, 6000 cloth coats, 6000 pair of shoes, 6000 bonnets and 6000 pair of tartan hose, together with the Land Tax owing by the town, and arms and ammunition."

"This demand was peremptorily insisted upon, the

greatest part they got while in town, and when after staying ten days at free quarters, man and horse, they marched to Stirling. They took two of the most substantial burgesses, one of them a magistrate as security, and although all imaginable occasions of delay were contrived, even to exposing the town to the risque of being plundered, the inhabitants were at last obliged to furnish the greater part of the demand, which, according to the tradesmen's accounts, amounted to about £5000. The magistrates, however, had the precaution to send the Government arms and ammunition, with any which belonged to the inhabitants, to the Castle of Dumbarton, whereby the rebels were disappointed of any supply of these articles, and as to the Land Tax, whereof at the time of the rebels being in Glasgow, there was owing near £3000, the Magistrates had the good fortune and address to prevent or divert their levying or receiving any part of it."

"During the time the rebel army, with their pretended Prince at their head, were living at free quarters in the town when they proclaimed the Pretender there, and when their pretended Prince made his most public appearances, he and his rebel followers were never able to procure, from this loyal community, the least mark of approbation or compliance. No bells were rung—no acclamations were to be heard, nor even the common civility of a hat given, and even in this period not any one inhabitant, but a shoemaker, who was much in debt, joined the rebels, and when it was insinuated that a deputation in form, from the Town Council to their Prince, might procure an abatement of the last

heavy exaction— the proposition was rejected with disdain. Their Prince was heard to say, that indeed it was a fine town, but he had no friends in it, and what was worse, they were at no pains to hide it from him.”

“So soon as the army was assembled at Edinburgh, and General Hawley thought proper to move westward, the Glasgow Regiment marched along with the first division, and some days after, made no bad appearance in the action near Falkirk, where they had an officer and 18 private men killed, and as many wounded, and three officers and upwards of twenty private men taken prisoners.”

“The battalion was afterwards dismissed with the highest compliments to the officers, who on their parts, assured Mr Hawley, that they were willing to continue to serve their king and country, at their own expense, and should be ready at a call, whenever their attendance should be judged in any degree useful to the service.”

“Mr Hawley had his Majesty’s orders, by a letter from the Duke of Newcastle, to thank the Regiment in his Majesty’s name, for their service in the battle near Falkirk.”

“This unalterable loyalty and affection, in the inhabitants of Glasgow to their most Gracious Sovereign, and their zeal for the religion, and liberties of their country have brought the community into the greatest distress. The exorbitant contributions levied from them, by the rebels, amount to about £10,000, besides growing interest upon the money borrowed for payment thereof. The free quarters they exacted, and other depredations, at the most moderate computation,

amounted to £5000 ; the levying the battalion which went to Stirling—the expense attending the other battalion, which remained at Glasgow, for paying sergeants and others who had been in the army to instruct them in the discipline with many other contingents, unavoidable at forming of two battalions,—not to mention the town's great charge for intelligence, and other necessary expenses, amount to a very great sum, and, joined with all these a total interruption of their trade and manufactures, for the space of six months. These are losses that neither the small public funds of the community, scarcely able to pay the unavoidable charge of Government, nor the private fortunes of the inhabitants, are by any means able to bear, but, at the same time, they have the joyful reflection that what they have suffered was in the best cause, and likewise the comfortable hope, that their most gracious Sovereign will not suffer the public stock of a Royal Burgh, always distinguished by their loyalty, to be undone and ruined, through their zeal for his Majesty and our happy constitution, but that such relief will be provided as his most Gracious Majesty, in his great wisdom and goodness, shall think fit."

I now give five papers relative to the foregoing. The first is Prince Charles's Proclamation dated 13th September ; 2nd, levy on Glasgow dated 25th September ; 3rd, authority to uplift the levy of same date ; 4th, receipt therefor, 30th September, 1745 ; 5th, receipt for cloth, etc., dated 3rd January, 1746.

1.—"Leckie, 13th September, 1745,—I need not inform you of my being come hither, or of my view in

coming, that is sufficiently known. All those who love their country, and the true interest of Britain, ought to wish for my success, and do what they can to promote it. It would be a needless repetition to tell you that all the privileges of your town are included in my declaration, and what I have promised, I will never depart from. I hope this is your way of thinking, and therefore expect your compliance with my demands, a sum of money besides what is due to Government not exceeding £15,000, and whatever arms can be found in your city, is at present what I require. The terms offered you are very reasonable, and what I promise to make good. I choose to make these demands, but, if not complied with, I shall take other measures and you shall be answerable for the consequences."

2.—"Palace of Holyrood House, 25th September, 1745.—Seeing it hath pleased God to grant us a complete victory over all our enemies in Scotland, and as the present expedition we are engaged in, does not permit to visit the town of Glasgow, we thought proper to intimate to you, of the Town Council and University, that whereas the exigency of the times does not permit us to levy the public money, as should be done in peace, we are obliged to have recourse to you for a loan of £15,000, which we hereby oblige ourselves to pay back so soon as the nation will be in a state of tranquillity, and in the meantime shall be willing to appropriate to your payment, all the taxes of Clydesdale, and your own town, arising from the land and excises, in same manner as shall be judged best for the ease of the King's subjects. Furthermore, we are willing, in part of this

sum, to accept two thousand broadswords at reasonable rates. If the present demand is cheerfully and readily complied with by Monday first, we do hereby promise in a particular manner to take the trade of the town and its manufactures, as well as University, under our special protection, and shall grant them such new privileges as shall consistently with the good of the nation, advance your interests and serve as a pledge of our affection in your loyalty."

3.—"Charles, Prince of Wales, Regent of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging, To John Hay, Esq., These, are empowering and authorising you, forthwith to repair to the Town of Glasgow and treat with the Magistrates and Town Council in terms of our letter to them of this date, and whatever you act or do, in the premises, shall be sustained as sufficient by us, and the said Magistrates and Town Council are hereby required to regard you as our Commissioner to the above purpose. Given at the Palace of Holyrood House, 25th September, 1745."

4.—Glasgow, September 30th, 1745.—Received, in consequence of the within commission, the sum of £5000 stg. in specie, bank notes, bills of exchange, with the further sum of £500 stg. in manufactures, and which sum of £5500 stg., received in manner above mentioned, I in virtue of the powers, committed to me, have accepted in full satisfaction of the demand made, by H.R. Highness the Prince of Wales, on the city of Glasgow by his letter to which the Commission refers."

5.—"Received by me, Richard Jackson, Esq., agent

to His R. Highness the Prince of Wales, from the Town of Glasgow for the use of his army, 6840 yards of woollen cloth for making 4412 jackets, also 572 yards of serge, 470 yards of plaiding, 30 yards of tartan with thread and other trimmings for said jackets ; further received as above 25,423 yards of white and check linen, towards making the 12,000 shirts demanded by His Royal Highness, also received as above 1297 pairs of shoes and brogs, 3846 blue bonnets, 930 yards of tartan towards making 1240 pair of hose ; also 15 pounds of thread for making above shirts ; also 275 yards of packing cloth for baleing the goods up as above, and 2 coils of ropes, the above in part payment of a fine put upon said town for their appearing in arms against His Royal Highness."

From the foregoing it appears nothing came amiss to the Highlanders, and, as throwing some light upon the nature of their exactions I give you copy of the receipt granted, by Adjutant Donald Cameron of Lochiel's regiment, to a Perth merchant, 10th September 1745. "Received by me, Donald Cameron, adjutant in Lochiel's regiment, from Mr John Anderson, merchant, in Perth, in presence of Donald Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, 300 yards of coarse harn, 600 els of cordage, 45 needles, and 6 ounces of thread."

I will now give letter from Sir Alex. Macdonald of Sleat, superior of the Barra group of islands, to Clanranald the elder, dated Mugstot, 25th January, 1746. Both Clanranald and Barra were apprehended after the battle of Culloden, and detained prisoners in London for a considerable period.

“Dear Clan,—Notwithstanding that I hear, from time to time, that you are on the wing southward, I never will despair of you until you are gone. Neither will I till then cease to give you all the information I have. It is not new to you that the P. after penetrating a little beyond Darby, thought proper to wheel about in order to return to Scotland. The reasons for this resolution was strong. The army of the Duke of Cumberland was very near, and much more numerous, no foreign succour was like to cast up, and no accession of strength to his army from the men of England. Upon his turning tail the D. with his Light Horse and Grenadiers mounted, and pursued whatever he was able, but (to the Prince’s honour, who has not so good an officer in his army as himself) could not overtake, except once that the Prince’s rear and some of the Duke’s men had a smart scuffle at a village called Clifden, where, as all was acted by firing, the Highlanders suffered most. As they were forced to make very long marches, they dropped a great many men. The garrison left at Carlisle surrendered at discretion to the Duke, about three weeks ago—the Duke’s cavalry was hourly expected at Edinburgh on Monday was a fortnight, on which day a Kinghorn boat sailed from Leith, with dispatches for the north. That day the first division of Wade’s army was marching into Edinburgh, under Lieutenant-General Hawley—the Leith and Edinburgh carts having gone to fetch in their baggage. The P. was then either at Hamilton or Glasgow with the debris of his army, from which there was (and no wonder), a very great

desertion. By Mr Macallester's vessel, in ten days from Kintyre, I learn that the small army at Perth, consisting of 3000, marched out of that place, and met the P. near the Forth, and that they returned in a body to Perth. Whether they will make a stand there, or get into the Highlands and disperse, I know not. My opinion is that they will endeavour to keep in a body till they see the fate of the invasion that has been carrying on at Dunkirk, Ostend, and Calais. The number of troops that should have been embarked, in these ports, is 12,000, and should have sailed the 5th of last month, the gross of them were to be put aboard of open boats, and to land in Kent, Essex, etc. There was no account of their being landed, when the Kinghorn boat left, and it is dubious if they can put to sea, and very dangerous for them to land, for the Government besides the strong guard of Men-of-War in the Channel, under Admiral Vernon, have armed above one hundred small vessels, cutters, sloops, etc. These have taken many empty ships and a number of fish boats, and other small craft, going into Dunkirk and Calais to take men on board, and they frequently peep into their ports to see what is adoin. The people along the coast of England are arming and looking out, and have removed all eatables 20 miles from the sea. The army to oppose their landing is more numerous than themselves. I do not see the French can propose to get masters of England, with so small a force, and without that they can do no service to the Prince at such a distance from him. The half of 12,000 men would have had a strong effect in August

last. I know not but that the precipitate retreat of the Highlanders from England, may make France lay aside thoughts of invading, and indeed the invasion would now seem to no purpose if they don't land in Scotland, nor do I know whether the peace, which the King of Prussia has clapt up, with the Queen of Hungary and King of Poland, after beating both their armies near Dresden, will make the French king shy to part with any of his troops. You see this peace makes him 70,000 enemies more this year in Flanders and on the Rhine."

"Barray has done all he could to make a present of his estate, though I never coveted it. There is no man but knows arms and money were landed with him, and the Government people know that he took a part of both, his reviews and weaponschawing is well-known to them, and he need not expect to escape a Tryal. If he is attainted it will not be in my power to give his estate to his son, as I know the Government won't suffer to shew any favours in that way, without resenting it. It is pitiful to see the poor gentleman imposed upon, by a very underlying ambassador, who is happy if he gets a company of foot, when he returns as the reward of his zeal in ruining poor Barray. There is but one way left to save him, and that is, to bring what arms he got directly to me. This I am afraid he will not do, and yet his people will soon have to give them up. As the Government looks on me as their zealous friend, this thing, if immediately done, would give me a pretext for keeping Barra free of any molestation, if it is delayed, it will not signify

to do it a month hence, when it must be done. Would it not be charitable in you to make him meet you at Boisdale's and both of you to give him your best advice? You see I would gladly not gain by his folly. I hope in God you and your Uist men have kept your fingers free of that Barray cargo. You see the P. lost, if a miracle does not interpose, and for any man to lose himself now, and without a blow, would be a miserable circumstance. I forgot to tell you that the Kinghorn brought an order for laying an embargo on any ships in the north of Scotland outward bound with beef, pork, or any other eatables, and that in order that the army coming north, in pursuit of the Highlanders, may be better subsisted. Hay of Rannes, Clashtirim, and some other Gentlemen, have gone to their homes from the Prince, but whether to reclaim men, from the Duke of Gordon's country, who have all deserted, I can't tell. There is a report that Cluny Macpherson, Lochgarry, and Arnaby, were killed at Clifden, but this is not correct. The 6000 Hessians which were embarked at Williamstadt, and destined for Scotland, were not landed when the boat left Leith. If I have not the pleasure of hearing from you, I shall fancy you dead, or that I have lost a friend. Lose no time if you have any kindness for Barray, and if he loves himself he'll be alert. Largie is still at home."

As the Highlanders slowly retired to their own country, they were followed by the Duke of Cumberland and his army. Meantime the authorities were exercised as to the punishment to be meted out to them. The Earl of Chesterfield writing to the

Secretary of State from Dublin Castle—(he was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland)—upon 12th March, 1740, says “For my part I would put a price upon the heads of them, and then they would bring in and destroy one another. And why not? There is already a price upon the Pretender’s head who is the only one among them to be pitied or justified, and why not put a price upon the Drummonds, the Gordons, and Glengarries with the rest of those rascals? They are not enemies, but criminals, we cannot be at war with them, and I should have an exception in favour of the troops sent from France, who should be treated like fair enemies. I would likewise order all the loyal Highlanders under your Loudouns and Campbells into garrison into Newcastle, Berwick, and other towns in England, and employ only English and Hessians in subduing the Highlands. I would also forbid provision of any kind being sent upon any pretext whatever (unless directly to the Duke’s army) into Scotland and I would starve the loyal with the disloyal if the former thought proper to remain with the latter. I have taken effectual care that the loyalist Highlander shall not have an oatcake from hence.”

A week later he writes thus—“Recall your Scotch heroes; starve the whole country indiscriminately, by your ships, put a price upon the heads of the chiefs, and let the Duke put all to fire and sword. Here is one of the rascals a Maclaughlin, who is, as I am informed, come over to raise some men to carry to Scotland. I intend to put a price of £200 upon him, so soon as I am sure he is here.”

Upon 23rd March he triumphantly announces that he has captured a ship loaded with grain and meal, and navigated by "six Highland scoundrels in their plaids."

Judging Lord Chesterfield—the man of polite maxims—by the foregoing, we are not in the least surprised to find that Lord Hervey describes him as being "very short, disproportioned thick, and clumsily made, had a broad, rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth, and a head big enough for Polyphemus." Neither need we be surprised at the butchery of Cumberland when we know, that not only did the King endorse such brutal utterances, but characterised these letters as "the wisest ever was wrote."

I now give three letters from the Duke of Cumberland, the first is written a few days before, the second a few days after the battle of Culloden, and the last two years afterwards. These are selected as specimens of his real character. In one he says—"If we had destroyed every man of them, such is the soil that rebellion would sprout out again."

1.—"Aberdeen, April 4th, 1746.—My Lord, I am sensibly obliged to you for your private letter of the 21st March, tho' I could have wished the King's order had been fuller, yet I will take the hint, and do all in my power to put an end to the rebellion. I really think the eclat of it is over, but I believe there will be left such seed that God knows how soon it may break out again, if a care and caution, unused in this Island, be not on this occasion kept. All this country are almost to a man Jacobites, and mild measures won't do.

You'll find that the whole of the laws of this ancient kingdom must be new modelled, and for that purpose, by the next despatch, I shall send a very few undigested hints, but such as Lord Leven and Lord Findlater approve of. I must own that my going down to Scotland, was necessary, as it required one of more weight than Hawley to stand against Scotch influence at Court. I am sorry to say that, although all this country are as ill inclined as possible, and that their spirit of rebellion is extremely great, yet the managers of this part of the kingdom, have made it, if possible, worse by putting all the power of the crown into the most disaffected hands for the sake of the elections. The Duke of Athole has proved himself of no consequence at all in the King's scale, and all his people, that are now about him, are public Jacobites. Were I to enumerate the villains and villainies this country abounds in, I should never have done. In short, there does not remain the least vestiges of any Government throughout the whole. The Hessians behave sadly, which is all owing to Crawford and the Scotch who have their ear don't imagine that threatening military execution and other such things are pleasing to me, but nothing will go down without, in this part of the world."

2 — "Inverness, 23rd April, 1746.—From your particular friendship, as well as for the general good of these kingdoms, I am very well assured that you shared my joy sincerely with me on the compleat victory we gained over the rebels on Wednesday last. I thank God most heartily that I was an Instrument in

the affair, and that the glory of the day was owing entirely to the British troops, who have fully retreaved the little stain of Falkirk, without any Hessian assistance, though they might have saved us a good deal of trouble, and were of some use even in their inactive state. The reason of this letter is on the subject of Lord Findlater's journey to town. I have with a little trouble persuaded him to go to London to represent the true state of this Island. He is thoroughly master of the laws, as they now stand, and what will be of absolute necessity to be done by Parliament this summer. I really believe that a month or six weeks will enable me to do all that may be necessary for the military, and I would to God I could be in town to explain a number of things that can't be explained by writing. If we had destroyed every man of them such is the soil that rebellion would sprout out again, if a new system of Government is not found out for this country. Lord Findlater I perceive, is much afraid of the Duke of Argyle, so that he must be watched that he does not make him recant all he has said to me. I believe old Lovat will not escape. I have several parties out for him, and some papers I already have, and such as will suffice to prove High Treason upon him. All I have time to add is that I believe the greatest blow to the Jacobites in this country would be to have the King move all the Jucticiary Courts from Edinburgh to Glasgow, for the former is the nest of rebellion."

3.—"Hague, 31st October, N.S., 1747.—I am extremely sorry that you should have such alarms in

England, occasioned by the French troops sent to Calais and Dunkirk, as well as for the impertinencies and insolencies the Scotch Jacobites are every day committing. You will do me justice and remember that I always declared my opinion, that affairs in Scotland never would do right in the manner they were, and are still, administered ; and though I think it of great importance to keep the Duke of Argyle, and the Campbells. in good humour, and even so far as to put the Duke of Argyle at the head of his Majesty's Scotch affairs, yet, I can never think it advisable to have him sole and absolute disposer of the King's favours in that kingdom. From what I see at present, I am not much alarmed for this winter in that part, as I know the number of Highlanders has been very much thinned, as well by what they lost in the rebellion, as by the number of men drawn out of the country for the King's and the State's Generals service, and I am besides of opinion, that they will not allow themselves to be deluded by French promises of assistance, and the little corps France might contrive to send them for which reasons I think our security in that country depend entirely upon the diligence of our fleet in preventing any considerable embarkation of troops from landing in Scotland, and I have already sent Bland my thoughts on the first points he should attend to on his arrival."

Some of the prisoners, sentenced to death, petitioned for delay, and the Secretary of State encloses the petition, with the following letter to the King upon 30th July, 1746.—"I humbly presume to send your Majesty

the petition of the Rebel prisoners ordered for execution on Wednesday next and also my Lord Chancellor's letter upon it. I shall with your Majesty's permission mention it to the Lords of the Council to-morrow, tho' I do not apprehend they will be of opinion that any alteration should be made except your Majesty should be pleased to order it. I find by Mr Attorney General that the trial of all the Scotch prisoners, except six, will be put off till their pretended witnesses can come, but these six I suppose will be tried on Thursday next."

The King writes upon the back of the above letter, and signs "G.R." as follows—"I am entirely of Mr Chancellor's opinion that the execution should not be put off. Whenever criminals are reprieved it always looks like a hardship, when they are executed afterwards, and every one of them will try, as much as they can, to gain as much time as is possible."

The friends of the prisoners desired to have the bodies of their unfortunate relatives, and petitioned accordingly. Earl Hardwicke writing to the Secretary of State, as to this petition, upon the same day says—"Part of the sentence being that the body is at his Majesty's disposal, and it is usual in these flagrant cases, especially upon the first executions, to fix up the heads of some of the criminals in some public places, but I apprehend that directions may be given to the Sheriffs to put the bodies in coffins till his Majesty's pleasure be known, which may be to-morrow."

"If your petitioners mean the delivery of the bodies without the *heads*, I should think your grace may give directions for that, without waiting for any further

consideration, for my opinion is, and I believe it is the general one, that no quarters should be put up."

Next let me give the abject letter of the betrayer of his indulgent master, Lovat, he whose behaviour cast a slur on the honourable name of Fraser "Memorandum for the Hon. Sir Everard Fawkener, that Robert Fraser sometime secretary to the late Lord Lovat was discharged from the custody of one of his Majesty's messengers in the month of July last, since which time he has continued in London, without any manner of employment, or as much as the happiness of one friend or acquaintance to recommend him to any business, whereby to gain the least substance. As it is very well known to every person, the disposition of my countrymen towards me, and the risk I run were I to return to Scotland. These considerations I hope will move the Government to make such a provision for me that thereby I can live decently, which shall ever be most gratefully acknowledged."

Finally I give a specimen of the observations of the movements of prominent Jacobites in Paris by "Pickle" the notorious Government spy. His memorandum is not dated, but may have been in or about 1749.

"Macdonald of Glengarry lives at a *Baigneurs* in the *Rue Guenegand*, and keeps one servant out of livery, and two in livery, when he first came to Paris he kept a *Carose de Remise*, but now only hires one occasionally to make his visits, which are chiefly to Lord Ogilvy, Mr Ratcliffe, Mrs Carryll of Sussex, Mrs Hamilton (Lord Abercorn's sister who has changed her religion and lives with Mrs Carryll) the three Messrs Hayes

(who are cousins and lodge at the *Hotel de Transylvanie* Rue Condé) Macloud at Roisins a coffee house, Fitzgerald in the *Rue Vaugirard*, Lord Pittenweems the Earl of Kelly's son at the *Hotel D' Angleterre*, Rue Tarrane, Sir James Cockburn at the *Cafe de la Paix*, in the *Rue Tarrane* Lord Hallardy, Mr Gordon, and Mr Mercer at a *Baigneurs* on the *Estrapade* where they keep themselves concealed. — Cromarty, frequently to the Jesuits College, and never fails going to Lord Marshall whose coach is often lent him when he has none of his own."

"N.B. Tuesday, 9th January—Macdonald waited in his own coach from 10 o'clock at night till past 11 in the *Rue Dauphin* when a person took him up in a chariot, who by the description is believed to be Lord Marshal. It is about that time that the Pretender's son is supposed to have been in Paris."

It has been frequently stated that the retreat from Derby was forced on Prince Charles by the action of the Highland chiefs, who looked rather to their own safety. An examination of documents acquit the chiefs of the odious charge. The march into England was conducted with extraordinary sagacity and skill, but the further the army advanced from its base of operations in Scotland, the more necessary it was to receive accessions of strength in the course of its progress.

With the exception of the addition in Manchester, no substantial assistance had been given in England, and the deaths, sickness and desertions, so thinned, reduced and dispirited the ranks, as to demoralize

them. It was this breakdown of spirit on the part of the men, so sadly reduced, that brought about the necessity for retreat. Notwithstanding the reduced numbers of the Highlanders, it may, however, be affirmed, that had they pushed on to London, with the same vigour and determination, the movement would have been successful. The credit or discredit of failure in 1715, through weak and divided counsels : and in 1745, from want of support, lies at the door of England alone.

[NOVEMBER 24TH, 1891.]

At the meeting held on this date, the REV. JAMES MACDONALD, Reay, read a paper on "*The Ethiopian and the Celt—a Comparison*," which was as follows :—

THE ETHIOPIAN AND THE CELT— A COMPARISON.

SINCE the days of the great dispersion in the plain of Shinar, man has wandered hither and thither over the face of the earth, never relaxing his hold of the few facts with which he started—his little stock in trade which was to preserve him in the land of his stranger-ship. The greater number of the earth's peoples have added to the meagre stock of facts and ideas as they advanced to east and west, conquering and to be in turn subdued. Few, if any, have lost or relaxed their hold of the little which, by inheritance, was theirs. To make a fire, to whittle a bow and feather an arrow, to

char and dig out a tree-trunk for a canoe, or sew skins together for the same purpose, to make a net for bird, beast, and fish—these man has clung to, and to his brew. Brew he must and brew he does, whether we find him settled down in an African valley or by the stormy shores of the Atlantic sea-board.

While Western nations have undergone many transformations, the African has continued unchanged for thousands of years, observing the selfsame customs, doing the same duties, dancing the same steps, to notes of wild woodland music, sung before Noah navigated the waters of the Flood. Untouched by the flux of time, the African of to-day is what his forefathers were in the days of the Pharaohs. We find him, in old wall-paintings of that time, doing the same steps in the land of his bondage, to which he was marched with galled neck, which in nights of freedom he had danced round his chief's "pombi" pots—steps which are the current fashion to-night at balls in the Manganja Hills, if the moon is full. The loin cloth worn by Joseph as he served in the house of his bondage has its counterpart in the bark cloth used by the natives in the Nyasan region at the present day.

Among such a people we may expect to find traditions, legends, customs, and arts, which carry us back to a remote antiquity, and which, when stripped of accidental accretions, gathered as they were told under different circumstances, give us a glimpse into a condition of life which was the common heritage of men. Stories which, for example, have on the Southern sea-board reference to the vast ocean which washes the

coast, in Central Africa substitute inland lakes and swift-flowing rivers. Monsters inhabiting ocean, lake or river in well-watered regions, live in dens and subterranean vaults throughout the dry and arid regions where Bushmen, Damaras, and Orampas roam and hunt.

Now it is beyond question that these traditions, customs, legends, arts, and dancing steps, originating in a remote antiquity, have floated down the stream of time, carried like man's original stock of knowledge to the farthest headland of Africa and to the remotest islet of Western Europe. These can be picked up, sifted, and arranged, and from them we learn how much there is in common between all nations of men, and how little a place the world is after all. These idle tales and legends, collected by men in all parts of the world, have spoken a language and yielded a meaning which has raised this study, from a mere pastime for the curious or idle, to be a subject fit for the energies of learned men and all the dignity of a science, or rather group of sciences.

Highland traditions, legends, ancient customs, and songs have undergone transformations similar to, and much more extensive than those of Africa. The difficulties of collating and interpreting is greater, but even here we find indications of an original and prehistoric condition of things. If traditions, customs, ceremonial acts, and scraps of song have the antiquity we attribute to them, there must be some explanation of how they came to be preserved, and how those of different countries bear such a close resemblance to one

another. As regards snatches of world song I do not mean to touch upon that subject, as it would lead us to that vexed question connected with the fragments of Gaelic poetry known as the poems of Ossian. That would be placing one's self between Scylla and Charybdis ; nay, it would be a descent into Tartarus itself, for the very names of Ossian and MacPherson do more to raise the devil than any Highland wizard of them all.

Setting aside questions about which such keen controversy has arisen, can we, on any seasonable hypothesis, account for the persistence of customs, superstitions, and ceremonial acts? If, as is generally believed, the Indo-European peoples came originally from Central Asia, and separated at a very remote period to settle down as independent communities, we should expect to find traces of a common origin in the names of well-known objects and widely distributed animals. We should also look for points of similarity in Folk Lore and popular traditions, more especially in ceremonial acts and customs. Compared with the evidence afforded by living tradition, the evidence of ancient books on the subject of religion and myth is worth very little. For literature accelerates the advance of thought at a rate which leaves the slow progress of opinion by word of mouth at an immeasurable distance behind. Two or three generations of literature may do more to change thought than two or three thousand years of traditional life. But the mass of people who do not read books remain unaffected, and so it happens that in Europe superstitious beliefs

abound, and customs are observed which were common before the advent of the Aryan.

As each wave of humanity pushed eastward, westward, or towards the south, they would force the original emigrants farther from the common centre, to carry original traditions, customs, and ceremonial acts to the extremest limits of their wanderings. The more recent emigrations would represent the progress made in the interval at the cradle of the race. Accordingly, there would be a greater similarity between the customs of the extreme East, West, and South, than between the extremities and the centre. And it is a fact that there is a curious similarity between the traditions and customs of the extreme East, China, and Japan, and the West, and I trust that I shall be able to show that the same similarity extends to the Ethiopian also.

In making this statement, I must be understood to exclude the whole of Northern Africa. The ancient Egyptians, Moors, Saracens, and Turks coming into contact with an elder but less skilled people farther south, treated them as inferior beings to be hunted and captured as slaves. Their language, laws, customs, and traditions received no attention, and could not, in the circumstances, make any appreciable impression upon the institutions of the conquerors. It was only beyond the reach of such civilizations that primitive customs could survive.

Among those on the other hand who, from choice or necessity, led the van in discovery, settling down in the newly found countries, and establishing independent forms of Government among themselves, the tra-

ditions of the past would survive, and, in process of time, become stereotyped and sacred.

The easy conditions of life, owing to the abundance of game or forest fruit, would cause art to languish, and invention to remain stagnant. The thinning out of the game would lead, not so much to increased industry as to farther emigration into the unknown. Only when the remotest headland was reached, and the pressure of stern necessity was felt, would men turn their attention seriously to agriculture and the rearing of domestic animals in any numbers. The wanderer, who, for generations, lived by hunting, would now find that his only agricultural implement was a fire-pointed stake. So it has been ; and we find African peoples living on open grass lands, where game has become scarce, diligent shepherds and husbandmen ; while, in the regions where timber abounds, they live by hunting and what little the earth yields of herself.

Among such people, living an easy animal life, requiring little shelter, and moving forward as the game receded, with abundance of stirring adventures by flood and field, the narration of stories would develop by degrees into a profession. The society of such bards and reciters would be sought by the idle and curious. The story-teller, to meet the wishes of his patrons and add to the attractions of the narrative, would embellish it to suit local circumstances. If of an ambitious turn of mind, he would associate himself with the more stirring incidents, even if they happened hundreds of years before his birth. To this day, the

professional story-teller in Japan, China, Africa, and the *Sgeulaiche* in the Highland clachan, gather round them the curious and romantic to listen to the wonders they are able to relate.

Such traditional lore, like logs of timber carried to sea by the great rivers, float about from age to age as so much world lore. The drift logs, carried by ocean currents within the tropics, are bored and drilled by barnacles, or to high latitudes, where they remain frost-bound perhaps for ages, to be at last stranded side by side in some quiet nook, there to tell the history of their wanderings to some learned man, who may trace their original home to some mountain-slope high up in the Rocky Mountains where they grew side by side, twin sisters. So with human customs and traditions. These, too, took colour from their wanderings and the conditions by which they were surrounded. African tales have a luxuriance of vegetation and a profusion of animal life. The dense jungle ; the brilliant colouring ; the abundance of game, beasts of prey, and forest snakes ; the tough fiber and monkey-ropes hanging from tree to tree, with birds and butterflies flitting in the warm sunlight which pervades everything. The northern skalds tell of dismal forests ; leafless trees ; barren rocks ; dun deer ; scudding rain clouds black with storm ; a sky of mirk and gloom, with man battling with the elements in the struggle for existence.

These traditions, like the logs stranded in the bay, may have been carried down the stream of humanity, taking outward form and shape from their surround-

ings, to be again brought together after thousands of years of wandering, to tell their history once more, twins by birth ; dwelling apart by fate, and now reunited by a common destiny.

In Scotland, and especially in the Highlands, such tales, so far as the learned were concerned, lay buried for ages. The Celt was regarded as a barbarian, to be hunted and subdued, even to the putting of him in Saxon trews. His gnarled tongue prevented free intercourse between himself and his English-speaking neighbour. The former viewed the Southerner with suspicion, often with intense aversion : the latter took no trouble to become acquainted with his fellow-subject beyond the mountains. The Highlanders, proud and shy, like all conquered peoples, had a lurking suspicion that their tales, language, history, and traditions could be of no interest to any one but themselves, and that to the Saxon they were a subject of ridicule. They could not imagine any one unacquainted with the mystery of the mountains and the native tongue, troubling about *Sgeulachd*, and fairies, and *uruisgean*.

When the Highlands came to be fashionable as a place of resort, the Celt saw every summer a flood of strangers passing through his streets and glens, but he knew as little of them as they did of him. Between them there was nothing in common. Language, religion, custom, myth, manner of life—all were different. The shoals of herrings that enter the western loch in autumn know as much of the dun deer on the hill-sides as the average Londoner knew of the peasants of the Highlands a century ago. Shall I say, knows now ?

Now this is curiously like what has happened in the case of the Ethiopian. Travellers, soldiers, missionaries, and settlers came into contact with the African of the sea board all round the Continent. They examined his rivers, harbours, forests, and fields ; his means of defence and offence, especially the latter. They questioned him as to his knowledge of the Mosaic legislation and the Abrahamic custom of circumcision. They found a close resemblance between his traditions and these venerable symbols, utterly oblivious of the fact that his usages dated from a period long anterior to the time when the father of Hebrew and Moabite left his home and country in response to an impulse he could not have himself explained. It thus happened that no one thought of making a careful and systematic study of the social and domestic life of the people, and so becoming acquainted with their past history through surviving institutions. Their tales were considered childish when they were not pronounced immoral, all being measured by our Western standards. Their laws, the barbarous practice of each sept or clan, without coherence, and having no connection with a distant past and the peoples of other continents. Their religion was condemned without a hearing as superstition and idolatry. Their morality as the result of a steady decadence from the supposed primitive standard of pre-Abrahamic piety. So the civilized man met the so-called savage, and for generations they remained as ignorant of one another as did the Saxon and his Celtic neighbour.

As the spirit of inquiry grew, learned men began to

compare languages, customs, legends, myths, and proverbs, to find that from Africa, China, Japan, India, and the far North, evidences accumulated to show how nearly allied to one another the primitive peoples of the earth were and are, in all that goes to make up domestic institutions and village life. From such inquiries we find that tribes, who, from being hunters, settled down to the pursuit of agriculture in rich alluvial soils, have more traits in common than those who, wandering over parched and arid deserts, became shepherds. The latter, the world over, retain many customs and usages after their political organizations and religious rites have undergone revolution and transformation. Most Africans and Scottish Celts were, and are, partly from choice, chiefly from necessity, shepherds and flock owners. For months in each year they were dependent for subsistence on their domestic animals. Inter-tribal feud made agriculture always precarious : often impossible. The system of land tenure, which is dependent on the fortunes of petty warfare, is not conducive to settled culture.

From a very remote period, our Celtic forefathers were the owners of flocks and herds. There are still lingering indications that once upon a time the ox was a sacred animal, and quite recently cattle were objects of great veneration. To guard the cattle from harm, various means were adopted. In early spring, as the sap ascended the trees, sprigs of mountain-ash were made into the form of a cross fastened with threads of scarlet wool. This was placed in the thatch of the byre as a talisman against the evil persons who prac-

tised the unlawful art of witchcraft. They had a habit of stealing the "feet" of cows by walking through the pasture-land, while the dew lay upon the grass, trailing a rope made of cow hair after them. As the witch finished her round of the meadows, she doubled up her tether, as is done to carry bundles of straw, and threw the loops over her shoulder to hurry home. One such virago was caught by a Perthshire farmer, who cut her rope. The witch, who had travelled far, exclaimed : "It was but ill-done ; the 'feet' of three parishes have fallen in Strathfillan." And so it happens that the land of the MacGregors is a land "flowing with milk."

Such evil persons were in league with the devil, and the compact between them was clear and distinct. In the early days the magician or seer sought out such : at a later period the duty devolved upon the priest, who exorcised the devil ; and, finally, upon the presbyter, who sent the victim on a pilgrimage to do penance "in every church within the bounds." All these, for a consideration, undertook to do what is now attributed jointly to Providence and the sanitary science doctors. A good many years ago the people of Strathy, in Sutherlandshire, "raised the devil ;" but, after accomplishing their evil designs, they could not "lay the foul fiend." So they sent to the Rev. Mr. Pope, of Reay, whom they induced, on some pretext, to visit the district. After he had crossed Dumholiston, he "got the smell of the sulphurous pit." He was excessively angry, and declared that, had he known their object, he would not have left Reay ; but, having come so far, he would now go on. The worthy parson "laid"

his majesty—so runs the legend—and never since has the devil been “raised” in the district.

Another superstition still lingering, regarding which a word needs to be said, is the “water bull.” This monster, partly animal, partly demon, left his native element now and then, and was seen by people living near the margin of sedgy lakes. Cows had calves by this “water-bull,” but they were shapeless monsters, which were killed and buried, after which a process of purification had to be performed. So circumstantial were the accounts of the “water-bull,” that English sportsmen have been known to go in search of the monster. It is difficult to account for the origin of such a superstition as this. I have sometimes thought it points to a long-forgotten past, when the ancestors of our Celts dwelt by the margin of lakes and rivers where hippopotomi abounded, and that these were by them called “water-cows,” as they are called sea or river cows by the Kaffirs of the present day.

Now it is curious, that, at the most southern promontory of Africa, we find, among the Zulu and Kaffir herdsmen, the selfsame superstitions and customs regarding the rearing and tending of their herds as were common in the Highlands a few centuries ago. The evil eye of the covetous is known and feared. Wizards and witches impoverish cows and goats as was done by their sisters of the North. This they do by a process more secret and expeditious than trailing a long tether after them through the wet, dewy grass. The African hag needs only to fix a hollow straw or reed in the roof of her hut, and, at intervals, “draw

breath through it, as if drawing liquid from a vessel, and presently the beast bewitched loses flesh and ceases to give more than a dribble of thin, whey-like liquid, instead of milk. So far the superstitions are identical, even to the placing of talismans in the thatch. What of the detection of the culprit? In Africa we are carried back to the original form of the superstition, for there the magician, the father of all our sacerdotal castes, plies his art as he did before the families of mankind lost trace of each other in their wanderings and struggle for existence. Native Africans are now at that state of development when one person unites in himself the functions of prophet, magician, priest, doctor, and rain-maker. This individual, when there is disease among cattle, must doctor and charm the herd, cleanse the fold, and place a talisman in the tail of each cow. He must neutralize the spells of witchcraft; protect the cows from fairy bulls; detect the wizard, and unearth the instruments of his hellish craft. It seems as if it were impossible that customs having so much in common should be a survival, drifting down through the centuries, of ancient usages the reason for which passed out of memory thousands of years ago.

The period at which our Celtic ancestors were mere hunters is so remote, and our knowledge of the conditions of life so meagre, that a comparison with the condition of the hunters of the plains of South-west Africa is impossible. But what scanty knowledge we possess in the legends which have floated down to us, and the ancient proverbs which still survive, point to a

similarity of usage and an identity of faith. Deeds of daring ; deer of fabulous size ; great feasts and fights ; lions, boars, wolves, and the like abound ; while the sacrificing to the gods is unceasing, and on a scale to shame the Levitical enactments. These sacrifices were offered to gods of the forest and of the plain : to deities of the chase and those who gave the earth its fertility. These gods were in nature demons of the most malignant type, and the sacrifices were to appease, to coax, bribe, or cheat, as the case might be. They were always feared : never loved or lovable. And this seems to sum up what we know of the Stone Age—an age in which many peoples live now, and to which our oldest Celtic sayings clearly point ; or, at least, to a time when iron was both scarce and difficult to obtain. The form of the expressions used point in this direction ; the manifest alteration of the stories to suit modern invention proves it.

Here let me say that the entire absence of iron or other metal is not a necessary characteristic of the Stone Age. Iron seems to have been well known to almost all Africans from a very remote antiquity, and yet an explorer digging among the ruins of a modern village might easily fancy it belonged to the Stone Age, and so in a sense it does, and for this reason :—Almost all African smiths use stone hammers in working their iron. Formerly all articles of metal were slender. These exposed to the action of rust would disappear in a few years, while the stone hammers and anvils on which they were forged would remain as evidence that those who used them were unacquainted

with the use of metals. Besides, when all the iron of a village consisted of spear heads, these would in time of war be carried by the men. If the enemy sacked the village no iron could be found in its ruins, for the excellent reason that there was none there at the time of its destruction. I have seen African smiths sitting before the fire with an array of stone hammers and so-called axes and adzes, both grooved and notched in such fashion as would do credit to any Pictish "Broch" of them all. My own opinion has long been that stone axes never were used, and could not be used, for felling and dressing timber. The idea of any one felling a tree with a stone axe when he could easily have charred it with fire, is simply ridiculous to any one who has lived among savages and learned their manner of life. Let any of our learned antiquaries select a "perfect specimen" from a museum and betake himself to Hawarden woods. That savant will return a wiser man.

To return to existing traditions. Our Celtic tales underwent, centuries ago, the same transformation through which African tales are passing now. Legends a thousand years old appear, as told by the professional narrator, with guns, gunpowder, and all the appliances of modern war—clearly the original told of spears, stone axes, or wooden clubs. The advance of civilization changes the outward form or casket of lore and legend, as it substitutes Manchester goods for the bark cloth or skin clothing of a former age. Belief in the supernatural is common to both countries, and a story without a spice of the marvellous would be

pronounced commonplace and uninteresting. The following—the first from Central Africa, and the second from the Highlands of Scotland—illustrate the manner in which both peoples believe in the supernatural, and the class of tale that is most popular at the fire-side on a winter's night.

THE STORY OF ROMBAO.

The following was narrated by a Central African—a savage pure and simple. It might form one of Grimms' collection :—

“There was a man who went to catch fish and caught a large one. It said to the man, ‘Go inside me, and you will find a knife and a bundle of millet. Fetch them out.’ The man did so, and fetched them out. The fish said, ‘Cut off my upper lip and give it to your wife that she may eat it alone while you eat the millet.’

“He went to the village, and said to his wife, ‘My wife, eat this meat fish alone. When you eat, throw the bones out here.’ So he went and he ate the millet five days alone, and his wife ate the fish five days.

“After this the woman bare two children with their two dogs and two spears. The name of the one was Rombao ; that of the other, Antonyo. They went to the forest to hunt, and found many birds and buck. When they began to hunt, the bucks went to one place and they followed them. The owner of the bucks asked them, saying, ‘What do you want?’ They answered, ‘We want meat.’ The owner replied, ‘What will you give me for my meat?’ ‘Nothing,’

said they, 'but let us fight, and, whoever dies, the meat belongs to him that killed him.' They began to fight and the owner of the bucks died. They took that land and built houses and lived there.

"One day Rombao said to his brother, 'You stay here, I go yonder to kill meat.' He met a water monster. He wanted to drink water, and the water monster said, 'Why should you drink my water?' Rombao said, 'I am thirsty.' The monster said, 'Pay me for my water.' Rombao refused, and said, 'Come let us fight.' They fought, and the monster was killed. Rombao cut out its tongue and put it in salt.

"Now there was in that country a celebrated chief, and he gave up his daughter to buy water from the monster. Three days passed without the wind coming as a token that the girl had been eaten. So the chief said to his captain and his soldiers, 'Go see whether the monster has come to eat my child.' The captain found the monster dead. He then said to the soldiers, 'Come let us throw spears two days and go to the village and tell the chief I killed the monster, and he will give me his daughter to marry.' This they did and returned, saying, 'The captain killed the monster.' 'Very well,' said the chief, 'I will give my daughter to be your wife.'

"When the marriage day came, Rombao sent his brother to see the wedding. He returned and said, 'The marriage feast is ready.' Then Rombao went to the village and found all the people there. The girl was speechless, and her mother asked, 'Do you wish that captain to marry you?' The girl made no

reply, but continued to weep. Her father said, 'You will marry the captain.' Rombao asked, 'Why is the captain going to marry her?' They all said, 'Because he slew the monster.' Rombao said, 'Where is the monster's tongue?' All the people said, 'We want to see the tongue.' The captain sent his soldiers to look for the tongue, but it was missing; so they returned, saying, 'The monster has no tongue; it is rotten. Rombao then said, 'That is false. The captain did not kill the monster; it was I. Wait and I shall fetch the tongue.' He brought it, and then the chief said, 'You will take my daughter: she will marry Rombao.' Then he killed the captain and his men. They were married."

The Celtic tale I proposed to transcribe I find I must condense into a few sentences. It is in structure almost identical with the one given from Central Africa. A monster is to devour a maiden. This monster, after several encounters, is killed by a young nobleman who travelled in disguise. Meantime a warrior attached to her father's retinue takes credit for saving the maiden and seeks her hand in marriage. By a series of most wonderful events the fraud is discovered and the brave youth rewarded.

Such similarity as this may be regarded as purely accidental, and so doubtless it is; but does it not point to an identity of thought, on certain lines, among people so differently situated as Celts and Africans are? Is it not another link in the chain of evidence we have been following? Tales by the score could be related all pointing in the direction in which

we have found superstitious practices connected with stock-rearing tend. We shall meet with other points of similarity as we proceed.

Poetry, fragments of song, and proverbs referring to a long-forgotten past abound. The Celtic fragments ascribed to Ossian, or MacPherson, refer chiefly to the heroes of Erin and Lochlin ; but older than these, and more of the nature of nursery-rhymes, there are snatches of song purely Highland in structure, but which are in reality nothing else than world lyrics. Such couplets and rhyming proverbs we may regard as puerile, but they were not the product of a puerile intellect. Any thing which proves itself immortal in tradition or song, can at bottom be nothing else than the product of genius—a true inspiration speaking to all men, and touching a chord in every human heart. These songs, altered by bards, and adapted by rhymers, have lost much of their character ; but here and there a phrase remains which speaks of an antiquity beyond the record of history, and which throws a flood of light on problems of ethnology and anthropology. So, too, in Africa there are snatches of song, verse-couplets, and proverbs which Europeans hardly ever hear repeated, but which, like Celtic sayings, give a glimpse into the past, and reveal to us primitive conditions of life. These are more difficult to collect than any other form of tradition, especially if the collector attempts to write them down. I have charmed for months to have an old tribal war-song repeated to me, and I have charmed in vain, though it was known to every warrior belonging to the tribe, and consisted of

not more than two or three verses. No Highlander can be more jealous of the secrets of the Black Art than are African bards of such songs as are supposed to go back to the origin of their people. The war-song of the late chief Moshesh is not known to any European, though it is well known the martial strains have come down through an unbroken series of chiefs from Zivide, the first South-African king, of whose individuality tradition retains a distinct recollection. Tribal historians, in places widely apart, can trace back their chief's ancestry to him through an unbroken series, and with hardly any variation, collateral branches being also included.

African songs, like Highland rhymes, composed for a particular purpose, as rowing, washing, thrashing corn, waulking cloth, cutting timber, and the rest abound, and are sung by the women at their work ; but those to which reference has been made as war-songs, are never sung by women, nor dare they even repeat them, on pain of direct calamity. There are also words they dare not use ; and certain objects are called by one name by the men, by another by women ; while there are terms used exclusively by the latter, and never by men under any circumstances. Serious objection was taken to a recent translation of the Bible among the Kaffirs, on the ground that there were "women's words" used which could not be pronounced by the men. I did not hear if the women objected to the use of "men's words" in the same edition !

Between popular tales and the arts of necromancy and witchcraft there is a close connection. The one

glides naturally into the other ; thence into the region of ghosts and ghouls, merging at last into religion and the rites and ceremonies prompted by fear or devotion. When we trace these latter to their origin it becomes abundantly clear that religion preceded the belief in witchcraft and the ghost cult of both ancient and modern times. Devotion merged into fear ; fear into myth and superstition. It will help to elucidate our subject if we glance at certain phases of the religion and ritual of primitive man.

From ancient written records we learn that rulers or kings discharged priestly as well as kingly functions, but this does not by any means exhaust the whole religious aspect of their office among primitive men. In those days the divinity that hedged a king was no empty title but a sober reality. He was, besides, expected to give proof of his divinity ; for kings were revered not merely as intercessors between men and the gods, but as gods themselves. They were expected to give rain, abundant crops, fecundity and kindred blessings. And this view of their office is quite consistent with savage thought which does not recognise the distinction that there is between the natural and supernatural, as is done by civilized men. To the savage, the world is mostly worked by supernatural agents, that is to say, by personal beings who act on impulses similar to his own, and who are quite as liable to freaks of temper and particular fancies. Born and reared in this faith he can see no limit to the power man may obtain in working the world's forces, and so by an easy transition he arrives at the idea of a man-

god. This is one way. There is another, and that is by what has been called sympathetic magic.* One of the principles of this is, that any and every effect may be produced by it. Familiar illustrations are easily found. If, in heathendom, it is wished to kill a person, a clay image of him is made and then destroyed, it is believed that through the sympathy between the person and the image, the man feels all that is done to his image.

In this way an enemy could be quietly disposed of without aid of cord or dagger, and Lady Macbeth proved but a sorry artist after all, for this sympathetic magic of primitive man is nothing else than the familiar Highland "Corp Creadh." The nature of the "Corp Creadh," as made by Highland witches, may be briefly explained, as it corresponds in all essentials to what is done by Africans and South-Sea Islanders. The witches when they had made the image, placed it before a large fire. They there said incantations and spells over it. It was baked, toasted and turned, in order to make the victim taste the pains of Purgatory or of Tartarus itself. Pins, feathers, and sharp thorns were pierced into it. Elf-arrow heads were darted against it with oaths and imprecations, the victim the while suffering the torments of the damned. If sailors were to be drowned the witch set an egg shell afloat in a tub of water. She then raised tiny wavelets with her hand while she muttered her curses, and as the shell filled and sank so the doomed ship in mid-ocean. In Africa, a bundle tied to a bird's leg keeps the person to be bewitched nervous and restless as the bird flits

* Frazer.

from twig to twig. When warriors are in the field or hunters in the forest, their women, left at home, must observe strict rules and perform a prescribed ritual, else misfortune will attend their lords. Rain is caused by ascending a high tree and imitating a shower by sprinkling, incantations being said the while. This reminds us of the Highland women who made a living by selling wind in knots to credulous skippers. It is said a few do so still in Lerwick. Certain it is that a "Corp Creadh" has been made within four years in a Highland clachan.

In such a state of society incarnate gods emerge easily enough. These may be temporary or permanent; the former when the magician delivers his oracles in a state of trance; he is then god-possessed; he is himself a god. The latter when this possession is claimed to be permanent. The man-god in this case generally dwells apart, and is hedged round by endless restrictions or taboos. The Mikado of Japan might not touch the ground; certain potentates of West Africa are equally sacred. The sun himself is not worthy to shine on these sacred beings. As this idea developed, prayers and offerings would be the leading feature of religion. Men prostrated themselves before the god, and he in turn demanded gifts. With the flux of time the demands for gifts became more numerous and arrogant, till donations merged into the idea of sacrifice. Once this idea was reached what more convenient way of getting rid of a rival than to demand his sacrifice, a demand no one dared question or refuse. A distant advance on this form of religion and ritual is

made when the spirit of the departed man-god is worshipped rather than the incarnate god, but there is a long period of transition. During the period of transition the offices of priest and ruler become separated. The latter remains sacred as regards both his person and his office, though now he is in no sense divine. This sacred regard for the persons of those connected with the world's earliest forms of worship may still be traced in the almost incredible loyalty of both Celts and Africans to their hereditary chiefs; for his chief, an honest man, will steal, lie, cheat, and perform the most shameless acts of meanness and treachery with no sense of shame but rather a feeling of superior virtue. May not this be a relic of the time when the chief was himself divine; god incarnate?

We have already seen that those early man-gods generally dwelt apart, hedged round by restrictions and ceremony. Their abodes would thus become sanctuaries where all religious rites were performed. The African grove with its solitary priest, who could only attain to office by the murder of his predecessor, to be in turn slain by his successor in the sacred office, was beyond doubt a survival of an ancient cult, the reason for which has been long lost even in classical times. It remained as the sole remnant of a past which had vanished utterly, both religiously and politically. The only thing that is beyond question is, that the shrine by the woodland lake of Nemi was a wood cult; the worship of the spirit of trees, perhaps of vegetation generally, especially corn. The antiquity of this cult is testified by the customs and ceremonial acts of all

nations. The village Maypole is a survival of it, with which we are all familiar. The time honoured custom of making Brüd's bed is another illustration. Of this latter custom as observed in the Highlands two centuries ago, Martin says: "On Candlemas Day the mistress and servants of each family take a sheaf of oats and dress it up in women's apparel, put it in a basket, and lay a club beside it. Then they cry three times 'Brüd is come: Brüd is welcome.' This they do just before going to bed, and in the morning they examine the ashes expecting to see the mark of Brüd's club, which if they do not find, is an ill omen for next year's crop." In Sutherlandshire when the potatoes were tried for the first time, all the family had to partake of the meal, but this may have originated from eating first fruits sacramentally, a custom with which we are familiar in heathen practice.

I have already pointed out that the incarnation may be either temporary or permanent. This would lead us to look for there being a danger of the divine element, which we shall for convenience call the soul, being lost or stolen with dire consequences. For there is nothing to prevent its entering another person, animal, or object, hence the origin of the taboos by which such human gods are surrounded, and the care taken lest the soul should escape and be lost. A consideration of this will help us to understand more fully the origin of human sacrifice, and how that gradually developed into the substitution of animals for men. Under royal and divine taboos the performance of certain actions meant death, so too, seeing animals

or objects forbidden by taboos. This was because the soul or god might be lost or stolen under the circumstances described. If this happened, the king-priest died, and men lost their god. These customs and myths coming down from an age before men had differentiated the natural and the supernatural are curiously like survivals with which we are familiar in the West of Scotland. Who has not heard tales innumerable of persons who died "within a year and a day" of events recorded with much amplification of circumstance? Of others who saw the "water fairy" and so pined away? Do we not know that it is unlucky to have one's portrait taken? and need we be surprised that the primitive man-god who saw his image in a dark pool had his soul snatched away then and there? Do not the Raskolniks tell us that mirrors were invented expressly by the devil? and do we not see that account cover them up carefully as a ceremonial act when a death occurs? Truly the dangers of soul-snatching are great. Escaped souls were frequently caught and brought back, perhaps in a butterfly; perhaps in the folds of a piece of cloth. In like manner souls could be stolen and carried away. It appears this practice lingered among even such a highly developed people as the Hebrews as late as the age of Ezekiel, for in the book of his prophecy we read, "Woe to the women that sew pillows to all arm-holes, and make kerchiefs upon the head of every stature, to hunt souls! Will ye hunt the souls of my people."

A primary object in such circumstances will be to

guard royal and divine souls from all sources of danger. Royal persons must not walk about ; must avoid seeing and being seen ; must neither eat nor drink in presence of men. The King of Loango when he has a mind to drink, has a cup of wine brought. When the bearer presents it he rings a bell and then he and all others present prostrate themselves, and continue so till the king has drank.* Once his own son, a boy of twelve, saw him drink inadvertently. He was immediately seized, finely apparelled, and then put to death. He was afterwards quartered and carried about the city with a proclamation that he saw the king drink.

There are certain objects against which an undying prejudice is cherished in connection with ceremonial acts. Of these iron is one. The Hottentots never use iron in sacred and ceremonial services.† In performing the rite of circumcision they use a bit of sharp quartz instead of a knife. In many cases no iron must touch the king's person, even should a simple incision save his life.‡ Among Scottish Celts those who produced the "need fire" and "teine eigin" had to remove all iron from their persons. So too, in making the "claric," a kind of Yule tree fire wheel, at Burghead, stones had to be used instead of iron hammers, and wooden pegs as a substitute for nails.§ The Jews used no iron tool in the building of the temple at Jerusalem, or in making an altar. Similar instances might be multiplied almost indefinitely.

* Pinkerton's Voyages.† Battle.
§ Logan.

‡ Joannes Lydus.

This superstitious objection to iron doubtless originated at a very early period of the world's history when iron was still a novelty, and received with that suspicion with which all innovations are received. But the disfavour in which it is held by the gods and their ministers has another side. By tabooing iron on account of its evil properties they put a terrible weapon into the hands of men, and at a later period daring spirits like Lamech* were not slow to take advantage of this. By its use ghosts could be banned and the very gods themselves put to flight. To this day Scottish fishermen touch "cauld iron" as a talisman to avoid evil and ban the devil. In purely Highland tradition, silver is the witch slaying metal *par excellence*, but this is no more than a minor detail. More to the purpose is the fact that in the North East of Scotland, after a death, iron used to be stuck into meal, cheese, whiskey, and the like articles, to prevent death entering into them. Whiskey not so treated has been known to turn white as milk,* so runs the legend.

The human divinities of savagedom were thus tabooed and guarded, as their lives are a pledge for the continuance of the order of nature. The philosophy was crude, but it was a philosophy. The premises were wrong, not the conclusion. The soul was supposed to be a miniature man that could be separated from the priest,† and lest it should escape or be lost the life of taboos was the ideal life when the world was young. But the most carefully guarded man-god could not live for ever. Men are subject to decay and

* Genesis.

† Frazer.

death, and our primitive fathers had to discover how the god-life was to be preserved to them. This could only be done by the soul of the man-god entering his successor. To avoid the danger of soul snatching and the disadvantages of the god becoming old and decrepit, they reasoned that the king's soul must enter his successor before his powers became impaired. So the Ethiopian priests of Meroe, whose king was worshipped as a god, sent a message to say when the king was to die. This command was always obeyed, and he was slain by his successor, down to the reign of Ergamenes,† whose reply to the summons to quit the upper world was, putting the priests to the sword.* That man was a religious reformer: what we should call an innovator.

All god-kings had not the courage of Ergamenes, nor of that stout old Roman who threw the sacred chickens into the sea, though many of them wished to enjoy the upper air for a brief space beyond the time allotted by the oracle. So we find the rule gradually modified and assuming this form, as it did in Calient:—That at the end of twelve years any one might slay the king at a set time. To do so he had to cut his way, sword in hand, through the king's guards. This was one way of putting off the evil day. There was another: it was this:—A slave or condemned criminal was invested for a few days with mock royalty—the king meanwhile abdicating—and then put to death as a substitute. This answered very well, and substitution and sacrifice grew apace. It was so much more convenient to offer a slave rather than one's self. As we

* J. B. Labat.

trace this system of king or god killing, and search for any survival of it among the nations of Europe, we are arrested by the Celtic custom of "killing the wild man of the woods," a custom still observed among many peoples, and which has so much in common with god-killing that it can hardly be any other than a survival of it in ceremonial act, and that the lay figure carried about is commemorative of a time when human victims were offered to the tree or corn spirit according to the cult of Nemi.

Our own festive ceremonies at the close of harvest, dancing, music and song, carrying home the maiden and the rest, are nothing else than a survival of a custom once accompanied by bloody rites and quivering human sacrifices. The earth mother to whom these were offered was worshipped by men who did not dream of such an advanced cult as that represented by Demeter and Proserpine, which is a comparatively modern development. Perhaps the best illustration obtainable of this form of sacrifice to the earth mother and corn spirit is that which was observed by the Khouds of India, until it was suppressed by the British Government, in the worship of Tari. This was a wood cult, and the goddess a woodland deity. The observances were annual, when the Meriah was sacrificed to the earth mother or corn spirit. The flesh was torn in shreds from the bleeding victim by the worshippers, and carried away to be "sown in their fields." The ceremonies accompanying the sacrifice as well as the previous treatment of the Meriah, clearly proves that she was killed as the representative of a god, namely

the corn spirit, in other words, Tari herself. By this rite the dying creation was figuratively sacrificed, as nature herself does in the "autumn fires" which consume the decaying grass and russet leaves, that the spirit might enter the earth to re-awaken in Spring with renewed youth to enrich the crops and continue the order of nature. Traces of this same custom are common everywhere in Africa.

Now we naturally turn to Celtic custom and myth to enquire whether in the religious customs of Northern Europe we find any survival corresponding in its general outlines to the rites at which we have glanced so rapidly. And here I candidly admit that the materials at our disposal are extremely scanty. Christianity has well-nigh obliterated every trace of such rites and ceremonies if they formerly existed. We have, however, one authentic tradition which leaves no doubt as to the significance of many of our surviving ceremonial acts. It is the beautiful story of the death of Balder, the good and fair. I need not repeat the legend here. It is given at length by Professor Rhys in his "Celtic Heathendom." It is told with such accuracy of detail and amplification of circumstance, that it can hardly belong to any other than that class of myths invented to explain existing ritual. A myth is never so graphic as when it is a transcript of a ceremony which the author witnessed with his own eyes, and the story in question is most graphic. Its main incidents are, Balder's death and the pulling of the mistletoe, with the burning of the god. These appear to have been part of an annual

ceremony observed among Celts and Norsemen. They are parts of the annual sacrifice to Tari by the Khouds; they constitute the central idea of most harvest ceremonies in Africa.

It would detain us too long to follow this out in detail, but it may be said in a sentence that our Beltane fires in Scotland appear to be a survival of the ancient custom of human-god sacrifice. That such were offered by the Celts is pretty clearly established, and the larger the number of victims, the greater was believed to be the fertility of the land.* Colossal images of wickerwork were constructed; these were filled with men, cattle, and other animals, and burned with all their contents.† These customs, as also May Day, or Midsummer fires, were common to all the Celts of Europe, and they carry us back to a primitive and probably pre-Aryan age, when men were gods and philosophy was in its infancy. In that age, during the youth of the world, the priest sacrificed not a victim to appease the god, but the god himself; then the vegetable or corn spirit which was to reappear with the first blush of the new year in budding leaf and opening flower; finally a victim as a substitute, gradually growing into an offering, and so merging into the ideas of expiation and atonement.

Let us pause and look at the ancient priests of the southern jungle and the storm driven shores of the north. They are the humble ancestors of sacerdotal castes in modern times. Feared then as their successors are often distrusted now, they may enable us to

* Mannhard.

† Frazer.

understand a good deal, among other things why ministers of the altar, despite respectability, unblemished reputation, influence and power, have never managed to wash out their original stains and the distrust with which they are regarded in popular superstition. Even those who kneel before them believe them to be in some sort ravens, birds of evil omen, though they cannot tell why this is so. They fear to meet them; to have them as their travelling companions; to carry them as passengers. Nor is the prejudice confined to Celts: it is world wide. Is not this because of a vague undefined feeling that oracles corresponding to those now delivered in the name of angels of light, were formerly given forth from a vent hole of hell? that the servants of the Most High had as their ancestors imps of the devil? hence the suspicion, hence, too, the fear and quasi worship. There can be nothing more dangerous to the navigation of a ship than a parson, if it be not the priest, as passenger. No class of men are so much feared in popular imagination as religious teachers are. They can "raise" or "lay" the devil, but myth is silent regarding their ever having called an angel of light to their aid, the witch of Endor notwithstanding.

Before we quit this part of our subject there is one other point to be noticed, namely, the dwelling of the soul apart from the person; its temporary absence during sleep, and its occasional flight. This is common in various forms, to all peoples. The Kaffir chief's guardian spirit resides in an ox; in the roof of his hut, or in any other animal or object. The tale of the

Hindoo enchanter whose soul was in a small green parrot confined in a bird cage placed under the lowest of six tanks of water in a desert thousands of miles away, and which was got by the captive maiden and torn limb from limb, with precisely similar results to the enchanter, reminds us of the Highland giant who told his captive that under the threshold there was a large flag ; under the flag a wether ; in the wether's belly a duck ; in the duck's crop an egg which contained his soul. The maiden found the egg, crushed it under foot, and so killed the giant. Analogous to this is the case of Samson, recorded in the book of Judges, whose strength was in his locks. This would not be the strange thing to the men of his own time it would be to us in these days.

Enchanters, giants, witches and their disciples were detected and disposed of in different ages by magicians, prophets, witch doctors, priests and presbyters. Among savages anyone may be accused of witchcraft on the most slender pretext or on no pretext at all. So it happens that the magician, prophet or witch doctor is shunned and dreaded by the very people who may any day, and do constantly, require his services. * Is it not the memory of such an age as this and somewhat similar conditions of society which still lingers and lives in popular imagination? May not the non-church-going, of which we hear so much, be a kind of revolt, not against religion—for man, after all is said, is a worshipping animal—but against a long forgotten past which has lived in popular imagination? a fear of priests, reaching back to pre-Aryan times, when both

prophet and priest were truly formidable and could make men's lives a burden too heavy to be borne? For myself, though not prepared to make a positive or final statement, all my enquiries among savages have tended in this direction. To Highlander of old, as to Ethiopian now, the dawn of Christianity, or rather the advent of the missionary meant only a more powerful magician than the native priest. I could tell of curious requests made to me by men who on most points were shrewd and far seeing.

It is impossible to determine accurately the manner in which witches were detected by the Celts in pre-Christian times, but when we compare the familiar prosecutions, instituted by the clergy, with those in vogue at the present day in Africa, we can readily understand how popular imagination connected the old Druid priest, with his golden bough in his left hand, his blood-dripping knife in his right, and his victim quivering before him, with the minister of the altar.

The following, which I quote from a paper prepared by myself, may be taken as characteristic of witch detection in Central Africa, where that duty falls upon the tribal prophetess. "When travelling on official duty she goes accompanied by a strong guard, and when she orders a meeting of a clan, attendance is compulsory on pain of confessed guilt. When all are assembled, the prophetess, who is clad in a scanty loin-cloth, and literally covered with rattles and fantasies, rushes about among the crowd. She shouts and raves and rants in the most frantic manner, after which, assuming a calm judicial aspect, she goes from one to

another touching each person's hand. As she touches the hand of the bewitcher she starts back with a shriek and yells: 'This is he. The murderer. Blood is in his hand.' She now proceeds to prove his guilt. This she does by 'finding the horns' he used in the prosecution of his unlawful arts. These are generally the horns of a small species of antelope which are *par excellence* 'witches horns.' She 'smells out' the horns by going along the bank of the stream from which the accused drank water, carrying a vessel and an ordinary hoe. At intervals she lifts water from the stream and pours it upon the ground and then stoops to listen. She hears voices directing her to the witch's hiding place. Arrived there she begins digging with her hoe, muttering incantations the while, and there she finds the incriminating horns, placed near the water to poison the sick man. Now, how does the prophetess find the horns? By what devil's art does she hit upon the spot where they are concealed? The explanation is very simple. Wherever she is employed she must spend a night at the village before commencing operations. The night she spends in the open air listening to spirit voices. If she sees a villager outside after the usual hour for retiring, that is evidence against him, and that either on his own account or on account of his friend the wizard, he meant to dig up the horns. The dread of such dire consequences keeps the villagers close within doors, while the prophetess arranges for the tableau of the following day."

Differing widely from witches, fairies are a class of beings deserving of closest study if we would under-

stand the social and domestic life of our remote ancestors. Who of us have not heard of the "Shean" with its midnight dance and underground halls. Well do I remember my almost uncontrollable desire to visit the top of the Shean in Morven, on Halloweve, to see the little people at their revels. But for the fear of ghosts I certainly should have gone to find myself with the dun deer for company, for if more than one went the Shean did not open. After I began to study ancient customs and heard from Africans of an incanti being in this pool, a hili in that, while the conical hill in the distance was inhabited by a strange people who had no converse with mortal men, I thought that here again we touch a point in which the traditions of both peoples keep in remembrance a time when annual revel was held while men did homage by the sacrifice of their kind to gods of the groves and the corn spirit of mother earth.

Here, however, we are on that uncertain borderland separating ghosts and gods. The former are the world over the spirits of the dead. Feared by most, worshipped by many, believed in by all, they have much laid to their charge in savage and civilized lands. The ordinary every day Highland ghost is a coy maiden who seldom shows herself, and then only in the uncertain light of dusk or flickering moonlight : perhaps too, when revellers haunted by the shades of Forbes MacKenzie hie them to the clachan. Such sensitive fugitive ghosts are as water to whiskey when compared with their African cousins. There they walk in open day and a man can no more get quit of his father's

ghost than he can of his own identity. This is inconvenient, but it may be useful. When a man escapes from sudden danger he says, "my father's soul saved me," and he vows an offering.

Few have suffered more at the hands of good honest Scottish ghosts—the terror that walketh in darkness—than I have. I have looked for them in haunted burns. I have seen them on the king's highway and heard them in the crannies of an old mansion house gable. They have even stolen articles of mine in a half defiant, half surreptitious fashion. I have gone to bed with consignments of the best confectionery tightly hugged in my arms and awoke to find it gone. At the age of ten I was well versed in the cult of ghosts, fairies, headless horsemen, Uruisgean and the rest—the Uruisg, though this may startle classical readers, is simply the satyr of ancient times. There is one thing I have noticed and which is common to all ghosts, and that is that they are not of much account when they are old. Giving an old person a friendly help out of the world has in Africa a certain, even if dubious, virtue. So too old ghosts may be treated badly with impunity, may be even relegated into the limbo of forgetfulness. To swear by the soul of one's father is not only an error, it is a crime, but the shade of the poor old grandfather may be either invoked or forgotten with equal impunity. It is ever thus, and we too shall in turn be called ignorant, bigoted and superstitious, by the precocious youth of the twentieth century.

This paper has strayed not only beyond its intended

limits but away from its original lines, and so I find it is impossible to touch on points which were meant to be a leading feature of it. Such for instance as the prodigal hospitality of both Celts and Africans; the similarity of their social gatherings; the host tasting the wine cup before presenting it to his guests; the ancient Celtic courts or *mod* and the African *pitso*, which are in principle identical; observances at baptisms on the one hand and the termination of the period during which the mother is isolated on the other; at deaths and funerals. These and a thousand other points of similarity or contact carry us back to the time of which I spoke in the opening sentence, before men began to wander hither and thither, and to make for themselves separate homes distinct from the original society or government established at the cradle of the race.

[JANUARY 26TH, 1892.]

At the meeting held on this date, ALEXANDER MAC-BAIN, M.A., Raining's School, Inverness, read a paper entitled, "*Who were the Féinn?*" which was as follows :—

WHO WERE THE FEINN?

"DID FINGAL LIVE OR OSSIAN SING?"

FIONN is the popular hero of Gaelic romance, and his band of warriors are known as the Feinn, an oblique form of the older name Fiann. The favourite English form of the hero's name is Fingal, a name applied to

him by MacPherson, of Ossianic fame ; and Fionn's men are consequently called in English, Fingalians. But Irish writers and Celtic scholars refuse to recognize the Fingal and Fingalian of MacPherson's work, and they therefore fall back on the native terms as they are—Finn and Fiann. The whole romantic cycle of the Feinn is variously styled by literary scientists as the Ossianic Saga, the Finn-Ossian Saga, or the Finn Saga. The term Fenian Saga, which would otherwise be so neat and accurate, is objectionable from its modern political associations. The present paper deals with the origin, contents, and meaning of the Ossianic Saga : in other words, we shall try to answer the question, "Who were the Feinn?"

The whole material of Gaelic myth and romance divides itself easily into three cycles—the mythological, the Cúchulinn, and the Ossianic cycles. The mythological cycle has to do with the various mythic invasions of Ireland from antediluvian times till before the dawn of history. It concerns itself much with the doings of the Tuatha de Dananns, or the tribes of the gods of Dana, who are believed to be the gods of the Gaelic Olympus reduced to kings and heroes, of a very supernatural kind, however. We find only an echo of this cycle among our Scottish Gaelic literature ; the great collections of the last and present centuries, with the exception of one poem, ignore the mythological cycle. That it was once known is amply proved by Bishop Carsewell's complaint about the people's delight in the "framing of vain, hurtful, lying, earthly stories about the Tuath de Danond, and about the sons of Mile-

sius, and about the heroes and Fionn MacCumhail with his Fians." The second cycle of Gaelic myth and romance concerns Cuchulinn and his generation, which the Irish historians place in the first century of our epoch. Its central figure is Cuchulinn, and its scenes are laid mostly in Ulster; Cuchulinn himself belongs to that stage of myth which we see in the Grecian tales of Perseus and Hercules, but his surroundings are on the whole like those we meet with in the Iliad. The Ossianic Saga, on the other hand, is later and more general in its scope. The fairy adventures of the Odyssey, so to speak, are grafted on the Iliad, and there is often an attempt to relate what seems to be sober historic fact. In reality, however, this Ossianic cycle is, as we shall see, the latest presentment of the mythic and heroic materials of the race; it picks up the detritus—the waifs and strays—of the other cycles, and attaches them to certain popular figures of its own. It gathers round Fionn and his merry-men most of the mythic and heroic literature of the Gael. Whence, however, came Fionn and his heroes? That is our question.

The Feinn present themselves to us in three aspects at least, according as we consult history, popular fancy, or pure literature. The historians and annalists of the Gaelic race in Scotland and Ireland fix Fionn's epoch as the third century of our era. This is practically three centuries later than the Cuchulinn epoch. Though the task was no easy one, these historians have succeeded in reducing Fionn and his Feinn to the sober dimensions and the fixity of dates necessary

to history and chronology. But there is the second Fionn and Feinn ; they are the heroes of the popular sagas and folktales ; they become in this case men of gigantic stature, fighting with giants and monsters, and all supernatural powers, degenerating finally into the heroes of mere fairy-tales. This, as we shall see, is the real Feinn. The third aspect in which Fionn and his men may appear is the epic—after Homer considerably ; the blind old bard of Chios's lonely isle becomes a "Mac," and the golden gods of Olympus become pale ghosts, who meteor-like ride the winds, or down in the deep earth worm their way along, the cause of earthquakes to us poor mortals ! And so MacPherson plays his part—editor, author, and translator (into Gaelic) of "Ossian." It is, however, to this 18th-century Ossian that we owe the preservation of the rich popular material which forms our Ossianic collections ; but for MacPherson's genius, the ear of Europe would not have been caught, and controversy would not have collected and preserved the fast disappearing heroic poetry of the Highlands. We owe the deepest gratitude to James MacPherson, be his motives or actions what they may, and, as Mathew Arnold says : "When we are unjust enough to forget it, may the muse forget us !"

These, then, are the sources of our knowledge of the Feinn—first, history, dating from the annals of Tigernach, in the 11th, to the Irish history of Keating, in the 17th century ; secondly, popular literature, dating from the 12th to the 19th century ; and, thirdly, MacPherson's unique production of the 18th century,

which, as being a purely original work, we shall now dismiss from our consideration. The Irish historians represent Fionn and the Feinn as a sort of third century militia ; one of the most eminent of present century Irish scholars declared his belief that "Finn MacCumhail was a real historical personage, and not a myth like Siegfried or Hercules," while another no less eminent writer looked on Fionn's existence "as an historical personage as assured as that of Julius Cæsar." Even some of the severe scientists of Germany share this view, though in a more modified form. Professor Windisch, of Leipzig, who stands among the two or three best of our Celtic scholars, thinks that Fionn existed in the third century, and explains the mythic incidents of the Ossianic saga as borrowed from the earlier Cuchulinn cycle, which in its turn again borrowed some of these very incidents possibly from Christian legend.

The Scottish view has up till lately been to regard MacPherson's work as authentic, holding that there was a king of Scotland in the third century called Fionn, surrounded with a band of warriors renowned for bravery and knight-errantry. There was not, nor is there any historical document to prove the existence of such a king and people ; the Irish historians mention no such king, and, indeed, flatly contradict the Irish part of MacPherson's history, where Cuchulinn and Fionn are made to shake hands over three hundred years of time, and over nearly three thousand years of manners and customs. This and the ballads collected from oral recitation, inclusive of those of the Dean of

Lismore's book, were felt to be very awkward to deal with ; but our Scottish scholars turned to pooh-pooh Irish history, and, saddest fact of all, under MacPherson's spell, to depreciate and decry their own excellent heritage of ballad literature, which they looked upon as corrupt and distorted copies and fragments of what MacPherson was lucky enough to find complete and incorrupt. Dr. Skene, thirty years ago, maintained the authenticity of MacPherson's work, and proceeded to identify the Feinn with one of the early races who inhabited Scotland and Ireland. After throwing discredit on the Irish annals, he, nevertheless, proceeded somewhat inconsistently to accept their authority to prove the existence of such an ancient population. He adduced a stanza from a late Irish ballad which details the Battle of Gabhra, when the power of the Feinn was crushed ; here we are told that—

“The bands of the Fians of Alban,
And the supreme King of Breatan,
Belonging to the order of the Feinne of Alban,
Joined us in that battle.
The Fians of Lochlin were powerful ;
From the chief to the leaders of nine men,
They mustered along with us
To share in the struggle.”

Thus there must have been Feinn not only in Scotland and Ireland, but also in England and Lochlin, a name vaguely used for the country of the Norsemen, that is, Norway and even Denmark. Dr. Skene at once concluded that the Feinn must be a race of people who inhabited these various countries of Lochlin, Britain, and Ireland. And, of course, he proceeded to identify them with the Picts—that enigmatic people

who are at once the puzzle and the delight of the antiquarian, and who are represented in the annals as migrating from Lochlin to Erin, and thence regressively to Alban. So the Feinn were the Picts, who anteceded the Milesians or Scots in Ireland, and the Scots in Alba. A writer some three years ago—Mr. David MacRitchie—"caps" the whole theory by identifying these Picts, or, as he calls them, Pechts, and the "Fane" with Finns and Lapps, as the *small* people who preceded the Celts in our islands, and who gave the Celts their idea of fairies, for these people lived in hillocks and underground caves—in the barrows and "Picts" houses, whose remains still exist here and there in the country. Now the view which Dr. Skene maintained has no historic evidence in its favour; besides, it errs grievously in misunderstanding the force of the word *feinn* and *fian*. A Fian meant originally simply a champion, warrior, or hunter; a fian booth, for example, was a hunting-booth. The Feinn were the warriors or champion band. Consequently Feinn, or champions, might exist in any land—England, Scotland, or Lochlin. The oldest records speak of the Fianns of Scotland, and mean undoubtedly champions by the reference. Similarly, the term is used in Irish history and legend for champions, protagonists, and for brigands and pirates also. Dr. Skene himself seems to have abandoned his theory, for in his "Celtic Scotland," his latest and ripest work on the history of ancient Alba, he makes no mention of Fionn and his men at all. They have no place in Scottish history—so we infer from Dr. Skene's silence. And such is

the fact, if MacPhersonic Fingalians are meant. As for Mr. MacRitchie's vagaries, it is sufficient to say that his theory of the origin of fairies does not account for the belief in these beings existing all the world over—outside districts where Finns or Lapps ever trod. Besides, the Feinn were not small men ; they were giants, and they are represented as often fighting fairy powers.

We have thus far two, if not three, theories of the origin of the Feinn. The Irish view maintains the historic reality of Fionn, but acknowledges that wild and incredible stories have accreted around him and his warriors ; the Scottish view accepts MacPherson, but, as modified by Dr. Skene, it identifies the Feinn with the Picts ; and if Picts, why not Pechts, and then Finns and Lapps, and then fairies, according to Mr. MacRitchie. The theory which has been held by many Celtic scholars—especially in our day—is that the Feinn are a mythic people analogous to King Arthur and his knights, and to the similar heroic saga of other countries ; and this is the view which the present paper is intended to demonstrate.

Before, however, passing on, we must notice the extraordinary theory which has been within the last two years launched on the European world by that erratic, but undoubted genius, Professor Zimmer, of Greifswald. The turning-point of his theory—indeed the most of it—depends on his derivation of the name *Fiann*. He maintains that this was borrowed from the Norse *fjǫndi* (foe). The Irish of the ninth century borrowed the word and used it in a complimentary

sense, meaning "the brave enemy," then "mercenary," and then "a warrior band." The Professor easily shows that the Irish term was used by the early writers merely to denote any "warrior band," but that after the twelfth century it came to be specialized, and to mean the bands of Fionn and Goll. He tries to show that the word has special reference to the Vikings and to the Dublin Danes ; but he fails in this, despite a great array of texts which are twisted in his favour. He finds that *Caitil Find* in 856 is slain at the head of the Gallgaedhel, or mixed Irish and Norse, fighting against the Danes : he then concludes that here we have the original of Fionn who heads a warrior band of Fiann, or Gall-gaedhel, against Amlaf and his Danes. Now Fionn is represented as living in King Cormac's reign, in the third century ; yes, but there was a like famous Cormac at the end of the ninth century, whose wisdom and literary qualities are often ascribed to the earlier monarch. Hence it was an easy matter for popular fancy to put Fionn back six centuries ; indeed he is represented as also appearing in the Irish history itself three centuries later than the date usually assigned him, one time as contemporary with St. Molling, and at another time as incarnated in King Mongan. There are also, as the Professor shows, plenty traces of Norse influence in the Ossianic Saga ; not to mention the fact that the late ballads make Fionn and his men the protagonists against the Norsemen, there are some Norse superstitions in the older sagas, such as Fionn's wisdom-tooth, which must be compared to Fafni's heart, which gives Sigurd his supernatural

knowledge. Further, names are also analyzed by the Professor: *Lochlann* is properly *Loth-linn*, and is identical with the island of *Laland*, whence the Danish vikings came. The name *Ossian*, or *Oisin*, is from Saxon sources, and is identified with *Oswine*, which is a good Anglo-Saxon name containing the prefix *ós*, gods, and *wine*, friend. *Oscar* similarly is referred to the Norse *Asgeirr*, gods' spear, *ás* being here again the same as the Saxon *ós*.

The Professor's theory is a very ingenious one, and no justice can be done to it in so condensed an epitome as the above. Its main weakness is the impossible derivation of *Fiann* from the Norse *fjándi*. How could a foreign name for enemy become a native term for hero on being borrowed? The Norse called the Irish *fjándi*, doubtless; but, were the Irish to borrow the word as a meaningless term applicable to themselves, it could only become synonymous with *Eir-eannach*, or "Irishman." The reference of *Ossian* and *Oscar* to originals like *Oswine* and *Asgeirr* has more to say for it, but there is one fatal, or almost fatal, objection to the derivation: the *o* and *a* of *Oswine* and *Asgeirr* are long, and would give *óisean* and *óscar*. The restricting of *Lochlann* in its origin to the insignificant island of *Laland* is absurd on the face of it. Its proper mediæval meaning is "Scandinavia," but it may be suspected that originally it meant *Belgium* and *Holland*, with *Denmark*; for the word means, in Gaelic, "lake-land," which is thoroughly applicable to the *Netherlands*, or, as the Scotch called them, the "Lowlands Low."

Before proceeding, and in conjunction with Professor Zimmer's derivations, we may pause to ask if the names of the Ossianic Saga can throw any light on the origin of it. First the name *Fiann*, with its genitive *Feinne*, points, according to Gaelic philologic laws, to an original Celtic form like *veinna* or *veinda*, and a root *vei*. This root is well enough known ; it signifies "to hunt," and from it came the Latin *venari* (to hunt), the German *weidmann* (sportsman), and the Gaelic *fiadh* (deer), and *fiadhach* (hunting). The Celtic root seems to have been *veid*, and probably the original of *Fiann* was *veid-na*, signifying a "hunting company, hunters." This derivation suits the use of the word in mediæval Irish for "hunting ;" as, for instance, *fian-bhoth*, for "hunting-booth." Further, the Feinn are always represented as being great hunters ; indeed, they are represented in the legendary history as supporting themselves from *Beltane* to *Samhain*—from May till November—on the products of the chase, while during the winter half-year they were billeted on the inhabitants like a company of soldiers or militia. The passing of the word *Fiann*, meaning "hunting," or "open-air living," to mean "championship" and "champion-band," is easy. The name *Fionn* is more difficult to deal with. Of course, from the fact that *fionn* means "white," people at once jump to the conclusion that the name *Fionn* merely means "white." *Fionn* was the "white" or "fair-haired man," according to this theory. Now it is true that animals are called merely by the colour ; Achilles's horse is *Xanthos*, or the "yellow." The legendary

bull of Cualgne, around which revolves the Cuchulinn cycle, is called the *Donn Chualgne*, or the "Brown of Cualgne;" but men are never named on this principle. Colour is a mere epithet; it cannot be the man's name. Personal names consist of either two roots or of one root and a suffix; it is true that the name might get reduced to the one root, but in Fionn's case this seems unlikely. So we may take it that *Fionn* does not mean "white." It is possible to refer it to a shorter form of the same root, as we have in *Fiann*, that is, *vei*, with a shorter form *vi*; or rather *veid*, shorter *vid*. The form *vid-no-s* seems to be the original of the word, but this may well be referred to the root *vid* (to know); indeed, there is an old Irish verb, *finnaim*, which signifies "to know." This would give *Fionn*, as a name, the force of the "wise" or "learned one." And this admirably suits Fionn's character, for he is a seer, an utterer of proverbs, and a poet. He knows the future if only he bruises his thumb in his mouth; that is one of his many accomplishments. There are other warriors in the Feinn stronger than he, but none so wise. The name *Ossian*, the older *Oisín*, exists in Irish as a common noun, meaning a "fawn" or "young deer." This is no doubt the meaning of the name *Ossian*; the derivation is supported by, or else has given rise to, the common story that Ossian's mother was a deer—a woman bespelled into a deer. The tale will be found at large in *Leabhar na Feinne*. It was a common practice to call men by animal names. Many instances occur in Gaelic legend and history. Dog names are exceedingly common; for example, the great

champion of the Gael is called *Cuchulinn*, the "hound of Culainn," and a common mediæval name was *Math-ghamhainn* (MacMahon), whence *Matheson*, which signifies "bear's son." *Cattan* means the "little cat," just as *Ossian* means the "little deer." This again connects the Feinn with hunting, and it may well be that Ossian's name may be a survival from the time of animal worship. The name of *Oscar* appears also as a common noun in the sense of an "ignorant person," a "traveller," which does not present any relevancy to Oscar's character. An allied word is *coscar* (victory), and this would seem to be the proper root idea. We might analyze the name as *od* (out) and *scar* (cut), giving the idea of cutting and fighting—a slayer or warrior. The name *Conan* signifies the "little dog;" he was the Thersites, or clown, of the Feinn, and the name admirably suits his character. The name *Diarmid* has been explained as meaning *Dia-airmit*, "god-reverencing" or "pious," like the name *Divitiacus* of Cæsar. Goll's name is explained by the obsolete adjective *goll* (blind); he is Fionn's opponent, the "dark one" of Fenian history, and hence his name. It is also interesting to note that he is named after his mother—a fact which points to matriarchy and Goll's representing a lower scale of civilization to the Feinn. Caoilte is the great racer of the Feinn, and his name evidently arises from *caol* (thin), and hence "active." It is not necessary or important to pursue the analysis of the names further. We find that the names suit the character given to the Feinn in the legends as a great band of hunters and warriors.

Let us now consider what is told us about the Feinn by the Irish historians, and by Gaelic literature generally. According to Keating, an Irish historian of the seventeenth century, who worked with much older material, the Feinn formed the militia, prætorian guard, or standing army of Irish kings in the second and third centuries. There were three battalions of them on a peace footing, and seven if there was war. They had many privileges, we are told, of which some may be mentioned. During the winter half-year, as was said, they were billeted on the people; during the summer half, they had to maintain themselves by the chase. No man could settle his daughter in marriage without first asking if any of the Feinn wanted her as wife. But one of the Feinn must not refuse a woman because she had no dowry, nor must he offer any violence to a woman. He must not refuse to fight nine men of any other nation that might set on him. His fighting and running qualities were put to severe tests, all of which are recounted minutely.

The oldest MS. of consecutive Irish literature is *Lebor na h-uidre*—the Book of the Dun Cow—written about 1100. In it are some significant references to Fionn, which show that he was an important character then in popular estimation, though Cuchulinn and the Ulster heroes fill the place in it which is held by Fionn in the Scotch ballads. Practically the same views were then held by annalist and peasant respectively about Fionn as have been held up to our own time. The one made him a historic, the other, a legendary character. The story of his birth and upbringing is told

in *Lebor na h-uidre* as a sober, historical fact ; and yet we shall see that it is to all intents and purposes the same as the wild legend collected in the islands at the beginning of this century by one MacPherson, and to be found in *Leabhar na Féinne*. It is simply, as we shall see, a Gaelic setting of the old tale of Perseus and his grandfather Akrisios, or of Romulus and Remus and their wicked uncle. The story may be condensed as follows :—Nuada, son of Achi, son of Dathi, son of Brocan, son of Fintan, of the Dathi folk in Brega, a famous Druid, received, from Cathair Mor in the second century, the land of Almu, or Almhainn in Leinster—now Allen. Nuada's son Tadhg, or Teague, had a beauty of a daughter called Murni Muncaem, "Fair-necked Murni," and suitors of high degree from far and near sought her. Cumhall, son of Trenmor, king-warrior of Ireland, was then in the service of Conn of the hundred fights, high King of Ireland, and he sought the maiden's hand ; but Nuada refused, knowing prophetically, as a Druid, that he must vacate Almhainn if his daughter marry Cumhall. But Cumhall took the girl off by force. Tadhg complained to Conn, who commanded Cumhall to restore the girl, which he refused to do. Conn then sent his forces against Cumhall. The latter lost the battle, being slain by Aed, son of Morna, who afterwards was called Goll from being then blinded of an eye in the fight. Her father cast Murni out, and would have burned her ; but she fled to Conn, who handed her over to Cumhall's sister and her husband Fiacál. Here she was delivered of a son, who was named

Demni. The boy was well brought up, and on reaching manhood called his grandfather to account for the murder of his father, and received from him his property of Almhainn as *éirig*, or ransom ; and henceforward Demni, or Finn that was to be, lived at Almhainn, having compromised with Goll on receiving an *éirig*, and they lived in peace, until a quarrel over a pig at Temhair-Luachra brought them to enmity again. As Mr. Nutt observes :—"Tadg's dispossession at the hands of his grandson Finn, may be compared to Akrisios's death at the hands of his grandson Perseus, Amulius's death at the hands of Romulus and Remus, and Astyages's banishment by Cyrus. In all these cases, a father ill-treats his daughter, and the son avenges his mother's wrongs." The *Lebor na h-uidre* account, however, leaves out a most important part of the story—the youthful exploits and education of the hero. Probably this was too mythical, or, as Keating says of these Feinn stories, "too incredible" to relate. Fortunately a fifteenth century MS. fills this blank, and fills it with material which has all the appearance of antiquity stamped upon it. The story is, that there was strife for the chieftainship of the Feinn between Cumhall and Uirgrenn, and that the Battle of Cnucha was fought, wherein Cumhall fell at the hands of Aed, son of Morna, leaving his wife Murni to shift for herself pursued by these foes. Murni was delivered of a son Demni, whom two Druidesses took to the forest of Sliabh Bladhma, and nursed in secrecy. They reared him till he was fit for hunting, and his first exploit was to kill a duck and her brood. He was thereafter

taken by a plunderer named Fiacail, but restored to the two heroines, or Feinnesses, as the Druidesses are called. He went forth one day and saw youths hurling ; he won against a fourth, and then against a third, and finally against all of them. "What is thy name?" said they. "Demni," replied he. They are advised to kill him, and profess inability, but they tell his name. When asked as to his appearance, they describe him as "fair," and hence he got the name of Finn. The next day he came to play, they attacked him ; but he prostrated seven of them. He returned another time, and found them swimming ; being challenged, he drowned nine of them. "Who drowned the youths?" inquired all. "Finn," was answered, and from this the name of Finn clung to him. He went forth on one occasion with the two heroines, and perceived a herd of fleet deer ; he ran and caught two bucks of them. After this he went away from the heroines alone, and halted not till he took hire in military service with the King of Bentraighe. The latter suspected him of being the son of Cumhall from his prowess as a hunter. He left Bentraighe and took service with the King of Kerry, who had married Cumhall's widow. The king knew him by his skill at chess, and he had to leave for fear of being slain trusting to the king's hospitality. He then came to the house of Lochan, a chief smith, and he fell in love with his daughter Cruithne, and obtained her at the smith's hand. The smith made two spears for him, and he went away ; he was warned not to go on the passage on which the boar called Beo was usually

to be seen, but he happened to go on the pass where the boar was and killed it, and brought its head to the smith as a dowry for his daughter. He then went into Connaught to look for his uncle Crimall, and on the way he heard the wail of a solitary woman, and she wept for her son killed by a big, ugly hero. Finn went in pursuit of the hero, and killed him. The person who fell here was Liath Luchra, he who first wounded Cumhall in the Battle of Cnucha. He then went to Connaught and found Crimall in a desert, and wandered about afterwards ; and so as to be able to cope with his father's slayers, he repaired to learn wisdom with Finn Eges, who was for seven years watching the salmon of Linn Feic, for it had been prophesied that "Finn" would eat the salmon of Fee, and that he would be ignorant of nothing afterward. And Finn Eges caught the salmon, and ordered Finn to roast it, and not to eat of the salmon. But Finn burned his thumb in touching the salmon while cooking it, and put it into his mouth, and Finn Eges knew him for the real Finn. And knowledge was given to Finn ; so that when he put his thumb into his mouth, whatever he had been ignorant of used to be revealed to him. He learned there divination and poetry, and a specimen poem of his is handed down detailing the beauties of summer in a way that Duncan Ban could scarcely surpass for colour and descriptive power. Thereafter he went to Cethern Mac-Fintaine to learn further wisdom, and Finn-egis was his name then. He helped his tutor in the courtship of the fairy of Brig Eile, whose abode was open every

Hallowe'en and whose lover Finn slew, as the book of Leinster, a MS. of the twelfth century, says :—

“Aed mac Fidaig fell by the hand of Finn,
From the spear of Fiacail mac Conchenn,
For the love he gave to the maiden of Bri Eile.”

Then Fiacail rushes to Inver Colpa to the Feinn, followed and overtaken by Finn, who has to undertake the Fenian watch for the night. He heard a cry, and ran to see about it, when he found three fairy maidens weeping at a barrow, and one of them he seized and rushed off with her brooch. She prayed him to give it back—and here, as the well-known Swan maid incident of fairy-lore comes in, our story suddenly breaks off, the MS. being imperfect.

The above eleventh and fifteenth century versions of the story of the birth and youthful exploits of Finn, might pass for history ; but the genuine folk tale, several versions of which were taken down in the Highlands, cannot be mistaken for any other than a genuine, heroic saga—almost a fairy-tale. The best version was, as already said, collected by one MacPherson in Mull, about 1800, and printed in *Leabhar na Feinne*, at page 37. It is thus :—In the time we speak of, Ireland was divided into five provinces, with a king over each, and Finn's father was the ablest of these. He was at feud with another king, and finally lost all his men ; there was a prophecy that this would happen, but that his son would win all back again. Cumhall, Finn's father, was proceeding to his last battle, when he passed a smith's house. The smith was not in, but his pretty daughter was, and she and

the king became familiar. The smith, on learning what happened, cursed the king, and hoped he would not return safe from the fight. Smiths and Druids were uncanny in those days, and his wish was gratified : Cumhall fell in the battle. The new king heard of the smith's daughter, and ordered her to be imprisoned. If she gave birth to a daughter, the daughter might be allowed to live ; but a son must be put to death, for he would be the true heir to the throne. She brought a daughter into the world, and all his watch rushed to tell the king ; but, before the night was through, she also brought a boy into the world. The nurse Luas Lurgann rolled the child up in the end of her gown, and rushed off to the woods, where she brought him up in secret. She exercised him in all kinds of feats—chess, *cleasa* (feats) of all kinds, and arms. When she thought him sufficiently trained, and when she tried him in all things, and he failed not, she told him who he was and what he was expected to do. She immediately thereafter took him to the town to show his mettle. He bruised his way through the crowd, and went to play hurley (shinty) with the boys of the king's town. He beat everybody and then began to maul and kill right and left. The king heard of it, and came out : “Co e an gille *Fionn* ud,” said he, “tha mortadh nan daoine?” (Who is that *Fair* lad killing the people?) The nurse clapped her hands for joy, and said : “Long hast thou wanted to be baptized, but to-day thou art indeed baptized, and thou art *Fionn*, son of Cumhall, son of Trenmor, and rightful king of Erin.” With this she rushed

away and the boy with her—some versions saying she carried him on her shoulders. They were hotly pursued. Luas Lurgann's swiftness of old was failing her : Fionn took her on his shoulders and carried her. He rushed through the woods ; and when he halted in safety, he found he had only the two legs of his nurse left over his shoulders : the rest of her body had been torn away in the wood. After some wanderings, he came to Essroy, famous for its mythic salmon—the salmon of all knowledge. Here he found a fisher fishing, and he asked for a fish to eat. The fisher never yet had caught fish, though he had fished for years ; for—as other forms of the story have it—prophecy said that no fish would be got on it till Fionn came. The fisher cast his line in Fionn's name, and caught a large salmon. It was too large for Fionn, he said, and he put him off each time. Fionn got the rod himself, and landed a bigger salmon still. The fisher, who had recognized who he was, allowed him to have a small fish of his lot ; but he must roast it with fire on one side the stream and the fish on the other, nor must he use any wood in the process. He set fire to some sawdust, and the wind blew a wave of fire over to the fish, and burned a spot on it. Fionn put his thumb on the black spot ; it burned him, and he put the thumb in his mouth. Then he knew everything—the fisher was Black Forca who slew his father. He seized Forca's sword, and killed him. In this way he got his father's sword and also the dog Bran, both of which the fisher had, as some versions of the story have it. And, further, by

bruising his thumb in his mouth, the past and the present were always revealed to him. He then went in secret to his grandfather's house—the smith's house. Thereafter he appeared in the king's court. The king gave wrong judgment, and if one of royal blood did this, Temra the palace (?) fell; and if one of royal blood gave the right judgment, it rose again. Temra fell; but on Fionn giving the judgment rightly, Temra was restored again. He was at once recognized and again pursued. The king then hunted every place in Erin for him, and at last found him as steward with the king of Colla. Colla and Fionn rose together against Cairbre, and deposed him; and so Fionn recovered his patrimony and kingdom.

Fionn's birth and upbringing were both extraordinary. He lived a life of warlike glory, and died mysteriously slain on the banks of the Boyne by the sons of his father's bitterest foes. Here he had retired in his old age, and was slain by fishing shears. But versions differ; some say a fisherman slew him to gain renown as Finn's slayer; the Scotch popular tales are also somewhat misty on the subject. They say that Fionn was killed by a treacherous person who invited him to jump on to an island, in the way he did. Fionn did the jump. Then the man jumped the same backwards, and challenged Fionn to do so. Fionn tried it, but fell up to his head in the water. The man, finding him thus immersed, and with his back to him, cut off his head.

Before proceeding further, I intend to draw attention to this life-history of Finn himself, for the main out-

lines of the story will soon be recognized as common to the hero tales of Europe and Asia. Classical scholars will at once recognise the parallelism of Finn's story with the Perseus myth, further with the story of Theseus, son of King Aegeus, in a flying visit to Troezen; the myth of Heracles, son of Zeus; and also to the story of Romulus and Remus. The fact is that the birth, upbringing, and the death of the heroes of these mythic sagas, from India to Ireland, can all be put under a few common heads. They have been analysed and tabulated for the Aryan races by Von Hahn, who examined 14 stories altogether; 7 from Greek mythology, viz., those of Perseus, Heracles, Oedipus, Amphion and Zethos, Pelias and Neleus, Leucastus and Parrhasius, and Theseus; one belonging to Roman myth—the Romulus and Remus legend; two to Teutonic mythology—the Wittich-Siegfried and Wolf-dietrich sagas; two to Persian myth—Cyrus and Key Chosrew; and two in Hindoo mythology. Mr. Alfred Nutt, who has extended the formula to embrace the Celtic nations, calls it the "Aryan Expulsion and Return Formula," and to Von Hahn's 16 headings, he adds two to suit the exigencies of Celtic saga. Mr. Nutt's table is as follows:—

1. Hero, born out of wedlock, or posthumously or supernaturally.
2. Mother, princess residing in her own country. [Cf. *beena* marriage.]
3. Father, god or hero from afar.
4. Tokens and warnings of hero's future greatness.
5. He is in consequence driven forth from home.
6. Is suckled by wild beasts.
7. Is brought up by a childless (shepherd) couple, or by a widow.

8. Is of passionate and violent disposition.
9. Seeks service in foreign lands.
- 9A. He attacks and slays monsters.
- 9B. He acquires supernatural knowledge through eating a magic fish.
10. He returns to his own country, retreats, and again returns.
11. Overcomes his enemies, frees his mother, and seats himself on the throne.
12. He founds cities.
13. The manner of his death is extraordinary.
14. He is accused of incest ; he dies young.
15. He injures an inferior, who takes revenge upon him or his children.
16. He slays his younger brother.

We give the incidents of the Fionn cycle in this tabulated form, placing side by side the Fionn of history and the Fionn of popular fancy :—

<i>History.</i>	<i>Tradition.</i>
1. In marriage (?), posthumously.	Out of marriage, posthumously, and one of twins.
2. Muirne, daughter of Chief Druid.	Muirne (?), daughter of a smith. Lives with her father.
3. Cumal, leader of Militia.	King Cumhal : is passing house.
4. Tadg, Druid, knows he will be ejected by hero.	Greatness foretold by a prophet, and known to be rightful heir to throne.
5. Driven to an aunt's house.	Into the wilderness.
6.	Nourished by fat and marrow in a hole made in a tree.
. By his mother or aunt (?)	By his nurse, Luas Lurgann.
.	Drowns the schoolboys or overcomes them at shinty, or both. Causes his nurse's death.
9.	Serves as house steward. [Scholar to Fionn, the Druid.]
9A.	Slays the Boar Beo ; kills lake monsters (<i>biasta</i>).
9B.	Eats of the magic Salmon.

10.		Wanders backwards and forwards over Erin.
11.	Forces Tadhg to abandon Almu. Gets headship of Feinn.	Kills father's murderer. Overcomes Cairbre and gets throne.
12.		Builds forts, <i>dunes</i> , &c.; founds a great kingdom.
13.	Slain by sons of Uirgrenn, somehow by fishing spears.	Dies, mysteriously slain in jumping lake.
14.		
15.		
16.		

Finn is not the only Celtic hero that agrees with this formula. Cuchulinn, in the earlier Gaelic cycle, has similar strange tales told of his birth, while in the Welsh Arthurian cycle the Peredur story is the nearest parallel, but the birth and youth stories of Arthur, Merlin, and Taliessin, partake largely of the same mythic character. In face of such a wide-spread consensus of mythic story, it would be folly to claim, even for the 11th century version of Fionn's birth and rearing, the shadow of a foundation in fact. I need not here concern myself with the origin of the formula—the cause of the incidents and the growth of such a myth. It is a question that belongs to Indo-European mythology, or rather to world-wide mythology, for the Semites are not without traces of a similar formula. The modern method is to account for these incidents as results of primitive religion, ritual, or custom. The first two headings of the table can easily be explained as folklore survivals of old marriage customs, more especially reminding us of the *beena* marriage system, where the young lady gets her tent and cattle, and places a spear outside stuck in the ground. The

warrior that takes up the spear and defends her is her husband, but only so long as he can defend and keep her. Similarly the expulsion or exposure of the child by the wicked uncle or relative may be a reminiscence of the struggle between patriarchy and matriarchy—when the rule that a man's brother or sister's son is his heir, as among the Picts, and not his own son, was giving way to the rule that the son should succeed the father. These speculations, however, do not much help, nor at all hinder, our proof of the mythic character of Fionn's life-history.

We have shown that the personal history of Fionn is mythical; but, it may be asked, what about the Feinn? Fionn's story may be a myth, but was there no such warrior band as the Feinn? History, however, has little or nothing to say about them. Tigernach, the oldest of Irish annalists, who lived in the 11th century, only mentions Fionn's death and the names of his murderers, under the date 283; and the Four Masters in the 17th century repeat Tigernach's entry with two verses of poetry in addition. But the Masters further mention the Feinn as taking part in the Battle of Gabhra, where their side was defeated in 284, and next year Caelte, of the Feinn, slew the High King of Ireland. That is all that these honest annalists tell about the Feinn. Of course, other more or less historic works make copious reference to them, notably Keating, from whom I have already quoted the privileges and duties of the Feinn; but little of historical fact can be gleaned from these writers. The fact is that the historic account of the Feinn, like that of

Fionn, is poor and shadowy. Only three historic facts, such as they are, stand out of the mass of wild story. These are:—(1) The Feinn were an Irish militia (!) in the third century; (2) they were overthrown in the Battle of Gabhra, where also King Cairbre, a real personage without a doubt, fell in 284; (3) Fionn himself married Cormac's daughter, and Caelte killed Cairbre's successor, Fothaidh Airgtheach, in 285. Evidently some difficulty was found in fitting the heroes of the mythic tales into history, a difficulty which also exists in Arthur's case. He, like Fionn, is not a king in history—there is no place for him—but he is a "dux belli" or "militia" leader. Yet the popular imagination is distinctly in favour of the idea that these heroes were also kings.

To show how the Feinn may have been intruded into the serious history of Ireland in the 3rd century, we have only to look at the Scotch Fenian ballads and the later Irish ones. In the pseudo-history to which we are treated there, Finn's great opponents are the Norsemen. The most famous Fenian ballad, outside that of Gabhra, is the ballad of Manus, King of Lochlin. This ballad is almost epic in its fullest form; it details the coming of Manus, the description of both armies, the terms offered by Finn, and the battle in which Finn won. But who was Manus? Why, he was none other than the famous Magnus Barelegs, King of Norway, who fell in an Irish raid in Ulster in 1103! Besides, the Norsemen did not commence their invasions of Britain and Ireland till the end of the 8th century (795), five hundred years after the histories

say that Finn was dead. Another favourite Scotch ballad is that of "Teanntachd mhor na Feinne," "The Great Distress of the Feinn," where Earragon, King of Lochlin, invades Ireland on account of the elopement of his wife; but unlike the fate of Menelaus and his Greeks in the *Iliad*, Earragon is defeated and slain. Expeditions to Lochlin are common, and the oft-repeated story of the feast of peace, to which the one king invited the other with his chiefs, and when the guests had each a host beside him ready, at a given signal, to stab, but anticipated by the guest king and his chiefs, who slay each their man and escape—this also is told of the Feinn as happening in Beirghe or Bergen, the capital of Lochlin. Now there is no possibility of connecting Finn and his men with Norse wars that lasted from the 9th till the 13th century, but we can easily understand how a popular mythic hero might appear in the folk literature of a later era as the protagonist against the invaders. Chiefs and even kings, such kings as there were, are too local in time and place to become the heroes of any general folk literature in regard to the Norsemen, and so the mythic Finn fills the place of many a brave leader that fought against the Lochlinners in divers places and divers times. Just so St. Columba gathers round him the praise due to many other nameless pioneer saints that penetrated the wilds of northern Alba.

But the pseudo-historic is only one aspect of Fionn and his warrior Feinn. What has puzzled and annoyed the Irish historians and critics are the "wild stories," as Eugene O'Curry called them—that is to say, the folk-

tale or *märchen* literature that is gathered about the Feinn. "Incredible" and "wild" are the epithets applied to them, and properly so. But these are exactly the stories which are best remembered by the people. Enchantments, for instance, form a prominent part in the Fenian stories. Let us take one example, shortly rendered. It is the chase of Slieve Culinn. Two fairy sisters love Finn; but one declares she will not marry a grey-haired man. So the other determines to make Finn's hair grey. This is how she did it. She got a small lake made on Slieve Culinn, and endowed its waters with the power of making any that bathed in it grey and old. Now, Finn was one day walking near his home at Almhainn, the rest being away, when a doe sprung from a thicket and made off—it was a beauty; and Finn's dogs gave chase; so did Finn. When he came to Slieve Culinn, the doe made a sudden turn and disappeared; he marvelled much, but as he went to whistle back his hounds, he heard a cry, and there, beside a little lake, was a maiden of ravishing beauty, crying bitterly. Finn asked the cause of her great sorrow, and, midst sobs, she told that her golden ring, of priceless worth, had fallen into the lake, and rolled out of sight. Finn plunged into the lake, swam around it thrice, and got the ring, which he gave the maiden as he was coming out of the water, when, lo! she disappeared into the lake before his eyes. As soon as he took his feet out of the water, he lost all his strength, and fell on the bank a withered, old grey-headed man. The Feinn, meanwhile, assembled, and missed their chief. A search was made. Ossian fell

upon a poor old man, by the side of the little lake, and asked him for Finn, but it was not till Caelte came up that Finn whispered into his ear the horrid truth. Then the Feinn raised three shouts of lamentation and anger that frightened foxes and badgers into their dens all around ; and then they set out to the howe of the fairy, where they began digging down. They found her, and forced her to give Finn a drink from the fairy healing-cup. When he drank, he was restored to his old self again, except that his former golden hair was now evermore grey. Such is the chase of Slieve Culinn.

Then there is the "Chase of Slieve Fuad," where all the Feinn are enticed on a hunt into the Giant's power ; the "Palace of the Rowan Trees," where the King of Lochlin's son held most of the Feinn enchanted ; the "Pursuit of the Gilla Dacker," where some of the Feinn are carried into the Celtic Hades and rescued ; and the enchantment by "Blar Buy," where Finn and several of his men were mutilated, then rescued by Diarmat and healed by the famous healing-cup of the Feinn, there and then acquired. Then, again, Finn or one of his men becomes the hero of a pure fairy or folk tale, as in the story of the "Bentgrey Lad," who works wonders for Finn ; the "Gruagach Ban, son of Ireland's King," where Finn helps the Gruagach to a fairy wife ; and some others. In this group must also be placed Finn's helping of distressed people—the story where he goes off with supernaturally gifted servants in a supernatural bark, and saves the newly born child of an Island Queen from the monster who used

to steal the children at their birth ; further, the story of the maiden who fled to Finn and his Feinn from Daire Borb, who pursues her on his steed over sea, and kills many of the Feinn, and kills also the girl. This is Macpherson's Faine Soluis, one of his prettiest and honestest episodes in the Fingalian epics. Closely connected with enchantments and fairies, come the Fenian fights with monsters, and with lake dragons. The best known story of this kind is the " Muileartach," King Manus' nurse, a grey old carlin that came over sea to destroy the Feinn, and now recognised as a personification of the Atlantic sea. In Ireland a very popular class of legends is that relating to the killing of dragons and lake monsters. There is scarcely a lake in Ireland but there is some legend there about a dragon, or *biast*, which Fionn, or one of his heroes, or one of the Saints, destroyed. Fionn had some tough fights with these terrible animals. Ard nan Cath, the *peist* of Loch Cuan, had swallowed many of the Feinn, arms and all, and latterly Fionn himself, but he cut his way out, and set free those that were already swallowed by cutting a door on each side. The monster's head was as large as a hill, and his teeth larger than trees. In fact Lucian's whale in his very " True Tale" scarcely surpassed the monster that met the Feinn. Finn's grandson, Oscar, was likewise often engaged in the same work. On one occasion, as an old Lewisman used to tell, Oscar was fighting with a huge *biast* that came open-mouthed towards him. He jumped down its throat at once, and cut his way out, and thus killed the brute. We have read of Odin being thus swallow-

ed by the wolf, but have never heard of his appearing afterwards.

We must pass over the numerous foreign invaders who came singly—like “Conn Mac an Deirg”—or with large armies like Manus, and especially Daire Donn—Dun Darius—King of the world, who was routed with all his host at Ventry Harbour. The internal economy and discords of the Feinn must claim our attention for a little. The blood-feud between Clan Morna and Finn, owing to the slaying of Finn’s father by Goll Macmorna, was scarcely ever settled, though apparent peace reigned ; and in the final crash, the sons of Morna aided Cairbre against the Feinn, and crushed them. But there were other interesting escapades of a more or less serious character. The high moral feeling that existed among the Feinn has been done ample justice to by James Macpherson, and there are many documents—poems and actions—which prove the high chivalrous feeling towards women and conquered foes, the generous hospitality, and the other noble virtues. But there is also another side to the shield ; not only have we got the drolleries of Conan the Bald, and the burlesque accounts of Fionn and his father-in-law, Garbh Mac Starn, which fill the part of the clown in the great Fenian drama, but lovely woman plays her part also—a havoc part it is, too, like the *rôle* of Helen of Troy in ancient Greek mythic history. The fact is this—The Feinn are a popular literary reflex of the people’s aspirations after the noble and good, and, at the same time, they are made, in a lighter vein, a human enough reflex of the foibles and frailties of

Celtic civilization, at least in mediæval times. The faithlessness of Fionn's wife, however, is not an accretion to the Fenian myth during the middle ages ; it is an ingrained part of the old myth, for we have it in the Arthurian legend as well, twice repeated in Lancelot's and in Tristram's stories. Grainne, Finn's wife, eloped with Diarmat—the ballads and tales say it was so supernaturally fated, and Diarmat had a love mark on his face that no woman could resist ; evidently in moral extenuation of the deed. Finn pursued the couple, and to all appearance forgave Diarmat, but he got him wounded by a magic boar on Ben Gulbin, and refused to heal him though he could, so that Diarmat died. This is a tragic story. There are, however, lighter scenes and incidents than this, which may be, and, let us hope, are of mediæval manufacture. A poem like the "Lady of the Mantle" is a humorous picture of mediæval rather than Fenian morality.

Another popular view of Finn and his heroes is that which connects them with the topography of the country. In this case, and, indeed, very often otherwise, Finn is looked upon as a giant, and his heroes a race of giants, that can stride valleys and straits, and cross to Erin on stepping stones, which they themselves cast into the sea. The Kinloss charter in the Moray chartulary, given in the early part of the 13th century, speaks of Tuber na Fein, which is glossed by "feyne, of the grett or kempis men callit ffeinis, is ane well." This, which is only a hundred years later than the oldest Irish MS. account of Fionn, is exactly the present day popular notion of the Feinn. They were

giants. About 1500, Hector Boece can thus write of Fyn Mak Coul:—"Virum uti ferunt immani statura, septenum enim cubitorum hominem fuisse narrant, Scotici sanguinis omnibusque insolita corporis mole formidolosum." Thus, much to the disgust of Keating, the Irish historian, he makes him a giant some seven cubits high, makes him also a Scotchman, and fixes his date about 450 A.D. ; and he further tells us that Fyn was renowned in stories, such as were told of King Arthur. Bishop Leslie, in the same century, says that Fynmacoul was a "man of huge size, and sprung, as it were, from a race of giants." Gavin Douglas, about 1500, also speaks of

" Greit Gow Macmorne and Fyn Mac Cowl, and how
They suld be goddis in Ireland as they say."

Dunbar, the contemporary poet, says:—

" My fore grandsyr, hecht Fyn Mac Cowl,
That dang the deil and gart him yowll,
The skyis rained when he wald scoull,
He trublit all the air :

He got my grandsyr Gog Magog ;
Ay when he dansit the world wald schog ;
Five thousand ellis gaed till his frog,
Of Hieland pladdis, and mair."

The world shook when Fionn danced ! Martin, in his "Western Isles," calls him a "gigantic man." And in Ireland also, as in Scotland, Fionn and his heroes are among the people considered to be giants, "the great joiant Fann Mac Cuil," as Kennedy calls him, after the style of the peasantry who relate tales of Fionn. Mr. Good, a priest at Limerick in 1566, speaks of the popular "giants Fion Mac Hoyle, and Oshin (read

Osgur) Mac Oshin." Standish O'Grady, in his lately published "History of Ireland," places the Fianna back in the dawn of Irish history—gigantic figures in the dusky air. "Ireland is their playground. They set up their goals in the north and south in Titanic hurling matches, they drive their balls through the length and breadth of it, storming through the provinces." Macpherson found the ballads and stories full of this, and, as usual, he stigmatises them as Irish and middle-age. He quotes as Irish this verse:—

" A chos air *Cromleach*, druim-ard,
Chos eile air *Crom-meal* dubh,
Thoga *Fion* le lamh mhoir
An d' uisge o *Lubhair* na sruth."

With one foot on lofty *Cromlech*, and the other on black *Crom-meal*, *Fionn* could take up the water in his hand from the river *Lubar* ! Yet the hills can still be pointed out in Macpherson's native *Badenoch* where *Fionn* did this ; but Macpherson, as usual, gives them his own poetic names. *Carn Dearg* and *Scorr Gaoithe*, at the top of *Glen-Feshie*, are the hills, and the *Fionntag*, a tributary of the *Feshie*, is the poetic "*Lubhar*." He has therefore to reduce the *Fionn* of the popular tales and ballads, to proper epic dimensions—to divorce him, as he says himself, from the "giants, enchanted castles, dwarfs, palfreys, witches, and magicians," which he thinks were imposed on the *Fionn* epic in the fifteenth century, and continued still to be the popular idea of *Fionn* and his heroes.

The popular imagination accounts for this tallness in a rationalistic manner worthy of any ephemerist histor-

ian. In Campbell's "Popular Tales," this is how the Eén was set up. An old King of Erin, hard pressed by the Lochlinners, consults his seneschal as to the best course to pursue. The latter advises him to marry 100 of the tallest men in the kingdom to the same number of the tallest women; then again to intermarry 100 of each sex of the tallest of their descendants, and so on to the third generation. This would give him a gigantic race able to cope with any foe. The thing was done. And in the third generation a gigantic race was the result. Their captain and king was Cumal, and he defeated the Lochlinners and forced them to terms of peace.

Another phase of the popular aspect of Fionn is the attribution to him of many crisp sayings and proverbs, for Fionn is both wise and brave, a warrior, but also, and most especially, a seer and a philosopher. In fact, as I suggested, the name Fionn may mean the "knowing one." Some of these Fenian proverbs and sayings may be quoted:—

Cha do dhirich Fionn bruthach riamh, 's cha d'fhag e bruthach gun direadh. (Fionn never climbed a brae, nor ever left one unclimbed—that is, he went slantwise up the brae).

Cha do bhris Fionn riamh barr-iall a bhroige (Fionn never broke the point of his brogue thong). Strong as he was, he was never in such a hurry as to use his strength to ill purpose.

Cho fada 'sa' cheann 's bha Fionn 'sna casan (As long-headed as Fionn was long-legged.)

Cha tug Fionn riamh blar gun chumha. (Fionn

never fought battle without offering terms).

Gaoth troimh tholl, gaoth bharr tonn, 's gaoth lom an aiteimh, na tri gaoithean b' fhuaire dh' fhairich Fionn riamh. (Wind through hole, wind from wave-tops, and the bare wind of thaw, these are the three coldest winds Fionn ever felt.).

Ceathrar da 'n tug Fionn fuath—
cu truagh agus each mall,
tighearna tire gan bhi glic,
is bean fir nach bearadh clann—

(Four that Fionn hated—a mangy dog, a slow horse, a witless laird, and a bairnless wife).

Fionn's choice of a dog was thus :—

Miann mhic Cumhaill air a chu—
An t-alt luthaidh bhi fada o'n cheann,
Meadhon leathann, leabhar chliabh,
Uileann fhiar agus speir cham.

Earball mu'n speir, speir mar chorrán,
Cluas mar dhuilleig, suil mar airneig,
Uchd mar ghearran, gnós mar chuaille,
Sud mar thaghadh Fionn na Feinne cuilean cuain.

Fionn is the acme of Gaelic hospitality, and there are several proverbs bearing on this. Fionn's house is thus described :—Tigh farsaing fial, a chomhla cha do dhruideadh riamh—The door of his wide hospitable house was never shut. Again :—Tha dorus Fhinn do'n anrach fial—To the wanderer his door is never shut. Fionn never deserted a friend : Cha do threig Fionn riamh caraid a laimhe deise. Yet Fionn's sword (Mac-an-luinn) was so keen that it cut through all it met.

Proverbs and sayings about the Feinn ascribe to them the highest virtues of the race. "Cothrom na Feinne"

is the expression for "Fairplay." Their hardihood is remembered by their three bed-stuffs—fresh tree-tops, moss, and fresh rushes (Barr gheal chrann, coinneach is ur luachair).

The most famous of these expressions is that about Ossian, "Mar Oisín an deigh nam Fiann"—Ossian after the Feinn—an expression which first appears in Gaelic literature in the Fernaig MS. of two hundred years ago. The mediæval ballads and literature represent Ossian as surviving to St. Patrick's time, two hundred years later than the rest of his race. The Saint and he have royal battles as to whether the Feinn are in heaven or not ; and Ossian won't believe that any power, divine or other, could hold the Feinn in chains or bonds. All this is related in spirited ballads that are extant. The bringing together of Ossian and Patrick over a gulf of two hundred years was done simply enough, and the fact was easily explained. Ossian was carried away by the fairy queen, and dwelt with her for two hundred years. He returned, a great giant, still youthful, on a white steed, from which he was cautioned not to dismount, if he wished to return again to Tir-nan-og. He found everything changed ; instead of the old temples of the gods, now there were Christian churches. And the Feinn were only a memory. He saw some puny men raising a heavy block of stone. They could not manage it : so he put his hand to it and lifted it up on its side ; but in so doing he slipped off his horse, and fell to earth a withered and blind old man. The steed at once rushed off. Ossian was then brought to St.

Patrick, with whom he lived for the rest of his life.

The Feinn are, however, not dead, but sleeping; they sleep underneath one of the great green knolls somewhere in the Highlands—they say, under Tom-na-hùrich, at Inverness, or Craig How. They will awake one day and come forth to restore the Gael to all his pristine power and glory. It is said that some paltry fellow once obtained admission to the underground hall where they recline. He had been asked to blow three whistles on an instrument he got. He blew the first whistle, and the sleeping forms of men and dogs moved to life; he blew the second, and the warriors raised themselves on their elbows and looked at him; but his heart failed him for a third blast—so great and dreadful did the men seem. So he threw away the whistle and ran, while the words of their cursing rang in his ears—"Mile mollachd, is miosa dh' fhag na fhuair." "A thousand curses on thee that leftest worse than thou foundest."

We come now to the conclusion of the whole matter. We have found that the Feinn history is nothing but heroic sagas, the leading features of which are reproduced among other Aryan nations, and we have found, moreover, that the most popular portions are purely fairy or nursery tales—pure *märchen*, to employ the German word. Was there really a *historical* personage called Fionn? In his case, we may emphatically say—what cannot always be said of these heroic figures—that there was no Fionn, at least, little or no Fionn. The histories, we saw, reject him and his band. His connection with King Cormac is factitious and fictitious.

This monarch is the most popular that appears in early Irish history, and it is natural that the hero about whom the national legends were gathered should be fixed in his reign and indeed become connected with him by marriage.

If Fionn is not a historical character, then how can we account for his existence as the national hero of the Gael? To answer this is to have the "key of all the mythologies." How do the heroes and demigods of mythology arise? Fionn is, like Hecales, Theseus, Perseus, and other such persons of Greek myth, a culture hero—probably originally a local deity raised to a national place. He is an incarnation of the chief deity of the race—the Mercury, whom Cæsar tells us the Gauls worshiped—a god of a literary and mercantile character. His grandson Oscar is a reflection of the war god, and the other characters of the Fenian band no doubt correspond to the other personages of the Gaelic Olympus. Reverting to the question with which we started—"Did Fingal live or Ossian sing"—we have to give the answer, that Fingal lived and Ossian sang only in the heart and imagination of the Gaelic race, to embody their ideal of all that is noble and heroic.

[MARCH 28TH, 1892.]

At the meeting held on this date, Dr. IAIN CLERK, Knightswood, read a paper on *Ancient Celtic Art*, illustrating his subject with numerous drawings, which was as follows :—

ANCIENT CELTIC ART.

The title of this paper is a somewhat comprehensive one, and you can easily understand, from the time at my disposal, and from other considerations, that it will not be possible for me to do more than touch very lightly on various stages of what, treated in a more extended fashion, might be found a subject of much interest. If one had an opportunity of treating of the ancient arts of various branches of the Celtic family, and at the same time of comparing and contrasting the rise and progress of arts in other civilizations, it would doubtless make the study more attractive and more complete. But in a short paper like the present one that is altogether out of the question, and I must for the most part confine myself to what has been done in Scotland in connection with the subject in hand, and more especially with regard to decorative art.

THE STONE AGE.

As the geologist has to make an examination of rocks and other formations, and as he has to study their character and position, and the fossils which they contain, so as to be able to make up his geological history, so the searcher after early art in prehistoric times has to seek for his materials in the homes, if there be such, and in the burying-places of the ancient people. Should I happen to refer very shortly to the ages of stone and bronze, it will not be for the purpose of asserting that at that time this country was inhabited by a Celtic people, but as we have a process of

evolution, beginning with the simpler and leading on to the more complex designs in the decorative art, it will perhaps serve to make the story more intelligible. Travelling back in thought, we can imagine the old inhabitants finding out more and more their requirements, and seeking at the same time for the wherewithal to satisfy their needs. It does not surprise us that they seized on the crude materials which nature had placed at their disposal; and of those, chiefly wood and stone, began to manufacture arms and implements and objects of personal adornment. Wood is perishable, but stone remains to give testimony to the manifold uses to which it was put in those early times. Even at this time, although the making of arrow-heads, stone hammers, etc., must have cost a great amount of labour, we find that not only has the maker some idea of form and symmetry, but he begins to show some manifestation of a taste for decoration. Here is a perforated hammer of whitish flint found in Wales, finely polished, and ornamented by a lozenge-shaped pattern all over the surface. The following description has been given of it: "It is truly a beautiful piece of work, executed with infinite labour and surprising skill. The design of the ornament is peculiar, and admirably carried out; and the labour implied in the execution by mere dexterity of handicraft, is well-nigh incredible. There are upon its surface upwards of two hundred spaces, each hollowed out to a uniform depth in the centre, and rising towards the edges so regularly as to preserve the lines of direction with perfect accuracy and precision. The

stone is so hard that steel will not scratch it, and yet the finish of all the details of the ornament and the polish of its surface are perfect. Looking at the symmetry and beauty of its form, the design of its ornament, and the perfection of its finish, in the light of the fact that the processes by which these results have been obtained, without the aid of machinery, are matters of speculation and controversy among the experts of the present day, it is impossible to doubt that a work like this—irrespective of the manner of its production, and apart from all questions of the capacity and culture of its producers—must of necessity take its place among the products of skill and taste."

I do not intend to say more of this period further than to draw your attention to the construction of the burying-place, or what is sometimes called the "chambered cairn," where the dead were buried, or, perhaps more properly, where the ashes of the dead were deposited. This chamber of the dead is usually divided into three compartments, faced with rough slabs, and communicating with the outside by a narrow passage. Over all was piled a huge cairn of stones. The clay urn, in which the ashes were placed, is supposed to be characteristic of the Stone Age, in that it is shallow, with a wide mouth, and a thick lip bevelled inwardly. I draw attention to this chamber of the dead, as it seems to be the only remains we have of any construction belonging to this epoch.

THE BRONZE AGE.

In leaving the age of stone, we pass on to a period

in which the people have become workers in metal, and the favourite material which is now used is a compound or alloy of copper and tin, namely, bronze. There are some striking characteristics in connection with this epoch which we may be allowed to mention, seeing they may serve as landmarks to us as we proceed. It was before remarked, that during the stone period, nothing of the nature of any construction had been discovered, with the exception of the chambered cairn ; but now the chambered cairn is falling into disuse, and we find circles of stone and stone cysts taking its place. As the stone circles are sometimes associated with the chambered cairn, it is supposed they held an intermediate position between the chambered cairn and the stone cyst, or *ciste chloiche*. One other feature of almost universal occurrence, is that we find at the base of those standing stones, and inside the stone cysts, a hand-made urn or urns of clay ; or, in other words, there is during this period a great development of sepulchral pottery. Those urns are of various shapes, and ornamented in various ways. They have been divided into two groups—(1) those connected with cremated burials, large coarsely made urns, which often contain smaller ones inside ; and (2) urns associated with unburned interments, tall urns, with bulging sides and highly ornamental. Of the arms, implements, and articles for domestic use, some plain, some ornamented, a very interesting collection has been made throughout different parts of the country. They also made their own moulds, several of which have been picked up in various localities. Moulds for rings,

knife-blades, and flat axe-heads, are open moulds ; but for other purposes they made use of double-closed moulds made in two divisions.

The amount of beautiful ornaments of gold found in the deposits of the bronze age, is very striking and very remarkable. We find also necklaces of jet beads and plates, bracelets and armlets of bronze and gold, necklaces of amber beads, bronze swords, spear-heads, axes, beautiful caldrons of bronze made of thin plates riveted together and ornamented with studs, and also bronze shields, the workmanship of which is said to be as fine, perhaps, as anything ever produced.

It may be remarked, that throughout those two extensive periods of which we have spoken, namely, the ages of stone and bronze, the system of decoration is mostly in straight lines, or combinations of straight lines ; or, in other words, we find a system of rectilinear decoration associated with occasional circles or parts of circles ; and though they vary in form, and perhaps in purpose, the system of decoration is always the same. It sometimes consists of bands of oblique lines and impressed markings, the bands being separated from each other by single, double, or triple lines. Sometimes there are circular mouldings and frequently lines running in a zigzag fashion ; and while some of the urns are without ornament of any kind, others are not only ornamented, but beautifully finished. Of one found in Perthshire, Mr. Romilly Allan says that "it will compare favourably with those of any other production of Ceramic art, ancient or modern."

THE AGE OF IRON.

We now leave those two epochs, and pass on to consider some peculiarities in connection with the succeeding epoch—the so-called age of iron. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the number of years contained in any one epoch can hardly even be guessed at ; but what is certain is, that the one period overlaps the other to such an extent that it is impossible to say where the one ends—if, in fact, it ever ends—and where the other begins. When working in bronze became general there were still workers in stone, although, perhaps, to an extent that was greatly diminished ; and in the same way, when iron began to be made use of for the manufacture of arms, implements, etc., still bronze did not fall into disuse, but was widely used for various purposes.

Of the ornamental work we see at once that the artist has made a wide departure from the system of zig-zags and straight lines which we spoke of in connection with ornamented objects of the stone and earlier bronze periods. He begins now to deal in curves, and not only so, but he commences to notice and study the outline of form and the symmetry of members of the animal kingdom, and makes an effort to introduce them into his system of decoration. Decorated surfaces present features quite different from that which we have hitherto been considering. They frequently consist of irregular divergent spirals, the spaces between the curves being sometimes raised and sometimes flat. Those trumpet and spiral scrolls are

repeated in different varieties of pattern, so that it now appears we have passed from a system of decoration in rectilinear forms, or straight lines, to a system of decoration in curvilinear forms, or curved lines.

Another remarkable feature in connection with this period is, that they used enamel for decorative purposes, even for such a common object as a bridle-bit. One, a casting of bronze, shows the surface decoration of the terminal part of the loops, where there are rows of triangular and oval spaces, to consist of red and yellow enamel. In the open work of one loop we have the spiral and trumpet pattern. Enamel was largely used in the ornamentation of objects of common use. Enamelled horse-trappings, of high finish and beautiful workmanship, have been found in England along with the remains of chariots; and it is noteworthy, that the use of enamel in the decoration of such objects, and the design which accompanies its use, is said to be unknown beyond the area of the British Isles. Philostratus, a Greek sophist, is quoted as follows: "They say that the barbarians who live in the ocean, pour such colours on heated brass, and that they adhere to it, become as hard as stone, and thus preserve the designs that are made in them." Who the barbarians in the ocean were, it is difficult to say; but horse-trappings with coloured enamel decoration have hitherto been found in the British Islands alone.

Some bronze mirrors of this period, found in stone cysts, exhibit somewhat of the same style of ornamentation. We have a triple scroll-like pattern of curvilinear spaces, and often a triple arrangement of

trumpet-shaped scrolls in relief. The mirror and comb we often find outlined.

The people of this period were fond of personal adornments, and bronze and silver collars and armlets and other articles are frequently found to have been buried with the dead.

ARCHITECTURE.

Of their architecture, if it may be so called, it is not necessary to say very much ; but there are, at least, three marked and very peculiar forms of dwelling which may be mentioned—(1) earth houses, or underground dwellings ; (2) crannogs, or lake dwellings ; and (3) brochs, or round towers. The earth house consisted of a long subterranean passage roofed with stone. The crannogs were built on wooden props driven into the lake-bottom ; but as to the form of the superstructure, it is difficult to say what the nature of it was. The broch, or round tower, is a most extraordinary structure. It was used apparently as a place of shelter and for purposes of defence ; and as those round towers are thickly placed over the area of the best arable land, their inhabitants seem to have been tillers of the soil. The structure is certainly very peculiar. It is that of a circular tower, hollow in the centre, built of drystone masonry, from 40 to 70 feet in diameter, and rising perhaps to a height of 40 or 50 feet. The first ten feet or so of the circular wall is solid, except where it is pierced from the inside by passages leading into chambers constructed within the thickness of the wall. Above the height of ten feet the wall goes up in

two portions, an outer and an inner, and those two are tied together by horizontal rows of slabs of stone at a distance of about six feet, the width between the two portions of wall, or two walls, as we may call them, being about three feet, and in connection with this a rude staircase of slabs leads to the top. Windows or loop-holes in connection with the two portions of wall look into the central area ; and the only opening to the outside world, except that at the top, is one narrow passage at the level of the ground, passing through the wall, and secured by a door, a slab of stone, likely, placed four feet or more within the passage ; and internally, and to the side of it, is placed a small guard-chamber. The constructive idea is a peculiar one, placing the chambers in the wall itself, and turning the windows towards the circular court inside. One reason why the round towers are assigned to the iron age, is from the nature of the objects found associated with them, and those include articles fabricated in bone, bronze, and iron. Pins and needles were made out of the bones of various animals, button-like knobs cut out of the jawbone of the whale, with sometimes an iron hoop attached, and long-handled combs. Spear-heads, dagger and knife blades of iron, are also found, and moulds of bronze. It seems, with reference to the crannogs, that even in historic times they were used as strongholds. In the Register of the Privy Council of Scotland, April 14, 1608, one of the articles proposed to Angus M'Coneill of Dunnyvaig, and Hector M'Clayne of Dowart, for reducing them and their clans to obedience is, "that the haill houssis

of defence, strongholdis, and cranokis in the ylls per-teining to them and their forsaidis sall be delyverit to his Majestie." And in the Annals of the Four Masters (A.D. 1436), the crannog of Loch Laoghaire was taken by the sons of Brian O'Neill.

ART IN THE EARLY CELTIC CHURCH.

We have travelled over an extensive period of pre-historic times, and as you can quite well foresee, we are drifting now into the early Christian period ; and, at this stage, I should like to allude to some of the books belonging to the early Celtic church—not for the matter which we find there, but because they contain pages and borders and initial letters, ornamented and illuminated in such a fashion as to be almost without parallel in their beauty and exactness.

In 1715 the University of Cambridge acquired the library of the Bishop of Norwich. It comprised a large number of MSS. ; but one of them, a small octavo of 86 parchment folios, closely written on both sides, remained unknown for a century and a half after being deposited in the library. It contains some chapters from the four Gospels, etc., and its pages are surrounded by ornamental borders, filled in with interlaced work in panels, and with fretwork of peculiar character. On the margins and vacant space of the book, there are a number of entries in Gaelic, and one of them is as follows :—

"Columcille and Drostan, son of Cosgrach, his pupil, came from Hi, as God had shown to them, unto Abbordoboir, and Bede the Pict was Mornmaer of Buchan before them, and it was he that gave them

that town in freedom for ever from Mormaer and Toiseach. They came after that to the other town, and it was pleasing to Columcille, because it was full of God's grace, and he asked it of the Mormaer, to wit Bede, that he should give it to him ; and he did *not* give it, and a son of his took an illness after refusing the clerics (a true ecclesiastical touch) and he was nigh unto death. After this, the Mormaer went to entreat the clerics that they should make prayer for the son, that health should come to him ; and he gave an offering to them from Cloch-in-tiprat to Cloch meic Garnait. They made the prayer and health came to him. After that Columcille gave to Drostan that town, and blessed it, and left as his word, 'Whosoever should come against it, let him not be many-yearred or victorious.' Drostan's tears came on parting from Columcille. Said Columcille, 'Let Dear (or tear) be its name henceforward.'" That book is called the Book of Deer.

In the library of Trinity College, Dublin, is a copy of the Gospels, written on 248 leaves of vellum. At the commencement of the volume, and preceding each of the Gospels, are pages entirely covered with tessellated, interlaced, or lacertine ornamentation. Each of the Gospels is preceded by a figure of the animal symbolic of the particular evangelist, according to the symbolism in use in the early ages of the church. Thus, St. Matthew is represented by the figure of a man ; St. Mark, by a lion ; St. Luke, by an ox ; and St. John, by an eagle. At the end of the MS. we find the usual request, as follows :—"I pray thy

blessing, O holy Presbyter, St. Patrick, that whosoever shall take this book into his hands, may remember the writer, Columba, who has himself written this Gospel in the space of twelve days, by the Grace of our Lord."

BOOK OF KELLS.

The only other one I shall make mention of is the Book of Kells, which, as early as the eleventh century, was traditionally associated with the name of St. Columba. In the annals of Ulster, under the date of 1006, it is noticed as follows:—"The great Gospel of Columcille was stolen at night, from the Western Sacristies of the Church of Kells. This was the principal relic of the Western world on account of its remarkable cover, and it was found after two months and twenty days, its gold having been stolen off, and a sod over it." Those books were generally inclosed in costly shrines of gold or silver.

Giraldus Cambrensis, who visited Ireland in the twelfth century, says, referring to the wonderful beauty of its illuminations:—"Here you behold the face of the Divine Majesties, there the mystical forms of the evangelists, and other figures of infinite variety, so closely wrought together that if you looked carelessly at them, they would seem rather one uniform blot, exhibiting no more skill in art than an exquisite interweaving of figures where all is skill and perfection of art. But if you look closely with all the acuteness of sight you can command, and examine the inmost secrets of that wondrous art, you will discover such subtilty, such fine and closely wrought lines, twisted and inter-

woven in such intricate knots, and adorned with such fresh and brilliant colours, that you will readily acknowledge the whole to be rather the result of angelic than of human skill. The more frequently I behold it, the more numerous are the beauties I discover in it, and the more I am lost in renewed admiration of it. Neither could Apelles himself execute the like: they really seem to have been designed and painted by a hand not mortal."

Professor Westwood says:—"I have examined with a magnifying-glass the pages of the Gospels of Lindisfarne and Book of Kells for hours together without ever detecting a false line or an irregular interlacement; and when it is considered that many of the details consist of spiral lines, and are so minute as to be impossible to have been executed with a pair of compasses, it really seems a problem, not only with what eyes, but also with what instruments they could have been executed. I have counted, in a small space measuring scarcely $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch by less than $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch in width in the Book of Armagh, not fewer than 158 interlacements of a slender ribbon pattern formed of white lines, edged by black ones on a black ground."

WORKERS IN METAL.

As there is exhibited to us in those ornamented MSS., with their panels, fretwork, and interlacements, and with occasionally the introduction of Zoömorphine, or animal form, a decorative art which is peculiarly Celtic in style, so, on the other hand, we have a class of workers in metal, in bronze, in silver, and in gold, which has produced objects of metal-working

equalling—if not surpassing—in beauty of design and excellence of execution, the work of the MSS. themselves. And, indeed, it may be as well to remark now, that from the remains of this period which have been recovered, we discover three well-marked classes of workmen :—(1) Those who wrote and ornamented the MSS., (2) those working in metals, and (3) those working in stone—and we may take it for granted, I think, that wood for decorative purposes was not by any means neglected at this time. It is supposed by some that this decorative art had come to a rather high phase of development before it was applied to metal and stone, or, in other words, that the ornamented MSS. preceded in time the other two ; but I am not aware of any good ground for making this assertion. The peculiarities and characteristics of the metal work is best seen, perhaps, in the brooches of silver which have been found in many places. The Celtic brooch of this period has some well-marked points :—(1) It is what is called penannular—that is, the ring is not continuous, but has an opening, real or apparent, between its two ends ; (2) it has expanded ends, with a long pin loosely looped over the ring of the brooch ; it occurs within the Celtic area, and the art which decorated it is that which is so characteristic of the MSS. and shrines and reliquaries of the early Celtic church. Even the stories of the finding of some of those brooches have sometimes a peculiar interest attached to them. One of the brooches was picked up by a shepherd a few miles from Largs. He saw a flattened ring of metal protruding from the soil,

to which was attached a square-headed pin with the point broken off. It is unusually large, its diameter measuring $4\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and is looked upon as an artistic work in gold and silver which has few equals of its kind. There are, in certain corners of triangular spaces, and in some of the smaller panels, settings of amber. There are animal forms, serpentine and lacer-tine, twisted and interlaced in the manner characteristic of Celtic art. There are panels of interlaced work at the edges, panels at the back decorated with the diverging spiral and trumpet pattern, so that the design of the decoration is that which we find in the Celtic MSS. of the Gospels.

While the Sutherland Railway was being formed, a large boulder was blasted somewhere in the parish of Rogart, and in cleaning away the fragments one of the workmen found in the soil underneath the boulder a hoard of brooches. He immediately left work and disappeared. The number was never known, but three at least were afterwards recovered. The style of decoration is like that of the brooch of which we have spoken. One of them contains twenty-one different panels of interlaced work in gold, ten panels occupied by birds' heads, and twenty-four settings in amber and glass.

A man digging a drain at Dunbeath, Caithness, brought up a circular ring of metal on the point of his pick. He gave it to a bystander, and with him it remained considered as an article of no value for a period of eighteen years. It is said to be without exception the most beautifully executed specimen of Celtic

goldsmith's work ever seen in Scotland. 'The original finder was communicated with, and this is his reply :-- "I received four letters concerning the old brooch that was found here this long time back. I have to inform you that I have got none of this old brooch, and I don't know of anyone in this place that has got any of this old stuff you speak about. The time is so long since it was got that everything about it is out of sight and mind here. As far as I recollect I will give you all the information I can about the way this old brooch was got. I got it in a drain, or sink, that I was making out from the house. The pick that I had working the drain came at it, and disfigured the whole apparatus out of its form. The brooch looked to me as it was placed on a fine sash of leather or cloth, because I got an imitation of this about it. All the dices in the circle, there was a fine stone in the heart of them all of every colour. As soon as it was touched they all fell out of their sockets and places. There was something similar to a Roman Catholic cross in the middle of this old brooch, and a great deal of other articles attached to it. The whole of it was watered with gold or some stuff or other. The whole of it was made up as this corner you have got, only there was a cross coming through the centre of it, and all the dices a fine stone of every colour in every one of them. This is all the information I can give about this old brooch." Before leaving this subject I should like to draw your attention to a few other articles in silver and bronze having peculiar devices, which, as they occur frequently on monuments, are regarded as symbols.

On this, which represents a plate of solid silver, we have in the centre a device consisting of two equal circles, united by a neck of two incurved lines. Across the neck there passes the middle part of a rod, suddenly bent to right and left, and terminating with flouriations. The head of this pin bears, on the obverse, a figure of the cross within a circular panel of enamelled ornament, and on the reverse a double dirk, with the zigzag rod with flouriated ends.

The terminal links of massive silver chains of this period bear this peculiar symbol, and here is a crescent-shaped plate of bronze on which the same figure occurs, accompanied as in this one by a beast's head.

MONUMENTAL ART.

We now pass on to consider very shortly the decorative stone-work which seems to be contemporary, or nearly so, with decorative metal or parchment work. Confining our remarks to the monuments, we may as well find out first of all what are the characteristics of a purely Celtic monument :—

(1) It is an erect slab, shaped to regular form, and often edged with a bead-like moulding.

(2) It bears the cross on the obverse ; figure, subjects, and symbols on the reverse.

(3) The cross is usually the whole length of the stone, recrossed at the intersections of the arms with the shaft and summit—the arms frequently connected by a circle.

(4) The cross is usually elaborately ornamented with interlaced work, spirals, and fretwork.

(5) Figure subjects recur in groups of special character, as do also symbols.

(6) The ornamentation is the same in style and character as that of the MSS. and metal-work of the Celtic Christian time.

It may be added, that those slabs which show Celtic decorative art at its best, are confined almost exclusively to the East Coast, from Fife to Caithness; and that they are not found in Ireland, Wales, Cornwall, nor in any other part of the world. Associated with this type of monument we find also rough unshaped stones, usually with symbols on the reverse side, but with no cross on the obverse. They differ also from the first type in that their sculpturings are usually in simple incised work instead of relief, but they occupy almost the same area as the highly decorated type. Sometimes the appearance of relief is given to those rough slabs by cutting away the surface round the margin of the figure, and I think it may safely be asserted that we have here a species of decorative stone-work which preceded the highly ornamented slabs. In this area, also, there are found real crosses hewn out of the stone, such as we find on the West Coast. Therefore, we may put it in this way, that we have what we may call the East Coast types:—(1) An erect slab, undressed, incised with symbols and figure subjects; (2) An erect slab, shaped to a regular form, bearing the cross of Celtic form, elaborately ornamented, and on the reverse, symbols and a variety of figure-subjects.

In the West we have:—(1) A free standing cross of

Celtic form, ornamented in a pure style of Celtic art, but without symbols ; (2) a free standing cross, not of Celtic form, ornamented with foliaceous scrolls, and usually bearing a representation of the crucifixion. The principal feature of decoration in the later West Highland crosses is foliaceous, while the most distinctive characteristic of decorative Celtic art is the absence altogether of foliage.

I said at the commencement that I could only touch lightly on the subject of Celtic art. To go minutely into the intricacies of the interlacements, the fretwork, etc., would be to weary you with details, but you may allow me this one quotation from Mr. J. M. Kamble. In an address to the Royal Irish Academy he says :—

“There is a peculiar development of the double spiral line totally unknown to the Greeks, the Etruscans, and the nations of the Teutonic North, which is essentially characteristic not only of the Scoto-Celtic but of the Brittanico-Celtic populations of these islands. If the lines are allowed to diverge, instead of following one another closely in their windings, they produce that remarkable pattern which we have been in the habit of calling the trumpet pattern. When this is represented on a plain surface, as in the illuminations of the MSS., you have that marvellously beautiful result which is seen in the ‘Book of Kells,’ the Gospel of ‘Lindisfarne,’ and in the equally beautiful records of ‘Scoto-Celtic self-devotion and culture in the MSS. of St. Gall in Switzerland.’ When this principle of the diverging spiral is carried out in *repoussé*, when you

have those singularly beautiful curves, whose beauty is revealed in shadow more than in form, you have a peculiar characteristic—a form of beauty which belongs to no nation but our own, and to no portion of our nation but the Celtic portion. This beautiful pattern is neither Greek nor Roman nor Oriental. There is nothing like it in Etruscan art, there is nothing like it in German or Slavonic art, there is little like it in Gaulish or Helvetian art; it is indigenous, the art of those Celtic tribes which forced their way into these islands, and, somewhat isolated, have developed a peculiar but not less admirable system of their own.”

In the first part of this paper I tried to show how the artist commenced to make use of straight lines, and combinations of those, how, later he began to introduce curves, and circles, and animal form, and towards the end of the paper I tried to point out how, between the seventh and twelfth centuries, we had a national school of decorative art, the productions of which perhaps equal that of any civilization of which the world has any knowledge.

[DECEMBER 22ND, 1891.]

At the meeting held on this date, Mr. MALCOLM MACFARLANE, Secretary of the Society, read a paper in Gaelic, entitled *Bàrdachd an latha'n diugh*—The Poetry of the present day.

[FEBRUARY 23RD, 1892.]

At the meeting held on this date, Mr. JOHN MURDOCH read a paper on *Highland Education*.

[MARCH, 28th 1892.]

At this meeting also a Gaelic paper was read by Mr. NEIL MACLEOD, Edinburgh—"The Skye Bard"—entitled "*Miann a Bhàird aosda*," which was as follows :—

"MIANN A' BHAIRD AOSDA."

Cha 'n 'eil eachdraidh a' cur mòran soluis dhuinn air beatha 'bhàird so, cha 'n 'eil fios cinnteach againn air 'ainm, no air a shloinneadh. Cha 'n 'eil dearbhadh againn air cuin a bha e beò, no c'ait' an robh e còmh-nuidh. Ach tha aon nì a tha sinn làn chinnteach as d' a thaobh, agus 's e sin, gu 'm bheil dreach agus blas na h-aoise air an dàn maiseach a dh' fhàg e againn mar dhìleab. Chaidh iomadh eadar-theangachadh a dheanamh air "*Miann a' bhàird aosda*." Tha h-aon dhiubh le boirionnach foghlumte agus tuigseach, bana-Ghranndach an Lagain. Chaidh eadar-theangachadh finealt' agus snàsmhor a dheanamh air bho chionn beagan bhliadhnaichean air ais leis an Urramach an t-Ollamh Mac-Mhaoilein ann an Grianraig. Ach dileas agus comasach 's mar a tha na h-eadar-theangaichean sin, cha 'n 'eil a h-aon dhiubh a' toirt a mach làn bhrìgh agus maise an dàin so mar a chaidh a chur ri 'chéile an toiseach ann an cainnt aosda agus bhlasda nan Gaidheal.

Tha trì nithe àraidh a fhuair àit àrd agus sònraichte ann am bàrdachd nan seann Ghàidheal. Agus 's iad sin, maise obair nàduir, gaol, agus gaisgeadh. Agus tha na trì nithe sin 'g an taisbeanadh fhéin gle shoilleir ann am "*Miann a' bhàird aosda*." Faodaidh sinn dol

air ais le ar mac-meanmainn agus am bàrd fhaicinn 'na fhìor sheann duine ; agus tha e coltach gur e duine treun agus gaisgeil a bh' ann 'na latha fhéin; agus fìor bhàrd, anns an robh spiorad uasal agus rioghail, agus aig an robh co-fhaireachadh beò agus blàth, ris gach ni agus neach a bha fiùghail agus maiseach anns an t-saoghal mu'n cuairt air. Ach tha e nis air fàs cho anfhann agus cho lag le sean aois agus gu'm bheil e 'n eiseamail a chàirdean gu bhi 'g a threòrachadh mu'n cuairt. Agus tha e 'g innseadh dhoibh 'na chainnt bhlasda fhéin c'àite am bu mhiann leis iad 'g a chur :—

“ O càraibh mi ri taobh nan allt,
A shiùbhlas mall le ceumaibh ciùin,
Fo agail a' bharraich leag mo cheann,
'S bi thus' a ghrian ro-chàirdeil rium.”

“ Gu socair sin 's an fheur mo thaobh,
Air bruaich nan dìthean 's nan gaath tlàth,
'S mo chas 'g a sliobadh 's a' bhraon mhaoth,
'S e lùbadh thairis caoin tro 'n bhlàr.”

‘Tha e soilleir ri fhaicinn gu'n robh an t-aon ghné miann agus ionndrainn a' plosgadh ann an cridheachan chlann nan daoine air feadh gach linn agus ginealach de 'n saoghal. Gheibh sinn rìgh Daibhidh, bàrd mòr nan Eabhruidheach, bho chionn mhiltean bliadhn' air ais, a' cur an céill a mhiann fhéin ann am briathran glé choltach ri cainnt a “bhàird aosda.” Ge do dh' éirich Daibhidh bho bhi 'na bhuachaille chaorach, gu bhi 'na rìgh mor agus cumhachdach, air a chuartachadh leis gach sògh agus ùrram a b' urrainn an saoghal a thoirt dha ; tha 'thagradh agus a dhùrachd a' dol air ais

gu laithean òige, agus gus na h-ionadan sin a b' àbhaist sìth agus sòlas a thoirt dha 'n uair a bha e ri buachaill-eachd caoirich athar. Tha làn earbs' aig Daibhidh ann an Ard bhuachaill' anma gu'n toir E dha 'mhiann. Agus ann an neart an dòchais sin tha e bristeadh a mach le òran maiseach fhéin :—

“ Bheir E faineas gu'n laidhinn sìos
Air cluainibh glas' lé sìth ;

Is fòs ri taobh nan aimhnichean
Theid seachad sìos gu mall,
Tha E 'g a mo threòrachadh
Gu min réidh anns gach ball.”

Tha e coltach gu'n robh tlachd mhór aig na bàird anns gach linn, agus gach dùthaich, a bhi cur cuid de 'n uine seachad ri taobh nan sruthan uisge. Gheibh sinn ni's fhaisge air ar latha fhìn, bàrd binn milis Lochabar, Eobhann MacLachainn, ann an “Oran an t-Samhraidh,” ag innseadh an taitneas a bha aige ann a bhi gabhail a chuairt ri taobh nan aimhnichean :—

“ B e m' éibhneas riamh 'n uair dh' éireadh grian,
Le cheud ghath tiorail blàth oirnn,
'Bhi ceumadh sìos gu beul nam min-shruth,
'S réidh ghorm lùth mar sgathan ;
A' snàmh air falbh, gu sàmhach balbh,
Gu cuantaibh gailbheinn sàil ghlaiz,
Troimh lùbaibh cam le sraithibh ghleann,
'Tha tilgeadh greann a' Mhàirt dhiubh.”

Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh na bàird a' faotainn tomhas àraidh de shòlas balbh ann an co-chomunn nan uisgeachan. Agus ann a bhi 'g éisdeachd ri crònan

trom tiamhaidh nan allt, a tha ann an tomhas mòr glé-choltach ri beatha nam bàrd féin; a bhiodh iomadh uair gu bruaillanach, dorch, trioblaideach, agus aig amaibh eile, a' siubhal gu séimh ciùin, ceòlmhor. Agus mar a thachair do na h-uillt, bu tric leis na bàird a bhi gu h-aonaranach, agus gun fhios do'n t-saoghal a' taomadh a mach an caoidh agus an gearan ann an diomhaireachd am fairichidhean fhéin.

Far an do mhiannaich am "bàrd aosda" 'bhi, cha robh nì truallidh ri bhi 'na phàillinn:—

“ Mu'n cuairt do bhruachaibh àrd mo ghlinn,
 Biodh lùbadh gheug 'us orra blàth
 'S clann bheag nam preas a' tabhairt seinn,
 Do chreagaibh aosd' le òran gràidh.”

Anns an dàn so tha 'm bàrd a' toirt dhuinn ath shealladh air a bheatha gu h-iomlan. Tha e toiseachadh le làithean sona na h-òige, 'n uair a bha aignidhean glan gun truailleadh; a' chridhe maoth agus neo-lochdach. 'N uair a bha e comasach air làn thoilinntinn a ghabhail ann am mais' agus òirdhearceas a' chruinne-ché. Blàthan na machrach a' dealradh, mu 'n cuairt air 'nan glòir. An spréidh le 'n àl ag ionaltradh air gach cluain agus blàr. Mac-talla, le 'ghuth fada, fann a' freagairt “òrain ghràidh clann bheag nam preas.” Na h-uainn òga, agus na minn bheaga, 'n uair a bhiodh iad sgith dhe 'n cluich agus de'm mirèag a' cadal gu séimh na uchd:—

“ Freagraidh gach cnoc, agus gach sliabh,
 Le binn fhuaim geur nan aighean mear;
 N sin cluinnidh mise mìle geum,
 A' ruith mu'n cuairt dhomh 'n iar 's an ear.”

Mu'n cuairt biodh lu-chleas nan laogh,
 Ri taobh nan sruth, no air an leirg,
 'S na minnein bheag de'n còmhraig sgith,
 'Nam achlais a' cadal gun cheilg."

Ach taitneach agus sòlasach 's mar a tha làithean na h-òige feumaidh daoine am fàgail 'nan déigh, agus an aghaidh a chur air dleasanais, cùraman, agus trioblaid-ean an t-saoghail. Tha 'm bàrd a nis a' tighinn gu 'bhi gabhail 'àite fhéin mar dhuine ann an caithe-beatha agus cleachdaidhean a luchd dùthcha anns an latha 's an robh e beò, gu h-àraidh sealg agus cogadh :

" Biodh ceum an t-sealgair ri mo chluais !
 Le sranna ghath 'us chon feadh sléibh',
 'N sin deàrrsaidh an òigh air mo ghruaidh,
 'N uair dh' éireas toirm air sealg an fhéidh.

'N sin chì mi, ar leam an gadhar,
 A leanadh mi anmoch 'us moch ;
 'S na sléibh 'bu mhiannach leam a thaghal,
 'S na creagan a' freagairt do'n dos.

Chì mi Beinn-àrd is àillidh fiamh,
 Ceann-feadhna thar mhìle beann,
 Bha aisling nan damh 'na ciabh,
 'S i leabaidh nan neul a ceann."

Bidh fadachd air an òigridh gus an ruig iad aois dhaoin' agus mhnathan, ach cha luaithe a thig iad thun na h-ìre sin na gheibh iad a mach ma tha sòlasan anns an t-saoghal gu'm bheil doilgheasan ann. Ma tha aighear ann tha bròn ann. Mar a thachair do 'n t-seillean, ma tha mìl ann tha gath ann.

Tha cuid ann agus 's e bhuaidh a tha aig meallaidh-aidhean agus trioblaidean an t-saoghail orra bhi 'g an deanamh cruaidh, crosda, agus an-ìochdmhor. Ach tha cuid eil ann agus 's ann a bheir na nithe sin a mach a' chuid is finealta agus is maisiche dhe 'n nàdur, agus b' ann diubh sin am 'bàrd aosda.'

Mar a thachair do iomadh bàrd a bharrachd air, tha e coltach gu 'n do thuit am 'bàrd aosda' ann an trom ghaol air òigh mhaiseach. Ach cha do shealbh-aich e sonas a' ghaoil sin fada. Ann an ùr mhaduinn a h-òige, a mùirn, agus a h-àilleachd, chaidh cuspair a cheud ghràidh a sgaradh uaithe leis a' bhàs.

Dhùisg sin ann an tomhas mór a bhàigh agus a cho-fhaireachadh ris gach dùil eile a chitheadh e air am fàgail gu brònach, aonaranach, mar a bha e fhéin :

“ Bi thusa ri dosan nan tom,
Is cumha do ghaoil ann ad' bheul,
Eala 'thriall bho thir nan tonn,
'S tu seinn dhomh ciùil an àird nan spur.

O ! éirich thusa le t'òran ciùin,
'S cuir naigheachd bhoichd do bhròin an céill,
'S glacaidh mac-talla gach ciùil,
An guth tùrsa sin o d' bheul.”

Tha bhi còmhradh mar sin ris an eala a' toirt a chall fhéin gu cuimhn' a' bhàird :

“ Bheil deòir do rosg, O ! thusa ribhinn,
Is mìne maise 's a's gile lamh,
Sòlas gun chrìch do'n ghruaidh mhaoth,
A chaidh nach gluais bho'n leabaidh chaoil.”

Mar a b'fhaide bha 'm bàrd a' meòrachadh air aobhar a bhròin, 's ann 'bu truime agus bu doimhne a bha 'ionndrainn agus a chaoidh a' dol a mach an déigh na h-òighe do'n tug e 'cheud rùn. Tha e nis a' guidhe gu'm faiceadh e e-fhéin agus ise aon uair eile anns na suidhichidhean sòlasach anns am b' àbhaist dhoibh tachairt ri 'chéile ged a b'ann an taisbeanadh no ann am bruadar na h-òidhche :

“ An sin thig thu, O ! aisling chiùin,
Tha 'g astar dlù measg reul na h-oidhche,
Biodh gnìomh m'oidhche ann ad' cheòl ;
Toirt aimsir mo mhùirn gu m' chuimhn'.

O ! m' anam faic an rìbhinn òg.
Fo sgéith an daraich rìgh nam flath,
A làmh shneachd' measg a ciabhan òir,
'S a meall-shuil chiùin air òg a gràidh.

Esan a' seinn ri' taobh 's i balbh.
Le 'cridhe leum 's a snàmh 'na cheòl,
'S an gaol bho shùil gu sùil a 'falbh,
'Cur stad air féidh nan sléibhtean mór.

Sòlas gun chrìch do'n chomunn chaomh,
A dhùisg dhomh m' aoibhneas ait nach till,
'Us beannachd do t'anams' a rùin,
A nighean chiùin nan cuach-chiabh grinn.”

Bha e 'na chomharradh uasal agus rìoghail air na seann Ghaidheil an t-àit' àrd agus urramach a bha iad a' toirt do mhnathan. Cha robh samhla, dealbh, no cruth, 'bu mhaisiche na cheile nach cuireadh iad an cleachdadh ann a bhi luaidh air cliù nam ban.

Tha sgeul anabharrach briagh againn ann am bàrd-achd na Féinne, air bana-phrionnsa òg mhaiseach, nighean do rìgh Eirinn, a bha air là àraidh a' gabhail cuairt a mach le 'cuid mhaighdean, 'n uair a thainig prionnsa borb làidir orra gun fhios dhaibh; agus ghoid e leis an ògh mhaiseach so.

Ach air là àraidh fhuair i teicheadh air ann am bàta agus thug i 'n cuan oirre. Thachair dhi tighinn air tìr air cladach Alba, agus cò bha air thoiseach oirre air an tràigh ach Fionn rìgh na Féinne agus a chuid gaisgeach. Tha e coltach gur e Fionn fhèin a tha labhairt anns an duan so, agus tha e dol air aghaidh leis an sgeula gus an do bhuail am bàta an cladach, agus an sin:

“ Dh'eirich as maise mnà,
B'ionnann deàlradh dhi 's do'n ghréin,
'S a h-uchd mar chobhar nan tonn,
Le fliuch osnaich throm a cléibh.

Is sheas sinn uile air an raon,
Na flaithean caoin 'us mi féin;
'S a 'bhean a thainig thar lear,
Bha sinn gu léir roimpe sèimh.”

Tha e coltach gu'n do dh'aithnich a' bhana-phrionnsa òg so Fionn flath an t-slòigh, agus tha mi creidsinn nach robh sin duilich dhi, agus labhair i ris mar so:

“ Mo chomraich ort ma 's tu Fionn,
('S e labhair rium am maise mnà),
'S i do ghnùis do 'n ànrach a' ghrian,
'S i do sgiath ceann-uidhe na bàighh.”

Agus fhreagair Fionn air ais i gu duineil, càirdeil,
caoimhneil :

A gheug na maise fo' dhriùchd a' bhroin,
'S e labhair gu fòil mi thein,
Ma 's urra gorm lannan do dhlon,
Bidh ar crìdh' nach tiom d'an réir.

Agus 'n uair a fhuair ise a leithid sin de mhisnich
làidir bho Fhionn dh'innis i gu saor a trioblaid dha :

“ Tòrachd a tha orms' air muir,
Laoch is mór guin air mo lorg,
Mac rìgh Sorch a sgiath nan arm.
Triath d' an ainm a' Mhaighre borb.”

Cha do chuir buirbe agus treubhantas a fear tòrachd
eagal 's am bith air Fionn, ach fhreagair e i mar a
bhuineadh dha chliù, gu fialaidh, gaisgeil, agus
rìoghail :

“ Glacam do chòmhraig a bhean,
Ro aon fhear tha air do thl,
'S a dh' aindeoin a' Mhaighre bhuirb,
Bidh tu a 'm brùth Fhinn aig slth.

Tha talla nan creag aig laimh
Aite taimh chlann nam fonn,
Far am faigh an t-ànrach bàigh,
A thig thar bhàrca nan tonn.”

Agus ghuidheamid gu ma buan agus maireannach a
bhios an spiorad fialaidh, gaisgeil, agus rìoghail sin, a'
gabhail seilbh air clann nan Gaidheal ge b'e ceàrn de'n
domhan anns am bi iad a' còmhnuidh.

. Ach gu bhi tilleadh ris a' bhàrd aosdà. Tha nise gach sealg, 'us gaol 'us cath aig an ceann, agus tha fios aig a' bhàrd, gu'm bheil a' chrìoch a' tarruinn dlùth; agus tha e 'g innse dha chàirdean far an dean iad an càradh deireannach air :

“ O ! cuir mo chluas ri fuaim Eas mòr,
 Le chrònan a' teàrnadh bho 'n chreig,
 Bidh cruit agus slige ri m' thaobh,
 'S an sgiath a dhion mo shinnsir 's a' chath.”

A dh' aindeoin gach trioblaid a thainig air a' bhàrd tha e coltach nach do dhealaich e riamh ri sgiath a shinnsir. Cha b' e mhain gu 'n robh an seann Gaidheal a' faicinn mar fhiachaibh air a chliù agus onair fhéin a sheasamh ri àm a' chath agus a' chruadail, ach bha cliù agus claidheamh a shinnsir aige ri'n cumail glan. Cha robh neach ann am measg nan seann Ghaidheal air a chunntas cho tàireil ris a' ghealtair. Bha suidheachadh a' ghealtair dìoblaidh agus tàireil anns an t-saoghal-so, agus ann am beachd nan seann Ghaidheal cha robh gu 'bhi feitheamh air ach ionad na truaighe anns an t-saoghal a tha ri teachd.

Tha cunntas againn anns a' bhàrdachd aig Mórdubh, air là àraidh a chaidh sliochd na h-Alba mach gu cath a thoirt do na Lochlainnich. Tha e coltach gu'n robh duin' òg ann an armailt' na h-Alba anns an robh taom de'n ghealtair, agus thòisich e air gabhail an eagail, agus a ràdh ri càch gu'm milleadh na Lochlainnich iad agus gu'm b' fheàrr dhaibh teicheadh. Bha seann ghaisgeach treun do'm b' ainm Ciabh Ghlas, faisg air a

chual 'labhairt air an dòigh sin e, agus chronaich e 'n droch shaighdear sin leis na briathran a leanas :

“ Imich thus' a ghealtair chlaoin,
 Gu aiseirigh shàmhach nam ban.
 Tha t'anam air chrith mar dhuille uaine,
 A ghluaiseas roimh anail nan speur,
 Mar' thuiteas i roimh fhuachd a' gheamhraidh,
 Teich thus' o na naimhdean borb ;
 Ach is iomadh craobh gharbh 's a' bheinn so,
 A sheasas 'n uair is gailbheach slòn,
 'S tric' thainig naimhdean bho thuath,
 Ach buannachd cha tug iad ria
 Imich thus' a mhic gun chliù
 Gu aiseirigh chùil nan daoine crlon.”

Ma chual am 'bàrd aosda' iomradh riamh air a' chreideamh Chriosduidh tha e coltach nach d' fhuair an creideamh sin àite 'na chreud. 'S e 'n t-ullachadh a bha e 'g iarraidh air son an turuis air nach till, cruit-chiùil, slige òil, agus sgiath chogaidh a shinnsir. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach b' i sin creud an lath' anns an robh am bàrd beò, agus ged a tha a' chreud sin borb agus fineachail ann an solus an latha 'n diugh, cha robh beachd a' bhàird idir cho mi-fhallain 's a shaoileas cuid. B' e thogradh agus a mhiann a bhi leis a' chuid a b' fhiùghaile agus 'bu rìoghaile de'n t-sluagh a dh' fhalbh air thoiseach air :

“ Thig le càirdeas thar a' chuain,
 Osag mhin a ghluais gu mall,
 Tog mo cheò air sgiath do luathais,
 'S imich grad gu eilean fhlaithais.

Far 'm bheil na laoich a dh'fhalbh o shean,
 An cadal trom gun dol le ceòl,
 Fosglaidh-sa thalla Oisein 'us Dhaoil,
 Thig an oidhche 's cha bhi 'm bàrd air bhrath.

Ach O ! mu'n tig i, seal mu'n triall mo cheò,
 Gu teach nam bàrd air Ar-bheinn as nach till,
 Fair cruitt 's mo shlige dh'ionnsaidh 'n ròid.
 An sin mo chruitt 's mo shlige ghràidh slàn leibh."

Ge b' e ionad anns an robh talla Oisein 'us Dhaoil, eilean-fhlaitheis, no 'n Ar-bheinn air an robh flath an t-slàigh a' gabhail còmhnuidh, bha 'm bàrd a' meas gu'n robh làn chòir aig air a bhi leò sin. Tha e coltach gu'n robh a' bheachd cheudna aig Oisein, 'n uair a bha e féin agus an Cléireach a' labhairt mu nithe spioradail : 'Co,' ars' Oisein, 'a bhiodh airidh air flaitheas Dé mur a biodh e aig uaislibh na Féinne?' Mar a thuirt mi roimhe, tha e coltach nach robh dòchas air fhàgail aig gealtairéan, agus daoine suarach ach ionad na truaighe. Agus cha b' e idir teas agus losgadh an ionad sin a bha cur eagail air na seann Ghaidheal, ach fuachd agus fiuchachd. Tha bàrd àraidh nach robh 'g a dheanamh fhéin cho cinnteach a eilean fhlaitheis 's a bha 'm 'bàrd aosda, a' toirt a bheachd fhéin air an ionad sin :

" Is beag orm ifrinn fhuar, fhliuch,
 Aite bith-bhuan is searbh deoch."

Tha bàrd eile aig an robh beagan amharuis gur dòcha gu'm b' e an t-ionad sin a chuibhrionn fhéin air deir-eadh na cùise, ag innseadh cho beag tlachd 's a bha aige aghaidh a chur air a leithid a dh'àite :

“A thir nam pian gun bhiadh gun bhàigh,
A dhol a’ d’ dhàil b’e sud mo dheistinn.”

Ach ann an comh-dhùnadh, ceadaichidh sibh dhomh a ràdh gu’m bheil mòran de eòlas luachmhor a dh’ fhaodamaid fhoghlum bho eachdraidh ar sinnsir. Tha mòran ann an cainnt agus ann an eachdraidh ar sinnsir a tha airidh air a chumail air chuimhne. Agus bu chòir dhuinne mar Ghaidheil, agus mar chomunn Gàidhlig ar dìchioll a dheanamh ann a bhi ’g aiseag cliù agus cainnt ar sinnsir gun truailleadh, mar a fhuair sinn iad, sìos do’n ghinealach a tha teachd ’nar déigh.

Agus ’n uair a thig ar crìoch, ge b’ è Flaitheanas, no’n Ar-bheinn air am bheil na bithean ’is àirde, is sona, agus is glòrmhoire, a’ gabhail còmhnuidh, gu’m bi ar caithe-beatha anns an t-saoghal so a’ toirt aobhar dòchais dhuinn gu’m bi ar cuibhrionn shiorruidh againn leò sin.

[MAY 3RD, 1892.]

At the meeting held on this date, D. MUNRO FRASER, Esq., M.A., H.M.I.S., read a paper on “*The Gaelic Language as a vehicle of expression*,” which was as follows:—

THE GAELIC LANGUAGE AS A VEHICLE OF EXPRESSION

OR, CERTAIN OUTSTANDING FEATURES OF
HIGHLAND SPEECH.

The mode of saying a thing is almost as important as the thing said. “It was not so much what he said

as the way he said it." These words may apply to those inflections of the voice and those gestures of the person which give persuasive power even to extremely simple statements, or they may cover the selection of particular words and phrases and those deviations from the ordinary form and structure of sentences that add force, delicacy or charm to common language—points which in the aggregate are included in the term "style."

Style, or the mode of saying a thing, is in the first place a quality of the race: the features of the race are mirrored in the language. The language also takes its form from the time: it depends on the kind of civilisation to which the race has attained. Finally, it is the product of the genius and character of the individual, his intellectual and emotional power, the wealth of his ideas, the brilliance of his imagination, the tone of his soul. Briefly, to use the well known saying of Buffon, 'the style is the man,'—who speaks as he speaks because he is not only *himself*, but the result of a particular culture and the heir of a particular type of thought and feeling. In saying that the features of the race are mirrored in the language, all that is affirmed is that racial character influences speech, and the proof is that from speech we can infer racial character. Considering the depth of feeling, the fervour of utterance that forms so prominent a feature of the Gaelic tongue, one likes to think that there is something in the blood which corresponds to these qualities. And, therefore, I can readily imagine that a brother Highlander who knows not the language which welled forth in blessing from his mother's lips

depth of feeling
fervour

in days long past will, in attempting to master it, find something that is in closest touch with his inmost feelings, some reminiscences, as it were, of a previous world in which he once lived in the ancestry of which he boasts.

The materials available for forming a judgment in regard to the expression-power of the Gaelic language are somewhat ample in the region of poetry but scanty enough in the field of prose. And yet poetical talent, as we all know, is the property only of a few precious souls, while the gift of uttering words pathetic, or eloquent, or humorous, is widely distributed among men who lack the culture and the ways and means necessary to give their utterances literary form. We are lamentably deficient in certain kinds of prose literature, notably in works of oratory and of exposition. This unsatisfactory condition of things is partly to be attributed to the small and gradually diminishing number of those who can read or care to read anything written in the Gaelic language. Yet it is not too much to say that in the Gaelic-speaking as in the other branches of the Celtic race, the gift of oratory at least is innate. Our oratory consists almost wholly of spoken words, forgotten as soon as uttered. Two forms of Gaelic prose, however, exist, and the quality of it goes a long way to make up for its limited quantity. The two chief forms of Gaelic prose—in the modern idiom—are the Dialogue and the Tale. Conversation and Story—in these two categories, with all the wise saws and modern instances they contain, we must look for the peculiarities of language and

*deficient in
oratory &
exposition*

*Chief forms
Dialogue &
Tale*

thought that distinguish the Highlander. And the quantity is voluminous enough for inference and illustration. In a company of Highlanders two names at once occur to the mind in connexion with both examples, names always to be held in remembrance for genuineness of Highland character and for the work which that character prompted them to accomplish. I refer, of course, to *Dr. Norman MacLeod* of Campsie and St. Columba's and *John F. Campbell* of Islay. Other names suggest themselves, and in the Gaelic Society of Glasgow it would be unpardonable not to refer with honour to the writings of Mr. Henry Whyte ("Fionn") and his brother, who have done so much to preserve the distinctive flavour of idiomatic Gaelic prose.

The services conferred on Gaelic Literature by Dr. Norman MacLeod and John F. Campbell are widely different in kind. The one was an original writer of unique force and sagacity, the other was a collector of the strange and fantastic forms in which the imagination of the primitive Gael embodied itself. Dr. MacLeod understood the Highlander well; no man understood him better. Rare gifts of intuition and observation gave him a knowledge that no previous or later writer has attained. He possessed that essential quality of the Dramatist—the ability to put himself in the situation of his characters and to view things from their standpoint. Though grave and earnest in his rebukes, his heart was pure gold, and on all the foibles of the people he described he could look with a kindly eye, always observant of the soul of good beneath the husk of

outward appearances. He saw new things 'coming in'—*'S ann air an duthaich a thàinig an dà latha*—and he wished to prepare the Highlander for them. How well he does so, and with what knowledge of the heart of his subject—what skill he evinces in directing it and leading it, and what delight he imparts to his readers as he unbosoms it in its changeableness and contradictoriness, its waywardness and extravagance, its astuteness and devotion! He is in fact a representative man, the man whom we can point out to the whole world as the most genuine and complete example of Highland culture and feeling.

The Highlander as we have him in the *Teachdaire* or *Caraid nan Gaidheal* is a man who is respectful to his superiors—men recognised as superiors in those days—proud of his people, and so jealous of their reputation that his claims on their behalf seem occasionally to degenerate into pretension, so averse to innovations as to appear at times stupid and unreasonable. He is not devoid of humour; though a deep seriousness preponderates over the lighter qualities of his heart—due largely to the system of religion which he has adopted—his emotions are free, joyous and unrestrained. His refinement is not that of the modern drawing-room with its artificial conventions, but the refinement begotten of a naturally simple nature nurtured under the open conditions of country life. His language is often wildly extravagant; he has not yet learned to subdue his heart to suit the requirements of external decorum. Unlettered and uncultivated he may be, but he is not altogether lacking in the wisdom

that is ripened by intercourse with his fellow men; if he does make mistakes in the simplicity of his heart when dealing with the *coigreach* or *fear-lagh*, he displays extraordinary acuteness within the limits of his knowledge. In his views upon Railways and Steamers and the economic changes which their introduction has brought about, he is somewhat of a Ruskin, and can rail as roundly, or if you will, as soundly, as that modern prophet at the evils which new inventions bring in their train. His language in regard to facts or occurrences outside the beaten track of his life is largely tinged with caution. But what he feels, he feels deeply, and is apt to make his own feelings the standard of right and wrong for the whole universe. He is in fact—‘as one of our own poets (Matthew Arnold), has said’—a sentimentalist—his strength lies in feeling rather than in reason. He thrills with emotion and subsides into reticence only in the presence of those whom he fears will misunderstand him.

Passing now from the outstanding features of the typical Highlander as depicted by our master of Gaelic Prose, let us look at the language he speaks and attempt to deduce from it certain of its outstanding characteristics.

Looking at the language as a collection of sounds, I am not inclined to admit with Professor Blackie that it is “a very fine and polished dialect, rather too polished, somewhat like French and especially adapted for music.” It must be acknowledged, I think, that it contains a large number, I shall not say of barbarous and uncouth sounds, but certainly of sounds that to

the English ear are somewhat uneuphonious. The native Gael, to be sure, ought to experience no difficulty in acquiring the power of reading his own tongue and I cannot understand the apparent terror he exhibits in regard to a very easy and natural acquirement. But the Southerner who has no Highland blood in his veins and is unaccustomed to the muscular efforts which several Gaelic sounds—vocalic and consonantal—require for their pronunciation is rarely able to surmount the obstacles they present and his attempts to do so are often ludicrous enough. That the Gaelic language may be “soft, vocalic and mellifluous” *—we whose organs of speech are well developed have no reason to deny, but the profusion of gutturals which it contains places it far behind the Italian in respect of these qualities. But whether the Gaelic language is “soft, vocalic, or mellifluous” or not, it possesses other qualities of equal importance. The long drawn vocalization characteristic of so many words, and associated chiefly with the diphthongs or double vowels *ao*, *ea*, *eo*, *eu*, *ia*, as in the words *saoghal*, *dèanamh*, *smeòrach*, *feumail*, *cianail*, &c., renders it specially appropriate in elevated oratory, when an appeal is made to the primary emotions of human nature, when intellect is submerged by passion and the voice of the speaker represents by its modulations the yearning, the pathos, the fervour, the affection, or the scorn of the heart.

In the number and variety of mouth-filling sounds,

* See “Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands,” by Professor Blackie. The Professor’s words are in the main true of the *Irish* form of Gaelic.

Gaelic compares very favourably with Greek. *Donna-laich* nan cò, *burrallaich* nam pàisdean *gleadhraich* nan sràid, *buirich* nam bò, *meilich* nan caorach, *langan* an fhéidh, *briagail* na cloinne, *sglàmhrainn* nam ban—and similar words though they may not be derived from natural sounds are very well adapted to express the meaning they convey. Onomatopoeia, or the correspondence of sound with sense, whether deliberate or accidental, is richly represented in Gaelic as in other languages. Words like *ràc*, *glag*, *glòc*, *gog*, fitly represent the language of the poultry yard; *dùrdan* is an appropriate word for the cry of the wild duck; *miamhail* or *miagail* for the mewing of the cat; *bìdil* or *bìgil* for the chirping of wild birds; *bùirich* for the roar of the bull; *beucaich* for the roar of the lion; *tathunn* for the bark of the dog. Similarly *snagail* is the gnashing of teeth, and *glagan* is the clapper of a mill, the noise of the machinery, according to Dr. Norman MacLeod, appearing to say *theid againn air*, *theid againn air*—we'll manage it, we'll manage it. Then what more appropriate word could we have for a stammerer than *gagaire*? The noise of a liquid as it makes its way down the throat is *glug* which supplies us with such words as *glugair*, stammerer, and *glugach* stammering. A good many sounds which may be called onomatopoeitic only by an extended use of that term—and some of those I have mentioned may belong to that class—are nevertheless recognised as not inappropriate to the ideas they express as soon as they are uttered. Some of them appear to be expressions coined for an immediate purpose as “a

bheathaich ghrànnda *stur-shuilich*, *star-shuilich*,” “na h-eoin bheaga, *bhuchullach*, *bhachullach*.” Some again can be traced back to purely onomatopoeic roots as *glocair*, or *glogair*, a fool (evidently connected with *gloc* to cluck like a hen). In the language of contempt and irony the Gaelic language employs a large number of quasi-onomatopoeic terms. A diminutive person is called *gigean*,—a word whose very sound seems to indicate low stature—and if the diminutive person is ill-mannered as well, he is dubbed *isean* or young chicken. A talkative person is *gollomach*, or *giolomach*. Some of these words introduce combinations of letters which produce an irresistibly comic effect. Hence the unconscious humour (so to speak) of the Gaelic language. Place two Highlanders in a railway carriage and set them to talk what is called *seanachas* (a word of wide import meaning present day gossip as well as old world stories and traditions). Almost every sentence the one utters is received with laughter by the other. Get their words translated and you will wonder where in the world the joke comes in, but this is because in the process of translation the ‘humour’ of the words has evaporated. The mere pronunciation of these words appears to be provocative of laughter—much in the same way as the introduction into the conversation of homely and apposite proverbs. *Glocair* (fool) I have already mentioned. *Gleògach* (silly) conveys a similar meaning, and produces a similar effect. Compare also *sgaomaire* (indicative of intense disgust), *sgagaire*, *sgeogaire*, *sgiomlair*, *sgeòpaire*, *sgleothaire*, *spuinnead-*

airean gun nàire (applied to certain lawyers) and *sgealp* de dhuine (a wretched fragment of a man). It is noticeable that a large number of these laughter-producing words begin with *sg-* and *gl-* and similar combinations are not unknown in the old Scottish tongue. Compare skunner, scrub, skeigh, skelp, skoil, glower, glamour, gleg, gurlly, glaikit—some of which can be traced back to Gaelic originals, like the vulgar 'gab' (shut your gab, the gift of the gab) which is perhaps the Gaelic *gob*, the beak of the bird.

It is time now to turn to the qualities of the Gaelic language as we find them in connected discourse.

Besides the harmony or seeming harmony of sense and sound, which is revealed by the form of individual words, there is the similar effect produced by combinations of words in whole sentences. This kind of onomatopœia, however, belongs to poetry rather than to prose, and must be left out of consideration here.

Classical writers have distinguished three kinds of style—the simple, the temperate, and the sublime. It is not necessary to decide whether these three terms are exhaustive or not. They must be held as applying to any kind of writing as a whole and not to every individual part of it. We all know what simple language is, and what stately, dignified, elevated, sublime language is. According to Cicero temperate language is a mixture of the two. The one extreme, the simple style, may be practically distinguished from the other, the stately or dignified style, by the approximation of the phraseology to that of ordinary life, and by the absence of such rhetorical embellishments as are

remote from the ordinary way of thinking of what Wordsworth calls 'people who live in the country.' The elevated style is to be looked for chiefly in oratory, grave and earnest discourse, or exhortation on topics moral and philosophical, but it enters into conversation or story as often as the nature of the subject matter requires it. The comparative absence of certain forms of the elevated style in Gaelic is partly to be accounted for by the imperfection of the medium. In other words, the Gaelic language has become stunted in its development; it has not kept pace with the progress of civilisation. Nor is there a reading public ready to take up the words and thoughts of an eminent writer and make them current coin. New words are not diffused among the Gaelic speaking community by the sharpening of mind by mind. Hence many expressions used by Dr. Norman MacLeod in his conversations are understood only by the educated Gaelic-speaking Highlander, and even to him they not unfrequently come in a strange garb and with an unfamiliar sound. A writer like MacKenzie in his "History of Scotland" (in the Gaelic language) occasionally uses words which though intelligible almost give one the shivers.

It must be remembered, however, that there is a sublimity of language which is quite compatible with the employment of ordinary words intelligible to minds of the meanest capacity. Grandeur of idea may be expressed by words in themselves extremely simple: a familiar thing may become "divine in the utterance." We do not need to go beyond the first

*Gaelic not-
developed from
philosophical
language*

chapter of Genesis to understand this. "Let there be light, and there was light." This kind of sublimity occurs frequently in Gaelic story and conversation, as it does in all languages before they have been developed and perfected as a vehicle of philosophical thought.

Passing from this classical distinction I purpose here to bring before your attention three outstanding features of Gaelic prose. Three notes as it were ring out sharp and clear out of all the other notes that are characteristic of Gaelic expression, and the names of these I take as convenient headings (nothing more) for including what I have to say on Gaelic as a vehicle of expression, or Gaelic modes of speech. These three notes are (1) Simplicity, (2) Delicacy, (3) Intensity.

L.—SIMPLICITY.

Simplicity is characteristic of all primitive speech. By this term, I mean homeliness of diction ; freedom from ambiguous or involved constructions ; unimpeded utterance ; plain, downright outspokenness—in short, truth to nature, and the absence of conventionality and elaboration. The Gaelic language, as generally spoken, smacks of home and the hearth ; it is intelligible to the common man, the toiler and moiler in the fields, the hunter and the fisher, the cottar and the peasant who sit around the peat-fire. It is pre-eminently the language of the country, and not of the town—the language of a people who are accustomed to call a 'spade' a 'spade,' to be subject to natural bursts of indignation, to be joyous and free as nature dictates, and to weep with comparative unrestraint.

The Gaelic language readily lends itself to the expression of pathos or deep sorrow—and one of the essentials of deep feeling is that it should be expressed in simple language. Elaboration and finish, the introduction of far-fetched images and remote comparisons, are inconsistent with the eloquence of natural feeling. Thus the highly artificial framework of the language used by Macbeth after the murder of Duncan, proves that his horror is a feigned one :—

All is but toys. Renown and grace is dead,
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

The language is very beautiful, but the profusion of ornament with which it is overlaid only reveals the hypocrisy of the heart.

Now take as an example of genuine pathos the wretchedness of the old blind man in "*Long mhor nan Eilthireach*," and observe the means by which our sympathies are aroused. Here every word proceeds straight from the heart; there is an entire absence of affectation; there are no forced images. Death is referred to as a 'flitting'—an image quite familiar to the old man's experience: '*Air imrich cha teid mise gus an tig an imrich a tha feitheamh oirnn air fad.*' His grandchildren are the children of his love (*leanaba mo ghraidh*), his lovely branches (*mo gheugan aillidh*), they are all to him as eyes and as a staff to guide him on the road (*mar shuilean agus mar luirg dhomh*). Nor is the sentiment of sorrow really exaggerated—at least, when looked at from the proper point of view. Homer's heroes are not afraid to shed

copious tears. When Hector weeps unrestrainedly in taking leave of Andromache, when old Priam pours forth the bitter tear as he grasps the knee of Achilles, we feel that their prodigality of emotion is quite in keeping with the simple character of the times in which they lived. And so with the old Highlander, he is not ashamed to weep, and we feel inclined to weep with him :

‘ Dh’fhalbh sibh ! dh’fhalbh sibh ! dh’fhàgadh mise ’m aonar an diugh, gu dall, aosda, gun bhràthair, gun mhac, gun chul-taice ; agus an diugh, là mo dhunach—Dia thoirt maitheanas domh—tha thusa, Mhairi, mo nighean, m’ aon duine cloinne, le m’ oghachan geala, gaolach, a’ dol g’ am fhàgail.’

As component parts of the expression of the emotion, as indicative of its intensity no less than its simplicity, we may notice the exclamations *‘ là mo dhunach,’* &c., that impede the flow of grief, and the succession of phrases that prolong and accentuate the sorrowful mood. The depth of feeling that arises from the fresh impulse of nature is there. We hear the throbbing of the heart. No care is taken to stifle it. The language impresses us by the entire absence of cultivation ; it springs from the inmost soul, and speaks only to the mind that has for the moment discarded all ideas of art, and is prepared to submerge itself in the waters that gush forth from nature’s own fountain.

A very good example of the elevated simple style occurs in an interlude of the old man’s grief :

‘ Fhad’s is bèd mi, seasaidh Dia mi. . . . Dall’s mar tha mi, tha e fein, buidheachas da ainm, a’ toirt

domh sealladh air mo charaid a's fearr air a dheas-làimh.

In a simple community, the patriarchal relation is particularly strong. Motives for right action are derived from the recollection of forefathers. '*Bi thusa, mar bha do mhathair romhad, dleasnach,*' says the old man in the story from which I have been quoting; and again (with a reminiscence of the Hebrew formula—'The God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob'), '*Bithibh cuimhneach air Dia 'ur n-aithrichean, 's na tuitibh o aon deadh-chleachdadh a dh'fhoghlaim sibh.*' Memories of the past are always visible on the horizon of a Highlander's thought, and sometimes they make him strong for life and duty :

Lean-sa cliu na dh'aom a chaoidh ;
Mar t'aithreachan bi-sa féin.

In a simple community, also, the affections that cluster round home-life tend to receive prominence. The wealth of expressions of endearment in Gaelic is worthy of notice. They are almost all tinged with the picturesque, if not entirely poetic; indeed the poetic, as it exists among a primitive people, consists largely of the sublimely simple. As terms of endearment, we have in Gaelic—besides *mo ghradh*, *mo ghaol* (my love)—*mo rùn* (lit. 'my secret, or mystery'). Less common are *mo laogh* and *mo chuilean* ('my calf' and 'my pup' respectively)—terms used in the Western Islands, or perhaps chiefly in Skye. The word for 'heart' enters frequently into these expressions. Thus, a minister can address his people as *a mhuinntir mo*

chridhe ; a particular friend may be addressed as *a mhic (mo) chridhe* = son of (my) heart. The possessive pronoun may of course be omitted, and then we have such forms as *a ghaoil, a ghraidh*. Two of the most common terms of endearment used by a mother to her child are *m'eudail* (my jewel) and *m'ullaidh* (my treasure) or *m'ullaidh bhoichd* (lit. 'my poor treasure.') The use of *bhoichd* is peculiar here; it signifies a kind of helplessness in the object addressed. Other phrases of endearment are *a ghoistidh* ('godfather,' or gossip), *a chagair, a thasgaidh, a cheisd*, and *a bhuinneag*—the last used only of a girl. Some of these have lost their force as terms of endearment, and have become mere expressions of surprise ; cf. *eudail!* = dear me !

If it is objected to many of these expressions that they betray that exaggeration of fact that seems to be part of the Celtic character, it will be at least granted that they are quite as sensible as corresponding English expressions—such as, 'my duck,' 'my pet,' 'my own,' or the 'heart of my heart' and 'life of my life' of drawing-room songs. No doubt, also, some of these expressions (e.g. *fhir mo chridhe* = man of my heart) are now used simply as conventional or cant terms of address—as expressions of pure politeness from which all the pristine glow and fervour have departed. The inordinate use of them may lead to the supposition that they are what is vulgarly called 'blarney ;' but that must not blind us to the fact that they had once a meaning of a very real and personal kind, and that they may still be employed with sincerity.

The absence of endearment may lead to contempt,

and the vocabulary of words and phrases indicative of this particular passion is rich and varied ; cf. *a bhobaig*, *a bhurraidh*, *a bhodaich leibidich*, *shuaraich*, &c. A good many of these terms (such as *a bheist*) are not so ugly in Gaelic as when translated literally into English. But one and all they bear witness to the freedom of expression exercised by 'primitive folk,' and may be compared with Homeric compounds like *kynobares*, *kynopes*, which, to modern ears, are offensive in the highest degree.

We do not believe much now-a-days in the efficacy of blessing and cursing, although we have retained so much of the sentiments that inspire these acts as to express on proper occasions good wishes for our friends and bad luck to our enemies. In the "good old times" blessings and curses were regarded more seriously, and instances have been recorded of their having taken effect. And to look at the matter calmly and rationally there is really no element of superstition involved in believing that a blessing uttered with all solemnity, may so operate upon the heart as to lead to certain results in character and life, or, on the other hand, that the curse of a good man may work upon the stricken conscience of an offender as a worm that never dies and a fire that is not quenched. Formulae of blessing and of cursing exist in abundance in Gaelic. Besides the common blessings, *Slan leat! An latha 'chi 's nach fhaic! Mo mhile beannachd ort! 'Se do bheatha!* we have the more dignified *Soirbheachadh leat! Sonas 'nad shiubhal 's 'nad ghluasad.* Among imprecations may be quoted—*Marbhphaisg ort! Bàs gun sagart*

dhuit! Deireadh nan seachd Sathuirn ort! etc. Some of these curses derive their expressiveness from old customs that have passed away, and the gruesomeness of many of them reminds one of the hell-broth of Macbeth's witches and their awful chorus—Double, double toil and trouble!

A mode of speech specially characteristic of 'primitive folk,' and common enough yet among young people—from whose ways and actions a good deal of information can be gleaned regarding our savage ancestors—is to define a character by the addition of a cognomen or surname descriptive of an occupation, a habit, a prominent or distinctive quality, or a genealogical relation. The single name—the Christian name as we call it—was itself originally significant. Surnames like Baird (poet), Caird (worker in tin), etc., which were once indicative of professions or employments are also used without reference to their original meaning. Again we have names descriptive of distinctive qualities which in their Gaelic form are still significant, as *Alasdair mòr* (= Moir), *beag* (= Begg), *òg* (= Ogg), *buidhe* (= Boyd), *ruadh* (= Roy), *sgiobalta*, etc., signifying respectively, big, little, young, yellow, red, smart, Alexander. As in ancient Greece, a son may be described by the name of his father or grandfather, as *Alasdair mac Alasdair*, *Alasdair mac 'ic Alasdair* (cf Achilles the son of Peleus, Alcibiades the son of Clinias). Sometimes it is the occupation of the father that gives the family name, as, *Mac an t-saoir* (= Macintyre), son of the carpenter, *Mac an t-sagairt* (= Mactaggart), son of the priest, *Mac an aba*

{ = Macnab), son of the abbot. The number of surnames derived from ecclesiastical or religious occupations is somewhat numerous, as Gilchrist, *Gille Chriosd* (Christ's servant); Gilmore, *Gille Muire* (Mary's servant); Gillespie, *Gille an easbaig* (the bishop's servant), etc. Locality also supplies surnames, as, John (of) Dingwall, John (at the) Woodhead. The peculiarity of Gaelic is that this process of attaching significant names is quite active at the present day. As examples we have only to quote *Para Piobaire*, *Fionnlaidh Fiodhlair*, *Ali còir*, *Ali socaireach*, *Ali sean-athair*, *Màiri bean bhàn*, *Calum bàn*, and a number of those already mentioned. The habit of indulging in nicknames, so dear to the school boy, is ingrained in the modern Highlander. Stereotyped names, significant of nothing, do not commend themselves to him, no more than they do to the Red Indian, who dubs his friends with poetic feeling—'Pathfinder,' 'Dawn of the Day,' 'Bright Cloud,' etc. One class of names, those that describe a man by a complex expression, may be specially referred to—*Alastair-nan-each* (of the horses), *nan-car* (of the tricks), *nan-con* (of the dogs), *nam-muc* (of the pigs), are not uncommon. A character in one of MacLeod's Dialogues applies the term *Gille-nan-car* (tricky lad) to Napoleon Buonaparte. *Mac Crimein mòr nam feadan* (big MacCrimmon of the reeds, the great piper), *Fearchar a' ghunna* (Farquhar of the gun), Ali of the Petticoats (an Inverness character), *Ministear 'bhuntata* (the potato minister, whereby hangs a tale), *Nighean an fhuilte òir 's na cir airgid*, may be compared with the Homeric epithets, *polymechanos*, *tanypeplos*, and the

ecclesiastical Chrysostom. The method of description by a word in the genitive relation is applicable to things as well as persons (as *Glascho mòr nan stiopall*—big Glasgow of the steeples), and is of frequent occurrence in Gaelic poetry and in Gaelic proverbs (*cf. monadh nan sruth, sruthan nan ioma-ghaoth, I nam ban boidheach*)

The last example of 'simplicity' which shall be mentioned here is 'redundancy,' or the use of more words than are strictly necessary to make sense. *Latha de na laithean, an là 'rn a' mhàireach* seem to be instances of redundancy in single phrases. The frequency with which the conjunction *agus* occurs in common conversation is due to unconsciousness of the logical nexus that exists between different kinds of statement. Conjunctions like *do bhrìgh, a chionn gu*, &c., are comparatively rare in common speech, just because it is easier for the ordinary man to speak of incidents as following each other in succession than as connected by a chain of cause and effect. *Post hoc* is with him *propter hoc*. The infrequency of 'subordinate' conjunctions in *Homer* is known to all Grecians. In Greek, also, the definite article may be often translated by the relative, which itself is a development from it.

Redundancy—verbal superfluity, surplusage of words, or, as it is sometimes called in certain of its forms, pleonasm, tautology—is indicative of an unpremeditated or slovenly style of writing, inasmuch as it is far easier to say all that one has to say as words occur to the mind, than to condense it into language at once non-superfluous and sufficient. Superfluous words are used

very effectively in Gaelic as in English, in order to increase the force of any expression, and are entirely in place in cases of passionate asseveration, as, *Chunnaic mi e le n' shùilean féin*. In accordance with the simple and exact method of speech characteristic of the world's childhood, inordinate importance appears to be attached to the enunciation of details. The main action intended to be recorded is narrated with all the natural preliminaries. Biblical instances at once suggest themselves, as—"He fell on his neck and kissed him;" "he lifted up his voice and wept;" with which may be compared—"Bha sean mhial-chu de ghalla 'steach 's dh' aithnich i e 's leum i suas ri 'bheul agus 'na dheigh sin," &c. (Campbell's Tales). "A rithist thuit trì grainnean eòrn' eile, 's leum an calman-airgiod agus ithear siud mar an ceudna," &c. (Campbell's Tales). Compare also, as curious instances of redundancy, some of Eachann's expressions in Macleod's *Comhraidhean* (which I may literally translate), "It is to me that the cause of thankfulness is that I am alive, and that I was not blown up *in splinters in the skies*." "It is my opinion that if the train would have gone forward an hour *of the clock* longer, my brains would be like porridge *in the skull of my head*." The method of narration which consists in stating facts in the form of dialogue, and repeating these facts as often as it is necessary, exactly in the words in which they were originally uttered, is as common in the old Gaelic tale as it is in Homer and in the Bible. The same phenomenon is observable in conversation with its perpetual reiteration of *ars' ise, ars' esan*, &c.

Redundancy of language, besides making the obvious more plain, is one of the commonest instruments at hand for the expression of pathetic feeling. On the other hand, the enumeration of unnecessary details, especially when the logical nexus is not very apparent, often produces ludicrous effects. The thought is so lengthened out as merely to excite ridicule in minds out of sympathy with the mental attitude of the speaker. This is observable more especially in the English translations of Gaelic originals. Many Highlanders, with an imperfect knowledge of English, speak that language in a studiously correct manner; their enunciation of words and syllables is exact to the extent almost of affectation. This quality, and their attention to minute details constitute a distinct mannerism which novel writers like William Black have not been slow to utilise.

I pass now to the second note which was mentioned as a prominent feature of the Gaelic language :—

II.—DELICACY.

This feature is quite as compatible with simplicity of utterance as natural courtesy is with a free and open life in the country. The Gael is no doubt fond of calling a spade a spade, but sometimes he goes out of his way to call it a shovel. In all languages there exist contrivances for toning down the natural strength of statements, for preventing the shock which the mind would receive if truth were expressed in a categorical form. Life is so full of disagreeable things that an understanding seems to exist among all kinds of people,

civilised and uncivilised, to express disagreeable things in an agreeable way, to make assertions which fall short of the reality, to state acknowledged facts in a conditional or indirect form, or with studied intention to avoid the enunciation of legitimate deductions. Modern society goes further than this, and by conventional fictions, abhorrent to simple minds, represents a lady as *not at home* when she is not prepared to receive visitors, and not unfrequently "When shall I see you again?" is a polite invitation to take your departure in the meantime.

Delicacy of speech sometimes takes the form of what the Rhetoricians call *Euphemism*, as when *he died* is translated by *Chaidh an deò as*, or by *chaochail e* (he changed). In good conversational Gaelic *bhasaich e* is used only of animals (although it is the word commonly used for *he died* in the Bible). A common expression for the Devil, according to Sheriff Nicolson (see his Proverbs), is *am Muisean* (the mean rascal), and in one proverb he gets the name of *an Riobhach mòr* (the grizzled one). Cf. also *An t-Abharsair*, which is a translation of the English 'adversary.'

The Highlander is particularly fond of using what the old grammarians call the potential mood—i.e., positive assertions are frequently made in a quasi-conditional form. This form may be used for polite assertion, or for expressing recurrent action (cf. the Greek optative with 'an'). *B'e mo chomhairle dhuit* = *I se mo chomhairle dhuit*. So—*Bha té tighinn a mach an deigh té*, 's a h-uile té *'thigeadh a mach, theireadh i*, &c. (Campbell's Tales). *Thigeadh* fitheach

dubh an fhàsaich agus suidhear air sgòrr creige os a' cheann (Caraid nan G.). *Bheireadh* esan air a' ghaoth luaith Mhàirt a bha roimhe, &c. (Caraid nan G.) A lawyer asks a Highland witness: "Am faca tu an duine?" and he replies cautiously: "Cha *bhiodh* mi 'g amharc air."

Sometimes the 'delicacy' of expression attaches not to a single word or phrase, but to the manner in which the complete thought is expressed as a whole. A common saying in Ross-shire to express negation—which at the same time evinces an astute desire to avoid responsibility for an affirmation—is *Cha'n fhaod sinn a chreidsinn na h-uile a tha sinn a' chuintinn*;* and not unfrequently an expression like *Tha iad agràdh sin co dhiu*,† especially if given with an air of affected indifference, is an assertion of absolute fact. A very good illustration occurs to me in connection with a visit I recently paid to a Highland town. I met an old lady whom I recognised as an acquaintance of my early boyhood. I asked her if she was Mrs. MacPherson. "*Ma ta, s' e sin 'tha iad ag ràdh co dhiu*," she replied. The old lady had another way of expressing absolute certainty which she showed in the course of further conversation. Having been conducted to her husband, 'after salutation and duty done,' I ventured to remark (the old man was over eighty years of age): 'I suppose, Mr MacPherson, you are at your time of life thinking a good deal of the Promised Land.'—"Well," said his wife, 'if anybody will get to

* We must n't believe everything we hear.

† So they 're saying.

the Promised Land, it will be Iain Bàn.' It is rare for a Highland Christian to allow himself the pleasure of supposing he is actually going to Paradise ; he prefers to state his conviction in a roundabout way—if he states it at all. A conditional statement like the above occurs frequently in Campbell's Tales, where it greatly enhances the meaning of the consequential clause ; cf. *Chunnaic i tigh beag fada uaithe, 's ma b'fhada uaithe cha b'fhada bha ise 'ga ruigheachd. Chaidh e laidhe. Ma's moch a thainig an latha, is moiche na sin dh' éirich an righ.* A parallel construction occurs in Greek—thus : 'You have remarkably black hair for your years' is (literally) 'If anybody else (has), you have black hair,' &c. (*Ei tis kai allos, echeis pros ta eté melainan tén tricha.*)

Overt politeness is shown in English and in other languages by the use of such words of address as 'sir,' 'madam,' &c. Corresponding expressions do not exist in Gaelic unless such phrases as *a ghoistidh, mo cheisd,* &c., be classed in the same category. An occasional equivalent to the English expressions seems to be *le'r cead*: *Thàinig sibhse LE'R CEAD, ars 'iadsan, mar a gheall sibh.* The same phrase (= 'with your permission,' or 'with your leave') is used for toning down some disagreeable idea not fit for ears polite. I read recently an article which stated that, in the old days, when weaving was held in disrepute on account of the sedentary nature of the employment, the unfortunate follower of that vocation used to deprecate disfavour, and indicate the meanness of his trade by saying, when asked what his occupation was : '*Breabadair, le'r*

cead.' *Gabh mo leisgeul* is a frequent form of expression in similar circumstances.

The use of the second personal pronoun in the plural (*sibh* for *thu*) as a sign of politeness, or a safeguard against undue familiarity, is not confined to the Gaelic language. A similar usage occurs in the French. The Germans use the third person plural under the same circumstances. As this manner of speech is absent in Latin and Greek and in Old Gaelic, it is of course to be set down as a distinct mark of the rise of the modern spirit. This particular kind of culture, I am told, has not yet reached the Island of Arran or certain parts of the Lewis, where it is still the custom for young persons to address their elders and their betters by the singular *thu*, *thusa*. The singular pronoun is naturally the only one applied to the Deity, and I have heard tell of a Skyeman who justified the use of the *thusa* to his laird (who was indignant at being addressed with such familiarity) by representing to him that he ought not to take offence at being addressed in the same manner as his Maker. In the reservation of *thu* for the Deity, and for familiar and contemptuous purposes, extremes meet—just as in English 'sir' may express reverence for dignity or utter contempt.

One of the habits supposed to be characteristic of the Scotsman, is his inclination to answer a question by asking another ; but the tendency to give information by the employment of the interrogative form exists quite apart from this practice. It is another illustration of the desire to avoid making a direct statement. Thus : 'This is terrible' may be expressed

by *Nach eagalach so!* 'What a calamity!' by *Nach uamhasach sin!* These instances also exemplify the tendency in Gaelic to make exclamations in the negative form—as in the English, 'You don't say so!' 'I have nothing to complain of' is translated by *Carson a bhiodh mi gearan*. An element of surprise is added to such an utterance as 'I met Peter the piper' by rendering it in the form, *Co thachair orm ach Para piobaire!* Cf. also *Co ach iadsan!* Expressions such as these may be regarded as devices for imparting animation to the narrative, in which connection the tense forms ending in *-ear* may be noted here: cf. *Ann am prioba na sùla, FAICEAR an aon aite 'bu bhriagha a chunnaic mi riamh.*—*SUIDHEAR air cloich ghlais a dh'itheadh a' bhonnaich mhòir.*—(C.'s Tales.) The analogous function of the Latin historical infinitive is noted in Stewart's Grammar. Often the flagging attention of a listener is re-awakened by the familiar *An dluinn thu* and not unfrequently by such exclamations as *Mo chreach 's mo sgaradh! Fheara is a ghaoil!* But this rhetorical device belongs properly to the third division.

III.—INTENSITY.

By intensity of language I mean any device which imparts emphasis to particular words or animation to the narrative. There is a very close connection between the order of words in a sentence and certain mental moods. The usual order of the words in a Gaelic sentence is Verb—Subject—Object. This order is violated, not only for purely metrical purposes (as in poetry), but also for the purpose of producing a

greater effect on the imagination and the ear. A writer who changes the usual order of words in a sentence runs the risk of committing a solecism or of being misunderstood. Certain inversions are common enough in Dr. Macleod's writings, though I rather think that, so far as prose is concerned, the Gaelic language, like the French, does not lend itself readily to interference with the ordinary structure. A great writer, however, can naturalise changes which lesser men would scruple to be the first to countenance. In this matter nothing succeeds like success. If the alterations are pleasing to the ear and the fancy, they justify themselves, and may lead to the formation of a canon of good taste. I shall quote one or two examples of inversion :—

Bonn òir no tasan airgid—cha 'n 'eil a dhith air Caomhan (Caraid nan G.)—Air beannachd màthar 's mi nach dean tàir (Caraid nan G.)—Mìr, Mìr, ars' am fìtheach. Mìr cha 'n fhaigh thu, ars' mac Ghorla (C.'s Tales).

These are instances in which by a change in the so-called grammatical order of the words, some new force, either of dignity or of charm, is added to the expression. Similarly when an adjective that usually goes after the noun is placed before it, the meaning is slightly altered—the adjective is rendered emphatic, and the combined expression is intensified : Cf. Bha iad ag éisdeachd le mòr-chùram (le cùram mòr' would sound very flat). Thàinig an dubh-dhorchadas orm ('dorchadas dubh' is less poetical than 'dubh-dhorchadas').

The Gaelic language possesses a verb which by its very employment necessitates a complete change in the order of words. The rhetorical order is here the grammatical order as well, the inversion of words caused by the use of the verb being the only construction possible. Instead of *Thà an duine beannaichte* which is a plain categorical colourless statement we say *Is beannaichte an duine* which is "blessed is the man" (the stress being laid on the blessedness). So in Macleod we have '*S àrd t' iarrtas, òganaich, ars' an duine* (the expression is forcible and dignified as compared with *Tha t' iarrtas àrd*). As a matter of fact, it is by means of this verb *is*, whether it stands by itself or is followed by a pronoun (*e, i, iad*) or by *ann*, that most changes of order are produced in Gaelic. To the learner of the language this little word and its construction is very puzzling, the ability to use it aright being difficult to acquire. The following are one or two examples of the way words are affected when *is* begins a sentence :—

(1)—Emphasis of subject or object—noun or pronoun :—

Is e do mhaighstir fhéin a thuit riumsa, &c. (for *Thuit do mhaighstir*).

Am fear a rinn fad e, 's e a ni goirid e (double emphasis of *am fear*, which ought, properly speaking, to come after '*s e*). *Is mise an duine a bhitheas toileach.*

(2)—Emphasis of adjective :—

Is beannaichte na daoine tròcaireach.

Is sòlasach leam do ghuth.

Is *eòlach* air mi (for Tha mi *eòlach* air).

(3)—Emphasis of adverb (*ann* precedes the adverb in this case):—

'S ann *an sin* a bha 'bhanais, 's bi' bhanais i.

'S ann '*nur ceann* a tha an *eòlas*.

'S ann *agam* 'tha fios, &c.

(4)—Emphasis of predicate as a whole:—

'S ann a tha i 'n comhnuidh far am bheil sìth agus sòlas agus toil-inntinn.

The verb 'to be' can be used in a similar way in French and in English (*c'est moi qui . . .* = it is I who . . .). In Gaelic the verb *tha* cannot take the place of the verb *is* in any of the combinations mentioned above. So frequent is the use of the latter form of the substantive verb in Gaelic that it constitutes a distinct mannerism of the language. The Highlander is betrayed at once by his tendency to emphasise things in English in the ways indicated to him by his native idiom. Thus: 'It's a lonely house you will be going to.' 'It is many the time she will hef been with me in this very boat' (*passim* in William Black's Novels). 'It's the scales of Providence that would not do for a shop, whatever.'—(From Walter Smith's "Kildrostan.")

English writers have not been very successful in reproducing mannerisms of speech characteristic of the Highlander. These can easily be derived from a knowledge of such features of the Gaelic language as have been mentioned, or they may be obtained by one who will take the trouble to live for a time in the

Highlands and study the spoken language of the people at first-hand. Unfortunately, this is not always done. Writers prefer to evolve the peculiarities of Highlanders out of their own consciousness, or from the more or less faulty specimens of Highland English they get from comic papers or from the after-dinner anecdotes of ambitious *raconteurs*. Even Sir Walter Scott, with all his knowledge of the Celtic character, has credited Highlanders with expressions which never have been heard from the mouths of any one of them. The Highlander does occasionally (though rarely) confuse the English personal pronouns, but he never talks broad Scotch or the mixture of broad Scotch and bad English which Sir Walter invariably puts into his mouth. Nor does he make use of purely Irish expressions like *mavourneen* and *astore*! One cannot but regret that the great novelist did not consult a Gaelic scholar when he was revising his proof sheets. The secrecy connected with the production of "Waverley," of course, rendered this impossible. As matters stand, the number of Gaelic words he has corrupted or misspelt is appalling (*e.g.* he uses *Tighearnach* for chief). By the grandeur of his personality he has put into circulation a number of expressions which convey a totally wrong idea of the language of the Gaels, and his example has been followed by the lesser—sometimes the baser—multitude.

Mr. William Black and Dr. Walter Smith have been more successful than Sir Walter Scott, so far as the mere verbal reproduction of the language of the Highlands is concerned. Dr. Walter Smith, in his

“Kildrostan,” introduces an idiom* which is very characteristic of the Gaelic language. “It is not for you, woman, to be speaking of the laird and the shroud in one breath, *and him a brave young gentleman.*” All the constructions in this sentence are Gaelic but the phrase printed in italics illustrates a form of words which has not previously been referred to. The construction is quite common :—“Gabh a nios, òganaich” ars’ an seann duine, ‘s e ‘g éiridh.—“Eirich, a bhean, agus deasaich bonnach do d’ mhac mòr, ‘s e dol air thurus fada” (Caraid nan G.). Cf. :—

“How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I so weary fu’ o’ care?”

and again—The foe and the stranger would tread o’er his head, *And we* far away on the billow. The construction is quite characteristic of Lowland Scotch (only *and me* not *and I* is the usual form), but I am inclined to think that it was originally Celtic, like many other things that are popularly supposed to be ‘Scotch’—not excluding the Scottish people themselves and their national name.

[OCTOBER 25TH, 1892.]

At the meeting held on this date, PROFESSOR MACKINNON, Edinburgh, lectured on *The Classical Learning of the Gael*.

[NOVEMBER 29TH, 1892.]

At the meeting held on this date, Mr. DUNCAN WHYTE, Glasgow, read a paper in Gaelic, entitled

* I am obliged to Prof. Mackinnon for first drawing my attention to this point.

Earann de Eachdraidh nan Sean Rìghrean agus nan Linn a dh' fhalbh—A part of the History of the old Kings and of times gone by. Mr. Whyte has since published this lecture in pamphlet form.

[DECEMBER 20TH, 1892.]

At the meeting held on this date, MAGNUS MACLEAN, Esq., M.A., Glasgow, President of the Society, read a paper on *Skye Bards*, which was as follows :—

SKYE BARDS.

HUMAN aspirations have always at first taken the form of poetry. Even in Jewish history, as delineated in the Holy Bible, we find song the first and only medium by which to praise the Almighty, or record the heroic deeds of the Jewish heroes. And so it has been with all nations, the Celtic nation forming no exception. Hence, from the very beginning of the historical Celtic era, we find the people steeped in songs, and rhymes, and lore of all kind, transmitted from father to son by oral traditions for many generations. It is not my intention to deal with this floating poetry and heroic ballads, but to give you, in chronological order, the names of the poets and the poetesses who existed in Skye, and specimens of their songs—short specimens, if the songs are already published, well known, and easily accessible.

It would be folly to attempt in one paper any critical dissertation of their life and songs, as I find there are at least fifty who have an undoubted claim to be styled bards or poets. I have come across

many other names that I have not included in my lists. Indeed, every village or hamlet produces half-a-dozen rhymsters per generation. These, though of local reputation, can hardly claim to be styled bards. Many of those here included are little known, though the character and the variety of their compositions entitle them to a very high place among the Gaelic bards. I hope I may be able at some future time to take up one or more of those bards, and show, by references to their own works and published songs, that they thought deeply and composed well. For convenience of reference, I may divide them into the following classes :—

I. The poets of whom there are short biographies in *The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, by John Mackenzie. Many of their songs are included in this book.

1. Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh, or Mary Macleod, 1569 to 1674.
2. An Ciaran Mabach, or Archibald Macdonald, 1665 in Keppoch.
3. Lachunn Mac Thearlaich Oig, or Lachlan Mac-kinnon, 1665 to 1734.
4. William Ross, 1762 to 1790.
5. Donald Macleod, 1785 to 1873.

II. Poets, some of whose songs appear in various other collections. The history of some of them is very little known.

1. Pòl Crùbach, 1649.
2. Bean uasal de Chloinn Mhuirich a Trotairnis, 1650.

3. Sister to John Garbh Macleod of Raasay, or Nighean Mhic Ghillechalum Ràrsaidh, 1670.
4. Iain Beutan, 1700.
5. Dugald Macpherson (Dughall Liseadair), Troternish, 1700.
6. Rev. Donald Macleod, Grishornish and Duirinish, 1698 to 1760.
7. An Aigeannach, Sleat, 1680 (?).
8. Neil Macnab, Troternish, 1740 to 1818.
9. Rev. Norman Macleod, father of Caraid nan Gaidheal.
10. Ronald Macdonald, Minginish, 1810.
11. Angus Shaw (Aonghas Mac an Lighiche), Lyne-dale, 1815.
12. Roderick Campbell (Ruaraidh Mac Calum), Colbost, 1817.
13. John Morrison, published Hymns in 1828.
14. Baintighearna D'Oyly, went to India, died 1870.
15. Murdo Macleod, son of Alexander Macleod, Triaslan, 1810.
16. John Maclean, Waternish, died 1878.
17. Angus Macphie, Glendale.
18. Norman Nicolson, Scorra-breac.
19. D. Lamont, 1873,
20. Dr Macraird, Greenock, died 1888.
21. John Gillies, died in New Zealand.
22. Archibald Gillies, Troternish; he composed an Elegy on Rev. Roderick Macleod, Snizort, and an Elegy on Mr. Angus Munro—both published in book-form in 1874.

III. People who composed some very good songs,

duanagan, and rhymes, but of whom nothing is said in this paper, neither is there any specimen of their songs given.

1. Jean Macleod, sister to Mary MacLeod ; she lived at Dunvegan.
2. Flora Macleod, sister to Mary Macleod ; she lived in Troternish.
3. Donald Macleod (Dòmhnall Ruadh) ; he died in Toronto.
4. John Murray (Iain Og), Grishornish ; teacher in Eigg.
5. Sine Nic Leòid ; in Canada 1850.
6. Aonghas Ruadh ; Bracadale 1820.
7. Malcolm Nicolson, Braes ; teacher in Barvas, Lewis 1848.
8. Angus Stewart, Glendale.
9. John Macleod, Roag.

IV. Living poets.

Neil Macleod ; published a book of his own songs, 180 pages. [January 30, 1893—Second and enlarged edition, 378 pages, now ready.]

Mary Macpherson ; published a book of her own songs, 320 pages.

Alexander Nicolson,* advocate ; writes in English also.

Roderick Macleod	}	Three brothers ; their songs appear in <i>Ant-Oranaiche</i> and in Highland papers.
Neil Macleod.		
Murdo Macleod.		
Angus Mackay, Glendale, now in America ; none		

* Died on January 13, 1893.

of his songs are published.

John Macleod, brother to Neil ; a very powerful poet, who has not published any of his songs.

Alexander Macpherson, Sleat ; wrote some English verses.

Neil Ross ; gained the first prize at the first Competition of the Highland Association.

Maggie Maclean, Dunvegan ; she contributed a Highland Lament and a Lullaby to Parlane's *National Choir*, vol. i. ; she composed other pieces.

V. Skye songs—Authors unknown.

1. Taladh, by the Queen of Fairies.
2. Cumha Mhic-Cruimein.
3. C'àit an Caidil an ribhinn ?
4. Oran an Uachdarain.

These lists do not pretend to be complete ; but, I believe, they are the best attempt yet made. I have consulted a large number of books, so as to make as complete a list as possible. It would have been more instructive to classify the songs as to their subject-matter or as to their melodies, whether common or peculiar. This I have not attempted, though Skye songs are as varied in their subjects and objects as Highland songs generally. Many of them are elegies, many of them songs in praise of some chief, many of them love songs, marching songs, labour songs, boatmen songs, &c., &c. I hope that some one who has more time at his disposal than I have, will undertake this work, as it would

show the condition of the people of Skye better than any records of feuds and battles between chiefs.

MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RUaidh.

Màiri Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh, or Mary Macleod, was born in Rowdil, Harris, in 1569, and died in 1674 at the ripe age of one hundred and five years. Her father, Alexander Macleod, was a son of Alasdair Ruadh, a descendant of the chief of the Macleods. She was employed as nurse in the family of the Macleods of Dunvegan, and is said to have nursed five lairds of the Macleods and two of the Lairds of Applecross.

It appears she received no education, yet her songs are remarkable for boldness and originality, both in matter and metres. John Mackenzie, in his *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, says of her :—

“Mary Macleod, the inimitable poetess of the Isles, is the most original of all our poets : she borrows nothing—her thoughts, her verse, her rhymes, are all equally her own. Her language is simple and elegant ; her diction easy, natural, and unaffected. Her thoughts flow freely and unconstrained. There is no straining to produce effect—no search after unintelligible words to conceal the poverty of ideas. Her versification runs like a mountain stream over a smooth bed of granite. Her rhymes are often repeated, yet we do not feel them tiresome nor disagreeable. Her poems are mostly composed in praise of the Macleods, yet they are not the effusions of a mean and mercenary spirit, but the spontaneous and heart-felt tribute of a faithful and devoted dependant.”

Nine of her songs are given in the *The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*.

In *The Gaelic Bards*, by Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, a *Cumha do Shir Tormaid Mac Leòid* is given. It begins :—

O, mo chradhghal bochd,
 Mar a tha mi an nochd,
 'S mi gun tàmh, gun fhois, gun sunnd,
 Mi gun sùrd orm ri stàth,
 Is gun dùil ri bhi slàn ;
 Chaidh mo shùgradh gu bràth air chùl.

Another song by Mary Macleod is given in the Glenbard Collection, entitled *Do Ruairidh Mac Leòid 's na Hearradh* :—

'Tha mo chion air an Ruairidh,
 Fear na misnich 's a' chruadail,
 Choisinn cliù 's a fhuair buaidh ann san Olaind.
 Bu tu mac an laoich ghasda
 Nach do dhearbha bhi gealtach ;
 'S tric a thogadh leibh creach o Chlann Dòmhnail.

In *An Talla 'm bu ghnàth le Mac Leòid*, there are some excellent specimens of poetry. I shall quote one verse of three lines, which for terseness cannot be surpassed :—

'Tigh mor macnasach, meaghrach,
 Nam macan 's nam maighdean,
 Far 'm bu tartarach gleadhraich nan còrn.

Her chief seems to have been displeased at her for her poetic effusions. He evidently thought that his personal and family history was brought too much into public prominence by her songs, and in a fit of anger he banished her to Scarba, an island to the north of Jura. It was while here that she composed *Luinn-eag Mhic Lèid*, a translation of the first four verses of which I take from Pattison :—

Alone on the hill-top, sadly and silently
Downward on Islay and over the sea
I look, and I wonder how time hath deceived me—
A stranger in Scarba, who ne'er thought to be.

Ne'er thought it, my island, where rest the deep dark
shade

The grand, mossy mountains for ages have made ;
God bless thee ! and prosper thy chief of the sharp
blade—

All over these islands his fame never fade !

Never fade it, Sir Norman ! for well 'tis the right
Of thy name to win credit in council or fight—
By wisdom, by shrewdness, by spirit, by might,
By manliness, courage, by daring, by sleight.

In council or fight, thy kindred know these should be
thine—

Branch of Lochlin's wide-ruling and king-bearing line !
And in Erin they know it, far over the brine ;
No earl would in Albin thy friendship decline.

&c.

Professor Blackie translates this song also, and I give one verse of his translation :—

Clan Rory of banners,
Oh, never from thee
May another death message
Be wafted to me !
Rare jewel of mortals,
Though banned from my sight,
With my heart I thee worship,
Thou shapeliest knight.

The Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, in *The Gaelic Bards*, gives the following account of Màiri Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh (it is slightly different from that given by Mackenzie in his *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*) :—
“Mary Macleod was born at Roudal in Harris about the year 1590. She composed a great number of excellent poems, but only a few of them have been preserved. She was an ardent admirer of Sir Norman Macleod of Bernera, and was constantly singing his praises. Rory the Witty, who succeeded his father, Iain Mor, as chief of the Clan Macleod in 1649, was displeased with her for bestowing so much praise upon his distinguished uncle, and banished her to the Island of Mull. Rory died in 1664. He was succeeded by his brother John—Iain Breac. John, who was an exceedingly popular chief, recalled the poetess from Mull. She is said to have died in 1693 at the advanced age of one hundred and three.”

POL CRUBACH.

Paul Macleod was a son of Alasdair Ban Og, of

Lynedale. He was tall, erect, and very handsome. Stories are still current in Skye about the love episodes between himself and Mary Macdonald, eldest daughter of Iain Ruadh Macdonald, of Kinsaleyre. When her friends heard of this love affair, they confined her; but Paul found means of taking her away to his kinsman, Macleod of Rowdil, Harris, in spite of the vigilance of the watch set over her. Thereupon the Macdonalds invaded the Macleod country; and, in the fray that took place, Paul's leg was broken, and he himself taken prisoner. He was put into an open boat, without oars, which fortunately drifted to Harris, where he was taken care of by his friends and sweetheart. It is related that the remains of one of the Macleods of Dunvegan were carried in an open galley from Dunvegan to Harris by sixteen rowers—eight Dunvegan Macleods on one side, and eight Harris Macleods on the other side. Shortly after leaving Dunvegan, a dispute arose as to which side would pull better. Immediately thereafter, Paul, who was next the stern, broke his oar. He asked his next neighbour on his own side to change places. This oar was also soon broken; and so on, till seven of the oars were broken. When at last he sat down to the eighth oar—the one next the stem—he exclaimed: “Tha iomradh math 's an fhear so;” and he pulled against the eight on the other side all the way to Harris. Then it was found that his wooden leg, on account of his mighty exertions, had penetrated the bottom of the boat, and it was with difficulty that it could be got out! The best known song of Pòl Crùbach is *Iorram na*

Truaighe—Cumha do Iain Mac Leòid a chaochail sa' bhliadhna, 1649. It consists of twelve verses of eight lines each, and is of great poetic merit. It appears in many collections.

AN AIGEANNACH.

An Aigeannach seems to have been a daughter of Domhnall Gorm, Sleat, brother to Lord Macdonald of the day. The most of her songs were satires—or rather, lampoons—and it is as well that all of them are now almost forgotten. She was, however, a terror in her own day. One of her printable songs appears in *An t-Oranaiche*, entitled *Oran do Lachunn og Mac Ionmhuinn*, and another one of very high poetic merit is printed in *The Gaelic Bards* by Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair.

Probably Alexander Macdonald (Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair) came under the lash of her keen tongue. At any rate, we find him composing a most scurrilous song to her, as if in retaliation.* In the first edition of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's Songs, the composition is headed *Marbhrann Màiri Nigheann Iain mhic Iain, do'n goirteadh An Aigeannach*. From this heading some have tried to prove that An Aigeannach was a native of Moidart, and a descendant of the Clanranald branch of the Macdonalds. I have not investigated the matter sufficiently to be able to decide between

* No stress need be laid on this remark, for Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair would try to revile any one who dared compose a song; so that the fact of his composing a satire on the Aigeannach is no guarantee that he ever knew her: he would have heard of her as a famous poetess.

the two theories. The other party base their claim on Gillies's collection, where she is syled as "Nighean Dhonuill Ghuirm."

AN CIARAN MABACH.

Archibald Macdonald, better known as An Ciaran Mabach, lived in the latter part of the seventeenth century. He was a natural son of Donald Gorm Og, eighth baron of Sleat, and hence brother to Sir James Macdonald. He was a man of great sagacity, zeal, and bravery, and his brother was so pleased at the skilful manner in which he conducted the expedition against the Keppoch murderers in 1665, that he granted him a portion of land in North Uist. He composed many songs, most of which are lost. Two of them appear in the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," and another one in "The Glenbard Collection." We meet him at one time in Edinburgh, where he was consulting the doctors on account of a severe injury sustained by one of his legs. It was while here that he composed "B' annsa cadal air fraoch," probably one of his best :—

Ge socrach mo leabaidh,
 B'annsa cadal air fraoch,
 Ann an lagan beag uaigneach,
 'Us bad de'n luachair ri'm thaobh,
 'Nuair dh' eirinn sa' mhadainn
 Bhi siubhal ghlacagan caol,
 Na bhi triall thun na h-Abaid
 Dh' eisdeachd glagraich nan saor.

B'iad mo ghràdh-sa a ghreidh uallach.
 A thogadh suas ris an àird,

Dh'itheadh biolair an fhuarain,
 'S air 'm bu shuarach an càl ;
 'S mise féin nach tug fuath dhiubh
 Ged a b'fhuar am mios Màigh,
 'S tric a dh'fhuiling mi cruadal
 'Us moran fuachd air ur sgàth.

The following is a translation of some of the verses
 of this beautiful song :—

Though soft and easy is my bed,
 Magnificent my room,
 I'd rather sleep in Uigni's glade
 'Mong heather in full bloom ;
 Where I could rise at break of day,
 With Oscar by my side,
 To seek 'mong glens and mountains gray
 The stag of dark brown hide.

But my loved forest is afar ;
 Though here I may behold
 A forest huge, where mast and spar
 The shipwright's craft unfold ;
 But I encounter sights and smells
 That almost stop my breath—
 Would that I were on Ruthan's fells,
 Upon my own sweet heath.

Where I could see clean-limbed herd,
 Of airy form and crest,
 Stretching against thy side, Melard,
 By my fierce greyhounds pressed ;

Pressed by my hounds that never fail,
When slipped at deer or roe,
Whether in corrie, wold, or vale,
To lay the quarry low.

His description of the converse of the hart with his unsullied mate is exceedingly good :—

With joy he roams the mountains blue,
And valleys fair and wide,
'Mong heather bathed in pearly dew,
With his fond, faithful bride.
She sees but him, him only loves,
No other fills her eyes ;
Him watches, moving as he moves,
And in his bosom lies.

They traverse each romantic glen,
Browse on each secret lea,
Make love in every cosy den,
And wander far and free :
While here I pine in hopeless ward,
Nor mark my herd of deer
Fleeting across thy brow, Melard,
And on thy wolds career.

The same longing to get back to Skye is expressed in the last verse :—

Ah, me ! 'tis hard to wither here,
And smoke and fumes inhale
From dusky lanes and vennels drear,

And gutters dark and stale ;
 And bid sweet Skye of bays and dells,
 Wild glens, and mountains blue,
 Where all I love in comfort dwells,
 A long and sad adieu.

In connection with the expedition against the Keppoch murderers, it is on record that the Ciaran Mabach left his own house on Wednesday, reached Inverlair in Brae-Lochaber on Sunday, stormed and set fire to the block-house, slew the murderers, and sent their heads that same day to Edinburgh. Lieutenant Campbell says that this feat is not surpassed by that of Montrose when he marched from Fort-Augustus by Glenbuick, Glenroy, Dalnabi, and Lianachan, to Inverlochy, in one day. The defenders of the block-house consisted of an uncle and six nephews, who resisted so bravely that sixty of the besiegers were killed. Iain Lom, who was guide to the Ciaran Mabach on this expedition, says that there was not one of the seven, who "in an equal fight was not a match for ten."

Iain Lom composed a song in which he gives great praise to the Ciaran Mabach for his skill and bravery in this expedition :—

Slàn fo d' thriall, a chiarain Mhabaich,
 Shiùbhladh sliabh gun bhiadh, gun chadal ;
 Fraoich fo d' shìn' gun bhosd gun bhagradh—
 Chuir thu ceò fo 'n ròiseal bhradach.

&c., &c.

NIGHEAN MHIC GHILLE CHALUIM RARSAIDH.

John Garbh¹ son of Alexander Macleod, fifth of Raasay, was married to Janet, daughter of Sir Roderick Macleod of Dunvegan. He was drowned at the age of twenty-one, while on a passage from Stornoway to Raasay. It was to him that Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh composed the Marbhrann already mentioned. He had two sisters, Janet and Julia, one of whom composed a Cumha. Whether she composed any other songs we are unable to say :—

CUMHA DO DH-IAIN GARBH MAC GILLE-CHALUIM.²

'S mi 'nam shuidh' air an fhaoilinn,
 Gun fhaoilte, gun fhuran ;
 Cha tog mi fonn aotrom,
 O Dhi-h-aoine mo dhunach.

Hi-il o ho bha ho,
 Hi-il o ho bha ho,
 Hi-il o ho bha ho,
 Hi-il o ro bha eile.

¹ "There is a tradition among the people of Raasay that John Garbh was a natural son. According to the tales of superstition, the storm which occasioned his death was raised by a witch. His step-mother was anxious to get rid of John Garbh and make room for her own son ; so she hired the witch to set the winds and waves in motion. The witch raised the storm by boiling water in a pot over the fire. She had a small dish of some kind in the pot. When she saw that this dish was upset, she knew that Iain Garbh and his men were drowned. All at once she repented, and exclaimed—'Tha mo creach deante.'"—Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, in "The Gaelic Bards from 1411 to 1715." - 13

² Professor Mackinnon tells me that there are four verses in the Fernaig MS., by Mac Gille Chaluum Rarsaidh.

The whole of this song appears in Gael vol. VI., 280, set to music in both notations. Lachlan Macbean gives a translation of it in his "Songs and Hymns of the Scottish Highlands."

IAIN BEUTAN.

Iain Beutan was one of the Beatons from Harlosh, in the parish of Duirinish. His song to Nighean Thearlaich Oig an Sgalpa an t-Stratha is very good. I shall quote the last two verses of it:—

'S tu reula nan òighean,
 'S tu 's bòidhche na càch,
 'S tu 'n canach, 's tu 'n neòinean,
 'S tu 'n t-sòbhrach fo bhlàth ;
 'S tu 'n coimeasg 'tha òr-bhuidh',
 'S tu 'n ròs 'th' air dhreach là ;
 'Chur an aithghearr an sgeòil so,
 'S tu 'n t-Seònaid gheal thlàth.

'Si mo chomhairle féin dhuit,
 'S na tréig i gu beachd,
 Ma 's a h-àill leat gu 'm buannaich
 'S gun cnuasaich thu 'n sgeap,
 Theirig timchioll na géige
 'S na glac éislean 'ad bheachd,
 Ach a chaidh na cuir dùil
 Ann sa chraoibh nach lùb leat.

LACHUNN MAC THEARLAICH OIG.

What we know of Lachlan Mackinnon's songs, and many of them, we believe, are lost for ever, compels us

to give him a very high place among the Gaelic bards. He was born in the parish of Strath in the year 1665. He was son of Tearlach Og, son of Charles Mackinnon, a near relative of Mackinnon of Strath. His mother was Mary Macleod, daughter of John Macleod of Drynoch. His parents being in good circumstances, engaged a tutor for their family. Lachlan showed such proficiency and aptitude, that, at the age of sixteen, he was sent to the Academy of Nairn, a school that was then held in high repute, and to which lads from all parts of the Highlands were sent. Lachlan here was easily dux, not only in the acquiring of a sound knowledge of Latin and Greek, and the other branches taught, but in all athletic exercises and feats of strength. During the three years he remained in the school, he composed several English ditties, which, however, are not to be compared with those he afterwards composed in Gaelic. It is to be regretted that such an able man did not write more of his songs.

When he was twenty-three years of age he married Flora, daughter of Campbell of Stroud in Harris. From his chief he rented Breakish and Pabbay, and here he lived peacefully and contented, respected by all, till the death of his beloved wife, some years afterward. Her death was a severe blow to him. He could no longer stay in the place, and he removed to Kintail. This was but jumping from the frying-pan to the fire, and four years after, he returned to Skye. While on a visit to Inverness twelve years after his wife died, to see some of his old school companions, he was prevailed upon to marry a widow of the name

of Mackintosh. This wife seems to have been proud, peevish, and cross. The marriage was a very unhappy one, and the rest of his days were full of grief and misery. He died in the year 1734, aged 69 years. His funeral was the most numerously attended ever witnessed in Skye. Most of the Highland chiefs, with their retinue, were there, and seven pipers followed the bier to the old Churchyard of Cillchrist (Cille-Chriosda). Four of his songs appear in the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," and a few in other collections, notably "Cumha Mhic Leòid Thalascair," in "The Gaelic Bards," a song composed to John 2nd of Talisker, who was married to Janet, only child of Alexander Macleod of Grishornish. One verse will serve as a specimen :—

Gu'n robh thu ciùin is macanta,
 Gun sraing, gun chais, gun chriona,
 Gun tnù, gun fheall, gun seacharan,
 'S tu scapach, pailt is crionnta.
 Bu tiodal ceart duin uasail sin
 Gu'n robh thu suairc a'd ghiùlan,
 Gu sunntach, suilbhir, fàilteachail,
 'S do chridhe blàth gun lùb ann.

One of his best is "Latha siubhal sléibhe." It seems to have been composed at a time when he was not so welcome in the halls of the chiefs as was the wont. He imagines he met in the fields, Generosity, Love, and Liberty, who for the time being were, like himself, neglected in the places where they used to be welcome.

LATHA SIUBHAL SLEIBHE.

Latha 'siubhal sléibhe dhomh,
 'S mi falbh leam féin gu dlùth,
 A chuideachd anns an astar sin
 Air gunna glaic 'us cu ;
 Gu'n thachair clann rium anns a' ghleann,
 A' gal gu fann 'chion iùil ;
 Ar leam gur iad a b' àillidh dreach
 A chunnacas riamh le m' shùil.

Gu' m b' iognadh leam mar thàrladh dhoibh,
 Am fàsach fad air chùl,
 Coimeas luchd an aghaidhean
 Gun tagha de cheann iùil,
 Air beannachadh neo-fhiata dhomh,
 Gu 'n d' fhiaarach mi—"Có sud ?"
 'Us fhreagair iad gu cianail mi
 Am briathraibh mìne ciùin—

"Iochd, 'us Gràdh, 'us Fiùghantas,
 'Nur triùir, gur e ar n-ainm,
 Clann nan uaislean cùramach
 A choisinn cliù 's gach ball ;
 'Nuair phàigh an fhéile cìs do 'n Eug,
 'S a chaidh i féin air chall,
 'Na thiomnadh dh' fhàg ar n-athair sinn
 Aig maithibh Innse-Gall."

And so they go on inveighing against the tyranny that exiled them from the hearts and halls of Highland lairds.

REV. DONALD MACLEOD.

Donald, third Macleod of Grishornish, composed several very good songs. The first Macleod of Grishornish was Donald, fifth and youngest son of Sir Roderick Mor Macleod of Dunvegan. Donald, the subject of our remark, was educated at Aberdeen University, where he graduated in April, 1718, at the age of 20. He thereafter studied for the ministry. He was first settled in the parish of South Uist. In the year 1754 he was translated to Duirinish, in Skye, where he died on January 12th, 1760. In 1728 he married Miss Ann Maclean. It was a custom in the Island of Skye to meet the bride coming forth in the morning from her chamber, and to salute her with a poetical blessing. None having been found ready or worthy to salute his bride, it is related that he himself came forward and saluted her with the following beautiful poem :—

BEANNACHADH BAIRD.

Mìle fàilte dhuit le d' bhréid ;
 Fad' an ré gu 'n robh thu slàn.
 Mórán làithean dhuit 'us sìth
 Le d' mhàitheas 'us le d' nì 'bhi fàs.

A' chulaidh-chéile-s' a chaidh suas
 'S tric a tharruing buaidh air mnaoi ;
 Bì-sa gu subhailceach, ciallach,
 O thionnsgainn thu féin 's an treubh.

An tùs do chomh-ruith 's tu òg ;
 An tùs gach lò iarr Rìgh nan dùl ;

Cha'n eagal nach dean E gu ceart
 Gach dearbh-bheachd a bhios 'n ad rùn.

Bi-sa fialaidh—ach bi glic ;
 Bi misneachail—ach bi stòld' ;
 Na bi bruidhneach 's na bi balbh ;
 Na bi mear no marbh, 's tu òg.

Bi gléidhteach air do dheadh ainm ;
 Ach na bi dùinte 's na bi fuar ;
 Na labhair fòs air neach gu h-olc,
 'S ged labhrar ort na taisbean fuath.

Na bi gearanach fo chrois,
 Falbh socair le cupan làn ;
 Chaoidh do 'n olc na tabhair spéis,
 'Us le d' bhréid ort, mìle fàilt' !

Rev. Mr. Souter, successor to the successor of Rev. Donald Macleod, gave the following translation of this beautiful poem :—

Oh, now that matron couch proclaims thee mine,
 May health without alloy be ever thine.
 Long be thy days, and undisturbed thy peace,
 Still may thy virtues, still thy stores increase.
 Oft in that dress, in which thou'rt now arrayed
 Have woman's brightest virtues been displayed.
 May thine be so : and as thou hast begun
 In Life's gay spring thy wedded course to run,
 To heaven's *High King* each morn thy progress
 address,
 And hope from him all that thy day can bless.

Learn to be hospitable, not profuse ;
 True spirit show and yet due caution use.
 Talk not too much, yet be not always mute ;
 Thy years nor giddiness nor dulness suit ;
 From sudden friendship guard thyself with care ;
 And yet of coolness and reserve beware.
 Speak ill of none, and should it be thy fate
 To be reviled, never give place to hate ;
 When fortune frowns be to the lot resigned ;
 And when she smiles lift not too high thy mind.
 So every virtue shall thy path adorn,
 Thus, thus I hail thee on the bridal morn.

I may set against this the song composed by Neil Macleod, entitled "Beannachadh Leannain," and in which the bride is invoking a blessing on the reverend bridegroom :—

BEANNACHADH LEANNAIN.

Beannaich thus, a Rìgh na cruinne,
 An t-Urramach Maigh'stir Dùghall.
 Dóirt a nuas o dhriùchd nan speur air
 Na chumas a gheugan sùghmhor—
 Dh' fhairich mise brìgh 'n a bheannachd,
 'Sgaoileadh tharam mar ol-ungaidh ;
 Na feartan, nach fhaod mi àicheadh,
 Thàinig orm le blàths o 'dhùrachd ;
 Cha 'n 'eil ball na m' cholainn uile,
 Bho mo mhullach gu mo lùdaig,
 Nach 'eil cho ùrail ri duilleig,
 Riamh o ghuidh e leam 'n a ùrnuigh—

Beannaich e gach moch Di-dòmhnach.
 Bi 'dol còmhlath ris do 'n chùbaid.
 Beannaich e fodh 'aid 's fodh 'chleòca,
 'S an treud gòrach 'tha fodh chùram.
 Thoir dha gliocas glan gun fhòtus
 Gu bhi 'g an seòladh do d' ionnsuidh,
 'S ag àrach gach meanglan breòite
 'Tha fodh iomadh leòn air lùbadh.
 Ach O ! dìon e bho gach buaireadh
 A tha buailteach do gach dùilidh ;
 Gu h-àraid o shùil nan gruagach,
 Tha 'n an saighdean luaineach sùgraidh ;
 'S 'n uair a bhios am muineil gheala
 'S am bilean meala 'ga dhùsgadh,
 Mu'm bi 'inntinn air a truailleadh,
 Sgaoil do bhrat gu luath mu 'shùilean.
 Cum o 'shealladh an sùil lurach,
 'S an calpannan cruinne dùmhail,
 'S an cìochan gucagach soluis
 A dh'fhaodadh a chogais a mhùchadh.
 Na leig gu bràth e as do shealladh,
 Cum gu caithriseach 'na dhùisg e
 Air eagal gu'n caill e 'chòta
 'G iarraidh phògan anns na cùilean.

DUGHALL LISEADAIR.

Dugald Macpherson or Dùghall Mac Mhuirich, from Troternish (1700), seems to have been more of a hymnologist. At any rate, his best known composition is "Laoidh mu'n Bhàs." There are thirty-six verses in it, from which I quote the first three :—

An cluinn thu 'dhuine, bi air t' fhaicill,
 'S madainn na h-aisèrigh dlùth dhut ;
 Eisd an trompaid 's thoir an aire,
 Guth an aingil 'thig dh' ad' ionnsuidh.

Ge socair thu air do leabaidh,
 Cuimhnich gur h-aithghearr an ùine ;
 'S ma tha cùram ort mu d' anam
 Greas ort gu h-ealamh 's dian t' ùrnuigh.

Cha'n i 'n ùrnuigh ghoirid, fhionnar,
 Cuimhnich, a dhuine, nì cùis dhut ;
 Bheir an ùrnuigh nì dhut buinnig,
 Ort gu 'n guil thu air do shùilean.

WILLIAM ROSS.

William Ross is a poet of a very high order of merit—"one of the sweetest minstrels the Highlands has produced." He was born at Broadford in the year 1762. His mother was daughter to John Mackay, the celebrated Piobaire Dall.*

While William Ross was still young his parents removed to Forres. Here Ross attended school, and it is related that he made unusual progress in his studies.

* Professor Blackie makes a serious mistake about this, which he repeats twice in his "Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands"—"his mother was a native of Gairloch, in Ross-shire, a daughter of the famous blind Allan the Piper," and again "*Ailean Dall* or Blind Allan, Ross's father-in-law." That is, in one place he makes Ailean Dall to be Ross's grandfather, and in another place to be his father-in-law. Ailean Dall was born in 1750, only 12 years before Ross's birth.

Thereafter his father started as a travelling pedler, and William, his son, accompanied him. In this manner he acquired an extensive and accurate acquaintance of the various dialects of the Gaelic language, as well as useful knowledge about men and manners. During these wanderings he composed many of his songs. After some years of this sort of travelling he returned to Gairloch, where he was appointed to conduct the parish school of that place. He seems to have been exceedingly successful as a teacher. He was loved and esteemed by a large circle of friends, not only for his excellent playing on the violin and flute, his artistic singing of his own and other poets' songs, but for his pleasant humour and good-fellowship. But his career was cut short by a combination of asthma and consumption in the year 1790, the twenty-eighth year of his age.

The songs of William Ross are well known, so I shall content myself by quoting two verses from "Cuachag nan craobh," a song in which he indulges in melancholy and painful reflections in consequence of his love disappointments:—

Thuit mi le d' ghath, mhill thu mo rath,
Strìochd mi le neart dòrainn;
Saighdean do ghaoil sàit anns gach taobh,
'Thug dhiom gach caoin còmhlaith,
Mhill thu mo mhais, ghoid thu mo dhreach,
'S mheudaich thu gal bròin domh;
'S mur fuasgail thu tràth, le t'fhuran 's le t'fhàilt',
'S cuideachd am bàs dhòmhsa.

'S cama-lubach t'fhalt, fanna-bhui 'nan cleac,
 'S fabhrad nan rosg àluinn ;
 Gruaidhean mar chaor, broilleach mar aol,
 Anail mar ghaoth gàraidh—
 Gus an cuir iad mi steach, an caol-taigh nan leac
 Bidh mi fo neart cràidh dheth,
 Le smaointinn do chleas, 's do shùgradh ma seach,
 Fo dhuilleach nam preas blàthmhor.

Mr. Pattison gives the following translation :—

Yet nought to me but a sting all her bright beauties
 bring—

I droop with decay and I languish ;
 'There's a pain at my heart like a pitiless dart,
 And I waste all away with anguish.
 She has stolen the hue on my young cheek that grew,
 And much she has caused my sorrow ;
 Unless now she renew with her kindness that hue,
 Death will soon bid me " Good-morrow."

The curl of her hair was so graceful and fair,
 Its lid for her eye a sweet warden ;
 Her cheek it was bright, and her breast linny white,
 And her breath like the breeze o'er a garden.
 Till they lay down my head in its stone-guarded bed
 The force of these charms I feel daily,
 While I think of the mirth in the woods that had birth,
 When she laughed and sported gaily.

Neil Macleod in the song which he composed,
 "Aig Uaigh Uilleim Rois," says :—

Am measg nam bàrd a thog ar tìr
 Cha robh a h-aon dhiubh 'sheinn r'a linn,
 A dhùisgeadh suas ar bàigh 'g a chaoidh,
 Cho sèimh ri Ros.
 An ùine ghearr bha 'chlàrsach bhinn
 A' seirm a bhos.

NEIL MACNAB.

Neil Macnab lived during the latter half of last century. His great-grandson, J. Macnab, is the present admirable teacher of Kilmuir, in Troternish, and it is from him that I got the following account of Neil Macnab. In his letter to me Mr. J. Macnab says :—

“After some delay, I beg to send you the very few notes I have been able to gather of my great-grandfather's life. My father knows less about his life than I would like, and, of his songs, he has plenty fragments, but no complete piece. A much rarer art than that of the rhymster, at least nowadays, in the Highlands is that of musical composition. There are in Kilmuir several lively Strathspey tunes on a peculiar musical mode, some of which were composed by the subject of Macnab's lament, and others by a young woman who was dairy-maid in the Duntulm family, and to whom young Martin formed a romantic attachment which terminated only with his death. These tunes, I think, have not hitherto been published. They are known here as “Puirt Beathaig” (Beathag was the dairy-maid's name); and our local fiddlers

always raise the third and fourth strings of the fiddle a whole tone before commencing to play them. I am sorry I cannot take down music else I would "fix" them and send them to some competent authority to see if they are really original."

Neil Macnab was born at Bayhead, Waternish, about 1740. When he grew up he entered the service of Fear-a-Bhaighe, and became his manager. Master and man, however, quarrelled about a woman, and Macnab left that part of the country altogether, and went to Kilmuir, a part of Macdonald's estates. When Macnab was leaving his native place, or rather shortly after arriving at Kilmuir, he composed a song, still popular in Skye, and of which the following is one verse and the chorus:—

Mo chridhe trom 's duilich leam,
'S muladach a tha mi;
Bho 'n chuir mo leannan cùlthaobh rium
Te ùr cha téid 'na h-àite.

Marbhphaisg air a' ghòraiche,
Gur fhada beò gun bhàs i;
Gu'n shaoileam rinn mi teicheadh bhuaith
'Nuair ghabh mi m' chead 's a' Bhàgh dhith.

Mo chridhe, &c., &c.

With all his *gòraiche* he seems to have fallen on his feet in Kilmuir, for shortly after his arrival there, he was befriended by Martin Martin, chamberlain of the newly created Lord Macdonald. He enjoyed Martin's patronage, till the death of the latter, in the prime of

life, plunged the whole country-side into mourning, and called forth from Macnab the lament, of which several verses are given below. He had a piece of land at Kilvaxter, in the parish of Kilmuir, was married to a relative of the famous Doctair Bàn Mac Leoid, and had a family of two sons and two daughters. He died about 1818.

Martin's lament, as it appeared in the *Northern Chronicle* eight or nine years ago, consists of twenty verses of eight lines each. This note is prefixed:—
“Mr. Martin was a descendant of the old family of the Martins of Duntulm. He was popularly known as Màrtainn a' Bhealaich, from his having occupied the lands of Bealach, near Duntulm. He was chamberlain of Lord Macdonald of the Isles, in which capacity he not only earned for himself great popularity, but even won the love and gratitude of all with whom he came in contact. He was remarkable for his great personal strength. He married a daughter of Macleod of Raasay, sister of the Countess of Loudon, and had by her two daughters—one who was married to Count Maurin, and the other to Mr. Martin Martin of Tote. The well-known Rev. Donald Martin, first of Kilmuir, and latterly of Abernethy, Strathspey, was his youngest brother. This gentleman was grandfather to Sir Donald Martin Stewart, so well known to fame as Commander-in-Chief in India. The well-known and justly celebrated Sir Donald James Martin of Loudon, and formerly of Calcutta, was his nephew. At the time of his death Mr. Martin Martin lived at Lachasay, near Duntulm.” The ai

to which the lament is sung is of the most plaintive description :—

Nam b' fhear focail no dàin mi,
 Bho 'n la thiodhlaic iad Màrtainn 's a chill,
 Mar chuimhneachan bàis ort
 Bheirinn greis air do nàdur math inns'.
 Na b' fhaide na d' eòlas
 Bha gach teisteanas còir a' dol dhiot,
 'S mairg fin' as na dh' fhalbh thu
 Bha na h-uile deadh ainm air do ghnìomh.

Ciod a bhuaidh a bh' air duine
 Nach robh suas riut bho d' mhullach gu d' bhròig?
 Bha thu macanta, sìobhalt,
 Cha togadh tu strìth san tigh-òsd ;
 Làn céille 'us gliocais
 An iomadaidh tuigse na 's leòr,
 Cuimhneach, purpasach, ciallach,
 'S cha robh mealladh am briathraibh do bheòil.

Bha thu foghainteach, làidir,
 Bha thu spioradail, tàbhachdach, ciuin,
 Dreach an t-samhraidh mar shnuadh ort,
 Cha robh naimhdeas no fuachd na do ghnùis.
 Fiamh a' ghàir air do mhalaidh,
 Pailt-bhlàths ann an sealladh do shùl,
 'S mor a chlaoidh thug do bhàs
 Do na mhuinntir a dh' fhàg thu san Dùn.

REV. NORMAN MACLEOD.

Rev. Norman Macleod, minister of Morven, father of Caraid nan Gaidheal, and son of Donald Macleod

of Swordale, near Dunvegan, who was there better known as Gobha Shuardail, composed at least two songs, which appear in Ronald Macdonald's collection :—

1. Oran a rinn duine uasal àraid do dhuin' uasal eile.
2. Oran a' gabhail a chead do 'n Eilean Sgiathanach.

RONALD MACDONALD.

Raonull Mac Iain mhic Eoghain, or Ronald Macdonald, was a native of Minginish, Skye, and lived there as a grievie during the first quarter of this century. He composed several very excellent songs, and we may mention—

Marbhrann do dh' fhear 'Thalascair (1778).

Oran an Acrais.

Oran do dh' each crosda 'sa Chlaigionn.

Oran do 'n Chreig Mhóir?

Oran an Uisge bheatha.

Oran, a rinneadh do choille bhig a bh' anns an Eilean Sgiathanach, mar gu'm b'i fein a bha 'ga dhèanamh.

The most of these songs are given in Donald Macleod's collection, published in 1811. In "An t-Oranaiche," at page 476, is given a song, entitled "Cuach Mhic-'ill-Andrais," which is a conglomeration of the song by Ronald Macdonald, "Oran an Uisge-bheatha," and of one other, or several others, evidently of a much inferior calibre. I shall give as specimens one verse from "Oran a Rinneadh do Choille," and two verses from "Oran an Acrais":—

ORAN A RINNEADH DO CHOILLE, ETC.

Bu bhadanach, soilleir, sùghmhor
 An cruth an robh mi 'san àm sin
 Gu flùranach, duilleach, àluinn,
 'S mi 'g éirigh ri blàths an t-shamhraidh,
 Gu miarach, meanglanach, duilleach,
 Gu h-ianach, ribheideach, ceòlmhor,
 Gu bocach, maoiseagach, meannach,
 Nach iarr 'san earrach an cròdha.

ORAN AN ACRAIS.

Gur h-eòlach air an acras mi,
 Tha theachdaireach'd neo-inntinneach ;
 Gur tric a thug e turraig orm,
 An uiridh roimh àm-dinnearach ;
 Am fear a bhios na dhraghair
 Neo adhartach neo-inntrigeach,
 Cho luath 's a gheibh e eòlas air
 Cha deònach leis a chuidhteachadh.

'Thug e na h-ochd seachduinean
 Air fasdadh 'na mo theaghlach-sa ;
 Dh' fhiach e ri mo sporan,
 Fhuair e cothrom math air fhaochadh ;
 Thug e gach nì b' urrainn duine
 A bhuileachadh dhe 'n t-saoghal dhiom ;
 Cha mhór nach d' thug e bàs dhomh,
 Ach gu 'n d' fhàg e 'na mo Raonull mi.

Ronald Macdonald was not only a real poet, but a great wit. One anecdote will suffice to carry out this remark :—He and Fear an Rudha met one day.

“Ma ta, Raonuill,” arsa fear an Rudha, “’s e mo fhradharc fhéin a tha ’dol air ais.” “Ma ta,” arsa Raonull, “nach neònach leibh e, fhir an Rudha, ’s ann a tha mo fhradharc-sa a’ dol na ’s fheàrr.” “Tha sin neònach gu dearbh, a Raonuill,” arsa fear an Rudha, “tha thu pailt cho sean riumsa.” “Ma ta,” arsa Raonull, “’s ann mar sud a tha. Am fear a chithinn roimhe so ’na sheasamh leis fhéin air cnoc, chì mi nise ’na dhithis no triùir e.”

Fear an Rudha—My eyesight is failing me very rapidly.

Ronald—You may think it strange, sir, but my eyesight is getting better.

Fear an Rudha—That is strange, indeed, for you are quite as old as I am.

Ronald—Yet so it is. For the man that formerly I would see single on a hillock, I now see double or triple.

ANGUS SHAW.

Angus Shaw, Aonghas Mac Lighiche, was a native of Lynedale. He was a soldier. Many of his songs are still rehearsed in the west of the island. His song to Buonaparte is one of his most vigorous songs. It appeared in one of the Highland papers some years ago.

RODERICK CAMPBELL.

Ruairidh Mac Chalum Mhic an t-Saoir, Roderick Campbell, was a tailor and crofter in Colbost. He might be styled a hymnologist. At any rate his best known composition is the elegy he composed on that eminent man Malcolm Macinnes (Calum Mac

Aonghais), carpenter, Glendale. It consists of sixteen verses, but space can be given only to three verses as specimens :—

Moch 'sa mhaduinn Di-haoine
 'S goirt a' ghaoir a chaidh 'nar cluasan ;
 Cha b'e naigheachd na faoineas
 A' chaidh innseadh 's an uair dhuinn,
 Gu'n robh Calum a' dhìth oirnn,
 Ceann-iùil dileas nan truaghan ;
 'S iomadh fear a' bha gun dinneir
 'Snidhe 'chinn air a ghruaidhean.

Mo run geal og.

A luchd-àitich ar glinne,
 A luchd a' mhire 's an t-sùgraidh,
 A luchd briseadh na Sàbaid,
 A luchd na meirle 's na cùl-chainnt,
 A luchd nam mionnan 's nam breugan
 Na mi-bheusachd 's droch ghiùlain,
 Bu tric bhur cuideam 'ga fhasgadh
 Aig Cathair gràis air a ghlùinean.

Mo run geal og.

'S e do ghnùis a' bhiodh taitneach
 Nuair a' ghlacadh tu 'm Biobull,
 Sùilean t' anam a' faicinn
 Glòir agus maise an Fhir-shaoraidh ;
 Uile bhuadhan na diadhachd,
 B'e do mhiann bhi ga 'n innseadh,
 'Nuair a bhiodh tu co-dhùnadh
 Cò nach dùraichdeadh gaol duit.

Mo run geal og.

JOHN MORRISON.

The following note in Reid was all I could gather about John Morrison:—"Dàin spioradail le Eòin Morrison o'n Eilein Sgiathanach. Glasgow: Published by Maurice Ogle, 1828. A. Young, printer; 12mo, 6d." The above was the production of a blind man; the poems were copied from his mouth by a school-master in the Highlands, and sent to Glasgow under the auspices of the Rev. D. Rankin, South Knapdale, and the Rev. Dr. Macleod of Campsie; but the printer declaring the MS. unreadable, it was given to Mr. Lachlan Maclean, who re-copied it, and obtained the author's consent to write three hymns himself, viz., the first two and the last.

Rev. Nigel Macneil says:—"The hymns of John Morrison, Skye (1828), are now scarcely read."

DONALD MACLEOD.

An excellent paper on Donald Macleod, the Skye Bard—his life and songs—has already been read to this Society by Dr. Macdiarmid. The paper is published in our first volume, and hence I need not refer to him at any length. In 1811, when he was 26 years of age, he published a book of 272 pages, containing, not only songs by himself, but songs by other Skye Bards.

Donald Macleod afterward published a small pamphlet containing songs of a more religious and sombre character. The best known of these is probably "Eildeirean an Lòin Mhòir." Rev. Nigel Macneil

says:—"Macleod's productions are rated very highly by his countrymen, who delight in designating him *Am Bard Sgiathanach*, or the Skye Bard. While Macleod is undoubtedly a man of good poetic parts, he ranks much below his far more distinguished and gifted son, Neil Macleod, whose songs have deservedly taken a high place in popular esteem."

LADY D'OYLY.

Baintighearna D'Oyly is a granddaughter of John Macleod, ninth Laird of Raasay. He was the laird when Johnson and Boswell were there on their tour through the Western Isles. Mr. Sinclair, Glasgow, published a collection of her songs with music not many years ago. Five of her songs appear in "Ant-Oranaiche:"—

1. Oran do dh' Eilthireach.
2. Cumha Mhic-Leòid.
3. Oran do Phrionns Teàrlach.
4. Mo rùn air mo leannan.
5. Oran Gaoil.

I shall quote two verses from her Oran Gaoil to show what in her estimation, are the essential requisites in a lover:—

ORAN GAOIL.

Tha beul an òigeir mar bhibh ròsan,
 'S a ghuth mar smeòrach, no ceòl nan teud;
 Da bhlàth-shùil mhìogach 'na aghaidh mhìn-gheal,
 Mar it' an fhìrein a mhala réidh.

Fear foinnidh dealbhach a shiubhal garbhlaich
 Am beul an anamoich ri sealg an fhéidh;
 'S e caoidh do chòmhraidh a dh'fhàg fo bhròn mi,
 'S mi bhi gun chòir ort dh'fhàg trom mo cheum.

Tha sùil mo rùin-sa gu meallach ciùine,
 'S mar dhearcaig dhù-ghuirm fo dhriùchd a' fàs,
 Mar ghrian ag éirigh moch maduinn Chéitein
 Tha sealladh m' eudail gu h-éibhinn tlàth;
 Do dheud geal dìreach fo'd bhilibh mìn-dhearg,
 Am beul na firinn bho 'm millse fàilt';
 Cha 'n iarrainn sùgradh ach pòg bho d' chùr-bheul—
 Co riamh thug sùil ort, 's a dhiùlt dhuit gràdh!

MURDO MACLEOD.

Murdo Macleod, son of Alexander Macleod, Triaslan, or Alasdair Og Thriaslain, was a bard of some repute in his own day. He emigrated to America about 1810, and I have been unable to find anything further about him. One of his songs, wrongly attributed to his father, is printed by Mackenzie in his *Beauties*. The song is entitled "Oran Sùgraidh," and is in the form of a dialogue between himself and his mother.

JOHN MACLEAN.

John Maclean, Waternish, a sailor, composed several songs, many of which are held in high repute in the west of Skye. Two of them appear in "An t-Oranaiche."

1. Thug mi gaol do 'n t-sèdladair.
2. A ho ró, mo Mhàiri lurach.

The first is supposed to be composed by his sweetheart to himself, and the second is an answer, trying to allay her fears as to the inconstancy of her sailor sweetheart.

NORMAN NICOLSON.

Norman Nicolson, Scorrabreck, near Portree, composed a good many nice songs. He was taken up for poaching, and in consequence emigrated to America, where he died some years ago. Most of his songs are lost, but the one he composed about the poaching incident appears in "An t-Oranaiche"—and is entitled "'S gann gu 'n dirich mi 'chaidh."

ANGUS MACPHEE.

Angus Macphee, Glendale, composed several very good songs. One of the best known ones is in "An t-Oranaiche," namely, "Bàta Phort-rìgh."

JOHN GILLIES.

John Gillies was partner with the late Mr. Archibald Sinclair, printer, Glasgow. He went to Australia in 1857. He composed many songs.

DR. MACRAILD.

Dr. Donald Macraild of Greenock was a native of Harlosh, in the parish of Duirinish. The following is a song composed by him on the Island of Skye:—

THOUGHTS ON SGIA, OR THE ISLE OF SKYE.

“Sgeul ri aithris air àm o aois.”

'S tric mo smaointean ònarach,
'S mi 'n seòmar dlùth air Cluaidh,
Feadh an Eilean cheòthoraich,
M'am bòidhch' a dh' iadhas cuan ;
Gheobhta fiaghach làn-phailteach
Am monadh àrd nan ruadh,
'S chìt' an t-iasg mar bhàrcannan
Air tràigh nan tonnan fuar.

Theirt' an t-Eilean sgiathach riut,
'S cha b' fhiaradh siod air t-ainm,
Rudhaichean is fiaghairdean
'Cur fiamh mu d'astar doirbh,
'S lionmhor mu do chrìochaibh iad
A' diasganaich 'san stoirm,
Togail onfhadh iargalta
Bu cholgach riaslach beirm.

Dh' fhaidte 'n àm bu mhiannach leinn
An ciallachadh na cainnt,
Tìr nan lann 's nan *sgiath*-ballach
A ghoirteadh dhìot gun taing ;
'S iomadh laoch dha d' lionsgaradh,
Na thrìall an dùthchaibh thall,
Dhearbh le sgéith 's le cliaranach
Nach géilleadh siol do bheann.

Bha 'n Teaghlach Tuathach mùirneachail
'N ad lùchairtean air tòs,

Eadar Manainn chùirteachail
'S na Tùir a thog na seòid ;
Luingeis chogaidh dlùth-bhordach
Bu mhùiseagach fo 'n sròil,
'S minic a rinn iad dùmhlachadh
Mu Loch an Dùin 'sa cheò.

Mheath iad ged a b' uamharrach
An cabhlach luath 's an slòigh,
Ged bha neart a' chuain aca,
Mar sin is buaidh tìr-mòr,
Cha robh sìneadh uarach dhaibh
'N uair sheilm an uaigh a còir
'Phasgadh an cuid suaicheantais
An glacaibh fuar an fhòid.

'S beag nach d' shearg na Leòdaich uainn
Bu chròdha dol 'san streup.
Dh' fhaodainn chunntadh còmhla riu
Clann Dòmhnuille nan gnìomh euchd,
'S Clann Fhionghainn chruadalach
A Strath nam fuar-bheann beur,
Ged dh' ùraicheadh dhaibh uachdaran
Dhe 'n cinneadh uasal fhéin.

Thréig Mac Suibhne 'Ròag sinn,
Bu mhòralaiche geug,
'S Mac Iain Duibh nan cruaidh-lannan
Bho dhualchas nan glac treun,
'S gann gun cluinnear iomradh air,
Mur h-ann an iomrall sgéil,
'S Rudh an dùnain 's Talascuir
Gun tascullach le chéil.

Fearchar Dhùn an eilirich
 'S Niall òg bu taght measg léigh,
 Peutonaich bu shoilleire
 Mar bhoinne 'n gath na gréin,
 'Fhuair deagh chliù, 's gu'n dhleas iad e,
 Feadh Bhreatuinn 's roinnean céin,
 Dh'fhalbh a h-uile riamhag dhiu
 Thoirt riarachadh d'an eug.

C'ait' am faighte leth-bhreac dhut
 Measg Eileanan na h-Eòrp,
 Coimeas uidh' 'us sluaghmhorachd,
 Bhiodh suas riut air aon dòigh!
 'S neamhnaid thu d'ar n-Impireachd
 A's fìor-ghlaine na 'n t-òr,
 'S mairidh mùirn do shìnnsearachd
 Gu'n tréig bho 'raoin na slòigh.

NEIL MACLEOD.

I need say little or nothing about Neil Macleod. He is recognised on all hands to be the best living Gaelic poet. His book, published in 1883, contained 58 Gaelic songs, and the majority of them have become exceedingly well known and popular. Mr. Macleod is engaged on a second edition of his songs. The songs which he composed since that date, some of which have already appeared in the Highland papers, are to be included. [Note added 21st March, 1893. The second edition was published in January, 1893].

"All his productions are characterized by purity of style and idiom, freshness of conception and gentle-

ness of spirit, and liquid sweetness of versification . . .
 . . May he long live to wear his laurels, and continue
 to delight his countrymen with new songs of his native
 land and people."

Four verses are given from Oran na Seana-Mhaighdinn, because, in the opinion of competent critics, they contain the best specimen of satirical Gaelic song extant. Most Highland bards tried this line of poetry, but in very many cases lampoonery was the result. Oran na Seana-Mhaighdinn can be favourably compared with the best of Horace's famous satires, written in the Latin language some 1900 years ago. It is full of trenchant wit, without being offensive :—

ORAN NA SEANA-MHAIGHDINN.

Ma gheibh mise fear gu bràth,
 Plàigh air nach tigeadh e !
 Ged nach can mi sin ri càch,
 B' fhèarr leam gu'n tigeadh e,
 'Na mo laidhe 'n so leam fhìn—
 'S tha e coltach ris gu'm bì !
 Ma tha leannan dhomh 'san tìr,
 Sgrìob air nach tigeadh e !
 Ged a bhiodh a sporan gann,
 Dhannsainn na'n tigeadh e ;
 Ged a bhiodh a leth-shùil dall,
 M'annsachd na'n tigeadh e ;
 Biodh e dubh, no biodh e donn,
 Biodh e dìreach, biodh e cam ;
 Ma tha casan air 'us ceann
 Dhannsainn na'n tigeadh e.

'Nuair a bha mi aotrom òg
 Phòsadh a fichead mi ;
 Chuir mi dhìom iad dhe mo dheòin,
 'S spòrs dhaibh a nise mi ;
 Theid iad seachad air mo shròin,
 Le 'n cuid chruinneagan air dhòrn ;
 Chall mi tur orra mo chòir,
 'S leònaidh e nise mi.

Ach ma chuir iad rium an cùl,
 Smùr cha chuir siod orm ;
 Ach ma 's e 's gu'n tig fear ùr,
 Sùinnt cuiridh siod orm ;
 Biodh e luath, no biodh e mall,
 B' fhèaid' an tigh so e bhi ann ;
 Feithidh mi gu'n tig an t-àm,
 'S dhannsainn na'n tigeadh e !

MARY MACPHERSON.

In the year 1891, Mary Macpherson, *née* Macdonald (Màiri, nighean Iain Bhàin) issued a volume of poems and songs extending to 300 pages. A biographical sketch is given of the authoress by Mr. Alexander Macbain, Inverness, hence I need not refer to her life here. It would, at any rate, be unnecessary, as individual members of the Society know her well personally by meeting her at some of the Highland soirees and concerts in Glasgow, many of which she still attends.

The volume contains 90 pieces of different lengths, on different subjects, and of different poetic merit.

Mrs. Macpherson cannot write her own poetry, but the whole collection, very near nine thousand lines,

was taken down by Mr. John Whyte from the recitation of the poetess. Nine thousand lines of poetry from memory! Her biographer, Mr. Macbain, says, that she has at least as much more of her own poetry, and twice as much of floating poetry, mainly composed by Skye bards, so that she must be able to repeat some thirty thousand lines of poetry, twelve thousand of her own, and eighteen thousand of other poets.

ALEXANDER NICOLSON,*

A very appreciative notice of Sheriff Nicolson appears in "Edward's Modern Living Poets," vol. III., p. 417. I put myself in communication with Sheriff Nicolson, and I give the following quotation from his reply:—"I inclose copies (1) of my marching song (2) of my song on Skye, with my Gaelic version as it appeared in the *Gaidheal* of June '75, which my dear friend Mr. Macgregor, Inverness, found nothing in that he would change, and (3) some verses I sent to the *Scotsman* from Kircudbright in June '78. I am sorry I cannot send you a copy of my second Skye song, which I consider the best thing I have done. It appeared in *Good Words*. I forget in what year, and I gave it to Professor Blackie for his "Altavona," a book published by David Douglas, which you should have, if you have not. I inclose also some fine verses on Skye by my friend, Dr. Donald Macraill, which appeared, I think, in the *Inverness Highlander*—shortly before his death. I never knew any man with

* Died, 13th January, 1893.

a greater command of the Gaelic language, in prose or verse. He was in fact a genius. . . . I have often thought, in reading some of the best bits of Ossian, describing the mountain mists and the sights of the sea, that the man who composed them must have been born in Skye, and well acquainted with Glen-Sligachan, and Glean-Bhreatail, and Glendale, and the Coolin and Storr, and the two Helvals, and Gob an Troid, and Heiste, and Idrigill, and Loch Bracadale, and Rudha-nan-clach, and Loch Eynord, and Loch Scavaig, and Loch Slapin, and Loch Eishart, and Dun Scathaich. So thought my dear friend, Alexander Smith (see his Summer in Skye)."

THE ISLE OF SKYE.

AN EDINBURGH SUMMER SONG.

The beautiful Isles of Greece
Full many a bard has sung:
The isles I love best lie far in the West,
Where men speak the Gaelic Tongue.
Ithaca, Cyprus, and Rhodes,
Are names to the muses dear ;
But sweeter still doth Icolmkill
Fall on a Scotsman's ear.

Let them sing of the sunny South,
Where the blue Ægean smiles ;
But give to me the Scottish sea,
That breaks round the Western Isles.
Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome,
I would see them before I die ;

But I'd rather not see any one of the three,
Than be exiled for ever from Skye !

What are the wonders there,
Stranger, dost ask of me ?
What is there not, I reply like a Scot,
For him who has eyes to see ?
But if you're a delicate man,
And of wetting your skin are shy,
I'd have you know before you go,
You'd had better not think of Skye !

Lovest thou mountains great,
Peaks to the clouds that soar,
Corrie and fell where eagles dwell,
And cat'racts that dash evermore ?
Lovest thou green grassy glades,
By the sunshine sweetly kissed,
Murmuring waves and echoing caves ?
Then go to the Isle of Mist !

The Matterhorn's good for a fall,
If climbing you have no skill in,
But a place as good to make raven's food
You can find upon Scoor-nan-gillean.
And there will you see at Strathaird,
That Grotto of glittering spar,
With its limpid pool, where Mermaids cool
Their brows when they travel from far.

There frowns the dark Coruisk,
Which made the great Wizard wonder ;

Even Voltaire might have worshipped there,
Methinks, in the time of thunder !
There towers the wild Cuiraing,
With its battlements grim and high,
And the mighty Storr, with its pinnacles hoar,
Standing against the sky.

Sail round the clifty West,
And rising out of the main,
You there shall see the maidens three,
Like Choosers of the Slain ;
And go wherever you may
With a new and a deep surprise,
The Coolin blue will fill your view,
And fix your gazing eyes.

Were I a Sovereign Prince,
Or Professor at large in vacation,
I'd build me a Tower in the Isle of Skye,
At the expense of the Nation ;
And there like a Sea-King, I'd reign,
But with a more gentle rule ;
I'd harry no cattle, nor slay any man,
But I'd drive all the children to school !

There. in the bright summer days,
Stretched on the sward I would be,
And gaze to the west on Blaven's crest,
Towering above the sea ;
And I'd watch the billowing mist
Rolling down his mighty side,
While up from the shore would come evermore
The music of the tide.

And when the sun sinks to his rest,
'Mid glory of purple and red,
There will flash the light of a thousand spears
On Blaven's cloudy head ;
And each turreted ridge of black
Is lit with a flame of gold,
As they hang on high 'twixt earth and sky,
A wondrous sight to behold !

Pleasant it is to be here
With friends in company,
But I would fly to the Isle of Skye
To-morrow, if I were free !
Dunedin is queenly and fair—
None feels it more than I ;
But in the prime of the summer time,
Give me the Isle of Skye.

The three brothers, Mr. Roderick Macleod, Major Neil Macleod, and Mr. Murdo Macleod, from Water-nish, and now living in Edinburgh, have composed many excellent songs, and it is to be hoped that they will publish a volume soon. Just now their songs are scattered through the pages of the Highland papers, and hence difficult to get at. Mr. Roderick Macleod's "Glaodh nan Croitearan" is specially good. To this gentleman I am much indebted for information regarding the less known Skye Bards. He has repeated to me several scores of verses of real poetic merit, which I have been forced to omit from this paper. My object was chiefly to draw attention to the poets who are Skye Bards. On some future

occasion I may hope to take up one or more of these poets with greater detail. Their works deserve it.

The song by the Queen of Fairies is given by Mr. Neil Macleod in *The Gael*, vol. 1, page 235. It was probably composed by Mary Macleod, Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh. There is a tradition that the Queen of Fairies one evening made her way into Dunvegan Castle, where the then young heir was sleeping; that she lifted the heir on her knee and sung a Tàladh, of which one verse is given below. Then placing the infant in its cradle, she made her way out again through locked doors, without saying a single word to any other person:—

'S truagh nach faicinn féin do bhuaille
 Gu h-àrd àrd air uachdar sléibhe,
 Còta caol caiteannach uaine,
 Mu d' dhà ghuallainn ghil 'us leine,
 Mo leanabh beag.

CUMHA AND TUIREADH MHC-CRUIMEIN.

Sir Walter Scott's translation or paraphrase commencing "Macleod's wizard flag from the gray castle sallies" is well known. The corresponding Gaelic "Bratach bhuadhail Mhic Leòid o'n tùr mór a' lasadh," &c., is probably old, but it is very difficult to decide who is the real author of it. There are five verses. The Tuireadh commencing "Dh'iadh ceò nan stùc mu aodann Chuilinn," &c., consisting of four verses and a *séis*, appeared, I believe, for the first time in "Cuairtear nan Gleann." Competent critics are of the opinion that this Tuireadh was actually composed

by Dr. Norman Macleod himself, and Professor Mac-
kinnon, with whom I discussed the matter, believes
that the Gaelic version is a translation from an English
version.

In this connection I might also mention "Cumha
Ruairi Mhóir," which is superior to either the Cumha
or the Tuireadh for real pathos and deep sorrow—

Tog orm mo phlob 's théid mi dhachaidh,
'S duilich leam fhéin mo léir mar thachair;
Tog orm mo phlob 's mi air mo chràdh
Mu Ruairidh Mór—mu Ruairidh Mór.

"Oran an Uachdarain," which is given with music
and translation in L. Macbean's "Songs and Hymns
of the Scottish Highlands," is evidently a Skye song,
though I have been unable to trace the author:—

Gur mise tha trom airtneulach,
'S a mhadainn is mi 'g éirigh,
Tha ghaoth an ear a' gobachadh,
'S cha 'n i mo thogairt féin i.
Faill ill ó ro faill ill ó,
Faill ill ó ro éile,
Hi rithill uithill agus ó,
'S na thugaibh hóro éile.

Hi rì gu'm b' ait leam fallain thu,
A'd chaistéal ann an Sléibhte,
Far am bi na fìdhleirean,
'S na pìoban ann 'gan gleusadh.

The popular version of "C'àite 'n caidil an ribhinn?"
is very imperfect. The complete and correct version

of the song appears in the Appendix to "The Celtic Garland" of Mr. Henry Whyte (Fionn), with the following note prefixed by Mr. Neil Macleod:—"This song was composed by a young Skyeman on the occasion of the first emigration from Skye to America—an event not to be forgotten in the history of Skye. On that occasion hundreds of her brave sons and gentle daughters were forced to leave their native island, to make room for deer and sheep, never to return again. Among the rest, the heroine of our song and her people were warned out of house and hall, and had to leave their quiet glen and happy home for ever. She was considered a model of beauty, and of very amiable disposition. Our young bard and she were much attached to one another, were recognised by everybody, and justly so, as two young, innocent happy lovers. When she made him aware of the turn circumstances had taken, he made up his mind to follow her to America; but his friends being secretly informed of his intentions, took every precaution to prevent his escape. Accordingly the day the vessel came to take the people away, they bound him hand and foot until the vessel had sailed. It was then he tuned his harp, and composed this touching song, more under the melancholy despair of a bereaved lover than under the impulse of poetic genius. This song used to be very popular in the West Highlands, and is sung to a beautiful air."

The author of this song was a Mr. M'Queen from Troternish, but I have put the song under this class so as the more effectively to draw attention to it.

APPENDIX.

(a). Professor Mackinnon writes me that Archibald Macdonald of Kilpheder (appendix to report on Ossian page 40) says that Donnacha Mac Ruairi, Troternish, was John Maccodrum's predecessor as bard to Sir James Macdonald, who died at Rome.

In the Fernaig MS., four short pieces are credited to a Donochig M'Ryrie, who looks very like the same person.

(b). In Donald Macleod's collection on page 104, is a song to Sir John Macpherson by Mrs. Maidsear Macleoid ann an Stein.

[JANUARY 31ST, 1893.]

At the meeting held on this date, JOHN M. CAMPBELL, Writer, Oban, read a paper on "*The Statutes of Iona*." The Society put on record their sense of the loss sustained through the death of Sheriff Nicolson, one of its patrons.

[FEBRUARY, 28TH 1893.]

At the Meeting held on this date, a paper by the REV. NIGEL MAC NEILL, London, entitled "*Footsteps of the Gael in England*," was, in the absence of Mr. MacNeill, read by the Secretary.

[MARCH, 28TH 1893.]

At the Meeting held on this date, a Gaelic paper by the REV. JOHN M'RURY, Snizort, Skye, entitled "*O chionn da fhichead bhliadhna*,"—"Forty years ago,"

was in the absence of Mr. M'Rury, read by Mr. Duncan Reid. The paper was as follows :—

O CHIONN DA FHICHEAD BLIADHNA.

A LUCHD-COMUINN MO RUIN,

An uair a ghabh mi os làimh òraid a sgrìobhadh dhuibh cha robh fios agam gu ro mhath ciod a sgrìobh-ainn. Tha fhios agaibh gu léir gur e seòrsa de mhinistear a th' annam; agus tha mi 'creidsinn gu bheil fhios agaibh mar an ceudna gu robh, agus gu bheil, e mar chleachdadh aig iomadh ministear a bhith teannadh ri labhairt agus ri sgrìobhadh an uair nach 'eil fhios aca ach gann air ciod is còir dhaibh a labhairt no a sgrìobhadh. A nis, b' aithne dhomhsa mòran a bha 'cumail a mach nach robh comharradh sam bith eile leis am b' fhearr a dh' aithnicheadh daoine cò e an deadh mhinistear na gu rachadh aige air labhairt fad trì uairean an uaireadair air bonn-labhairt air nach do smaoinich e riamh roimhe. Ma tha gus nach 'eil an comharradh so 'na chomharradh air ministear math, no air ministear maide, anns an àm so, mar a bha e anns an àm a dh'fhalbh, cha ghabh mise orm fhéin a ràdh. Cha 'n ann de m' ghnothach e. Ach faodaidh mi ràdh le fìrinn nach 'eil e 'nam bheachd aon fhacal a chur sìos anns an òraid so ach cunntas air cuid dhe na nithean a chunnaic agus a chuala mi an uair a bha mi òg. Gun teagamh sam bith tha 'n ceann-teagaisg a ròghnaich mi glé fharsuinn. Ach o nach robh mi ro chinnteach asam fhéin an uair a gheall mi an òraid so a sgrìobhadh, smaoinich mi gu'n deanainn mar a rinn ministear air an cuala mi iomradh. Bha e mar

chleachdadh aig a' mhinistear so a bhith 'gabhail mòran earrannan de'n Bhiobull mar cheann-teagaisg. An uair a dh'fheòraich neach àraidh dheth c'ar son a bha e 'cumail suas a' chleachdaidh so, thuirt e, "An uair a bhios mi air mo gheur-leanmhuinn ann an aon earrann teichidh mi gu earrann eile." Tha eagal orm gu fàs cuid dhibh seachd sgìth dhe'n òraid so mu'm bi i air a leughadh gu 'ceann; oir tha mi 'faireachadh annam fhéin gu feum mi mòran a sgrìobhadh mu'n teid agam air beachd-sgeul a thoirt dhuibh air mar a bha cùisean anns an Eilean Fhada o chionn dà fhichead bliadhna.

An uair a sheallas mi air m' ais ris na bliadhnachan a dh'fhalbh, agus a chuimhnicheas mi air beachdan, cleachdaidhean, agus gnàths na muinntir air an robh mi eòlach 'san àm ud, agus a bheir mi fa near an t-atharrachadh mòr a thàinig, faodaidh mi ràdh, air na h-uile nithean, cuiridh e ioghnadh anabarrach orm. Anns an àm ud cha robh ach dà sgoil ann am Beinn-a'-bhaoghla, an t-eilean anns an d' rugadh 's an do thogadh mi. Tha mi 'creidsinn gu robh mu dhà mhìle sluaigh anns an eilean aig an àm ud; agus tha aobhar a bhith 'creidsinn gu robh clann bheag a' cheart cho pailt an uair ud 's a tha iad a nis, ged a tha ceithir sgoilean an diugh anns an eilean. Bha té dhe na sgoilean—Sgoil Bhaile Mhanaich—air a cumail suas le Ard-Sheanadh Eaglais na h-Alba, agus bha i mar bu trice air a teagasg le deadh mhaighstir sgoile. Bha 'n té eile—Sgoil Chnoc-na-mòine—air a cumail suas leis A' Chomunn a bha 'craobh-sgaoileadh eòlas Criosduidh (S. P. C. K.), agus an uair a bha mise 'dol do'n sgoil, cha

bu mhòr a b' fhiach an teagasg a bha am maighstir-sgoile a' toirt seachad. B' fhearr dhomh uam na agam an t-ionnsachadh a bha mi 'faotainn fad nan sia no seachd de bhliadhnachan a bha mi 'ga frithealadh. Cha robh mise ni bu mhiosa dheth na bha sgoileirean eile nam bailtean. Ach mar a tha 'n sean-fhacal ag ràdh, "*Ma's olc a' phìobaireachd cha 'n fhearr a duais.*" Cha robh de dhuais aig a' mhaighstir-sgoile, ach £18 's a' bhliadhna! Cia mar a b' urrainn fear sam bith 'aire a leagail air teagasg làn taighe de chloinn 's gun aige ach tuarasdal cho beag so? Is ann a dh' fheumadh an duine bochd 'aire a bhith mar bu trice air cia mar a chumadh e e fhéin agus a theaghlach beag ann am biadh agus ann an aodach gun tuiteam ann am fiachan troma. Gun teagamh sam 'bith bha làn a chridhe aige ri dheanamh ged a bha taigh agus connadh aige a bharrachd air na £18 's a' bhliadhna. Bha pìos fearainn aige air son an robh e 'pàigheadh £8 's a' bhliadhna de mhàl, agus bha e mar an ceudna 'cumail seirbhisich agus searbhanta. Dh' fheumadh e sùil a bhith aige air gach ni a thigeadh gu feum an taighe; agus bha sin aige. Bha e 'creidsinn gu robh e mar dhleasdanas air a chuid fhiachan a phàigheadh o àm gu àm a cheart cho math 'sa bha e mar dhleasdanas air clann nam bailtean a theagasg. Tha e furasda gu leòr a thuigsinn gur ann glé stuama a dh' fheumadh an duine so agus a theaghlach a bhith 'tighinn beò air tuarasdal nach deanadh dha ach tasdan 'san latha. An uair a thàinig air an t-eilean fhàgail, cha robh sgillinn fhiach aig mac màthar air, agus cha robh e falamh a dh' airgiod ni bu mhò

Ach mur d' fhàg e fiachan gun phàigheadh, cha bu mhò na sin a dh' fhag e de dh' fhòghlum. A réir choltais nach robh ni air iarraidh air a theagasg ach sgrìobhadh, agus leughadh, agus cunntas. Leis mar a bha drip an t-saoghail 'ga chumail air falbh, cha 'n fhanadh e a' bheag a dh' uine anns an t-seòmar-sgoile. Cha bu luaithe rachadh e mach na thòisicheadh a' mhi-riaghailt. Mar bu trice thigeadh e steach an uair a bhiodh a' mhi-riaghailt 'na h-àirde, agus dhìoladh coireach no neo-choireach air a' chùis mu 'n suidheadh e. Neo ar-thàing nach math a b' aithne dha gabhail air na sgoileirean.

Mar bu trice bhiodh an sgoil a' tòiseachadh mu aon uair deug. An uair a dheanadh e ùrnuigh—agus bu mhath a b' aithne dha sin a dheanamh—thòisicheadh leughadh a' Bhiobuill agus gabhail nan ceisdean. Mur biodh na ceisdean againn bu truagh a bhiodh ar càradh. Cha bhiodh e leith cho cruaidh oirnn ged nach biodh an corr dhe na leasain againn. O'n a bha e fhéin 'na fhìor dheadh sgrìobhadair, bha e glé dheònach gu sgrìobhadh na sgoileirean gu math. Ach ma bha e math gu leughadh agus gu cunntas cha do dhearbhadh e gu robh e mar sin fhad 'sa bha mise eòlach air. Ged a theireadh na sgoileirean na facail cho cearr 's a ghabhadh deanamh, cha chuireadh e de dhragh air fhéin na chuireadh ceart iad. Mar dhearbhadh air so fòghnaidh dhuinn beachd a ghabhail air mar a bha e 'leigeadh leis na sgoileirean a bhith 'g iarraidh cead a dhol a mach. So, ma ta, mar a theireamaid ;—*Clisgidh mi leibh out!!!* Is e bu chòir dhuinn a ràdh, *Please give me leave to go out.* Cha do

chuir e riamh de dhragh air fhein innseadh dhuinn mar bu chòir dhuinn cead iarraidh a dhol a mach. An uair a bhiodh balaich bhochda 'nan seasamh aig ceann shìos a' bhùird 's iad ag èigheach àird an clainginn, *Clisgidh mi leibh out*, bhiodh iad iomadh uair air an clisgeadh gu'n cailleadh a h-uile dad a bhiodh aca anns a' bhad an robh iad. Am fear a rachadh a mach gun chead gheibheadh e làimhseachadh an uair a thigeadh e steach a chuireadh bàs a sheanamhar as a chuimhne.

An uair a bhiodh cabhag air cha bhiodh e fada 'dol troimh 'n obair-latha. B' e 'n *collection* leabhar a b' àirde 'bh' anns an sgoil. An uair a bhiodh muinntir a' *Chollection* aig an leasan, bhiodh iad a' leughadh le guth cho àrd 's gu 'n cluinnteadh ceud slat o'n taigh iad. An uair a bhiodh iad ullamh de leughadh, agus a dhùineadh iad na leabhraichean, theireadh e, *Spell, concerning*. Ghlaodhadh a h-uile neach riamh a mach, àird a chlaiginn, c.o.n.c.e.r.n.i.n.g.!! *Spell, according, a.c.c.o.r.d.i.n.g.*, ghlaodhadh a h-uile neach. *Sut down* theireadh am maighstir-sgoile. Cha deanadh iad an corr leughaidh no litreachaidh air an latha sin tuilleadh.

A h-uile sgoileir beag no mòr a bhiodh coma ged nach deanadh e feum anns an sgoil dh' iarradh e cead a mach, agus rachadh e do 'n t-sabhal a dheanamh an fhodair. Ged a bhiodh iad a' bualadh, cha bhiodh ann ach a h-uile buille gu fodar, agus gun aon bhuille gu sìol. Bhiodh an cuid aodaich air a mhilleadh le calg an eòrna, bhiodh na leasain gun ionnsachadh, agus bhiodh an ùine 'ruith seachad gun fheum do neach sam bith.

An uair a thigeadh àm a' cheasnachaidh bhiodh ulluchadh gu leòr air a dheanamh a chum cùisean a chur ann an òrdugh cho math 's a gabhadh deanamh. Bhiodh an aon leasan aig na sgoileirean fad a dhà no trì do sheachduinean. Ged nach bu tric leis a' cheasnachadh a bhith ro chruaidh, bha e soilleir gu leòr do 'n luchd-ceasnachaidh, agus mar an ceudna do na pàrantan, nach robh na sgoileirean air an teagasg a leith cho math 's bu chòir dhaibh a bhith. Anns an àm ud cha robh meas cho mòr air fòghlum's a tha oirre 'n ar latha-ne, agus air an aobhar sin cha robh cuid dhe na pàrantan a' faicinn gu robh a' bheag a dh' fheum aig daoine aig nach robh dùil an dùthaich fhagail gu bràth air facal sgoile fhaotainn. Ach am feadh 's a bha cuid dhe na pàrantan car deònach beagan sgoile a thoirt do 'n cuid mhac, cha robh iad a' meas gu robh aobhar air an t-saoghal air son gu 'n tugadh iad aon fhacal sgoile do 'n cuid nighean.

Tha eagal orm gu 'n do lean mi tuilleadh is fada air sgrìobhadh mu 'n chuid so dhe mo sgeula; ach nan do thachair dhuibhse, a dhaoine uaisle, a bhith fad sheachd bliadhna ann an sgoil dhe 'n t-seòrsa air an robh mi ag iomradh, bhiodh cuimhne agaibh air a' chaildach a dh' fhuiling sibh a' cheart cho math riumsa. Mar a tha 'n sean-fhacal ag ràdh, "Is e goirteas a chinn fhéin a dh' fhairicheas gach neach."

Bha "càirdeas is comunn is gaol"—mar a thuirt an cat ris an luchain—ann am measg an t-sluaigh o chionn dà fhichead bliadhna nach 'eil ri 'fhaicinn ach ainneamh am measg sluagh an latha 'n diugh. Tha mi car fo dhoilghios air son gu feum mi so aideachadh;

ach cha 'n urrainnear àicheadh. Anns an àm ud bhiodh coimhearsnaich, agus càirdean, agus luchd-eòlais a' toirt mòran cuideachaidh do chach a chéile aig gach àm de 'n bhliadhna. An duine bochd, dripeil, aig am biodh an t-seisreach lag le gainne an fhodair, agus air an aobhar sin, a bhiodh air dheireadh leis an treabhadh, gheibheadh esan latha treabhaidh o thriuir no cheathrar dhe na coimhearsnaich. Agus nan tachradh dha, mar is minic a thachair, a bhith gann de shiol-cur, bheireadh iadsan aig am biodh pailteas sìl dha na chuireadh an talamh, gun airgid agus gun luach. A' bhantrach aig nach biodh mac gus cuideachadh a dheanamh leatha, bhuaineadh fleasgaich òga 'bhaile a' mhòine dhith, agus chuireadh iad tubhadh is sìoman air na taighean dhith mu 'n tigeadh stoirmeannan a' gheamhraidh. An àm a bhith 'cur na feamann às a' chladach, gheibheadh na mnathan agus na seann daoine cuideachadh o na fir a bha làidir, òg. An fheadhainn a bhiodh air thoiseach ullamh de 'n bhuain, an àite teannadh ri cur an cuid arbhar fo dhìon, 's ann a rachadh iad, mar bu trice, a thoirt cuideachadh buana do 'n mhuinntir a bhiodh air dheireadh. Dheanadh iad a' cheart ni an àm deanamh nan cruach, agus an àm cur a steach a' bhuntàta.

An uair a bhiodh neach marbh ann an tèaghlach, cha deanadh muinntir a' bhaile a' bheag a dh'obair fhad 's a bhiodh an corp os cionn talmhainn. Bhiodh triùir no ceathrar de na coimhearsnaich agus de na càirdean ann an "taigh a' chuirp" aig gach àm de 'n latha agus de 'n oidhche. Mar bu trice, bhiodh

àireamh mhòr aig an tiodhlacadh. Bha iad a' cleachdadh a bhith cosg gu leòr, nam biodh e 'nan comas sin a dheanamh. Bhiodh cairt a' falbh leis an fhalaire. Gheibheadh a h-uile fear breacag a dh'aran eòrna, agus a dhà no trì de shlisean mòra càise, agus chuirteadh an t-uisge-beatha trì no ceithir, no, ma dh'fhaoidte, còig uairean ann an tairgse gach fir. Tha cuimhne agam air sabaid a bhith aig aon tiodhlacadh. Bha seann duine ann am baile àraidh, agus dh'fhàg e còig puinnd Shasunnach aig aon de dhlùth-chàirdean a chum an cosg air 'fhalaire. Tha e air aithris gu 'n dubhairt an duine so nach biodh e toilichte mur biodh cuid dhe na bhiodh air an torradh aige a' sabaid. Tha e coltach gu 'n do chuireadh na còig puinnd Shasunnach uile ann an Uisge-beatha. Is e bh'ann gu 'n d'ol cuid dhe na fir tuilleadh 's a' chòir de 'n uisge-bheatha, agus thòisich an t-sabaid eadar dithis no triuir de bheadagain shuarach gun mhodh gun mheas. Thuirt fear dhe na bh'aig an torradh an uair a chunnaic e na fir a' sabaid, "Ma ta, nan robh fios aig Alastair bochd gu bheil iad a' sabaid air an torradh aige, bhiodh e glé thoilichte." Tha mi 'creidsinn nach robh sabaid aig a leithid sid de chòmh-dhail ann am Beinn-a'-bhaoghla riamh o'n latha ud.

Bhiodh an àireamh bu mhòr dhe na fir's dhe na mnathan, òg is sean, glé dhlùth aig obair fheumail air chor-eiginn. An latha 'bhiodh gu math bhiodh iad ag obair a muigh, nam biodh obair a muigh ri dheanamh. Ré a' gheamhraidh agus an earraich bhiodh obair gu leòr aca eadar biadhachd chruidh, bualadh anns an t-sabhal, agus tioradaireachd. Bhiodh na

mnathan glé thràng aig calanas. Bhiodh dian-strì eatorra feuch cò an té a b' fhearr a dheanadh clò d'a fear. Bhiodh na nigheanan a' cardadh agus na màthraichean a' snìomh. B' ann air meadhon an ùrlair a bhiodh na teintean aca mar bu trice 'san àm ùd. Bhiodh bean-an-taighe an taobh de 'n teine a' snìomh, agus té dhe na nigheanan a' càrdadh faisge oirre; bhiodh fear an taighe a' snìomh fhraoich an taobh shìos de 'n teine, ar neo a' snìomh mhurain air a' bheinge. Nam biodh luchd-céilidh a staigh, bhiodh fear dhiubh a' gabhail sgeulachd, no a' gabhail òran, ar neo a' cur thomhaiseachan. Bhiodh iad mar an ceudna a' feuchainn cò aig am mò a bhiodh de shean-fhacail. Air an dòigh so bha sgeulachdan, tomhais-eachain, òrain, agus sean-fhacail air an cumail air chuimhne, agus air an ionnsachadh do 'n òigridh. Bha na sgeulachdan làn de ghliocas agus de thuigse, ged nach robh mòran dhe na bha 'gan aithris agus 'gan éisdeachd 'ga thoirt sin fa near aig an àm. Bha aon ni comharraichte annta, agus b' e sin, mar a bha urram air a chur air gaisge, air treubhantas, air firinn, air onair, air iochd, air caoimhneas, air fialachd, air disleachd, agus air gach ni eile a bha 'nochdadh gu robh nàdur math agus tapaidh ann an duine. Air an làimh eile, bha an gealtair, am fear a bhiodh carach, am fear a bhiodh mosach, spiocach 'na dhòighean, am fear nach seasadh ri 'fhacal, agus am fear a bhiodh cruaidh-chridheach ri duine agus ri ainmhidh, air a dhimoladh gu dubh. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh sam bith nach robh buaidh aig sgeulachdan dhe 'n t-seòrsa so air inntinn an t-sluaigh aig an àm ud a chum math.

Bha na tomhaiseachain a' toirt air òg is sean a bhith 'cumail buadhan na h-inntinn ann an cleachdadh. Cha 'n innseadh am fear a chuireadh an tomhaiseachan aon fhacal dhe 'n fhuasgladh aige gus an aidicheadh gach neach a bhiodh a làthair nach rachadh aca air a thuigsinn. Mar bu trice, cha bhiodh cuid dhe na bhiodh 'san éisdeachd deònach 'aideachadh nach rachadh aca air na tomhaiseachain a thuigsinn, gus am b' fhìor éiginn dhaibh.

Bha tlachd anabarrach aig mòran de 'n t-sluagh dhe na sean-fhacail. B' ainneamh àite anns am biodh dithis no triuir air chéilidh nach tòisicheadh neach éiginn air aithris nan sean-fhacal. Bhiodh iad a' feuchainn cò aig am mò a bhitheadh dhiubh. Mar so bha na sean-fhacail agus na dubh-fhacail air an cumail air chuimhne agus air an ionnsachadh leis a' bheag agus leis a' mhòr. Am fear aig am mò a bhiodh de shean-fhacail is e bu luaithe a gheibheadh fuasgladh facail an àm do dhaoine bhith 'reusanachadh.

O chionn dà fhichead bliadhna cha robh na tuarasdail ach glé bheag. Is cuimhne leam an uair a fhuair a' cheud shearbhanta anns an àite deich tasdain fhichead 'san leith-bhliadhna mar dhuais!! Bha 'n tuathanach a thug an tuarasdail mòr so seachad a' meas gu robh e beag gu leòr; ach bha mòran eile a' faotainn coire dha a chionn an tuarasdail àrdachadh. B' e coig puinnd Shasunnach 'sa bhliadhna an tuarasdail a bha làn-sheirbhisich gu cumanta faotainn o na tuathanaich mhòra. B' aithne dhomh a' cheud fhear do 'n d' thug Fear Bhaile nan Cailleach, Ochd puinnd Shasunnach 'sa bhliadhna de thuarasdail!!

Bha e 'na dhuine mòr, làidir, agus 'na chosantaiche cho math agus cho dìleas 's a chunnaic mi riamh.

Bha tuarasdail na muinntir a bhiodh aig obair latha a reir tuarasdail na muinntir air an robh fasdadh leith-bhliadhna no bliadhna. B' e ceithir sgillinn 'san latha, agus an dinneir an duais a bha boirionnaich a' faotainn aig obair an fhoghair o luchd nam bailtean-fearainn. B' e tasdan 'san latha a bha na spealadair-ean a' faotainn, a bharrachd air an dinneir. B' e fichead sgillinn 'san latha an tuarasdail a gheibheadh daoine a bhiodh ag obair do 'n Uachdaran. Nam biodh fear ag obair le each agus le cairt gheibheadh e leith-chrùn 'san latha. Le fichead sgillinn a thoirt dha fhéin is e deich sgillinn 'san latha 'bhiodh aig an each 's aig a' chairt!! Feumar a thoirt fa near gur ann a' pàigheadh a' mhàil a bhiodh na h-uile a bhiodh ag obair do 'n Uachdaran. Mheasadh iad iad-fhéin glé mhath dheth aig an àm ud nam faigheadh iad leith-chrùn 'nan dòrn a h-uile latha 'bhiodh iad ag obair le each agus le cairt.

Bha prìsean each is chruidh is chaorach anabarrach ìosal mar an ceudna. Chunnaic mi uair is uair deadh cheithir-bhliadhnaich each air an reic air son còig puinnnd Shasunnach. Bu mhath am mart air am faighteadh còig puinnnd Shasunnach. Biodh trì-bhliadhnaich is dò-bhliadhnaich is bliadhnaich a réir sin ann am prìs. Cha chuimhne leam faighneachd sam bith a bhith air caoraich, mur biodh beagan dhiubh a dhìth air daoine gus am marbhadh mu dheireadh an fhoghair no mu thoiseach a' gheamhraidh.

Bha 'n t-àm air sia sgillinn am puinnnd, agus na

h-uighean air trì sgillinn an dusan. Bha min is gràn is buntàta cho saor 's a bha nithean eile.

Anns an àm ud bha 'n dòigh anns an robh an dùthaich air a riaghladh fada o bhith a réir ceartais. Bha riaghladh gach cùis a bhuineadh do 'n tuath ann an làmhnan an luchd-dreuchd ris an d' earb an t-Uachdaran an oighreachd. Bu ghlé ainneamh leis an Uachdaran fhéin tighinn idir do 'n dùthaich. Cha b' fheairrde gnothaichean sin dad. Dh' earb an t-Uachdaran cùisean na h-oighreachd ris a' Bhàilidh, agus o'n a bha am Bàilidh aineolach, ann an tomhas mòr, air cor an t-sluaigh, is ann aig a' Mhaor a bha am facal a b' àirde ann an riaghladh na h-oighreachd. B' ainneamh leis na Maoir, a réir mar a chunnaic 's a chuala mise, a bhith saor o chlaon-bhàigh agus o chlaon-bhreith. Tha e coltach gu robh iad buailteach air a bhith deanamh suas càirdeis is comuinn ri cuid dhe na daoine bu shuaraiche na chéile a bhiodh anns an dùthaich. Is fhada o'n a chualas na briathran so,

“Maoir is madaidh,

Saoir is sagairt,

Coin is gillean is ceardanan.”

Chuala mi an uair a bha mi glé òg seann duine còir ag ràdh, “Ma bhios tu a staigh air a' Mhaor bidh tu a staigh air a' Bhàilidh, agus ma bhios tu a staigh air a' Bhàilidh bidh tu a staigh air an Uachdaran.” Tha dearbhaidhean gu leòr agam gu robh na briathran fìor gu leòr.

An uair a bhiodh pìos fearainn fàs air an òighreachd dh' fhaoidteadh bhith cinnteach gur e fear dhe na bhiodh sodalach agus brosgalach ris a' Mhaor a

gheibheadh am pìos fearainn sin. Nam biodh nigh-eanan aig a' Mhaor, dh'fhaidteadh a bhith cinnteach gu faigheadh iad deadh phòsaidhean; agus an ùine gun a bhith fada gheibheadh cleimhnean a' Mhaoir deadh fhearann, ar neo cha bhiodh e idir ri 'fhaotainn. Cha bhiodh e a chum feuma sam bith do dhuine de 'n tuath bhig teannadh ri cur an aghaidh ni sam bith a dheanadh am Maor. Dh'fheumadh iad a bhith cho umhail dha's a bhiodh an luch fo spògan a' chait. B' aithne dhomh Maor a thuirt ri muinntir baile àraidh a chaidh a dh'iarraidh ceartais air an aghaidh baile eile, "Fanaibh sàmhach, fheara; na cluinneam an corr de 'r bruidhinn, is mise a's Maor's a's Uach-daran." Cha robh aig na daoine bochda ach a bhith 'falbh dhachaidh bog, balbh, agus iad mar dhaoine a' bhiodh an déigh cron mòr a dheanamh.

Bha am Bàilidh coma nam faigheadh e am màl co dhiubh bhitheadh gus nach bitheadh an tuath a' faotainn ceartais. B' ainneamh le fear sam bith dhe'n tuath bhig a dhol le gearain d'a ionnsuidh; oir bha làn-fhios aca gu'n coisneadh iad dìombadh a' Mhaoir, nan rachadh iad seachad air a dh'ionnsuidh a' Bhàilidh.

Cha'n 'eil neach sam bith a bheir fa near mar a bha suidheachadh na Gàidhealtachd o chionn dà fhichead bliadhna nach fheum aideachadh gu'n d' thàinig atharrachadh anabarrach mòr air gach nì, faodar a ràdh, o'n àm ud. Tha suidheachadh an t-sluaigh anns gach dòigh mòran ni's fhearr a nis na bha e anns an àm a dh' fhalbh. Mur faigh clann sgoil is ionnsachadh is ann aca fhéin no aig am pàrantan a

bhios a' choire. Tha deadh thaighean-sgoile, agus, mar is trice, deadh mhaighstirean-sgoile dlùth gu leòr do gach aon aig am bheil toil an clann a chur do'n sgoil.

Tha taighean-còmhnuidh an t-sluaigh mòran ni's fhearr na bha iad. Tha 'm biadh 's an t-aodach ni's fhearr, ged nach 'eil e dad ni's fhallaine. Tha 'n obair ni's eutruime na bha i, do bhrìgh gu bheil iomadh inneal ùr a nis ann leis am bi daoine comasach air am barrachd oibre a dheanamh na b' àbhaist dhaibh ann an ùine ghoirid.

Iosal, mar a tha na prìsean, tha iad glé àrd an coimeas ri mar a bha iad. Tha tuarasdail glé àrd aig gach seòrsa de luchd-muinntir, ged nach 'eil iad idir cho cruaidh air an oibreachadh 's a bha daoine 'san àm a dh' fhalbh.

Tha saorsa mhòr aig gach uile sheòrsa dhaoine. Tha fhios agam gu feumadh cuid am barrachd saorsa air na bheil aca; ach cha 'n 'eil aobhar gearain aig neach sam bith an diugh an coimeas ris na daoine a bh' ann o chionn iomadh bliadhna. Ma theannas daoine ri eucoir a dheanamh oirnn, tha fhios againn gu math far an còir dhuinn a dhol a dh' iarraidh ceartais. A dh' aon fhacal, tha sinn ni's fhearr dheth ann am mìle dòigh na bha na daoine a bh' ann o chionn dà fhichead bliadhna. Chluinn mi cuid ag iomradh air na tiomannan matha a bha aig na daoine 'san t-seann aimsir; ach cò an neach 'nar measg a bhiodh riarachta le ni sam bith dhe na nithean a bh' ann 'san àm ud? Cha 'n 'eil iad ann.

Ged a tha mi 'cumail a mach gu bheil suidheachadh

an t-sluaigh mòran nì's fhearr 'san àm so na bha e an uair a bha mi òg, cha 'n 'eil mi idir ag aideachadh gu bheil sluagh an latha 'n diugh cho math 'sa bha 'n sluagh a b' aithne dhomh o chionn dà fhichead bliadhna. Tha cuid ann a tha 'saoilsinn gu'n téid aca air daoine a dheanamh math le eòlas agus fiosrachadh agus saoihbreas a thoirt dhaibh; ach tha e soilleir do gach neach a bheir fa near e gu faod daoine a bhith fada o bhith math ged a bhiodh na nithean so gu léir aca. Tha soirbheachadh ann an nithean aimsireil, agus sgoil is ionnsachadh, glé mhath agus glé fheumail 'nan àite fhéin; ach mur bi spiorad a' chreideamh Chriosduidh a' riaghladh ann an cridheachan dhaoine, is ann a' fàs nì's miosa a bhitheas iad, ged bu leotha an saoghal mu 'n iath a' ghrian.

Nach 'eil an t-àm agam a nis sgur? "Tha gu dearbh," arsa sibhse. Tha 'n òraid so fada gu leòr; ach tha eagal orm gu 'm bi sibh ag radh gur e "fada gun seadh" a th' innte.

[APRIL 5TH, 1893.]

At the meeting held on this date, Professor D. CAMPBELL BLACK, Glasgow, read a paper on "Donald Campbell of Barbreck's Journey to India."

[NOVEMBER 28TH, 1893.]

At the meeting held on this date, Mr. MALCOLM MAC FARLANE, Secretary of the Society, read a paper on "Gaelic Airs to Lowland Songs."

[DECEMBER 19TH, 1893.]

At the meeting held on this date, Mr. JOHN BOYD, H.M.I.S., Glasgow, read a paper on "Glasgow and the Highlands."

A paper was also read by ALEXANDER MAC DONALD, M.A., F.E.I.S., Glasgow, on "The Teaching of Gaelic in Highland Schools."

[JANUARY 30TH, 1894.]

At the meeting held on this date, Rev. EUGENE O'GROWNEY, Professor of Gaelic, Maynooth College, Ireland, Honorary President of the Society, lectured on "Scotland in Irish-Gaelic Literature," as follows :—

SCOTLAND IN IRISH-GAELIC LITERATURE.

THE vast extent of the Gaelic literature, preserved for the most part in the Irish MSS. in Dublin, has only become known to the general public of late years. In the last century and the beginning of this—the very time when so much was being done for every literature—the existence of a Gaelic literature of any extent was never thought of.

At the present day, although we have no good history of the Irish literature, we can study its extent and character in O'Curry's "Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History" and D'Arbois's "Catalogue of the Epic Literature of Ireland"—two works which should be in the library of every student of Gaelic literature. The general character of that literature can be seen from the publications in the *Revue Celtique*.

a quarterly journal published in Paris; and also from the fine work of Mr. O'Grady, "*Silva Gadelica*"—to me the most interesting book yet published. But the printing-press has yet done little for Gaelic literature.

It has been estimated by a German scholar that the existing Irish literature would, if printed, fill one thousand ordinary octavo volumes.

The subject of my paper, therefore, is the place of Scotland in this large body of Gaelic literature. I believe I am not going too far in saying it is a subject of very great importance and interest for Highlanders. Important, for it brings us back to the origin of our common Gaelic race and language; and interesting, for some of the most fascinating pages of Gaelic literature deal with Scotland. In fact, the older Gaelic literature is to a great extent a common inheritance of Irishmen and Scotchmen, for it belongs to the time when the two countries formed one Gaelic nation, with common language and literature.

In one paper, I can hope to give only an outline of what would form a large and interesting volume. It is naturally the duty of some of yourselves to fill in that outline. I would dearly love to do so myself, but at present, at least, cannot do so. My principal object in this paper will be to show that for many centuries Ireland and Scotland formed one Gaelic nation. You have, in Modern Gaelic, the word *Gaidhealtachd*, with the meaning of the whole district in which Gaelic is spoken, and of late years an English word (*Gaeldom*) has been used to express the same idea. I may therefore say that my paper will, as I hope, show that for

centuries Ireland and Scotland formed one Gaeldom. In the beginning there were no Gaels in Scotland—at least, none known by that name. Possibly the earlier tribes that peopled Scotland before the second century A.D. were also Gaelic or Celtic, but we have no certain knowledge of it. Then, again, the name “Scotland” did not belong to this country until the tenth century, so I shall call it by its old and proper name of “Alban,” the name by which you yet know it in Gaelic. My paper naturally falls into the following divisions:—1. Prehistoric Alban; 2. Heroic Gaeldom—in which Alban was somewhat concerned; 3. Ossianic, or Fenian, Gaeldom; 4. Christian Gaeldom; 5. Mediæval Gaeldom.

1. — PREHISTORIC ALBAN.

We shall never know for certain the true story of the ancient races that, coming from the East—the centre from which all the various waves of people went out to the different parts of the earth—populated Europe and these countries. In the study of even our most ancient and consistent Gaelic traditions, very great caution is needed. Ireland received in turn peoples of various races who covered the island as with so many layers of population, each having its own past traditions. No doubt many of these earliest traditions were but dim memories of the earliest events in human history, or reminiscences of remarkable characters and episodes in the western wanderings, prolonged for we know not how many centuries, of the Celtic and other primitive peoples. Hence many writers of

a destructive type, such as Professor Rhys of Oxford,* see in the early people chronicled in Celtic tradition the Firbolgs and the people of the goddess Danu, the Fomorians and Milesians, what are largely recollections of the Flood, of the people drowned and saved there. We may go so far with Professor Rhys as to admit that many of the early heroes of real Celtic life have been to some extent confounded in the characters of the very hazy mythology which the Celtic people had retained with them when they reached the shores of Ireland and Scotland; but surely every country had primitive inhabitants, and these have everywhere left their trace in legend; and when we find, at the earliest times we know of, a large and fairly consistent body of tradition as to the primitive inhabitants of Ireland and Scotland, we are bound to treat it, if with great caution, at least without contempt. Looking at this primitive tradition in its connection with Scotland, I shall lay down, as my first proposition, that

- (1.) Even in the earliest Irish traditions of which we have any knowledge, Ireland is represented as intimately connected with Scotland and as having a common race of inhabitants with her.

From the geographical situation of the countries, one might antecedently expect this. Ptolemy, in fact, puts some of the Scottish islands as Irish, and these islands did and do form a bridge, or rather a *clochan*, of intercommunication between the two countries. As

* Hibbert Lectures (1866) on Celtic Heathendom.

to population, the Irish traditions represent Scotland as having been connected with Ireland before the dawn of history by three immigrations of population—that of (*a*) the Firbolgs, (*b*) the Dananns, and (*c*) the Picts.

(*a*). The Firbolgs correspond in many respects to the Classic Cyclopeans, and probably represent a large early race which inhabited Ireland. Upon their defeat in a great battle near Lough Mask, in Galway and Mayo, they fled to the western part of the country, and are constantly represented as having reached the southern islands of Scotland. To them are assigned the immense stone forts found along the west coast of Ireland, gigantic in size, and always placed in a naturally strong position.

(*b*). The Dananns, or people of Danu—who was their chief goddess—represent in the earliest Irish legend the race that brought refinement, knowledge, and religion with it. These are represented in legendary lore as having come to Ireland from Scotland, bringing with them not only natural but supernatural learning, and carrying also to Ireland the mystic coronation stone called the *Lia Fail*. Of the subsequent history of this stone there are, as you are aware, two views—one Irish, that the stone is still in the Hall of Tara; the other Scottish, that the stone was brought to Scone, used there for the coronation of Scottish kings, and afterwards brought to England, where it lies at Westminster.

In connection with the alleged Scottish connection of early Irish races, I may point out that, in Caller-

nish, in Lewis, we have gigantic stone circles that remind us of the great Firbolg forts. On the supposition that the Firbolgs are, historically, the early Belgic inhabitants who came from Belgic countries via south of England, we could understand how they might have erected Stonehenge on their way; and how we thus find, in the stones of Carnac, Stonehenge, Callernish, and the forts of West Ireland, traces of the same ancient people. The Dananns supplanted the Firbolgs in Ireland, and, as I have said, drove them into the recesses of the country whence some of them made their way to Scotland.

(c). The legends as to the early population of Ireland by various races have been arranged in many forms and by various writers; and just as we finish with them, there flits for a moment across the page of prehistoric Irish legend another mysterious race, the *Cruithnigh*, afterwards called Picts. They do not appear very prominently in subsequent Irish history, but they have always been a source of warm discussion to Scottish antiquaries. Irish legend does not give any rational account of their origin, but shows that they, after a short stay in Ireland, passed onwards to Scotland, where they settled, still keeping up with Ireland a connection so close that they were regarded as provincial dependents of the Irish high-king. Indeed some of the Picts filled the throne of Tara, but these were descendants of the branches which had remained in a few places in Ireland.

Such is a brief view of early Irish legend in its connection with Scotland. The details are found in

many Irish compositions, and are brought together in the "Book of Invasions," compiled from various early MSS., in the year 1631, by Michael O'Clery, one of the Four Masters. A very ancient poem called the "Duan Albannach"—or Scottish Poem—and referred by all the old MSS. to Mael-Mura of Fahan in Donegal, adds, that before the Firbolgs came to Scotland, it had been ruled by two brothers—Alban, from whom the country is called Alba; and Briutus, who gave his name to all the Brudes we afterwards hear of in Scottish history. Mael-Mura lived in the ninth century, and in the same century was written the "History of the Britons," which is very largely devoted to the legends of the Picts.

From that day (now a thousand years ago) when Mael-Mura sang :—

"A eolcha Alban uile,
A shluagh feuta folt-bhuidhe!
Cia ceud ghabhail—an eol duibh?
Ro ghabhastar Albanraidh?"

(O, all ye learned of Alba,
Ye well-skilled host of yellow hair,
What, do ye know, was the first conquest
That took the people of Alba?)—

From that day, I say, little has been done to investigate these ancient traditions. Judging from a later account of Columba's mission, we should say that the Brudes were not a Celtic race, or certainly not a Gaelic race, although the account given of their religious observances by Adamnan would remind us of a Celtic people (Bellesheim, i. 72). Skene

would say that the Northern Picts were Gaelic and the Southern were not.

The modern result of this early intermixture of people is that, in modern legend, the Fírbolgs, Fomorian, and Dananns, are common property in the legendary literature of the two countries, and that such was the case in very early legend may be seen from a passage in *Silva Gadelica*, ii. 225.

To this I have only to add that, in those times, Alba is the only name by which Scotland was known in Irish legend; and that by Alba was meant, not the whole of Scotland, but a small portion of the south-west.

II.—HEROIC GAELDOM.

The various races which filled Ireland with its people gave way before the great race to which the majority of the Irish trace their origin—the race of Milesius, their legendary leader. The same Mael-Mura that I have already quoted sang in the ninth century:—

“Canam bunadhas na n-Gaedhal”

(Let me sing the origin of the Gael),

And touching lightly on the wealth of legend which has clustered round the early Milesians, he tells us of a Queen *Scota* who ruled over them before they came to Ireland. She bore a son (*Gædhal Glas*), and from these two personages came the names of *Scoti* or *Scots*, and *Scotia* or *Scotland*, and *Gædhil* or *Gaelic people*.

Whence or when this powerful race arrived in Ireland we do not know ; but as to its connection with Scotland, it may be said that Irish legend depicts them as having had, from the first century before the Christian era, the most intimate connection with Alban.

The heroic period of Irish history and literature, and the golden age to which all the Irish writers of later centuries have looked fondly back, is that century immediately before the opening of our era. At this time there were in Ireland two powerful rulers—Queen Meave of Connaught, who ruled the west of Ireland ; and King Conor Mac Nessa, who ruled the north. Queen Meave was a lady of very decided character, and has left her name strongly impressed in Irish tradition. It was thus that Shakespeare, through the poems of Spenser, learned of her in her reduced character as a fairy queen, and made her immortal under the name of “Queen Mab.” King Conor, too, is better known by English song than by Irish history. One of Moore’s most beautiful melodies is associated with a denunciation of his treachery towards the sons of Usna, whose legend I have now to notice.

Princess Deirdre was a ward of King Conor Mac Nessa, guarded carefully by him. However, she eloped with one of the three sons of Usna, who, with his two brothers, made his way to Scotland. Here they dwelt for some time, and returned, relying upon the promises of Conor. Their murder at his hands, in violation of his promise, is the end of the story.

The literature of this fascinating legend may be divided into three classes :—

(1.) The earliest form of the legend, written in Irish Gaelic of the eighth or ninth century. This has been published more than once, and three complete versions of the text can be had in No. 12 of the Gaelic Journal (price 6d), and make a magnificent text of Old Gaelic. It may be noted that the references to their Scottish adventures are few and trifling in this ancient form of the legend.

(2.) Next we have the Gaelic text of this legend as usually found in Irish manuscripts of the last three centuries. The text is probably (in its present form) of the fifteenth or sixteenth century ; and we all know its many beautiful poems that, in true Gaelic fashion, are scattered throughout the prose. The poem

“ Ionmhuin tir, an tir ud shoir—
Alba con a h-ingantaibh ”

(Dear the land—that eastern land,
Alban and its marvels)

has frequently been translated, and, I am glad to know, from a note in the new volume, “ Dàin Iain Ghobha,” just issued from the Glasgow Celtic Press, that Mr. Carmichael, Edinburgh, is working at a complete study of the connection of the sons of Usna with Scotland. From the fact that so many distinctively Scottish personages occur in the modern version, we shall be safe in deducing that it was drawn up by some of those ubiquitous bards that, in the fourteenth and the fifteenth century, passed constantly

from Ireland to Scotland, and whose varied effusions take up much of the book of the Dean of Lismore; or perhaps it was in Ardchattan, by Loch Etiveside, that some half-Highland, half-Irish, Gaelic bard sang so beautifully the woes of Deirdre.

(3.) Again there are many legends in prose and verse which, in all Gaelic parts of Ireland and Scotland, still recall the fate of Deirdre, her husband and his brothers. A very beautiful version of one of these Scottish legends has already been published by Mr. Carmichael (*Gael. Soc.*, Inverness, xiv. 370).

In the early forms of this legend, we are told that King Conor of Ulster influenced the king of Scotland against the sons of Usna, and from another source we learn that King Conor's sister was married to a Scottish prince—two other proofs of the connection between the two countries. But there is hardly need for secondary proofs, when we find the chief hero depicted in Irish legend—Cuchullin, the Achilles of the Irish poets—almost a Scotchman.

Cuchullin, according to our old traditions, was a nephew of Conor, and after preparatory training at home, proceeded to the Isle of Skye to finish his military education. It is rather curious to find at the same time Queen Meave a female aristocrat in the west of Ireland; while another lady—Scathach, a name which appears to mean "The Terrible"—had a training school in Skye for all the greatest warriors of the Gaelic world. We have in old manuscripts circumstantial accounts of the wonderful feats that Scathach taught her many pupils.

The jealousy which had long existed between the Queen of the West and the King of the North led at last to a great invasion of Ulster by Queen Meave. This invasion forms the subject of the greatest Irish-Gaelic epic, the "Tain bo Cuailnge"—or Foray of the Cattle of Cuailgne.* Like all Old Irish epics, it is written in prose with snatches of verse, and in the work there are frequent references made to Scotland and the school in Skye.

I understand that the spoken Gaelic of Scotland still preserves some tradition of that invasion.

King Conor, having been insulted by the western queen's foray, determined on a dire revenge. How he carried it out is narrated in the so-called "Battle of Rosnaree," and the present interest to us of this ancient composition lies in the fact that even the twelfth-century version of it† contains references to districts of Scotland as remote as Lewis, Orkney, and Caithness. These districts, however, had become known to Irish missionaries nearly six centuries before, as we shall see.

- (II.) I can now state my second contention, that there are strong traditional evidences that, even before the Christian era, Ireland was closely connected with Scotland by the

* Cuailgne is the modern Cooley, a district in the promontory south of Carlingford Lough.

† Published by Hodges & Figgis, Dublin, 3s 6d, with translation and vocabulary—perhaps the best available text of 12th-century Gaelic.

marriage of chiefs, and by Scotland's reputation as a training ground for warriors.

- (III.) But a more interesting fact remains, that Scotland was known to prehistoric Ireland as the school of poetry and learning; the reference occurs in a passage that is otherwise of much interest (Book of Leinster, folio 186; see also O'Curry, iii. 315-6.).

At the court of Conor Mac Nessa, to which we have already so often referred, the chief poet was Adhna, whose great desire was that his son Nedhe should become a great poet and succeed himself in the poet's chair at the court of Emania. Accordingly Nedhe, after some preliminary studies, proceeded to Scotland to finish his poetical training. The old text introduces here the name of Portree, so that possibly the Isle of Skye was then as now a poetic region. The "Book of Leinster" gives the story thus:—
 "Adhna, the son of Uthuidhir of western race, was the ollamh or chief-sage of Erin in philosophy and poetry. He had a son Nedhe. Then that son went to learn philosophy in Scotland to Eochaidh Echbheul, and he lived with Eochaidh till he had mastered philosophy. Then the lad went and stood by the brink of the sea, and he heard a voice in the wave, a chorus of weeping and grief, and he wondered thereat. Then the lad laid a spell on the wave to tell him what was this, and it was revealed to him that the wave was lamenting to his [Nedhe's] father, and that his [the father's] poetic cloak had been given to

Ferceirtne the poet, and that he [Ferceirtne] had obtained the chair-of-poetry in succession to his father Adhna. The lad went home and told his tutor Eochaidh, who said to him, 'Go now to thy country.' Nedhe then goes off, and his three brothers with him; challenges the poet that was endeavouring to occupy the vacant chair; and finally receives the Professorship of Poetry by public acclamation.

In bringing this part of my paper to a close, I cannot help remarking that it is lamentable to find those most ancient traditions utterly ignored by writers who from every word of Greek and Roman writers extract

"Confirmation strong as proof of Holy Wrlt."

III.—PRECHRISTIAN GAELDOM.

I have entitled the previous chapter "Heroic Gael-dom," but I must be careful to point out that so far as Scotland was concerned it was scarcely part of the Gaeldom at all. No doubt there was much communication, and people of Scotie and Milesian race passed over in small numbers to Alba, but they were few for centuries more. Ireland was still the chief Gaelic country, just as it was for ten centuries the true Scotland.

After the end of what we can conveniently call the heroic period, which coincides with the opening of the Christian era, we have a space of four centuries during which Ireland and Scotland remained practically pagan. I have termed that period the time of "Prechristian Gaeldom," and I proceed to show that in this time the

connection between the two countries grew much more intimate.

The very first entry in the Irish annals of this period has reference to Scotland. The population was divided into two classes, the warrior or noble class, and the bond class—the hewers of wood and drawers of water. The result of much oppression was that the bond people rose and almost annihilated the nobles. Amongst those who escaped was the Queen Báine, who was of Scottish family and who fled to Scotland, where she gave birth to a son, who afterwards was restored to his throne in Ireland. This was in the beginning of the first century.

Soon afterwards we have three Irish monarchs, father, son, and grandson—Conn, Art, and Cormac—about whom have gathered the second great cycle of Gaelic literature, the cycle of Cuchullin being the first. Conn reigned in the first half of the second century, and his successor Conry was the father of Cairbre Riada, from whom sprang the first Scots who came to Scotland and who brought there the common use of the Gaelic language. These descendants of Cairbre are called Dal-riada, or division of Riada, and occupied first that part of Ireland nearest to Scotland, and it is probable that their migration into Scotland was continuous, if slow, for three centuries afterwards. At all events, the venerable Bede represents the migration of Ireland to Scotland as a continuous event, and the Irish annals from this time treat the two countries as forming one Gaelic nation.

Art, the son of Conn, duly succeeded to the throne in the end of the second century. We have a very interesting account (S. G., ii. 350) of the life of an Irish prince as an exile in Scotland at this time, ending with his returning and giving battle to his enemies, and thus turning the course of Irish history. (O'Curry iii. 261.)

Cormac, son of Art, one of the most attractive personages in our Irish history, is stated to have visited Scotland, and received a profession of homage from the ruling princes.

Towards the beginning of the fourth century Colla Uais passed into Scotland, and in the fourth century Niall, High King of Ireland, had Scottish hostages at his court as a security for the loyalty of the country. At the end of the fifth century those descendants of Cairbre Riada who had remained in Ireland sent a great swarm of Irish Gaels to Scotland under the three brothers—Lorne (from whom the district of Lorn is named), Angus (whose children settled in Islay and Jura), and Fergus (whose sons Comgall and Gabhran took up their residence in the district of Cowal). Thus the Gaelic or Scotie people were introduced into Scotland, and the name then given to the south-western coast "Oirear Gaedheal," or district of the Gael, is preserved, as we all know, in the district of Argyle. So many critics have treated this subject that I introduce it merely to fill up my sketch of the connection between the two countries. From this period the Gaelic people issued from this south-western centre,

and by degrees became mingled with the earlier inhabitants.

I must now return for a moment to King Cormac. A moment ago I said that he was an attractive figure to an Irish reader of Irish history and literature; but he has a special attraction for the Scottish student. King Cormac had a good deal of the Gaelic love of travel. He visited the continent of Great Britain, and beyond doubt introduced into Ireland many useful innovations borrowed from abroad. One of these, according to Irish writers, was a sort of personal guard or small standing army, and the first tales of the great deeds of this army, and more especially of its legendary leader Fionn, were the germs from which the Ossianic literature was subsequently developed.

IV.—FENIAN GAELDOM.

“Adræ buaid ocus bennachtain,” a Cháilte, ar Diarmaid, . . . “ocus cáite a fuilet sáithe ocus senchaide Eirenn? Scribtar i tám-lorcaib filed, ocus i slechtaib suad ocus i mbriathraib ollaman, co mbeire cách a chuid leis do gach fios, ocus do gach fhorus, ocus do gach dhinnsenchus, ocus do na gniomaib gaile ocus gaisged do innis Cáilte ocus Oisin. Ocus do gnith amlaid.” (Silva Gadelica, 151.)

“Success and ‘benediction, Cailte,” said Dermot, . . . “and where are Erin’s sages and antiquaries? In Ollaves’ diction, be these things written down on the tabular staves of poets, and in the records of the learned, so that each man may bring away his own share of the knowledge, and tradition, and archæology,

and of the heroic deeds that Cailte and Ossian have told to us. And so it was done." (Free translation.)

Here I find myself in a difficulty. On the one hand, it is impossible to pass over the Ossianic question in silence; on the other, it is presumptuous to enter into that question without having more fully studied it. But it may be of interest to you to consider the Ossianic literature as viewed from the Irish stand-point, especially as this, to my mind, is the only stand-point from which Ossianic compositions can be studied with any practical result. I shall embody the result of a short study of the subject in a few propositions:—

- I. There exists in manuscript and oral tradition an immense body of literature, in prose and verse, that professes to deal with the character and deeds of a body called the Fiann, and especially with the adventures of Fionn, the traditional leader of the Fiann,—his son Ossian, his grandson Oscar, and other prominent heroes.
- II. The Fiann are represented as having lived in the fourth century; they lived in Ireland, but had offshoots in Scotland.
- III. Almost all the literature preserved in Scottish manuscripts is poetic, but there is a good deal of traditional prose.
- IV. The poetic literature professes to be a series of dialogues between Ossian, son of Fionn—and St. Patrick. The prose, too, is a similar dialogue, and the most valuable and typical specimen of it is actually called *An Agallamh*, "The Dialogue."
- V. It is, of course, impossible to suppose that Ossian is the author of this literature, which, on account of his frequent appearance as narrator, is conveniently called

Ossianic. Although there are a few poems of evident antiquity ascribed to Fionn and Ossian, the whole of the poetic literature is in Modern Gaelic, and the most of the prose is somewhat older—what we may call Middle-Age Gaelic. No doubt the text was modernized, as every popular text is, century after century; but we may assume, with moral certainty, that the Ossianic literature was begun in those days when the bardic schools flourished throughout the country towards the end of the sixth and seventh centuries. Little, however, of this ancient Ossianic literature has survived, except an odd little poem written in the severe Old Gaelic metre. Being popular, the literature grew from generation to generation, and its production has hardly yet ceased. Speaking for the Irish Ossianic ballads, I may say that a great proportion of those we now have are productions of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, loosely written in the spoken Gaelic of the period. Many of the Scottish Ossianic ballads given in the Dean of Lismore's book appear to be much older, but the majority of the Scottish ballads I have seen are not older.

- VI. Who was it that composed the Ossianic ballads of the Dean of Lismore? All I shall say on this point is that the localities referred to in ancient Ossianic poems are all in Ireland, and that very learned Scottish Gaelic scholars have failed to decipher passages which, to a student of modern Irish Gaelic, are quite easy.* From this, one of two things would follow—either that these ballads were written in Irish and were not understood in Scotland in the sixteenth century, or that Scottish Gaelic has changed very much since the sixteenth century.
- VII. Finally, I would conclude, as a practical deduction, that it is mere waste of labour and money to attempt

*Vol. i.—*Reliquæ Celtiquæ*, pp. 20, 21.

to edit these more ancient and beautiful Gaelic ballads—without a knowledge of the Gaelic metre in which they were originally composed, and without which the genuine text cannot now be restored. It would also save much weary guess-work if, before setting to work on two or three Scottish versions of an Ossianic ballad, a search were made in Irish Ossianic literature for an older text.

VIII. Passing now for a moment from the ballad literature, I would earnestly draw your attention to the far more attractive literature in prose preserved in Irish manuscripts. As I have just remarked, it is referable to the early centuries of Christianity in these islands, and the language generally is of the same character as that of the old lives of saints, now so prized by scholars. In addition to its age, and to the many peculiarities of vocabulary and turn of expression savouring of ancient times, this older literature has the additional attraction for you that it has very many references to Scotland. This was but natural: it was written down at that period when the two countries formed one nation, and possibly those very references to Scotland were written by some early monk or lay-brother in Iona or Ardchattan, or (higher up) in Western Ross-shire. “*In Eirinn agus in Albain*” is a phrase we meet in every page of the “Dialogue”—our typical specimen of the old prose Ossianic composition.

Thus we find a passage where even the very fairies are set down as common to the two countries, and, again, the little poem on Arran could have been written only in Scotland (Silva Gadelica, 109):—

Arran of the many stags—the sea beats on her very shoulders—

An island in which multitudes are fed—blue spears are reddened on her hill-tops.

The skittish deer are on her precipices—blackberries grow
on her waving heather—

Cool water is in her rivers—masts in her brown oaks.

Greyhounds are there, and beagles—blackberries and sloes
of the dark blackthorn—

Dwellings with their backs to the woods—deer wander
through her thickets.

A crimson crop grows on her rocks, in her glades a fault-
less grass ;

Over her sheltering crags the fawns did leap and skip.

Smooth were her grassy spots—fat her wild swine—

Cheerful her fields—nuts clustered on her hazel boughs—
the swift galleys sailed past her.

Pleasant for all when fair weather comes—the trout lie
under her river-brinks—

The sea-gulls wheeling round her white cliff call to one
another—

Arran is always pleasant.

But, again, we shall find Alba contrasted with Ire-
land and allusion made to Scotland, which could be
made only by an outsider. We may conclude, then,
that even the early prose Ossianic literature has been
influenced to some extent by Scotland.

From this intimate connection between Ireland and
Scotland in the few centuries before and after the in-
troduction of Christianity, it is easy to deduce that
many of the place-names and family names of Scottish
families, can never be fully studied except in the light
of the Irish literature. And this is so, and every book
of any value on the history of early Scotland is based
on Irish records.

Many passages of the highest interest, even from
the mere romantic or æsthetic point of view, are found
in Irish manuscripts dealing with the adventures of Irish

chiefs in Alba (S. G. 74, 80, 183). Passages abound which throw light upon the curious old Gaelic practices and superstitions which have not even yet vanished from amongst us. To this period, too, we must look for the true origin of the Scottish tartans, the early forms of which are alluded to more than once in the little I have myself read. In the seventh century a Scottish chief was obliged to fly into Ireland, and his passage is thus mentioned (O'Curry ii., 164-6):—
“Well now,” said Cano, “we will go into the land of Erin, to a friend of ours. A currach is made by his orders. They went down to the sea-shore. This was the order in which they went down to the sea—fifty warriors of them—a crimson five-fold cloak on each man, two flesh-seeking spears in hand, a gold-rimmed shield at his back, a gold-hilted sword at his girdle, his gold-yellow hair falling down his back. This was the order in which their wives went with them—each wore a green cloak with borders of silver, an inner garment interwoven with red gold thread, brooches of gold with earrings and adorned with gems of many colours, necklaces of highly burnished gold, a diadem of gold on their heads. The fifty servants who went with them wore tunics of yellow silk. Each bore on his back a chess-board with gold and silver set of chess-men. A bronze harp in the left hand of each servant; two hounds on a silver chain in his right hand.”

And then the student of Scottish national music will find ample material for his studies. When Caeilte mac Ronan was asked, “Had ye any musicians among

the Fiann?" "That we had," said he, "the finest that was in Erin or Alban." "Who was he?" "Cnù Deireoil, or the Little Nut," and forthwith he is described. "Four fists of Einn there were in his height, three in the musical instrument he played, and the end of it was that all the others grew jealous of him." And in many old manuscripts, rather critical remarks are made on the various musical terms used in Ireland and Scotland.

We can now resume the course of this paper by stating briefly the effects which the preaching of Christianity had on the relations between Ireland and Scotland.

IV.—CHRISTIAN GAELDOM.

The ties which during the shadowy centuries of the early history of the Gaelic world had bound together Erin and Alban, were drawn closer by the advent of the Christian religion in the fourth and fifth centuries A.D. For many students of Irish history and literature, the period which has most attraction is those times when the Irish missionaries went forth to preach in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, with all the fervour of the Celtic heart and all the eloquence of the Gaelic tongue, the new religion they had just received. It was thus from men of their own race and language that the Gaels of Scotland, in general, first learned the truths of Christianity, as the effect produced by the very first Christian missionaries that lived before the Irish monks began their work was very slight indeed.

For even the very first Christian missionaries of the

two countries were intimately connected. St. Ninian, who is recognised as the pioneer apostle of Scotland, was connected with Ireland, and, according to some, died and was buried at Cloncurry, not many miles from Maynooth College. St. Palladius is a common patron to both countries. Our St. Patrick is claimed by you as a countryman, and he certainly identifies himself closely with Scotland in his famous Letter to Coroticus. Like St. Ninian, St. Patrick had been a disciple of Martin of Tours, and hence in both countries the name of Martin is perpetuated in place-names and family names. St. Enda of Arann and St. Finian of Moville, the heads of two of the chief monastic schools of early Christian Ireland, were educated in Scotland.

Thus St. Columba, in becoming the apostle of North-West Scotland, was only repaying in kind the teaching he had received from Scotland through St. Finian of Moville. There is hardly an Irish saint of any prominence who did not also visit Scotland. St. Brendan, the famous voyager, is remembered in many remote places in the two countries. St. Comgall of Bangor and St. Canice of Kilkenny accompanied St. Columba to the district around Inverness. Finn Barr, the patron of Cork, is also the protector of Caithness, and has given his name to distant Barra, just as Flannan of Kilalloe is remembered in the islands west of Lewis. Even in the Orkney Islands, an Irish missionary (Colman) erected his church and cross. These we may call the coast saints, but the lake or inland shrines are not less numerous. Colman of

Dromore dwelt in Western Perthshire ; and Finan of Lusk gives his name to historic Glenfinan, at the head of Loch Shiel—a place of many varied memories. Above all, I love to think of the many Irish shrines of Western Ross-shire, in the wild country between Lochalsh, Loch Torridon, and Loch Maree, which last place has its name from St. Maelrubha, who was almost as ubiquitous as Columba himself.

I need not speak of the influence that Iona had in cementing for centuries the two countries until, thanks to a great extent to the Scotie or Irish missionaries, the Scotie part of the population had penetrated and absorbed the other inhabitants of Alba, and the whole population came to be called Scotie ; and, finally, towards the close of the tenth century, the country itself came to be known as Scotland.

As I have mentioned before, this part of our common history has attracted to itself many eminent men of both countries. Dr. Reeves, the Protestant bishop of Dromore, has written many excellent works, large and small, which form the recognised authorities. Many others, of different religious beliefs and from different countries, have also followed up the traces of those early saints who, in their frail *curraghs*, braved the dangers of the Northern Seas, penetrated to the most distant glens and islets, reached the smallest islets—mere specks in the Scottish sea,—and made their way even to Iceland, carrying with them the standard of the cross.

The results of this Irish invasion of Scotland are visible at the present day in the map of Scotland, and

in the literature and social life of Highlanders.

In all the Gaelic districts we find place-names derived from St. Patrick, St. Brigid, St. Martin of Tours, and many Continental saints who, we may assume, never visited these districts, but whose memory was thus perpetuated by their Irish disciples.

As for the Irish missionaries who did visit Scotland, their names fill pages of every Scottish gazetteer. To us of the same race, this is only a proof of the reverent and grateful character of our Gaelic forefathers.

We also find many instances of that peculiar Gaelic custom of adding to the names of favourite missionaries the endearing terminations *óg*, *án*, or the still more affectionate prefix *mo* (my own). Thus, if a person named *Ciar* or *Rona* devote himself to the service of the gospel, at once his flock call him *Ciarán*, *Ronán* or *Ronóg*. Again we have *Moronóg* (my little Rona), *Mocholmóg* (my little Colm). Examples could be multiplied.

The close intercourse which existed between the early Christian communities of the whole Gaelic world also explains the wonderful diffusion of our Old Gaelic hymns. The fisherman of Barra, launching into the stormy sea that circles the Outer Hebrides, uses still, almost word for word, the same ancient Gaelic hymn as the hardy fisher-folk of Beara, in South-West Cork. Both are clients of the same St. Finn Barr, and for more than twelve centuries have handed on, without change, the words of praise composed when Ireland and Scotland were one nation. And so, through all the Gaelic districts of Ireland and

Scotland, by the wild sea, or in the equally wild inland glens, the old Gaelic hymns have been sacredly preserved to this day. We should look upon it as a duty to rescue from oblivion those waifs of centuries, and we should be grateful to Mr. Alexander Carmichael of Edinburgh for what he has done in this direction.

As a study of Celtic character, it is useful to note how some of those old prayers, after hovering for some time (as Mr. MacBain has well said) on the borderland between Christianity and paganism, have degenerated into charms and spells. This out-of-the-way department of uncanny Gaelic lore has been explored with signal success by Mr. W. MacKenzie ; in fact, he has almost exhausted it. It is especially curious to see how we in Ireland have lost all trace of St. Patrick's Tara hymn, while in Scotland it is yet partially remembered.

The study of this period also explains the similarity in all respects of Scottish and Irish ecclesiastical remains—churches, crosses, round towers, illuminated manuscripts, etc. Happily, we already have a perfect hand-book of all those subjects—Mr. Anderson's "Scotland in Early Christian Times." We have no book like it for our Irish remains.

Finally we have, as a common inheritance of the two countries, much of the ancient Christian literature contained in Irish manuscripts. The literature of those days was all produced in the religious houses, and these, as we know, were of Irish foundation. If we set aside that large body of Irish manuscripts which is not of Irish origin (such as copies of various parts

of the Holy Scriptures and copies and translations of Latin works), we shall find the remaining literature which concerns us to divide itself into certain classes :—Devotional ; Biographical ; Poetical ; and Romantic.

Scattered throughout the Irish manuscripts are many excellent specimens of Gaelic devotional literature, such, I believe, as are not surpassed in any literature. As a rule, they are brief, and every word is full of meaning. Perhaps the best specimen I could quote is the Litany of Mughron, abbot of the Columbian monasteries in Ireland and Scotland in the ninth century. Another little gem of Gaelic devotion is the poem ascribed to Columba, beginning

“ My soul would desire
God's face to see,
My soul should desire
With Him for aye to be.” etc.

The manuscript catalogued “V.” in the Edinburgh Advocates' Library contains a beautifully written copy of this hymn, which Professor Mackinnon recently showed me. Unfortunately, a marauding mouse has eaten away a large part of the poem, and we must supply the defect from an inferior manuscript in the Royal Irish Academy Library, Dublin.

The life of Columba, by his successor Adamnan, is our best specimen of biographical composition, but it was not the only life of Columba produced in Scotland. Between serious biography and poetry lie many fragments in prose and verse, which shed a light upon the ways and usages of the early Scottish religious

houses. Then, for true poetry, we need only go to the smaller compositions of Columba—or at least ascribed to him, and, beyond doubt, of early date,—in which he goes back in mind to his former homes in Ireland, and envies the “son of Dimma, when he hears in Durrow the rustle of the breeze through the elm-trees; the joyous note of the blackbird when at daybreak he claps his wings; the lowing of the kine at early dawn; the voice of the cuckoo from the tree at the opening of the summer-time.” These and many other poems show us that the ardent Gael who assumed the cowl and rough habit and ascetic life of a *religiosus*, did not cease to be a poet.

Nor was romantic composition wanting in the *scriptoria* of Iona or other Highland monasteries. Just as some of those houses edited, with local touches, the pagan sagas of the sons of Usna, so they surrounded with marvellous imaginings the naturally adventurous voyages of the Irish monks who continually passed to and fro between Ireland and Scotland. Many of those contain beautiful episodes and much noble thought in the purest of Gaelic, and they are all well worthy of being collected and translated.

This is perhaps the best place to notice how your spoken Highland Gaelic yet preserves many words connected with early Christian usages, although, strangely enough, the words have disappeared from Modern Irish. I would instance the word *airchis*, a word of very common occurrence in Old Irish litanies. We have lost the word for centuries, but I note that it is still part of the living Gaelic of Scotland, being

used in the poems of John Morison, recently published here in Glasgow.

What I have said may sound like a dry catalogue of items, but in reality the history and literature of early Christian Scotland are not so. The graceful Celtic imagination adorned every shrine and every venerable name with a charming history, and around the name of St. Columba especially there grew by degrees a wealth of literature in which was portrayed his character as a saint, as a poet, and also as a true patriot and the one who first established an independent kingdom in Scotland.

It is obvious that no person can claim to speak on this extensive and important period of Scottish history without being thoroughly acquainted with the character of the Irish monastic institutions, and with the various Gaelic compositions, in prose and verse, in which he will find a key to the true history of this period.

V.—MEDIÆVAL GAELDOM.

The intimate connection between the two countries was kept up in mediæval times. We find traces of this cropping up now and then, even in the Annals; but we know far more of it from the purely literary sources. Thus a poet writing in 1180 lets us know that the lord of Arran then reigning was partially of Irish blood, and might possibly claim the Irish throne (O'C., iii. 339). About 1230 we read of an Irish poet who was called "Gilla Brighde Albannach," from his habit of spending his time with his friends in Scotland and Ireland alternately. One of his poems is of spe-

cial interest to students of the history of our national Gaelic music, which was, beyond doubt, brought to its perfection in those mediæval times. An Irish harp of great repute had been brought to Scotland; and now, as the owner was anxious to regain it, the poet was sent on a special mission to Scotland for this purpose. In praise of the harp, which is beautifully termed "the home of music," "the maiden of melodious voice," Mac Conmidhe (this was his surname) composed a beautiful poem given by O'Curry (iii. 271-272). The last stanza I shall quote:—

"Ionmhuin leamsa—dùthchas damh—
Fiodhbhuidhe àille Alban,
Giodh iongnadh, is annsa leam
An crannsa d'fhiodhbhuidh Eireann."

(Dear to me—and rightly so—
Are the beautiful woods of Scotland;
But dearer still, if wonderful,
This tree of the woods of Erin.)

What harp was this; how got it into Scotland; and what was its after fate: these are questions that have been much discussed (O'C., vol. iii. 280-285).

At this time the chief poet of Scotland *pro tempore* was Murragh O'Daly, who, as his name implies, was an Irishman. Banished from his native territory for a slight fault, he took refuge in Scotland, and from his new home composed various poems addressed to his friends in Ireland. Even in his time, the two countries were simply called East and West—the two divisions of the Gaelic world. In the Book of the Dean of Lismore, among many other distinctively Irish compositions, will be found (*Reliquiæ Celticæ*, pp. 104,

126, 127) poems of this O'Daly. His brother, Donagh Mòr O'Daly, abbot of Boyle, is our chief devotional writer in Mediæval Irish hymnology.*

The descendants of this Murragh were for centuries the chief literary men of Scotland, and were the hereditary bards and historians of Clanranald (see *Reliquiæ Celticæ*, ii. 139). The name by which they were known, *Mac Mhuirich*, can be seen in many a venerable Scottish manuscript, and their memory is still green in Highland tradition.

We can easily conceive how in those centuries that great mass of popular literature, now called Folk lore, was diffused among the people. Stories of the same intricate plot, conceived in almost the same words, and with many striking incidents in common, are found in the Gaelic-speaking parts of the two countries. Only a few months ago, *The Oban Times* reprinted an Irish fairy chant, and at once a Perthshire correspondent came with the information that there, near the old shrine of St. Colman, the identical words were preserved. Still, the Four Masters note, in the year 1258, that the Scottish Gaelic had now developed on lines of its own, and that it could easily be distinguished from the Irish Gaelic.

LATER TIMES.

In the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, the intercourse between the two countries was still kept up. The families of Antrim

* His devotional poems are still preserved by oral tradition in Ireland. See the series of articles by Douglas Hyde, LL.D., M.A.I.A., now running in the *New Ireland Review*.

and Islay were connected, Scottish chiefs were fostered in Ireland, the chief families of the north of Ireland became allied in marriage and otherwise with those of the Southern Highlands ; and, finally, a Highland lady (the "Inghean Dubh") became the mother of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, the greatest figure, perhaps, in the pages of Irish history. During all those centuries the Irish Annals record the affairs of Scotland as well as those of Ireland, and modern Scottish families will in these Annals find light on many points in family and national history. A search among the Irish manuscripts containing the Ulster poetry of that period would yield plenty of interesting material for the history of social life in the Scottish islands at the time.

It was towards the close of this period that Dean Mac Gregor of Lismore wrote down in a rude, phonetic way the floating poetry of the period. Much of it is Irish in construction and swing, but the most of it is of native growth in many ways, though often founded on a more ancient text common to both countries. Many Irish bards, such as Angus O'Daly (sixteenth century), Mac Ward, and others whose little Scottish poems are scattered through Irish MSS. contributed to keep up among the Scottish Gaels a recollection of the old times and the old traditions ; so much so, that Carswell, writing in the sixteenth century, had to complain that the popular mind was still saturated with prechristian legends of Fionn and the Dananns.

A good deal of the Dean of Lismore's book is devoted to what we can conveniently continue to term

Ossianic literature. Irish MSS. of that date are also largely Ossianic—with this difference, however, that while the Scottish Ossianic literature appears to be all poetic, ours is also to some extent in prose. A short time ago, I spoke of the wonderful diffusion and tenacity of life of the old poetic hymns and charms, and the same may now be said of the Ossianic literature. To what I have said before I have nothing of any importance to add, except that the introduction of the names of Danes and Norsemen forms an additional proof that these Ossianic legends are not prechristian.

I believe the time has come for a good, scientific edition of a few of the old Ossianic ballads. The nonsensical rhyme of the last few centuries is worthless, but a good edition of a half-dozen of the oldest Gaelic ballads, with reference to the oldest texts procurable, would do a great deal for Scottish Gaelic literature.

CONCLUSION.

From all I have now said, I shall ask you to deduce with me the following conclusions :—

- I. That the student of the early Scottish history, archæology, music, manners, and customs must look to Irish history for a firm foundation for his studies.
- II. That if we study the Christian and more recent periods, we cannot ignore the corresponding periods of Irish history, with their similar characteristics.
- III. That Ireland and Scotland had for many centuries one common Gaelic tongue, and that the modern forms of that old tongue must be studied in the light of the older language.

IV. That the older Gaelic literature, now for the most part preserved in Irish MSS., is to a great extent a common inheritance of the Gaelic-speaking peoples of Ireland and Scotland; and that as it enshrines in their most fitting language the thoughts and aspirations of our ancestors, it merits at our hands our most careful study and appreciation.

I believe the old Gaelic literature needs only to be known to be appreciated. It appeals to every feeling of ours in a manner that no foreign literature can. It is in its simple, active character a striking contrast to the morbid literature of the present day. It is distinctively national in its tone and aspirations. Why, then, should every branch of the Gaelic people look abroad for literary training, overlooking the wealth that lies at their own doors. I do not here speak so much of public as of private studies. In these practical days, our public studies must be largely devoted to matters of every-day use. But after these, there is ample room for that other literary training that Carlyle would call the "literature of power."

I would go further than this, and say, if minute scholarship in the classical languages has always been deservedly respected by you in Scotland; if a critical knowledge of the Attic, Doric, and other Greek dialects has been cultivated: why should we not cultivate a knowledge of the two dialects of the Gaelic tongue—of that language that once extended, not over a small kingdom such as Greece, but over a whole continent, from the Danube to the Hebrides? The

Highlander will find in this study the only explanation of many curious and obscure phrases in the every-day language ; and the Irish student will find the study of the Scottish Gaelic the easiest method of acquiring a large body of ancient Gaelic words now lost in Irish Gaelic, but which are essential to a good knowledge of the older and richer forms of the language. Both will find in the older forms of Gaelic a beautiful and well-developed style of prose-composition not surpassed, if equalled, by the most cultivated languages of the present day ; and in that prose he will find not mere word-building, as in many of the modern imitations of it, but solid and trenchant thought. For besides these passages of almost barbaric grandeur and strength by which the old Celtic mind delighted to bring out strong contrasts (as in descriptions of dress, personal prowess or beauty, stories, or other convulsions of nature), there are many works that prove the Celtic appreciation of what is best and noblest in literature.

During the past year, there has been in Ireland a very great awakening of people generally to the value of the native language and literature. For the first time, men of social and political importance have joined hands with those who for years had been working as well as they could to attract others to the study of Gaelic by issuing cheap and interesting hand-books. You have been working on the same lines in Scotland. Some time ago, an amusing American tourist supplied a gullible transatlantic journal with an account of his tour in Scotland. According to him,

the students and speakers of Gaelic form one vast secret society, linked together for some unknown and desperate purpose. The writer was unconsciously and, no doubt, unwillingly flattering us, for it is encouraging to find that others see us as we would wish to be seen—that, coming together for one common purpose from various and far removed places, and with very various religious and political convictions, we can sink all these and join cordially in one common and noble work—the revival of the ancient Gaelic tongue, of the ancient Gaelic spirit.

[FEBRUARY 27TH, 1894.]

At the meeting held on this date, Rev. Dr. BLAIR, Edinburgh, read a Gaelic paper entitled, “Aiteal de Shean Nithean Gaidhealach” (A Glimpse of Old Highland Affairs). His paper was as follows :—

AITEAL DE SHEAN NITHEAN GAIDHEALACH.

An uair mu dheireadh a labhair mi ribh fo sgàile a' chomuinn so, b' e cuspair mo sheanachais, “Oidhche air Chéilidh.” Thug mi oidhirp, an uair sin, air a bhi tabhairt fa 'r comhair an dòigh anns am b' àbhaist do na Gàidheil a bhi 'cur seachad nan oidhcheannan fada Geamhraidh, an uair nach robh a choimhlion cothrom aca air eòlas fhaotainn 's a tha againne. Chuir mi 'n ar làthair na cleasan agus a' bheurais a bu ghnàth leò a chleachdainn.

Tha a mhiann orm an nochd sùil a thabhairt air nì

no dhà de nithean comh-cheangailte ris a' Ghàidhealtachd a dh' fhaodas, theagamh, na làithean a dh' fhalbh a thabhairt 'n ar cuimhne. Tha iomadh nì Gaidhealach air am faodamaid tarruing a thabhairt. Trìd na céilidhean, bha, mar a thug mi fa 'n ear, geurad inntinn agus gliocas nach beag air an dùsgadh. Nochd an gliocas so e féin air chaochladh dhòighean agus faodaidh sinn an nochd amharc air cuid diù sin.

Leig e e féin ris anns na sgeulachdan a bha air an innseadh. Bha am bitheantas aobhar sònruichte 's an amharc anns gach ùirsgeul. Bha iad aon chuid a' toirt leasain mhóralta seachad, neo bha iad a' moladh fearalais agus treubhantais, agus mar so bha iad a' dèanamh mór fheum ann a bhi a' cumail fa chomhair inntinn an t-sluaigh ceartas agus subhailean móralta cho maith ri bhi dùsgadh fearalas agus duinealas ann am broilleach na h-òigridh. Bha cuid de na h-ùirsgeulan air an innseadh mar chosmhalachdan a chum firinn éiginn a dheachdadh air an inntinn. Ma chumas sinn so air chuimhne ann a bhi leughadh ùirsgeulan Gaidhealach chì sinn gu 'm faod sinn eòlas-nach beag a tharruing uapa. Tha eadhon na sgeulachdan anns nach 'eil ach glé bheag de 'n fhirinn làn de theagasg de 'n t-seòrsa so.

Amhairceamaid air aon diù mar shamhladh. Tha loch àiridh anns a' Ghàidhealtachd, agus o 'n loch so tha amhainn a' ruith a dh' ionnsuidh a' chuain. Air an amhainn so tha e air a ràdh nach 'eil bradan ri fhaotainn, ged nach 'eil eas no cnap-starra 's an rathad gu bacadh a chur orra. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh air bith, ma tha so fìor, nach 'eil aobhar nàdurra éiginn a mhìn-

icheas an reusan air son nach 'eil bradan ri fhaotainn air an amhainn sin. Ach so agaibh an dòigh anns am bheil an t-ùirsgeul Gaidhealach 'g a mhineachadh. Bha aon latha anns na linntean a dh' fhalbh, iasgair ag iasgach bhradan air an amhainn so. Cha robh breac no bradan a' toirt plub, neo ite ag éiridh ris a' chuileig aige. Bha e sgith de sgiùrsadh na h-aimhne leis an acfhuinn aige, ach ceann cha do ghlac e. 'N uair a bha a' chùis mar so, thàinig seann duine còir le aghaidh mhàlda far an robh e. Cò bha so ach Calum-cille a bha air a chuairt aig an àm anns a' chèarn sin, a' searmonachadh an t-soisgeil, "An toir thu dhomh," arsa Calum naomh, "a chiad iasg a ghlacas tu?" "Nì mise sin," ars' an t-iasgair. Cha bu luaithe a thug e an gealladh na ghlac e bradan àluinn. 'N uair a chunnaic an t-iasgair cho briagha 's a bha an t-iasg a fhuair e ghabh e aithreachas de 'n chùmhnannt a rinn e ris a' choigreach agus gheall e gu 'n tugadh e dha an ath aon a gheibheadh e. "Biodh e mar sin," arsa Calum, agus ann am priobadh bha bradan móran na bu mhomha na a' chiad aon aige air 'ghiùran. An dara uair thug sglamhaireachd agus sannt air fhacal a bhriseadh. "Bheir mi dhuit," ars' an t-iasgair "an ath aon a ghlacas mi." "Biodh e mar sin," arsa Calum. Ann an ùine ghèarr bha an dubhan aige ann an giùran bradain a bu mhomha 's a b' eireachdaile na an dithisd a fhuair e a cheana. An treas uair, thug sannt air fàilneachadh 'n a ghealladh. Las corruich Chalum agus mhallach e an t-uisge; agus o'n latha sin gus a so cha deachaidh bradan a thoirt gu tìr air bruaich an t-sruth ain ud.

Tha e soilleir nach 'eil an sgeul so fìor, ach gidheadh tha e làn de theagasg fallan. Tha e 'leigeil ris cho-gràineil 's a tha ceilg ann an gnothaichean—cho suarach agus nàrach 's a tha sglamhaireachd agus sannt; agus tha e 'teagasg gu 'm pill ceilg, breugan, carachd, agus lùbachd-shnàgach le dioghaltas dùbailte air ceann na muinntir a tha 'g an cleachdadh.

Tha sgeul sònruichte comh-cheangailte ri dealbh gach beinn agus cumadh gach locha, agus aig gach aon diù sin tha brìgh agus seadh sònruichte a bha 'teagasg leasain éigin. De an t-seòrsa so tha an sgeul mu Rudha na Caillich am Muile, Beinn na Caillich an Ile, agus Beinn na Caillich 's an Eilean Sgitheanach. Tha mi cinnteach gu 'm bheil gach neach a làthair eòlach air an sgeul a tha mìneachadh mar a chaidh Loch Odha a dhèanamh: sgeul a tha glé neo-choltach ann féin, ach a bha a' teagasg leasain fheumail. Bha, na 'm b' fhìor an sgeul, an lag a tha nis air a lìonadh le uisgeachan Loch Odha, 'na shrath bòidheach torrach, a bha maiseach r'a fhaicinn agus buanachdar ri àiteachadh. Chaidh an srath ciatach so a bhuileachadh air mnaoi-uasail àiridh a bha a chòmhnaidh air Leitir Chruachain, air chùmhanta gu 'n cuireadh i leac gach oidhche air tobar sònruichte a bha 'brùchdadh a mach o thaobh na beinne. Ré iomadh latha rinn i so, agus bha sonas agus soirbheachadh 's a ghleann agus rath 'us àgh aice féin. Ach oidhche shònruichte thàinig fear-turais éigin an rathad, agus le cho blasda 's a bha a sheanachas agus cho taitneach 's a bha a chompanas, dhì-chuimhnich i an leac a chur air beul an tobair. Ghabh i mu thàmh gun an dleasdanas so a dhèanamh

agus 'n uair a dh' éirich i 's a mhaduinn agus a sheall i mach air a h-oighreachd àillidh, bha gach achadh 'us srath còmhdaichte le uisge. Ann an àite dùthaich tharbhach bha loch mór uisge. Faodaidh an sgeul so a bhi amaideach gu leòir ann am beachd cuid de mhuinntir, ach tha teagasg glé fhior air fhilleadh a steach ann. Tha e 'leigeil ris duinn ma nì sinn dear-mad air dleasdanas, gu 'm faod sùil a bhi againn ri tubaistean agus mi-fhortan. Tha cuimhne agam aon uair air an spreigeadh so fhaotainn o sheann duine còir an uair a bha mi a' dol a chur dàil ann an dleasdanas sònruichte. Bha nì ann a bu chòir a bhi air a dhèanamh air an fheasgar sin. "Nì e 'n gnothach am màireach," arsa mise. "Cha dèan, a laochain." ars' an seann duine, "cuimhnich mar a rinneadh Loch Odha."

Mar so bha teagasg sònruichte air a cheangal suas anns gach sgeul agus ùirsgeul, a bha 'geurachadh na h-inntinn gu bhi a' breathnachadh air a' bhrìgh a bha ri fhaotainn annta, agus mar an ceudna a' sparradh fìrinnean feumail air aire na h-òigridh.

Faodaidh mi barail eile a bha aon uair air a chreidsinn, a thabhairt fa 'r comhair mar shamhladh eile air a' cheart nì so. Bha e aon uair air a chreidsinn na 'n tugadh tu cairt do 'n tràigh a chum luchd maoraich a thoirt dachaidh, gu 'm fàgadh am maorach an tràigh gu buileach. Cha bhiodh cailleag, feasgan, bàirneach no eisir nach teicheadh air falbh. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh air bith nach robh aobhar glic air son a leithid so de bheachd a chraobh-sgaoileadh. Bha e 'n a dhìteadh do shannt agus do 'n ghionaich. Bha an tràigh an sin gach latha, bha cothrom aig na h-uile dol agus a roinn

féin fhaotainn, 'us cha robh e ceart do neach buannachd fhaotainn gu calltachd muinntir eile. Bha an teagasg a bha so a' toirt seachad car cosmhuil ris an nì a bha am Manna a' teagasg do shluagh Israeil. Cha robh feum air sglamhaireachd oir bha an tràigh an sud gach latha, 'us bu leòir do gach latha a chuibhrionn féin: dìreach mar a thubhairt an Slànuighear beannaichte. "Na bitheadh ro-chùram oirbh mu thimchioll an latha màireach, oir bithidh a làn de chùram air an latha màireach mu thimchioll a nithe féin: is leòir do 'n latha olc féin."

Bha mar an ceudna sgeulachdan air an innseadh a chum nithean nàdurra a mhìneachadh. So agaibh aon de 'n t-seòrsa so. Tha eilean beag 'n a luidhe faisg air cladach aon de eileanan mòra taobh na h-àirde 'n iar de Albainn. Anns an eilean bheag so tha e air a ràdh nach fan nathair beò, ged a tha na leòir de nathraichean nimheil anns an eilean mhòr a tha dlùth air laimh. So agaibh an dòigh anns am bheil an gnothach air a mhìneachadh ann an sgeulachdan nan seann daoine. Cha bhuin, deir an sgeul, an t-eilean beag so do Albainn idir: 's ann a tha ann mìr de Eirinn. Agus so agaibh mar a thàinig e a nall gu còrsa na h-Alba. Air maduinn bhòidhich shamhraidh, smaointich aon de mhnathan uailse nam Famhairean, a bha ann anns na linntean sin, gu 'n d' thugadh i sgriob a nall do Albainn. Chuir i truissealadh oirre féin agus ghabh i nall troimh 'n linne ris an abair na h-Eireannaich "Sruth na Maoile," dìreach mar gu 'm bitheadh aon againne a' dol troimh abhainn bhig aig àth ao-domhainn. 'N uair a bha i a' tarruing dlùth air

còrsa eileanan na h-Alba, leig i sìos an truissealadh a rinn i air a gùn, agus dé bha ach an t-eilean—ged a tha dà chòta-bàn fearainn ann—aice ann an luib a sgiort. Thuit an t-eilean ann an sud; agus ann an sud tha e gus an latha 'n diugh.

Tha cuimhne agam aon uair a bhi 'labhairt ri duine còir a bha 'làn-chreidsinn gu 'n robh an sgeul so fìor. Thug mi oidhirp air iompaidh a chur air gu 'n robh an nì neo-chomasach. Ach cha rachadh agam air a chur as a bheachd féin. Bha e daingeann 'n a bharrail féin, agus las a shùil 'us bha e ro-eudmhor ann an cur na ceisde so rium—"Cia mar, ma ta, a mhinicheas tu a chùis nach fan nathair beò 's an eilean so, agus nach fan aon beò an Eirinn na 's momha?" Cha d' thubhairt mi féin diog, oir bha fios agam gu ro-mhath ged a dhearbhas tu nì air neach an aghaidh a thoile, nach caochail e a bharrail.

'Se an reusan a tha air a thoirt air son dìth nathraichean a bhi ann an Eirinn, gu 'n do chuir Pàdhruig Naomh an ruaig orra uile gus nach d' fhàg e aon 's an tìr. Faodaidh cuid a smaoineachadh nach 'eil an sin ach sgeul faoin gun bhrìgh, gun fhirinn; ach cha 'n 'eil ann ach dòigh bhàrdail air firinn a chumail air cuimhne—oir tha seadh ann anns am bheil e fìor gu 'n do ruaig Pàdhruig na nathraichean á Eirinn. Tha luchd-fòghluim a' tighinn gus a chomh-dhùnadh gu 'n robh nathair-aoradh air a chleachdainn am measg nan Gàidheal o shean. Ma tha so fìor, nach 'eil e soilleir gu leòir cia mar a tha e fìor gu 'n do chuir Pàdhruig an ruaig air na nathraichean trid a' Chreideamh Chrìosdaidh a thoirt a steach do 'n dùthaich. Is

i mo bharail féin nach robh na Gàidheil a' tabhairt aoraidh do 'n nathair, ach gu 'n robh àite sònruichte aig an nathair ann an aoradh nan Gàidheal. Bha na h-altairean aca, iomadh uair, ann am meadhon locha uisge; bha rathad lùbach cosmhuil ri druim na nathrach a mach o 'n tràigh gu ruig an altair. Bha an t-àite air an robh an altair air a togail a' comh-chòrdadh ri ceann na nathrach, agus an uair a sheasas tu air làrach na h-altarach tha beinn le trì binneanan ann ad shealladh. Bha so air a mhìneachadh leis an Ollamh Blackie o cheann mòran bhliadhnachan a thaobh na h-altarach a tha ann an Loch Faochan. Nach faod e bhi, ma ta, gu 'n d' thàinig cuimhneachan creidimh Edein a nuas g' an ionnsuidh, air a mhodh so,—gu 'n robh ceann na nathrach air a bhrùthadh le ìobairt, agus gu 'n robh an ìobairt air a h-ìocadh ann am fianuis na Trianaid. Cha 'n 'eil mi ag ràdh gur e so am mìneachadh ceart air a' ghnòthach: ach is toil leam a bhi 'beachdachadh air a' chùis anns an t-sealladh sin. Biodh sin mar a thogras, is soilleir mar a chuir Pàdhruig an ruaig air na nathraichean le creideamh eile a thoirt g' an ionnsaidh.

Tha dìreach sgeul eile air an toir mi iomradh a 'tha 'leigeil ris mar a tha na h-ùirsgeulan Gaidhealach stéidhichte air firinn, ged a tha iad air an ìnnseadh ann an dòigh bhàrdail. Bha aon de na luingeis Spàinnteach air a call an caladh Thobair-Mhoire, Chaidh a séideadh suas air dhòigh éigin. Tha an sgeul ag ìnnseadh mar a thuit Triath Dhùbhairt an gaol air nighin Rìgh na Spàinne; mar a chaidh an long aice a shéideadh 'n a bloighdean le òrdugh Baintighearna Dhùbhairt; mar a chuir Rìgh na Spàinne long eile a thoirt

dioghaltais a mach air Triath Dhùbhairt agus air muinntir Mhuile ; mar a chruinnich Triath Dhùbhairt a h-uile buidseach agus raitseach 's an dùthaich gu stoirm a dhùsgadh, a mhilleadh long mhòr nan trì chrannaibh 'us nan seòl bréid-gheal. Cha robh doideag eadar ceithir chèarnan Mhuile nach robh an sin. Ach cha rachadh aca air a' ghnothach a chionn's gu'n robh sgiobair na luinge cho eòlach air buidseachas 'sa bha iad féin. Theab an gnothach fairtleachadh orra ged a bha Aonghas mór làidir, le sìomain fraoich thairis air an spàrr a' togail na brath, ged a bha an Lobhag Thirisdeach 'us Cas-a'-mhogain Riabhaich à Còmhal a' cuideachadh leis na doideagan. Ach mu dheireadh, thàinig Gormal mhór a' Mhaigh 'us chuir a h-uile té riamh dhiu iad féin an riochd cait agus sgriob iad croinn àrda na luinge, 'us thog iad doineann a bha cho làidir agus gu'n robh an tuagh leis an d' thug na seòl-adairean oidhirp air na buill acair a ghearradh air a séideadh 'bhàrr a coise ; agus mar so a dh'aindeoin druidheachd Chaiptein Pottinger bha an long aige air a call.

Aon fhacal eile mu na h-ùirsgeulan so 'us fàgaidh sinn iad. Gheibh sibh iad an còmhnuidh a' moladh gach nì a bha ceart, fearail agus uasal. Ma bha an sgeul a' deanamh iomraidh air duine òg a bha 'dol a mach a shireadh an fhortain, bha daonnan rath 'us sonas air-san a roghnaicheadh leth beag a' bhonnaich a chaidh fhuineadh air son an turais, maille ri beannaichd a mhàthar ; agus bha gach tubaist 'us driodairt, gach maradh 'us truaighe, a' tachairt air-san a rinn roghainn de 'n leth mhór agus mallachd a mhàthar.

Agus nach eil firinn agus gliocas air an teagasg an sin? Nach eil e a' dìteadh féinealachd agus 'n a bhag-airt an aghaidh eas-ùmhachd do phàrantan? Creidibh mì, a dhaoine òga Gaidhealach, cha chaill sibh am feasda leis an spiorad ud a bhi agaibh a bheir oirbh do ghnàth an leth beag agus beannachd ar màthar a ghabhail a roghainn air an leth mòr 'us a mallachd.

Bha gliocas nan Gàidheal, mar an ceudna, air a nochdadh anns a'gheur-bheachd a ghabh iad air na siantan agus air caochladh nan aimsir. Is iomadh ràdh geur agus rann glic a tha air chuimhne a thaobh so. Bheir sinn tarruing air aon no dhà dhiu, Bha dà latha dheug na Nollaig air amharc orra mar làithean o' m faodadh neach eòlas fhaotuinn air ciod an t-side a bhitheadh ann ré na bliadhna. Bha e air a ràdh "Is samhradh gach geamhradh gu Nollaig, 'us cha 'n earrach e gu Féill-Pàdhruig." "Bithidh latha de na Faoiltich 's an Iuchair 'us latha de 'n Iuchair 's an Fhaoilteach." Theireadh iad mar an ceudna "Is Foghar e gu Nollaig, Geamhradh gu Féill-Pàdhruig, Earrach gu Féill-Pheadair agus Samhradh gu Feill-Mhicheil." Bha e air a mheas 'n a chomharradh air Foghar math 'n uair "a bheireadh am fiadh a cheann tioram do 'n bhùireadh." Bha "Earrach fada air chùl Càisg" air a mheas 'n a chomharradh air sìde fhuar agus droch aimsir air son cur a' phóir. Bha aire mar an ceudna air a thoirt do 'n ghaoith a thaobh cor nan siantan. 'N uair a bhitheadh uair fhliuch ann 'us a thigeadh a' ghaoith gu tuath, bha sùil ri tioramachd. Air an aobhar sin theireadh "Gaoth tuath a ruaigeas ceò." Bha e air a ràdh cuideachd—

Gaoth tuath, fuachd 'us gaillionn,
Gaoth deas, teas 'us toradh,
Gaoth 'n iar, iasg 'us bainne,
Gaoth 'n ear, meas air crannadh.

Ann an latha ciùin, theireadh iad “Ma tha a' ghaoth air chall, iarr á deas i.”

Bha làithean ann anns an tachradh nithean sòn-ruichte, bitheadh an aimsir mar a thogradh i. Bha e air a ràdh “gu'n tigeadh an nathair as a toll air latha Fhéill-Brìghde ged an robh troidh de'n t-sneachd air a' bhlàr.”

Latha Fhéill-Brìghde brisgeanach,
Thig an ceann de'n chaiteanach;
Thig nighean Iomhair as an toll
Le fonn feadalaich.

Bha facal de'n t-seòrsa so aig na Gaill cuideachd. Theireadh iadsan—

“If Candlemas-day be bright and fair,
The half o' the winter's to come and mair.”

Ma bha latha na crodhain tioram, bha dùil ri tacan de uair mhaith.

Mar so bha làithean àiridh air an comharrachadh a mach a chum breth a thoirt air cor nan sian. Bha a' cheart nì fìor cuideachd mu bheanntan agus mu nith-ean eile a bha air an gabhail mar chomharran air an aimsir. Theireadh iad ann an Ile “Ma bhitheas ceò air Beinn Tartbheil, Cha bhi toirt air Loch Chealsa;” “Ma bhitheas currachd air Bàrr Urara, Cha bhi an dùthaich gun deoch.” 'S ann a thaobh so a thubhairt am bard “Bàrr Urara, fiosaiche nan sian” mu'n chnoc so.

Bha so uile a' comharrachadh cho geur is a bha iad ann a bhi a' tabhairt fa 'n ear na nithean a bha tachairt mu 'n cuairt orra.

Bha làithean sònruichte air am meas sona gu tòiseachadh air obair air bith, agus làithean eile mi-shona. Eadhon anns a' bharrail so chi sinn aobhar air fhilleadh a stigh a bheir air falbh cuid de'n amaid-eachd a dh'fhaodamaid a bhi 'saoilsinn a bha co-cheangailte ris. Bha Di-Luain 'us Di-h-Aoine mi-fhortanach. Cha robh e sona tòiseachadh air obair ùr air bith air Di-Sathuirne. A nis, bha aobhar air son so. Ma tha neach ri gnothach a dhèanamh gu ceart 's ann le dol ris gu h-èasgaidh a nì e e. Ach ma bha e 'leigeil na h-ùine seachad ann an leisg agus mi-chùram, cha ruigeadh a leas sùil a bhi gu 'n dèanadh e a ghnathach gu ceart. Air an aobhar sin thòisicheadh e aig toiseach na seachdain ma bha e idir tapaidh. Ach ma bha e leisg, slaodach, leigeadh e le latha an déigh latha dol seachad mu 'n d' thugadh e oidhirp air a' ghnathach. Mar so bha Di-Luain agus Di-Màirt sona. A rithis b' iad Di-Ciadain agus Di-h-Aoine làithean trasgaidh na h-Eaglais. Ma bha neach caoin-shuarach mu na dleasanais a bha e 'creidsinn a bha feumail a chum a leas a b' àirde, bha e glé choltach gu 'm bitheadh e neo-thùrail a thaobh nithean eile. Mar so bha am fear a thòisicheadh obair shònruichte air na làithean sin a' dearbhadh nach robh na buadhan aige a bheireadh iad gu buil cheart. Is mar so, bha e mi-shona ni air bith a thòisicheadh air an dà latha sin. B' i Di-Màirt an latha a bha sona gu tòiseachadh aon chuid air obair an Earraich no an Fhoghair. Cha

'n'eil teagamh agam nach cuala sibh an sgeul mu thuathanach còir a bha ann an Gortan-Taoid an Ile. Bha e aon latha a mach air an achadh an déigh nam buanaichean aige an uair a thàinig seana bhodachan beag far an robh e, agus gad aige 'n a laimh. "Tha mi air faigh-choirce" ars am bodachan, beag, "an toir thu dhomh làn a' ghoid so agam de d' arbhar?" "Nì mise sin 'a dhuine bhig," ars an tuathanach, "cuidich thu féin." Shìn am bodachan an gad 'us thòisich e air cur ann. Bha sguab an déigh sguuib, agus adag an déigh adaig a' dol 's a ghad, gus an do shaoil an tuathanach nach bitheadh sguab air a fàgail air an achadh aige, 'n uair a labhair e mar so—

" Màrt a chuir mi ;
 Màrt a bhuain mi ;
 Màrt a chuir mi crann ri àr ;
 Fhir a chuir ormsa na trì Màrtan,
 Na leig mo chuid anns an aona ghad."

Leis a so sgàin an gad 'us chaidh am bodach beag as an t-sealladh, 'us thug e e féin as a chum na sìth-bhrugha ann an Gleann-na-ceàrdaich as an d' thàinig e.

Bha Di-Luain fortanach gu dol air imrich. Chuala sibh an rann—

" Di-Ciadaìn cràbhach ;
 Di-Daoirn dàlach ;
 Di-h-Aoine, cha 'n 'eil e buadhmhor ;
 'S cha dual dhuit falbh am màireach.
 Imirc an t-Sathuirne mu thuath
 Agus Imirc an Luain mu dheas ;
 Ged nach biodh agam ach an t-uan,
 'S ann Di-Luain a dh' fhalbhainn leis."

Theireadh iad mu Dhi-Ciadaìn—

“ 'N uair is Ciadanach an Nollaig,
Is iargaineach fir an Domhain.”

Bha na h-urad de nithean nach robh air am meas sona. Bha cuid de dhaoine agus de chreutairean nach robh iad idir sona a choinneachadh na'm bitheadh tu a' dol air thuras. Ma bha thu 'dol a chum margaidh, no air tòir mnatha, no air thuras cudtromach air bith, cha robh e sona uibhean a ghabhail a chum do thràth maidne. Cha mhomha a bha e sona pioghaid a thachairt ort; no seilcheag air an rathad lom; no uan no searrach fhaicinn agus an cùlthaobh riut; no maigheach a dhol trasda do shlighe. Bha e 'n a fhìor dhroch chomharradh thu a dhi-chuimhneachadh nì air bith agus tilleadh air a shon. Dh' fhaodadh tú bhi beachdaidh na 'm bitheadh aon diu sud a' tachairt ort gu 'm bitheadh tubaist éiginn no maradh sònruichte a' tighinn a' d' charamh. Chuala gach aon agaibh an rann—

“ Chuala mi a' chuthag gun bhiadh 'n am bhroinn;
Chunnaic mi searrach 's a chul-thaobh rium;
Chunnaic mi seilcheag air lùc luim;
'Us dh' aithnich mi fhéin nach rachadh a' bhliadhna leam.”

Ach cha 'n e a mhàin gu 'n robh nithean mar so 'n-an droch chòmhlaidhean, ach bha daoine ann cuideachd a bha fìor mhi-shona ri choinneachadh. B' aithne dhomh fhéin dithis no trìuir, agus na 'n tachradh aon diu air iasgairean 'n uair a bha iad a' dol a dh' iasgach, no air neach a bha 'dol air thuras, bha e air a chreidsinn nach bitheadh soirbheachadh aca.

Chunnaic mi iasgairean a' tilleadh dhachaidh a chionn gu'n do thachair Eóghann (seann duine a bha'n a dhroch chòmhlaiche), orra an déigh dhoibh an tighean féin fhàgail.

Ma bha thu 'dol air imrich, bha e sona creutair beò a thilgeil a steach air an dorus mu'n rachadh ball de'n àirneis agad a stigh. Bha e neo-shona cat a thoirt leat air imrich na's lugha na gu'n tilgeadh tu i a stigh air thoiseach ort, air dhuit an tigh a ruigh-eachd. Na'n dèanadh tu so, 's ann a bheireadh i sonas g'ad ionnsuidh. Cha mhomha bha e air a mheas sona do'n fheadhainn a thigeadh a'd' dhéigh na'm fàgadh tu an tigh a dh'fhàg thu tuilleadh's a chòir glan. Mar is momha bhitheadh de shopan agus de threamasgal air feadh an taighe, 's ann is momha bhitheadh de fhortan air a' mhuinntir a thigeadh a'd' dhéigh.

Ma bha neach air bith 'n a dhroch chòmhlaiche, ma bheir thu fuil as os ceann anail, cha'n urrainn e coire air bith a dhèanamh ort. Bha seann duine a b' aithne dhomh—cha bheò e an diugh—a bha beagan cèarr's an inntinn, bha e làn de ubagan agus de ghisreagan. Bha e aon latha anns an tràigh chailleag. Thàinig boireannach còir a thrusadh maòraich mar an ceudna. Cho luath a's a thàinig ise thog esan air a chliabh agus dh'fhalbh e. An dara mhàireach bha e 'dol air gnothach do'n bhaile mhargaidh a b' fhaisge air. Có a thachair air ach a cheart bhoireannach a thàinig do'n tràigh an latha roimhe sin. “Bheir mise ort,” ars esan, “nach bi thu daonnan a' cur buidseachais ormsa.” Tharruing e botal a bha aige 'n a achlais

agus gheàrr e a' bhean chòir 's a mhala. Thug e a leithid de phailleart di a's gu 'n do theab e cur as di. Chaidh a thoirt gu cùirt. Dh' fheòraich am brìtheamh dheth—"Ciod a thug ort a' bhean a bhualadh? Ciod a rinn i ort?" "Rinn i gu leòir orm. Bha i do ghnàth a' tachairt orm 'us a' cur ubagan orm, 'us bha mi dìreach 'g am dhìon féin o a gisreagan, le fuil a thoirt as a' mhala aice."

Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil ceangal dlùth eadar a' bharail so mu dhroch chòmhlaidhean agus a' chleachdainn a tha cumanta 'n ar measg air latha-na-bliadhn'-ùire, ris an can iad "First footing." Bu chòir do charaid neach a bhi 'n a chòmhlaidhe math; agus o'n is e caraid a thigeadh air an turas so, uaith so dh' éireadh an cleachdadh ris an abrar "First footing." A thuilleadh air so, bha e air a mheas mi-shona gu 'n rachadh tu do thigh caraid air a' cheud latha de 'n bhliadhna gu 'n tìodhlac éiginn ann ad laimh.

Ceart mar a bha sonas ann an tabhairt tìodhlaic leat do thigh neach air bith air a' bhliadhna ùir, bha e fìor mhi-fhortanach iasad iarraidh air an latha sin. Na 'n tuiteadh gu 'n rachadh an teine as, agus nach robh dòigh agad air a fadadh, b' fheàrr a bhi gun teine idir na gu 'n rachadh tu a dh' iarraidh fòid teine do thigh coimhearsnaich air latha Nollaig.

Am eile anns an robh e anabarrach neo-chneasda fòid teine a thoirt a mach á tigh, agus b' e sin mar a bha leanabh a stigh nach robh fhathast air na fìaclan fhaotainn. Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam ciod an daimh a tha eadar fòid teine air an teallaich agus fìaclan leanabh anns a' chreadhall, ach tha cuimhne agam air seana

bhean aig an robh ogha òg, a' brath dol as a beachd a chionn 's gu 'n d' thug ballachan buachaille fòid teine a mach leis. As a dhéigh ghabh a' chailleach a' trod 's a' pliodairt uair ma seach—"Bheir mise ort: bithidh aithreachas ort air son cleasan an latha 'n diugh fhathast. Till, a chiall, 's bheir mi dhuit bonnach òrdaig, 's e tiugh le im. Och, och! ciod a nì mise, 's nach d' fhuair am pàisde na fiacian fhathast. Ach cuiridh mise éibhleag ann am measair uisge agus theagamh gu 'n cum sin air ais am mi-fhortan."

De 'n cheart seòrsa bharailean bha creideas anns an droch-shùil. Bha e air a' chreidsinn gu 'n robh muinntir ann aig an robh comas air olc a dhèanamh do neach trid amharc air. Ma bha farmad làidir aig neach riut bha cunnart ann gu 'n dèanadh e coire dhuit le sùil a thoirt ort. Uaith so dh' éirich an sean-fhacal "sgoiltidh farmad na creagan." Ach dh' fhaodadh neach an droch-shùil a bhi aige ged nach robh e féin fiosrach gu 'n robh a leithid de chumhachd aige; 'us dh' fhaodadh neach coire a dhèanamh do mhuinntir an uair nach robh farmad aige riutha. Bha cuid ann, na 'm b' fhior, nach b' urrainn amharc air an crodh féin no air an clann féin gun an cronachadh. Ma bha toil agad gun choir' a dhèanamh air neach no nì a bha thu 'moladh, bu chòir dhuit smugaid a chur air do shùil. Uaith so thàinig an sean-fhacal. "Fliuch do shùil mu 'n cronaich thu e." Ma their thu an uair a tha thu 'moladh "Gun an gabh mo shùil thu, is briagha an leanabh thu," cha dèan thu coire air bith.

Bha cuid ann aig an robh eòlas a dhèanadh slàn beothach no duine a bha air a chronachadh. Bha

brìathran àraidh air an cantainn thar uisge, agus an t-uisge air a chur ann an searraig, 'us air a chrathadh air an neach a bha air a chronachadh. B'urrantar an t-eòlas a chur ann an sreang no snàthainn, agus a chum feum a dhèanamh bha 'n t-sreang air a ceangal timchioll muineal no caol dùirn an tì air son an robh an t-eòlas air a dhèanamh. B' aithne dhomh triùir no ceathrar a bha 'gabhail orra eòlas a' chronachaidh a bhi aca.

Is gann a bha galar ann air son nach robh eòlas éiginn. Bha eòlas an déididh ann a b' urrainn an eucail phiantach so a leigheas gun turcais fir-tharruing-fhiacal a leigeil a chòir do chàirean. Bheireadh eòlas na sùl smùirnean as do shùil ann am priobadh gun chungaidh lighiche a dhol ann ad bheul. Leighiseadh biadh á spàin adhairc bò bheò iomadh tinneas—'S e sin spàin a bha air a dèanamh de adhairc a chaill mart a bha fathast beò. 'N uair a rachadh am mart a mharbhadh, chailleadh an spàin a feartan leighis. Ma bha an triugh air leanabh, rachadh e na b' fhearr na 'n d' thugadh tu e thar chrìochan tri bailtean. Ma bha cinneas air bith air neach, na 'n rubadh tu e tri uairean le meur duine mhairbh dh' fhalbhadh an cinneas. 'N uair a bhitheadh an corp a' leaghadh 's an ùir, bhitheadh an cinneas, anns an tomhas cheudna, a' falbh, gus an rachadh e as an t-sealladh gu léir. Bha móran eile de ioc-shlaintean de 'n t-seòrsa so air nach stad sinn gu bhi 'labhart aig an àm. Ach bha aon chungaidh leighis air an cuala mi iomradh, agus is i mo bharail na 'n gabhadh i faotainn, gu 'm bitheadh i comharraichte, co dhiù a shlànaicheadh i gach tinneas

agus nach slànaicheadh. Cha chreid mi gu'm bi i furasd fhaotainn, 'us tha mi am barail nach eil i ri reic an aon de na bùthan. So agaibh i—

“ Uille chas easgann,
Bainne cìch circe,
Agus geir mheanbh chuileig,
Ann an adharc muice,
'S ite càit g' a shuathadh ris.”

Bha a mhiann orm labhairt air caochladh de nith-ean Gaidhealach eile, mar a bha—Buidseachas—Cleachdainnean aig àm Breith 'us Bàis—Sithichean—Daoine fo gheasaibh—Tanaig agus Spioradan—An t-each-uisge—A' Ghleasraig 'us a' Chaointeach—Bodach a' Chipein agus an Sac Bàn—Cleachdainnean aig Samhainn agus Bealltainn—agus nì no dhà eile; ach feumaidh mi a bhì 'tarruing gu comh-dhùnadh.

Ach mu'n crìochnaich mi, bu mhath leam facal a ràdh mu neach a bha ainmeil mar fhàidh no fiosaiche ré iomadh linn anns an Eilean Ileach. 'S e sin Mac Aoidh na Ranna. Bha iomadh aon de na nithean a thubhairt esan, air chuimhne am measg nan seann daoine ann an Ile. Fhuair mi aon no dhà dhiù o sheann Niall Mac an t-Sagairt nach maireann, agus aon no dhà eile o bhoireannach còir Ileach air an do thachair mi an latha roimhe ann an Dun-Eidinn. Tha cuid de ràiteanas Mhic-Aoidh ro chosmhuil ri cainnt Choinnich Uidhir, Fiosaiche Bhrathainn; agus tha cuid de chomh-chòrdadh, mar an ceudna, eadar an rathad anns am bheil e air a ràdh a fhuair iad comas nithean a bha ri teachd fhaicinn.

Tha Alasdair Mac Coinnich, anns an leabhar a

chuir e mach o chionn deich bliadhna, mu dhéighinn Choinnich Uidhir, ag innseadh dhuinn gu'n robh naigheachd no dhà mu'n dòigh anns an d'fhuair Coinneach an t-eòlas a bha aige. Tha aon sgeul ag ràdh gu'n robh màthair Choinnich air a'mheadhon oidhche a' cuallach spréidhe air Cnoc Eochail os ceann Cladh-Bhaile-na-Cille ann an sgìreachd Uig anns an Eilean Leòbhasach, 'n uair chunnaic i na h-uile uaigh anns an àite adhlaic a' fosgladh agus na mairbh a' falbh do gach àird. Mu thimchioll uair an déigh dhoibh falbh, thill iad aon an déigh aoin agus dhùin na h-uaignean mar a bha iad roimhid. Ach air amharc dhi na bu chùramaiche, chunnaic i gu'n robh aon uaigh fathast fosgailte. Chuir i fearsaid (no cuigeal) trasda air beul na h-uaigne—oir chuala i nach b' urrainn do'n mharbh pilltinn do'n uaigh cho fada's a bhitheadh cuigeal trasda oirre. Cha robh fada aice ri fuireachd, oir ann am mionaid no dhà thàinig boireannach eireachdail a' seòladh air a' ghaoith o'n taobh tuath. "Tog do chuigeal," ars' an spiorad, "'us leig leam dol do m'ionad còmhnuidh." "Nì mi sin ma dh'innseas tu dhomh ciod e a chum thu air deireadh air càch." "Cluinnidh tu sin," ars' an spiorad—"Bha astar a b' fhaide agam ri dol na bha aig càch. Is nighean mise do Rìgh Lochlainn a bha air mo bhàthadh 'n uair a bha mi 'g am fhalcadh féin anns an dùthaich sin, agus chaidh mo chorp le ànradh sruth 'us séideadh a thilgeil air tìr air a' chladach so, 'us chaidh mo thìodhlacadh 'san uaigh so. Air son do thapaidh agus do neo-sgàthachd innsidh mise nì sònruichte dhuit—Theirig a chum an loch ud thall

agus gheibh thu ann clach bheag chruinn ghorm; thoir i do d' mhac Coinneach agus bithidh e gu bràth tuillidh 'n a fhiosaiche." Tha sgeulachdan eile ag ràdh gu 'n robh e 'buain no a' gearradh mòine anns a' mhonadh, agus gu 'n robh iad fada gun tighinn le a dhinneir—gu 'n robh a mhiann air a bhana-mhaighstir cur as do Choinneach agus gu 'n do chuir i puinnsean anns a' bhiadh aige. 'N uair a bha esan a' feitheamh, thuit e 'n a chadal, agus mhothaich e nì fuar air a chur air uchd. Dhùisg so e 'us fhuair e 'n a bhroilleach clach bheag gheal agus toll 'n a meadhon. Sheall e roimh an toll so agus chunnaic e gach nì a bha ri tachairt. Tha sgeul eile ag ràdh gur ann a fhuair e a' chlach fo a cheann. Cha ruig sinn a leas stad air so, oir faodaidh gach aon agaibh a leughadh air 'ur son féin ann an leabhar Alasdair Mhic Coinnich. 'S ann mar so a fhuair Coinneach Odhar an cumhachd a bha aige.

'S e an sgeul mu Mhac Aoidh—Gu 'n robh e 'n a fhear-gnothaich do Iarla Anntruim, aig an robh còir air Ile aig an àm. Bha e 'dol do Eirinn leis a' mhàl. Cha do phàigh an tuath am màl air a' bhliadhna sin ach glé mheadhonach. Bha gnè de eagal agus iomagain air Mac Aoidh a thaobh coinneachadh ris an Iarla, agus gun leth a mhàil aige. Bha e air eilean mòr Phort-na-h-aimhne a' feitheamh gaoithe freagaraich g' a ruith a nunn do Eirinn. Thuit e 'n a chadal. 'N uair a dhùisg e, fhuair e leabhar làn de fhàidheadaireachd agus de ghliocas fo a cheann. Is anns an leabhar so a fhuair Mac Aoidh an sealladh a bha aige. Maille ris an leabhar bha sporan làn de òr.

Bha e sgrìobhte air an sporan—Cho fada 's a thairneas tu asam bheir mi dhuit, ach ma thilleas tu bonn orm, sguridh mi. Bha e sgrìobhte aig deireadh an leabhair—Caillear thusa ach cha chaillear mise. Thàinig gaoth fhreagarach. Chaidh Mac Aoidh do Eirinn. Phàigh e na h-uile sgillinn de 'n mhàl. Ré iomadh turas rinn an sporan feum dha. Ach aon uair a bha e 'pàigheadh cunntais, dhi-chuimhnich e, agus thill e bonn còrr a bha aige air ais do 'n sporan 'us sgur an sporan air tuilleadh airgid a thoirt seachad. Aon de na turais a bha e ann an Eirinn, dh' fhàg e an leabhar 'n a dhéigh ann an Gleann Arm an Eirinn, agus air a rathad dhachaidh chaidh e féin agus an sgioba a chall. Bha mar so, am facal a bha sgrìobhte anns an leabhar air fhirinneachadh—Caillear thusa ach cha chaillear mise.

So agaibh cuid de na fàidhdearachdan aige, mar a fhuair mise iad o Niall Mac an t-Sagairt. “Thig cànan do 'n eilean nach tuig na muinntirich; fàsaidh an talamh an sin 'n a leacan reodhaidh fo an casan 'us cha 'n urrainn iad fuireachd ann. Cinnidh coigrich an Ile agus Ilich ann an dùthaich chéin. Fàgaidh na muinntirich Ile 'n uair a dh' fhairticheas orra feum a dhéanamh aig a' bhaile. 'N uair a dh' fhàgas na muinntirich Ile, beannachd le sìth na h-Alba. Thig capull croinn le sriantaibh cainbe 'us bheir i a' chiad sgrìob air Ile. Caillidh Ile an sin a' cheann 'us bithidh trì tuill air lic léith Chiarain ann an cladh Chille-Chiarain. Tuitidh tolman mòine a tha ann an Loch monadh an Lagain; 'us bheir aon each bàn gu port ceann theaghlach an eilein. An déigh sin

éiridh a suas fear cogaidh gun iochd gun ghràdh. Thig an sin Tómas 's a chuid each 's bithidh latha nan creach mu Chluaidh. Marbhar leis naoi mìle fear matha ('s e sin "òifigich") agus rìgh òg an déigh a chrùnadh. Ach is nèarachd a bhitheas ann an eilean iomallach na h-àirde 'n iar aig a' chogadh so, ach gun fuireachd r' a dheireadh."

"Cil-a'-bholg, Cil-a'-bholg,
Far an cuirear an cath borb;
'S nèarachd a bhitheas an toiseach a ruithidh 's a ratha
Latha catha Cil-a'-bholg."

Sin agaibh na thug Niall dhomhsa de fhàigheadarachd Mhic Aoidh air an sgrìobhadh anns an òrdugh anns an d' thug Niall seachad iad. Bha na h-urrad eile feadh an eilein mar a bha—"Tha an latha 'tighinn anns am bi drochaid air gach sruthan, agus tigh geal air gob gach rutha ann an Ile. Bithidh eaglais Fhrangach air a togail air cnoc Bhogha-mór, agus tuitidh i agus i làn Ghall. Tha an t-àm a' tighinn anns an toir fiacal na caorach coltar a' chroinn as an talamh ann an Ile."

Thug mi aiteal de nithean Gàidhealach fa 'r comhair, agus feumaidh mi tarraing gu crìch. Tha iomadh cuspair air am faodamaid taobh-shùil a thoirt, ach tha an ùine air ruith. Tha aon rathad anns an do nochd ur sinnsear geurad, ach cha 'n 'eil a gheurad sin a nochdadh spioraid chaoimhneil. 'S e sin na nithean cruaidhe a bu ghnàth le aon fhine a ràdh mu fhine eile, agus muinntir aon eilein mu mhuinntir eilein eile. 'N uair a bha còmhstrith am measg

nam fineachan agus a bha daoine a' fuireachd anns an aon àite gun a bhi 'measgadh am measg a chéile, bha fuath agus farmad air an dùsgadh, agus an lorg sin nithean searbha air an ràdh a thaobh a chéile, agus ainmean spideil air an tabhairt seachad, ach iomadh uair tapadh air a nochdadh eadhon anns na h-amannan sin.

Mar so theireadh an Còlasach an nuair a bha e air a shàrachadh leis na h-Ilich air an dara taobh, agus leis na Muilich air an taobh eile—

“Cha 'n 'eil e 'n àrd no 'n ìosal
Nach faic sùil an Ilich.
Cha 'n 'eil e 'n cùil no 'n cuilidh
Nach faic sùil a Mhuilich.”

“Muileach 'us Ileach 's an deamhan : An triùir is miosa 's an domhan ; Is miosa am Muileach na 'n t-Ileach ; is miosa an t-Ileach na 'n deamhan.”

Theireadh an t-Ileach ann an tàir air Diùra—

“Fàgaidh mi 'n saoghal so agus théid mi 'Dhiúra.”

Theireadh an Diùrach a thaobh an Ilich—

“Cho miodalach, breugach, sotalach ri Ileach.”

Theireadh muinntir Chille-rugha a thaobh cèarnan eile de 'n eilean—

“*Portuguese* na Ranna agus *Yankees* na h-Odha.”

“Tha thu cho bòsdail ri Rannach.”

Cha robh cèarn anns nach robh ràdh éigin a thaobh gach cèarn eile agus cuid diubh sgaiteach gu leòir. Feumaidh sinn aig an àm so gabhail seachad orra agus stad.

Is toigh leam a bhi a' cuimhneachadh air na sean-
nithean sin, agus 's e so an t-aobhar air son an do-
labhair mi an nochd orra, oir

“ Bha mi 'n déigh, 's tha mi 'n déigh,
'S bidh mi 'n déigh air ur n-eachdraidh,
Air Gàidhlig, claidheamh mòr 'us plob
'S còir nam mac air riochd nam breacan.”

[MARCH 27TH, 1894.]

At the meeting held on this date, Rev. ROBERT
MUNRO, F.R.S.E., F.S.A. Scot., Old Kilpatrick, read
a paper on “ Present-day Superstitions.”

[Ged a chaidh an òraid so a chlo-bhualadh chum
feum an ùghdair, mar a chaidh ainmeachadh air an
taobh-duilleig 170, tha i nis air a suaineadh an so le
cead an ùghdair urramaich.]

EARRANN DE EACHDRAIDH NA LINN A DH' FHALBH.

FHIR-NA-CATHRACH, A MHNATHAN AGUS A DHAOIN'-
UAISLE GAIDHEALACH:—

Tha mi 'toirt taing do luchd-riaghlaidh a' Chomuinn
so, agus 'ga mheas 'na mhòr urram, cuireadh a bhí
air a thoirt dhomh òraid a leughadh aig Coinneamh
Comunn Gàidhlig a' bhaile so. Is ann a chum daoine
òga a bhrosnachadh gu eachdraidh an sinnsearachd a
chumail air chuimhne 'tha mi a' toirt nan nithean a

leanas fa chomhair a' Chomuinn. Tha daoine òga na linn so mòran na's fiosraiche mu nithean a tha 'tach-airt air feadh an t-saoghail 'nan latha 's 'nan linn féin, na bha aon-chuid an athraichean no an seanairean. Ach tràth bhitheas òigridh gach linn air dol suas ann an aois tha iarrtas gu tric ag éiridh suas 'nan inntinn air fiosrachadh fhaotainn air sgeulachdan agus air eachdraidh na linn a dh' fhalbh a bhi aca air bhrath. 'S ann a chum cuideachadh leò-san air an d' thug mi luaidh, an iarrtasan a riarachadh, a chaidh earrann de'n òraid so a chur an uidheam. Tha eachdraidh nan Gàidheal air a bhi 'ga milleadh leis na Goill, bho latha Chuil-fhodair 's roimh 'n àm sin. Bho nach do mhort 's nach do mharbh iad na bha thoil aca, eadar Gleann-Comhann 's Cuil-fhodair tha iad air a bhi a' deanamh na bha 'nan comas le an sgrìobhain gu brat-dubh-na-di-chuimhn' a tharruinn thairis air eachdraidh ar n-athraichean,—'s le nàire canam e. Tha Gàidheil air am bheil sinn eòlach, a' cur an aonta ri gach dì-meas agus tàir a rinneadh air na daoine bho 'n d' thàinig sinn, 's air an eachdraidh, gun ghuth air a thogail 'nan aghaidh.

“LEAN-SA DLUTH RI CLIU DO SHINNSIR.”

B'e sin suaicheantas nan Gàidheal: cha bu chòir a leigeil air dhì-chuimhn'. Ged nach deanadh deich-mìle-fichead punnd Sasunnach (£30,000) brathadair do Ghàidheal ri linn Theàrlaich, faodar fear 'us fear ainmeachadh a nis, a reiceadh ceann Theàrlaich air son ainm Fir-eachdraidh a bhi aca, agus sgrìob-mholaidh fhaotainn anns na paipeirean-naigheachd. Cha

leòir leis a' chuideachd ud beul-sìos a chur air na Fianntan, 's glas-ghuib a chur air Oisean, 's ann tha toil làidir aca ainm 's eachdraidh da-fhichead de na seann Rìghribh Gàidhealach a dhubhadh gu buileach á leabhraichean eachdraidh na h-Alba. B' iad na Rìghrean sin, iadsan uile a rìoghaich bho 'n cheud Rìgh Feargus a chaidh a roghnachadh anns a' bhliadhna 330 roimh theachd ar Slànuigheir, gus an dara Rìgh Feargus a chaidh a chrùnadh anns a' bhliadhna 404 bho theachd an t-Slànuigheir. Leigear fhaicinn bho na sgrìobhain aig Fear-eachdraidh Rómanach d'am b' ainm 'Tacitus gu 'n robh na Rìghrean Gaidhealach treun agus cumhachdach 'nan latha 's 'nan linn féin, 's gu'n do ghléidh iad a' Ghaidhealtachd *saor*, gun bhi air a toirt fo chuing na Ròimh, a dh'aindeoin cumhachd agus lìonmhorachd feachd na h-Iompair-eachd sin. Anns a' cheud linn bho theachd an t-Slànuigheir, chuir an t-Iompaire Claudius Cesar feachd lìonmhor do Bhreatunn. Ann am beagan ùine bha a' mhòr-chuid de Shasunn air a ceannsachadh 's air a toirt fo chis. Anns a' bhliadhna 52 dh' éirich feachd na h-Alba, araon Gàidheil agus Goill,—no Pìocaich mar theirteadh riu, a chum cuideachadh leis na Sasunnaich. Chaidh an t-Arm mu dheas gu York, far an do choinnich iad na naimhdean. Bha deich-mìle fichead saighdear (30,000) fo cheannas Charatacus Rìgh nan Gàidheal. Ach a dh'aindeoin a threuntais bha a' bhuidh le feachd na Ròimh. Chaidh mórán de na Gàidheil a leòn 's a mharbhadh. Chaidh a' Bhan-rìgh a ghlacail i-féin, 's mac, 's nighean di, agus bràthair do 'n Rìgh Charatacus. Fhuair an Rìgh dòigh air teicheadh

às an àraich 's chaidh e a chur seachad na h-oidhche far an robh a mhuime a' tuineachadh. Ann an àite cobhair 'us còmhnaidh leis 'na chruaidh-chàs, b' ann a thug ise suas 'na phrìosanach e do cheannard Rómanach, 'n uair bha e 'na chadal. B' e sud blàr na truaighe do na Gàidheil, na chaidh ainmeachadh de 'n Teaghlach Rìoghail a chur 'nam prìosanaich do 'n Ròimh, gun dùil aig neach dhiubh ri tilleadh gu sìerruidh do thìr nam beann. Air an turas do 'n Ròimh chaidh gach caoimhneas a ghnàthachadh ris na prìosanaich a bha freagarach do 'n staid Rìoghail. Bha ainm agus treubhantas Charatacus iomraiteach gu leòir 'san Ròimh ùine ma 'n do ràinig e 'm baile-mòr sin. 'N uair a ràinig a' chuideachd, bha aoibhneas 'us gàirdeachas air a dheanadh leis an Iompaire 's leis na bha de chùirtearan agus de dh' uaislean aig an àm a' tuineachadh 'na lùchairt. Tha luchd-eachdraidh ag ràdh nach robh buaidh a thug feachd na Ròimh 'san Roinn-Eòrpa ris an robh uiread ghàirdeachais 's a bhà ris a' bhuaidh a thugadh air Rìgh 's air feachd nan Gàidheal aig an àm ud. Mo thruaighe Caratacus na 'm biodh e air tuiteam ann an làmhan naimhdean nach 'eil cho fad air astar. Cha do chroch iad e, 's cha do chuir iad an ceann dheth, mar dheanadh na Sasunnaich air Teàrlach rìoghail againne, na 'm biodh e air tuiteam 'nan làmhan an déigh blàr Chuil-fhodair. 'S ann a bha Caratacus cho fathail, 's cho uasal 'na chaithe-beatha 's 'na ghluasad, gur ann a bha 'n sluagh a' cur urram air 's a' toirt ùmhlachd dha air sràidean a' bhaile mhòir. 'N uair a chuir iad eòlas air a chéile, b' ann a bha meas aig an Iompaire air Caratacus, 's

bha spéis mhòr aige dhà, 's dheanadh e companas ris mar dheanadh e ri dlùth-charaid. Mar dhearbhadh air a' mheas a bha air Caratacus 'san Ròimh, chuir an t-Iompaire air ais do Albainn e, 's thug e uachdaranachd dha air ceithir sioramachdan ann an ceann deas na h-Alba, a bha aig an àm sin fo chis aig an Ròimh, 's bhunaich Caratacus 'san uachdaranachd sin gu crìoch a làithean. Ged a fhuair Rìgh nan Gàidheal an t-urram ud bho 'n Iompaire, chaidh a mhac 's a nighean, 's bràthair da a ghleidheil 'san Ròimh mar bhraighde, no mar urras gu'n coimhlionadh an Rìgh gach cùmhnant a rinneadh ris leis an Iompaire. An déigh bàs an Rìgh, fhuair an teaghlach rìoghail cead tilleadh air an ais do 'n Ghàidhealtachd. Ach ma 'n d' fhàg iad an Ròimh bha 'n t-Abstol Pòl air tighinn do 'n bhaile-mhór sin. B' ann 'sa bhliadhna 56 a thàinig an t-Abstol do 'n Ròimh, air chor 's gu'n robh teaghlach rìoghail na Gàidhealtachd ceitheir bliadhna 'san Ròimh ma 'n d' thàinig an t-Abstol do 'n bhaile sin. Le iad a bhi uiread ùine 'sa bhaile, bha cothrom aig na Gàidheil air cànaichean na h-airde-n-ear ionnsachadh 's an soisgeul a thuigsinn 'nuair chaidh a shearmonachadh dhoibh leis an Abstol. Tha seann sgrìobhain aig na Cuimrich a tha ag ràdh gu'n robh ann an lùchairt an Iompaire àireamh de chùirtearan a bha air an iompachadh le teagasg an Abstoil, 's gu'm b' ann bho 'n teagasg sin a fhuair teaghlach rìoghail na Gàidhealtachd eòlas air an t-soisgeul, agus trath fhuair iad cead tilleadh do 'n Ghàidhealtachd an déigh bàs an Rìgh, gu'n d' thug iad dhachaidh leò do na h-Eileinean àireamh de luchd-teagasg an t-soisgeil.

Tha 'm fear-eachdraidh, Usher, ag ràdh gu 'm b' e 'm Priomh-fhear-teagaisg a bha 'sa chuideachd ud, Aristobulus, fear a tha air ainmeachadh leis an Abstol Pòl anns a' chaibideil mu dheireadh de 'n Litir a sgrìobh e chum nan Rómanach.

Bhuaith so tha fios againn gu 'n robh an soisgeul gu ro thràthail aig na Gàidheil. A thaobh an teaghlach rìoghail bho 'n Ghàidhealtachd a bhi seachd bliadh-nachan a' tuineachadh 'san Ròimh, bha cothrom aca air cànan na h-àirde-n-ear ionnsachadh, agus an soisgeul eadar-theangachadh do na Gàidheil 'nan cànan féin, mar chaidh a theagasg agus a shearmon-achadh le Aristobulus agus leis na Soisgeulaich a bha 'na chuideachd.

Tha làn chinnte againn bhuaithes so, gu 'n do sgaoil agus gu 'n do bhuadhaich an soisgeul am measg nan Gàidheal mar nach d' rinn e measg sluagh eile air thalamh.

Anns a' bhliadhna 203 chaidh Ordugh a' Bhaistidh a fhrithealadh do Dhòmhnull, Rìgh nan Gàidheal agus do na h-uaislean a bha a' tuineachadh 'san lùchairt rìoghail, 's ré fhad cheithir cheud bliadhna 'na dhéigh sin, cha 'n 'eil fios againn bho luchd-eachdraidh gu 'n robh rìgh no cùirtair air am baisteadh ann an rìoghachd nam Piocaich, no ann am Breatunn-mu-dheas.

Aig an àm ud bha lùchairt Rìgh nan Gàidheal air Barra-Ghobhainn, faisg air an Oban (*Beregonium*, mar their na Goill ris an àite). Bha mar an ceudna Clachan nan Draoighean air a' cheann eile de 'n chnoc air an robh an lùchairt, far am faicear na làraichean aig an lùchairt 'us aig a' Chlachan gus an latha 'n diugh

Cha bu chomasach gu 'n robh na rìghrean a bha a chòmhnuidh 'san àite ud, 's luchd-teagasg an t-sluaigh, (na Draoighean), mòran ùine do atharrachadh creideamh, 's an caisteal, agus an t-àite-aoraidh cho dlùth air a chéile. Faodar a bhàralachadh gu 'n do ghabh na Draoighean gu h-ealamh ri teagasg nan soisgeulach, 's tràth fhuair iad eòlas air an t-soisgeul gu 'n d' thàinig crìoch air a' chreideamh Dhraoigheach, 's chaidh na h-eaglaisean a thogail far an robh, 'san t-seann linn, na Clachain, àitean-aoraidh nan Draoighean.

“LEANSA DLUTH RI CLIU DO SHINNSIR.”

Bho 'n is cubhaidh dhuinn an cliù a chumail suas, tha e iomchuidh facal no dhà a ràdh mu na soisgeul-aichean ma 'n téid mi air m'ais gu eachdraidh nan rìghrean.

Chuala gach neach iomradh air Calum Cille, duine 'bha eudmhor, 's 'na fhear-teagaisg dileas 'na latha 's 'na linn féin. Ach chaidh mòran faoineis a sgrìobhadh mu thimchioll an duine so. B' ann a bha ministerean 'us sagairtean a' strì ann a bhi séideadh trombaid-na-gòraich a' cur an céill a chliù, agus ag aithris a threubhantais anns a' Ghàidhealtachd. Bha Calum 'na mhinisteir treun gun teagamh. B' ann aige bha 'n deagh-thuaiream agus an gliocas, 'n uair a roghnaich e a' Ghàidhealtachd mar choimhthional. Bha iorguill aige ris na h-Eirionnaich ma 'n d' fhàg e thall. Cha chualas àr-a-mach no iorguill a bhi riamh aige ris na Gàidheil. B' e eòlas an t-soisgeil a bhi aig na Gàidheil ciadan de bhliadhnachan mu 'n do rugadh Calum

Cille, thug dha-san soirbheachadh mar a rinn e measg nan Gàidheal. Their gràisg a bhios a' sgrìobhadh mu'n timchioll, daoine-borba, ris na Gàidheil. Leigear fhaicinn mar dh' éirich do Chalum 'n uair thug e aghaidh air daoine borba ann an àitean eile. Chaidh Calum air thuras do 'n airde tuath, 's bha coinneamh aige ri Rìgh nam Pìocach faisg air baile Ionar-nis. Bha 'n aoigheachd fuar gu leòir a fhuair e 'san àite ud. Cha b' e gabhail ris féin 's ris na crìosdaidhean a bha 'na chuideachd gu caoimhneil, mar a rinn na Gàidheil trath thàinig iad do Eilean-nan-draoighean a bh' ann. B' ann a dhùin sluagh Ionar-nis na dorsan air féin 's air a chompanaich. Cha tugadh na Pìocaich tràth bìdh no fàsagadh-taighe do na soisgeulaichean naomha. Cha b' ann le searmonachadh an t-soisgeil a chuir Calum iompaidh air an rìgh bhorb a bha aig na Pìocaich agus air a chùirtearan. Cha b' ann idir. B' ann a thòisich Calum ri gisreagan, 's ri pratan de 'n t-seòrsa sin a ghnàthachadh, chum eagal a chur air Rìgh Bruid 's air a chuirtearan, agus shoirbhich leis air an dòigh ud. Cha chualas riamh gu 'm b' éiginn da gisreagan a ghnàthachadh ann a bhi a' cur iompaidh air na Gàidheil. Tha luchd-eachdraidh ag ràdh gu 'n do thog Calum Cille trì cheud eaglais 'na latha 's 'na linn féin. Bu chòir do Ghàidheil beachd sònruichte a ghabhail air an earrainn so de 'n eachdraidh, a chionn cha do thog e eaglais ach anns a' Ghàidhealtachd a mhàin, 's cha robh feum 'nan togail, oir cha robh crìosdaidhean ann an àitean eile do Albainn gu eaglaisean a lìonadh. Air do Chalum Cille Ionar-nis fhàgail, thàinig e nuas troimh Abair-eadhain agus

Sioramachd Pheairt. Cha chualas gu'n do thog e eaglais, no gu'n do shearmonaich e'n soisgeul air a thuras mu dheas, ged a tha làn-chinnt e gu'n robh sluagh lìonmhor anns na sioramachdan tarbhach sin 'san àm ud. Thàinig Calum do'n bhaile so do'n ainm Glas-achadh, ach da 'm b' ainm aig an àm ud Meallan Dinnear. Bha e air aoigheachd aig duine naomh a bha 'san àite d'am b' ainm Mungo. Bha gàirdeachas 's bhaile trath choinnich na daoine naomha a chèile. Chaidh caoimhneas gu leòir a dheanamh ri Calum Cille, oir bu Ghàidheal Mungo e féin a thaobh athar, a chionn bu mhac diolain e do aon de na Rìghribh Gàidhealach d'am b' ainm Eòghan, no *Euginni*, an treasamh rìgh de'n ainm a bha 'sa Ghàidhealtachd. Air do Chalum Cille Glasachadh fhàgail, chaidh e air ais do'n Ghàidhealtachd, 's cha d' thàinig e air thuras 'na dhéigh sin do rìoghachd nam Pìocach; 's ann a chuir e seachad an còrr d'a làithean ann an cuideachd agus ann an comunn nan crìosdaidhean a bha bàigheil, caoimhneil ris.

“LEANSÀ DLUTH RI CLIU DO SHINNSIR.”

'S e cliù ar sinnsir a chumail suas suim 'na chaidh a leughadh. Ged a chaidh Rìgh Caractacus a thoirt 'na phrìosanach do'n Ròimh, bha bràthair da air fhàgail 'sa Ghàidhealtachd. Bha mac aig a' bhràthair sin d'am b' ainm Corbred, no Galgacus mar their na Goill ris.

Tha 'm fear-eachdraidh Rómanach, Tacitus, a' toirt fiosrachadh mu ghnìomhara an rìgh so a bu chòir a bhi air chuimhne aig gach Gàidheal. Chaidh Galgacus

a chrùnadh anns a' bhliadhna sè-deug 's a tri-fichead. Anns a' bhliadhna sin bha na Rómanaich air Sasunn a cheannsachadh gu h-iomlan, 's bha iad air Albainn a cheannsachadh a suas gu Sioramachd Pheairt. Bha 'm feachd air tighinn dlùth air crìochan na Gàidhealtachd. Chunnaic an rìgh gu 'm b' éiginn aghaidh a thoirt air na naimhdean, no strìochdadh gu buileach do luchd-creachaidh a' chinne-daonn. Ghairm Galgacus air feachd na Gàidhealtachd gu éiridh 's gu bhi 'nan uidheam gu coinneamh a thoirt do na lègionaibh uaibhreach a bha a' miannachadh tràillean a dheanamh de shluagh na Roinn-Eorpa gu h-iomlan. Bha 'm feachd Rómanach air camp 's air callaid làidir a thogail. Is e beachd dhaoine fòghluimte gu 'n robh an camp sin dlùth do bhaile Chraoibh ann an Sioramachd Pheairt, far am faicear na làraichean gus an latha 'n diugh.

Ghairm Galgacus air na Gàidheil, iad a thional far am biodh sealladh aca air an arm Rómanach, 's far an cluinneadh iad a ghuth, 's labhair e am brosnachadh-cath a leanas 'nan éisdeachd:—

Brosnachadh Ghalgacuis, Ceann feadhna nan Gàidheal, 'n uair a bha iad a' dol a chur cath ri feachd na Ròimhe. Air a chur an Gàidhlig

LE P. MAC PHARLAIN.

Amhuinntir mo dhùthcha agus mo chomh-shaighdearan.

'N uair a tha mi toirt fainear an aobhair mu 'n do tharruing sinn ar claidheamhnan, agus am feum a th' againn air buille tarbhach a bhualadh, mu 'n cuir sinn a rìs 'san truail iad ; tha mi 'mothachadh

dòchas aoibhhneach ag èiridh suas 'am inntinn, gu 'm bi air an là 'n diugh slighe air a fosgladh chum saorsa Bhreatunn a thoirt air a h-ais, 's a chum cuing sgreitidh tràillealachd na Ròimhe a chrathadh dhinn. Tha Ghàidhealachd fhathast saor. Cha b' urrainn uile-chumhachd ghramail na Ròimhe ar saorsa a ghlacadh. Ach 's ann a mhàin le treubhantas a choimhdear i. Cha 'n ion duibh fughair a bhi agaibh, gun téid sibh as oluchd-creachaidh a chinne-daonn trid bàighealachd. 'N uair a cheannsaichear na dùthchanna air am fasa ruigheachd, théid iad an sin air an aghaidh d' an ionnsuidh-san air an deacaire buaidh a thoirt. Agus ma bheir iad buaidh air an talamh uile, bheir iad a rithist oidhirp air am feachd a chur gu taobh thall a' chuain mhòir, a shealltuinn nach 'eil fhathast rioghachdan neo-aithnichte' ann, air an toir iad ionnsuidh, 's an tabhairt fo chis do iompaireachd na Ròimhe. Oir tha sinn a' faicinn, ma mheasar tìr cumhachdach, gu 'n tabhair na Ròimhich ionnsuidh orra, chionn gu 'm bheil a ciosnachadh cliùiteach; ma tha i neo-ainmeil an gaisgeadh, a chionn gu 'm bi a' bhuidh so-fhaotainn: ma tha i saibhir, tha iad a' teachd le fuighair ri cobhartachd; ma tha i bochd, le déigh air alladh. Tha 'n àirde 'n ear agus an iar, an àirde deas agus tuath, aghaidh na cruinne gu h-ìomlan, air an sàrachadh le 'n cogadh; tha 'n saoghal m' an iadh a' ghrian ro bheag airson an gionaich agus an sainnt. 'S iad fein an t-aon sluagh a chualas riamh a bha co déigheil air rioghachd bho chd ri rioghachd shaibhir a cheannsachadh. 'S coltach gur e 'm prìomh-shonas bhi creachadh, a' cogadh, 's a' dortadh fola; 's an uair

a dh' fhàsaicheas iad dùthaich, 's nach fàgar duine beò innte is urrainn airm a thogail 'nan aghaidh, an sin their iad, gun d' thug iad sìth do 'n tìr sin.

Dh' òrduich nàdur féin do na h-uile dhaoine gu'm biodh am mnathan agus an clann ro-ionmhuinn leò. Ach tha dearbh-chinnt agaibhse, a mhuinntir mo dhùthcha, gu'm bheil na fleasgaich air an d' thugadh buaidh air an tarruing air falbh, a dheanamh suas feachd na Ròimhe. Tha mnathan, peathraichean, agus nigheanan nan daoine a gheill doibh, an dàrna cuid air an éigneachadh, no air an truailleadh le seòltachd nan creachadairean an-ìochdmhor sin. Tha toradh an dichill air a shlad, a dheanamh suas na cìs a leagadh orra le gionach fòirneartach. Tha na Breatunnaich a' cur am machraichean; ach tha na Ròimhich chìocrach 'gam buain. Tha ar cuirp air an sàrachadh a' deanamh oibre dhoibh; agus 's e buillean agus tàir am buidheachas a th'againn an comh-lorg ar saothreach. Tha iadsan a rugadh 'nan tràillibh, air an ceannach agus air an cumail suas le 'n sealbhad-airibh : ach tha 'n tìr neo-shona so a' toirt duais air son i bhi fo dhaorsa, agus a' beathachadh na h-aitim a tha 'ga toirt ann. Agus 's e ar cuid-ne de 'n mhi-chliu is fìor chràitiche, a chionn gur iad muinntir an eilein so is deireannaich a thàinig fo 'n cuing thruaillidh. 'S e am fuath a th'againn air an an-tighearnas, a choire is mò a tha brosnuchadh nan an-tighearnan fòirneartach sin 'nar n-aghaidh. Tha sinn a bhi co fada o bhaile mòr ar rìoghachd, agus air ar dìon a thaobh nàduir leis a' chuan chuisleach uaibhreach a tha 'gar cuairt-eachadh, 'gar fàgail buailteach d' an an-amharuis; oir

tha fios aca, gu 'm bheil Breatunnaich air am breith le fìor ghràdh air saorsa ; agus tha iad-san a' meas, gur dùth dhuinn bhi 'smaoineachadh air a' chothrom a ghabhail, uair no uair eigin, air sinn féin a shaoradh o'n cuibhrichtibh.

Mar so, mo chàirdean, le sinn a bhi air cur an dùileachd, agus air ar fuathachadh mar is éigin duinn a bhi, leis na Ròimhich, cha'n ion duinn fiughair a bhi againn ri daorsa chuimsich féin a mhealtuinn fódhpa. Cuireamaid ma ta, ann an ainm gach ni tha naomha, agus chum gach ni is caomh leinn a dhìon, romhainn, oithirp fhoghainteach a thoirt, mur ann a dh'fhaighinn cliù, air a' chuid is lugha gu bhi tèaruinte ; mur ann a chumail suas meas Bhreatunn, mar is lugha chum ar beatha a dhìon. Cia dlùth a bha na Briogantaich air a' chuing a chrathadh dhiubh—fo stiùradh boirionnaich ! Loisg iad ionad còmhnuidh Ròimheach : thug iad ionnsuidh air na Legionaibh Ròimheach 'nan campa. Mùr d' thugadh mar shoirbhich leò orra a bhi tuille 's earbsach asda féin, bha 'n gnothach crìoch-naichte. Agus nach dean sinne, muinntir na Gàel-tachd, aig a' bheil ar crìochan fhathast saor, 's aig am bheil ar neart gun lughdachadh ; nach toir sinn oithirp, mo chomh-shaighdearan, air càileigin a dheanamh, a nochdas do na creachadairibh coimheach sin, gu 'm bheil aca tuille ri dheanamh na bha iad am barail, ma 'n toir iad buaidh air an eilean uile ?

Ach, an diaigh so uile, co iad na Ròimhich chumhachdach so ? Co dhiubh a th' annta dée, no daoine bàsmhor mar sinn féin ? Nach 'eil sinn a' faicinn iad ciontach ann am mearachd agus ann an laigsinn

mar dhaoin' eile? Nach 'eil sìth 'gam fàgail meath-chridheach? Nach 'eil saibhreas 'gan truailleadh? Nach 'eil iad a' dol gu anabharra anns na dubhailcibh is duaichnidh? Agus am faod sibh a shaoilsinn gu'm bheil iadsan a tha comharraichte ann an dubhailc, sònruichte ann an cruadal cuideachd? Ciod, ma ta, roimh 'm bheil eagal oirnn?—An innis mi dhuibh an fhirinn, mo chàirdean? 'Sann athaobh ar n-eas-aonachd eadarrainn féin, a fhuair na Ròimhich na h-urrad cheannais oirnn. Tha iad a' gabhail cliù 'dhoibh féin o dh'roch ghiùlan an naimhdean. Tha iad a' deanamh uaill as na rinn iad féin, agus 'nan tosd mu na dh' fhaodamaid a dheanamh 'nan aghaidh, na'm biomaid a dh' aon rùn. Co e am feachd ainmeil Ròimheach so? Nach 'eil e air a dheanamh suas le sluagh o ioma dùthaich; cuid is tèoma air cogadh no dream eile; cuid ni 's murreaiche na chéile air cruaidh-chas fhulang! Tha iad a' fuireach còmhla am feadh a tha 'chùis a' soirbheachadh leò. Thugaibh ionnsuidh ghramail orra: sàraichibh iad: 's chì sibh gu'm bi an sin am barrachd eas-aonachd 'nam measg-san, na tha 'san àm so 'nar measg-ne. Am faod aon neach a shaoilsinn, gu'm bi daoine o Ghallia, o'n Ghearmailt, agus le nàire canam é, muinntir Bhreatunn féin, a tha gu nàr mi-chiatach a' comh-aontachadh le luchd spùinnidh an dùthcha; tha mi 'g ràdh, am faod aon neach a bharalachadh gu'm bheil iad sin air an cumail ri chéile le dilseachd agus carthannachd? Cha 'n 'eil: 's e eagal ceangal na sìth 'nam measg-san. Agus an tràth sguireas geilt a dh' oibreachadh air inntinn a chumasg mhòr shluaigh sin, bheir iadsan

a tha 'n dràsda fo eagal, fuath d' an an-tighearnan an-ìochdmhor.—Tha air ar taobh-ne, gach ni is urrainn ar brosnachadh gu cruadal. Cha 'n 'eil misneach nan Ròimheach, mar ar misneach-ne, air a dùsgadh suas le eagal gu'n tuit ar mnathan agus ar clann an làmhaidh ar naimhdean. Cha 'n 'eil athair no màthair an so aca mar th' againne, gu masladh a thoirt doibh ma thréigeas iad iad 'nan sean aois. Cha 'n 'eil tìr aca an so gu cogadh as a leth. Cha 'n 'eil annt' ach comh-chruinneachadh suarach de choigrich, ann an dùthaich, air am bheil iad aineolach; air an gearradh a mach o'n tìr féin, air an ioma-druideadh a stigh leis a' chuan; agus tha dòchas agam, air an toirt thairis dhuinne mar chobhartach, gun seòl 'sam bith aca gu dol as. Na cuireadh fuaim aimn Ròimheach faitcheas oirbh; ni mò a chuireas dealradh lonnrach an òir no an airgid air an armachd sgileò air ar sùilibh. Cha'n ann le òr, no le airgid, a lotar no a dhìonar daoine; ged is ann le'n samhail sin a bhios iad 'nan cobhartach ni's tarbhaiche dhoibh-san a bheir buaidh. Thugamaid gu misneachail an aghaidh air a' phràsgan neo-aontachail so. Gheibh sinn am barrachd neart uapa féin. Fàgaidh na Breatunnaich thruaillidh, a tha 'nam measg, a chuir cùl ri leas an dùthcha, iad, agus thig iad d'ar n-ionnsuidh-ne. 'Nuair a chuimhniches na Gallaidh air an t-saors' a bh'aca roimhe so, 's gur iad na Ròimhich a chuir g'an dì i, tréigidh iad na h-an-dlighich sin, agus cuiridh iad le luchd chothachadh na saorsa. Leanaidh na Gearmailtich eisimpleir muinntir an dùthcha, na h-Usipii, a dh'fhàg o cheann ghoirid

iad. Agus co roimh 'n sin a bhios eagal oirbh? Beagan de dhaighnichibh air an leth riarachadh le freiceadan; beagan bhailtean, air an àiteachadh le daoine air an sàrachadh agus air an claidh: tha aimhreit a' buadhachadh 'nam measg, ag éiridh o stràic an uachdarain, agus o cheann-làidireachd nan iochdaran. Tha air ar taobh-ne, armailt a dh' aon rùn ann an aobhar an dùthcha, am mnathan, an clann, am pàrantan aosda, an saorsainn, agus am beatha. Air cheann an fheachd so, tha dòchas agam nach 'eil mi mi-mhodhail, 'n uair a their mi gu'm bheil, ceann-feadhna, a tha ullamh chum gach comas a th'aige 'ghnàthachadh, a réir mar tha iad, agus gu bheatha a chur an cunnart g'ar treòrachadh gu buaidh làraich agus gu saorsa.

Cuiream a nis crìoch air an earail so, a mhuinntir mò dhùthcha, agus mo chomh-luchd-saoithreachaidh, le 'chur 'nar cuimhne, gur h-ann ri 'r giùlan air an latha an diugh a tha ar sith agus ar saorsa ann an earbsa, no sibh a strìochdadh do nàmhaid stràiceil uaibhreach, leis gach dosgainn a bhios 'na chomh-lorg. 'Nuair ma ta, a théid sibh an sàs annta cuimhnichibh air na daoineibh o'n d'fhàinig sibh—agus smaoinichibh air ur shìochd féin.



