

TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME XII.

1885-86.

Blair. 29

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*Evelyn Stewart Murray
from her Mother*

TRANSACTIONS

Jan 1st 1888

OF

THE GAELIC SOCIETY
OF INVERNESS.

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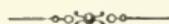
1885-86.

Clann nan Gaidheal an Ghailllean a Cheile.

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1886.

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GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

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D. Campbell.

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LIBRARIAN.

John Whyte.

PIPER.

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CHIEFTAINS.

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Provost Macandrew.

A. Macbain.

HON. SECRETARY.

William Mackay, solicitor.

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Wm. Mackenzie, 3 Union Street.

TREASURER.

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John Whyte.

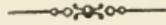
PIPER.

Pipe-Major Macleannan.

BARD.

Mrs Mary Mackellar.

COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS.



CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

1. 'S e ainm a' Chomuinn "COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS."

2. 'S e tha an rùn a' Chomuinn:—Na buill a dheanamh iomlan 'sa' Ghailig; cinneas Canaine, Bardachd, agus Ciuil na Gaidhealtachd; Bardachd, Seanachas, Sgeulachd, Leabhraichean agus Sgriobhanna 's a' chanain sin a thearnadh o dhearmad; Leabhar-lann a chur suas ann am baile Inbhir-Nis de leabhraichibh agus sgriobhannaibh—ann an canain sam bith—a bhuineas do Chaileachd, Ionnsachadh, Eachdraidheachd agus Sheanachasaibh nan Gaidheal no do thairbhe na Gaidhealtachd; còir agus cliù nan Gaidheal a dhion; agus na Gaidheil a shoirbheachadh a ghna ge b'e ait' am bi iad.

3. 'S iad a bhitheas 'nam buill, cuideachd a tha gabhail suim do runtaibh a' Chomuinn; agus so mar gheibh iad a staigh:—Tairgidh aon bhall an t-iarradair, daingnichidh ball eile an tairgse, agus, aig an ath choinneimh, ma roghnaicheas a' mhor-chuid le crannchur, nithear ball dhith-se no dheth-san cho luath 's a phaidhear an comh-thoirt; cuirear crainn le ponair dhubh agus gheal, ach, gu so bhi dligheach, feumaidh trì buill dheug an crann a chur, Feudaidh an Comunn Urram Cheannardan a thoirt do urrad 'us seachd daoine cliuiteach.

4. Paidhidh Ball Urramach, 'sa' bhliadhna .	£0	10	6
Ball Cumanta	0	5	0
Foghlainte	0	1	0
Agus ni Ball-beatha aon chomh-thoirt de .	7	7	0

5. 'S a' cheud-mhios, gach bliadhna, roghnaichear, le crainn, Co-chomhairle a riaghlas gnothuichean a' Chomuinn, 's e sin—aon Cheann, trì Iar-chinn, Cleireach Urramach, Rùnaire, Ionmhasair, agus coig buill eile—feumaidh iad uile Gailig a thuigsinn 's a bhruidhinn; agus ni coigear dhiubh coinneamh.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.



CONSTITUTION.

1. The Society shall be called the "GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS."

2. The objects of the Society are the perfecting of the Members in the use of the Gaelic language ; the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of the Scottish Highlands ; the rescuing from oblivion of Gaelic poetry, traditions, legends, books, and manuscripts ; the establishing in Inverness of a library, to consist of books and manuscripts, in whatever language, bearing upon the genius, the literature, the history, the antiquities, and the material interests of the Highlands and Highland people ; the vindication of the rights and character of the Gaelic people ; and, generally, the furtherance of their interests whether at home or abroad.

3. The Society shall consist of persons who take a lively interest in its objects. Admission to be as follows :—The candidate shall be proposed by one member, seconded by another, balloted for at the next meeting, and, if he or she have a majority of votes and have paid the subscription, be declared a member. The ballot shall be taken with black beans and white ; and no election shall be valid unless thirteen members vote. The Society has power to elect distinguished men as Honorary Chieftains to the number of seven.

4. The Annual Subscription shall be, for—

Honorary Members	£0	10	6
Ordinary Members	0	5	0
Apprentices	0	1	0
A Life Member shall make one payment of .	7	7	0

5. The management of the affairs of the Society shall be entrusted to a Council, chosen annually, by ballot, in the month of January, to consist of a Chief, three Chieftains, an Honorary Secretary, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and five other Members of the Society, all of whom shall understand and speak Gaelic ; five to form a quorum.

6. Cumar coinneamhan a' Chomuinn gach seachduin o thois-each an Deicheamh mìos gu deireadh Mhairt, agus gach ceithir-la-deug o thois-each Ghiblein gu deireadh an Naothamh-mois. 'S i a' Ghailig a labhrar gach oidhche mu'n seach aig a' chuid a's lugha.

7. Cuiridh a' Cho-chomhairle la air leth anns an t-Seachdamh-mìos air-son Coinneamh Bhliadhnaile aig an cumar Co-dheuchainn agus air an toirear duaisean air-son Piobaireachd 'us ciuil Ghaidhealach eile; anns an fheasgar bithidh co-dheuchainn air Leughadh agus aithris Bardachd agus Rosg nuadh agus taghta; an deigh sin cumar Cuirm chuidheachdail aig am faigh nithe Gaidhealach roghainn 'san uirghioll, ach gun roinn a dhiultadh dhaibh-san nach tuig Gailig. Giulainear cosdas na co-dheuchainne le trusadh sonraichte a dheannamh agus cuideachadh iarraidh o'n t-sluagh.

8. Cha deanar atharrachadh sam bith air coimh-dhealbhadh a' Chomuinn gun aontachadh dha thrìan de na'm bheil de luchd-bruidhinn Gailig air a' chlar-ainm. Ma's miann atharrachadh a dheanamh is eiginn sin a chur an ceill do gach ball, mìos, aig a' chuid a's lugha, roimh'n choinneimh a dh'fheudas an t-atharrachadh a dheanamh. Feudaidh ball nach bi a lathair roghnachadh le lamh-aithne.

9. Taghaidh an Comunn Bard, Piobaire, agus Fear-leabharlann.



Ullaichear gach Paipear agus Leughadh, agus giulainear gach Deasboireachd le run fosgailte, duineil, durachhdach air-son na firinn, agus cuirear gach nì air aghaidh ann an spiorad caomh, glan, agus a reir riaghailtean dearbhtha.

6. The Society shall hold its meetings weekly from the beginning of October to the end of March, and fortnightly from the beginning of April to the end of September. The business shall be carried on in Gaelic on every alternate night at least.

7. There shall be an Annual Meeting in the month of July, the day to be named by the Committee for the time being, when Competitions for Prizes shall take place in Pipe and other Highland Music. In the evening there shall be Competitions in Reading and Reciting Gaelic Poetry and Prose, both original and select. After which there will be a Social Meeting, at which Gaelic subjects shall have the preference, but not to such an extent as entirely to preclude participation by persons who do not understand Gaelic. The expenses of the competitions shall be defrayed out of a special fund, to which the general public shall be invited to subscribe.

8. It is a fundamental rule of the Society that no part of the Constitution shall be altered without the assent of two-thirds of the Gaelic speaking Members on the roll; but if any alterations be required, due notice of the same must be given to each member, at least one month before the meeting takes place at which the alteration is proposed to be made. Absent Members may vote by mandates.

9. The Society shall elect a Bard, a Piper, and a Librarian.

All Papers and Lectures shall be prepared, and all Discussions carried on, with an honest, earnest, and manful desire for truth; and all proceedings shall be conducted in a pure and gentle spirit, and according to the usually recognised rules.

I N T R O D U C T I O N .

In presenting the Society with its twelfth Volume, the Council has again to announce a larger Volume than any of its predecessors; and it is a further matter of congratulation that, while former Volumes were larger by reason of two or more years' work being issued together, this Volume contains but the record of one Session's work only. Nothing could at once better prove the wealth of the Gaelic material with which we deal, the usefulness of the Society's work, and the energy and vitality of its members. It will be found that the papers and lectures in this book are not merely interesting in themselves, but also most important in their bearing on Highland History, Antiquities, and Literature. The Volume begins with the Society's July Assembly last year, and ends with the winter and spring papers in May, thus containing exactly a year's record of work. The last Session has probably, in respect of papers, lectures, and discussions, been the most active the Society has ever had.

In taking a general survey over men and work in the Gaelic and also in the wider Celtic field, we have first, with sorrow, to record the death of the veteran Gaelic scholar, the Rev. Dr Thomas Maclauchlan, of Edinburgh. For the last generation Dr Maclauchlan was our leading Gaelic scholar; he was practically arbiter in matters of Gaelic literature and scholarship, a position which he filled with honour and good judgment. He was the connecting link between the old literary school of Gaelic writers and scholars, and the new school of critics and philologists. His works have had a most potent effect in bringing Gaelic studies into good repute among British scholars, and his editions of the Dean of Lismore's Book, and Bishop Carsewell's Prayer Book, have done more than anything else to give people a proper idea of what the history of the Gaelic language must have been. The

translation of the Dean's Book was a most arduous task, and, considering the state of Celtic scholarship at the time, a marvel of accuracy and learning. His other chief works are "Celtic Gleanings," and the "Early Scottish Church," while he also wrote the history of Gaelic Literature in Keltie's History of the Highlands, a piece of work which is unique in its excellence. He was also engaged on the revision of the translation of the Gaelic Bible. Dr Maclauchlan was chief of our Gaelic Society in 1880, and, besides doing his duty as that year's chief, his name appears often in our Volumes as the author of papers delivered before the Society and printed in our Transactions.

In Gaelic literature, considerable activity and interest are manifested. Mr Lachlan Macbean, a well-known member of our body, besides translating into beautiful English verse the poems of Dugald Buchanan, has returned to his old love of music, and has issued a selection of the most popular Gaelic psalm tunes; while Mr Henry Whyte is still adding to his "Celtic Lyre." Rev. Mr Cameron's first volume of the *Scottish Celtic Review* has been completed by the issue of number four. And while these words are being penned, Mrs Mackellar's translation of the Queen's "More Leaves" has been handed in to us, fresh from the press. Who but the queen of our modern Gaelic poets should translate our Queen's book?

In general Celtic scholarship and literature there are one or two events of importance to record. The *Revue Celtique*, the most important of Celtic periodicals, devoted as it is to Celtic philology, antiquities, and the editing of texts and MSS., is now edited by M. D'Arbois de Jubainville, one of our foremost Celtic philologists, M. Gaidoz, who started and who so ably conducted the *Revue* for fifteen years, having sought well-earned repose. Mr Stokes has published in the last volume of the Philological Society's Transactions two treatises of vast importance to Celtic Philology. The first work—over one hundred pages in length—discusses in a concise form "Celtic Declension." It is undoubtedly the most important contribution that has yet been made to the subject since the time of Zeuss. It contains not only Old

Irish and Old Welsh Declensions, but also attempts to restore the Old Celtic Declension. A concise account is given of the "desemantical changes," and also of the Gaulish inscriptions. The other paper is upon the Neo-Celtic Verb Substantive, and it contains a most important account of vocalic change. Dr Kuno Meyer has published valuable editions of the *Cath Finntraga* and *Merugud Uilix*. Professor Rhys has been the Hibbert Lecturer for this year; his subject was "the Origin and Growth of Religion as Illustrated by Celtic Heathendom." He passed in review the whole subject of Celtic Religion and Mythology, and advanced such interesting and startling theories that his published work will be waited for with some eagerness by enthusiastic Celtists.

The Educational Minute of May of last year, which we described in Vol. XI., has been embodied in the new Scotch Code. But unfortunately, though Gaelic is allowed as a specific subject, it is, nevertheless, not placed upon the specific schedule: only a note at the bottom of the page informs the public that Gaelic may be taken as a specific subject, "provided it be taught upon a graduated scheme, to be approved by Her Majesty's Inspectors"! The Gaelic to be taught is to be settled for each school by the caprices of teachers and inspectors! Evidently, however, this is only a temporary device, and next year we may hope to see Gaelic on Schedule Four beside Latin and Greek. A committee of this Society drew up a Gaelic Scheme that may be worth reproducing in the circumstances:—

1st Stage. Reading of 50 pages of ordinary Gaelic prose. Reciting of 50 lines of Gaelic Poetry. General knowledge of Gaelic Declension.

2nd Stage. Reading 100 pages of Gaelic poetry and verse. Writing to dictation from the same. Reciting of 100 lines of Gaelic Poetry, with meanings and allusions. General knowledge of Gaelic Grammar.

3rd Stage. Reading of Gaelic prose and verse. Reciting of 150 lines of Gaelic poetry. Composition of a theme in Gaelic, and some knowledge of the history, construction, and literature of the Gaelic language.

The above scheme is as difficult as can be allowed with a view to any practical good being intended to result from the concession of Gaelic as a specific subject ; and, as such, we venture to think, it is worthy of consideration in official quarters.

We must not close the introduction to this Volume, the *magnum opus* of the Society, without referring to its editor, our secretary, Mr Mackenzie. Mr Mackenzie has been appointed Principal Clerk to the Crofter Commission, and, although this means the loss of his invaluable services to us, we sincerely congratulate him on a step of advancement so well-deserved for his unremitting energy in the Gaelic cause. Our very best wishes follow him. His decade of work for the Society will be a proud memory for him as it is, in the excellence of its results, an honour to us. He has fitly crowned his work by the energy of last session, leaving to his successor the Gaelic Society in a condition which, because flourishing and in good order, will be all the more difficult to maintain.

INVERNESS, August 1886.

TRANSACTIONS.

ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The Fourteenth Annual Assembly of the Society took place in the Music Hall, Inverness, on the evening of Thursday, 9th July 1885. The chair was occupied by Mr Allan R. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail, Chief of the Society. He was supported by Sir K. S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Rev. A. Macdonald, Logie-Easter; Mr William Fraser, of Elgin, Illinois; Mr A. Macdonald, Balranald; Captain A. M. Chisholm, Glassburn; Mr Alexander Macdonald of Treaslane; Bailie Mackay, Bailie Ross, Mr Duncan Shaw, W.S., Inverness; Mr William Mackay, solicitor; Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor; Mr F. Macdonald, Druidaig; Mr R. Maclean, Ardross; Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; Mr E. H. Macmillan, Caledonian Bank; Mr A. Macbain, Raining's School; Mr A. Mackenzie, Ballifeary; Mr A. Mackenzie, Silverwells; Mr P. H. Stuart, drawing-master; Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, High Street; Mr William Mackenzie, secretary, &c. There was a large attendance of the members of the Society and their friends, as well as the general public and strangers from a distance who came to Inverness to take part in the Wool Fair. While the company were assembling, the pipers of the Rifle Volunteers, under Pipe-Major Ferguson, perambulated the principal streets, Pipe-Majors Maclellan, of the 2nd Battalion Cameron Highlanders, and Mackenzie, of the 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, at the same time playing a selection of Highland airs in the entrance lobby. Shortly after eight o'clock the proceedings commenced by

Mr Mackenzie, the Secretary, intimating apologies for absence from the following gentlemen:—Lord Dunmore, the Earl of Seafield, Lord Archibald Campbell, The Chisholm, Mr D. Cameron of Lochiel, M.P.; Mr Munro-Ferguson of Novar, M.P.; Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr Osgood H. Mackenzie of Inverewe; Mr K. J. Matheson, yr. of Lochalsh; Major Rose of Kilravock; Mr J. Douglas Fletcher, yr. of Rosehaugh; Mr Angus Mack-

intosh of Holme; Sheriff Blair, Inverness, Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, Kilmorack; Captain O'Sullivan, Inverness; Mr Charles Innes, solicitor, Inverness; Mr A. Burgess, banker, Gairloch; Mr P. Burgess, factor, Glenmoriston; Ex-Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen; Mr James Barron, Inverness; Mr L. Macdonald of Skeabost, and others.

Professor Blackie wrote:—

“Broughton, Peeblesshire, 3rd July.

“Dear Sir,—You are very kind to wish to keep me longer as a Highlander, but I have done my work in that quarter, and must now submit to die as I was born, a Lowlander. Nevertheless, had I been free to wander about at this season, I might have done myself the pleasure to visit the fair city, whose beauties, I think, I once sang in a sonnet; but, unfortunately, this year I am tied down to Tweedside, doing family duty from which only the imperative call of public work could withdraw me. With best wishes for the success of your gathering on the 9th, believe me, sincerely yours,

“JOHN S. BLACKIE.”

The Chief, on rising to speak, was received with loud cheers. He said—When travelling in a railway carriage a few months ago, I read a report of a meeting of this Society, and saw that I had been elected Chief for the year, I thought there must have been some mistake, and it was not until I arrived at home and found a letter from our worthy Secretary, confirming the report, that I fully realised the great honour which had been bestowed upon me. (Applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, we have met here to-night to celebrate the fourteenth annual assembly of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and holding as I do a very strong opinion that, if we, as a Society, ever allow political questions of any sort, no matter how important, or of how great interest they may be to us, to appear at our assemblies, from that time dissension and strife will spring up amongst us—(Hear, hear)—and we will soon drift apart, and thus do away with the great power for good, which I am certain this Society can bring to bear on the people in whose welfare and prosperity we take, and should take, so active an interest. (Applause.) Holding these opinions, I do not intend to say one word which can be turned by my bitterest political opponent into a channel which I never intended, or even to mention a subject which is never for long out of our thoughts, or our daily conversation. That our Chief at the last annual dinner had to do this we are aware, but on that occasion it was

almost forced upon him, and you would all have been much disappointed if he had not chosen the subject he did for his speech, but I know he is the last man who would wish to establish that as a precedent. (Applause.) I have to congratulate the Society that since the loss of Cluny, which was so feelingly referred to by Lochiel on that occasion, none of our members have been taken from us, and on the other hand we have to welcome a great number of gentlemen who have since joined us. It is, as I have already stated, now fourteen years since this Society was first started, and the success which has attended it is remarkable. Not only is it still living and flourishing, but it appears destined in the future to exercise a still more powerful influence over all that pertains to Celtic literature and Celtic life than it has even hitherto accomplished, and those of us who have followed the Transactions, as they appeared from year to year, must have been struck with the marvellous amount of research, involving enormous labour, and in all cases a labour of love, on the part of the authors of those papers; and it is not too much to say that it is principally owing to the efforts of the members of this Society that a large quantity of Celtic poetry, history, and tradition have been rescued from oblivion. (Cheers.) The success of the past ought to encourage us to harder work in the cultivation of the language, poetry, antiquities, and history of the Scottish Highlands, to promote which is one of the main objects of the Society. The revival of Celtic literature must, I think, produce good results on the character and interests of the Gaelic people. When the revival took place, as you may remember, the language and customs of the race were on the eve of disappearing; the movement for a Celtic Chair was brought forward, and mainly owing to the great zeal and enthusiasm of one of the honorary chieftains of this Society, successfully carried out; from that time, the interests which it is the province of this Society to preserve have prospered, and all that is worth preserving is now certain to be saved from destruction. (Cheers.) There is one subject which this Society has always taken a great interest in, and that is the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools. Last year, for a reason which I need not mention, it was my duty, as well as my pleasure, to enter into more schools, and to converse with more teachers than often falls to the lot of one man—(Laughter)—and I found that the feeling was unanimous that it was essential that there should be a special grant for the teaching of Gaelic, and I cannot see any reason why a boy or a girl should not be taught Gaelic as thoroughly as they are taught English. (Cheers.) Necessary as it is for children to

learn English, so that they may be able when they grow up to fight the battle of life, I am not at all certain that they would not be able to fight this battle better, and with more hopes of success, if they could speak not only English but Gaelic as well. (Hear, hear.) Personally, I regret that I am not able to speak Gaelic, and though, perhaps, I am now too old to hope to attain any great result if I were to try and overcome this defect, I can only trust that if, in years to come, it should be your wish to confer the honour you have paid me on my son, I may be one of the company who will listen to him making a Gaelic speech in this room, even though I may have to get him to translate it afterwards for my special benefit. (Applause.) I have often been much struck—in spite of the concessions which were granted by the Government in 1875 and 1878, practically teachers, even when the children only understand Gaelic, make very little use of that language in the schools—at the rapid strides which the children make, and which speaks very highly both of the natural sharpness and cleverness of Highland children, as well as the trouble and patience which teachers must exercise to bring this about. I remember one teacher in a Highland parish telling me that though he himself was quite ignorant of Gaelic, he found the children who attended his school very soon, by the help of the different picture maps on the walls, and with a little patience on his part, were able to understand and speak English thoroughly. The day for saying that a knowledge of Gaelic was any hindrance to success in life is of the past. (Cheers.) Now that it is recognised as one of the ancient languages, we shall find that those amongst us who are not only able to speak, but read, and what I believe is more difficult still, to spell Gaelic—(Laughter)—will be looked up to as being a great deal superior to those poor unfortunates who cannot do any one of them. (Cheers.) I was talking to our Secretary the other day, and asked if it was not probable that we could devote some of our funds towards forming a bursary for the promotion of Gaelic. He told me that at present we were hardly in a position to do so, and I wish to impress upon you that the remedy for this lies in your own hands. Those of you who are not members of this Society, I hope will at once belong to it—(Applause)—and those of you who are should try and prevail upon as many of your friends as you can to join it, so that we may be in a position not only to go on preserving and publishing works bearing on Gaelic literature in our Transactions, but that we shall be able to give special prizes to the poorer amongst our children for proficiency in that language.

(Cheers.) You must remember, if it had not been for this and kindred Societies, Highland education would never have received the attention which it now does, and I think therefore it is incumbent on us all to do what we can to help and increase their prosperity. In conclusion, let me add that though I have briefly referred to one or two of the main objects which this Society has in view, one of the most important of them—notwithstanding that you will not find it in its constitution ; for it is supposed to be so well understood and so engrafted in our hearts, that it was unnecessary to put it into print—is, that it is desirous above everything to encourage kindly feeling among all classes, and to promote the welfare and happiness of everyone ; that it is not only our business to see to the preservation of the language and customs, but to maintain all that is elevating and noble in the character of the Celt at home and abroad ; and that we wish to uphold that character for honour and right feeling which has always hitherto been characteristic of Scotland, and which has enabled her to enroll in the most brilliant pages of history so many of the names of her sons—(Cheers)—and I earnestly trust that some of the able and influential Gaelic speakers who belong to this Society will, even at some self-sacrifice, try and instil this important object into the minds of the people, and let them understand that our great desire is, not to set class against class, but to recruit in our ranks all men, whether they be rich, or whether they be poor, so that in time those who may be in need of either advice or counsel may come to look upon this Society as a sure place to obtain it. (Loud cheers.)

Rev. Archibald Macdonald, Logie-Easter, delivered the Gaelic address. He was received with loud and hearty cheers. He said:—*Fhir na Cathrach, a mhnathan uaisle, agus a dhaoin uaisle,—Tha mise an comain Comunn Gaidhlig Inbhirnis, air son gu 'n do ghabh iad a leithid de dheagh bhairil dhìom 's gun do chuir iad romham beagan bhriathran a labhairt 'n 'ur eisdeachd 's an ionad so anns a' chàinain a tha ro dhluth do chridhe gach fìor Ghaidheil —cànain bhinn, mhilis nam beann. Agus a nis b'fhearr leam gu'n robh air a thiodhlacadh orm a h-aon de na teangaibh sgoilte bha aig na ciad Chrìosduidhean a chum, ma tha feadhainn an so aig an bheil cluasan Sasunnach gu 'n cluinneadh iad mise labhairt riutha 'nan cànain fein. Ach o nach gabh sin deanamh, dh' iarrainn air gach aon fa leth misneachd a ghlacadh car beagan mhìonaidean, agus cuimhneachadh gu faigh foighidinn furtachd agus gur searbh a' ghloir nach faodar eisdeachd rithe. 'Nuair a sgrìobh an Run Chleireach thugamsa ag innse gu 'n robh 'n dleasnas tlachdhor so air a chur romham dh'fheoraich mi dhìom fein,*

c'arson a chuir iad cuireadh ormsa air son oraid Ghailig a thoirt seachad? Thubhairt mi rium fein gu faodadh e bhith gu 'm b' eol do chuid de 'n chomunn-riaghlaidh gu 'm buininnse do chearn de 'n Ghaidhealtachd anns a bheil a' Ghaidhlig fhathast air a labhairt gun truailleadh, agus gun mheang, agus mar sin gu faodadh comas a bhi agam air beagan bhriathran Gaidhlig a chur an altaibh a chéile gun cheann no earball Beurla bhi air gach dara h-aon. Cha'n urrainn domhsa radh mar a thubhairt Mairi a' Ghlinne gu'n do rugadh mi ann an Eilein a' Cheo, far am bheil beannta siorruidh na Cuilthionn a folach an cinn arda 's na neoil. 'S ann a bhuineas mise do "Uidhist bheag riabhach nan cradh-ghiadh" anns an Eilean Fhada—na ceud cladaichean 's an righeachd air am bheil stuadhan caolas America a' briseadh, agus far am bheil an sealladh mu dheireadh r'a fhaotainn de 'n ghrein air dh' i a bhi "fagail gorm astar nan speur" agus a' triall gu "pailinn a' clos anns an Iar." Agus, Fhìr na Cathrach, cha'n aobhar naire leamsa mo dhuthaich 'nuair a chuimhniceas mi gur ann aise de dh' fhalbh Fionnghal Dhomhnullach, bean uasal a bhitheas a h-ainm cubhraidh gu brath ann an cuimhne gach Gaidheil. B' ann do Sgir na h-Earradh, duthaich mo bhreith, a bhuineadh Mairi Nigh'n Alastair Ruaidh a sheinn ann a rannaibh nach teid air di-chuimhn am feasd mu'n "Talla bu ghnath le Macleoid." Faodaidh mi aireamh am measg mo luchd-duthcha, Iain Mac Codrum, Smeorach bhinn Chlann Domhnuill; Eachann Mac Leoid a rinn an luinneag mhilis sin "Oran do Choileach Smeoraich;" agus Gilleasbuig Domhnullach, Gille-na-Ciotaig, a rinn an t-oran magaidh, "Tha Biodag air Mac Thomais," oran a bha gle iomraideach bho chionn beagan mhiosan, ach a reir coslais gu 'm bi la 'us bliadhna ma 'm bi a' bhiodag sin a rithist air a toirt a truaill. Air dhomhsa muinntir cho ainmeil riutha sin aithris am measg mo luchd-duthcha, cha'n ioghnadh ged a chanainnse mu 'n Eilein Fhada mar a thubhairt am bard Leoghasach m' a dhuthaich fein—

"'S e eilein mo ghraidh e,
 'S bha Ghaidhlig ann riamh,
 'S cha 'n fhalbh i gu brath as
 Gu 'n traigh an Cuan Siar."

Bhiodh e gle iongantach mar an ceudna mur biodh tlachd ro mhor agam ann an eainnt mo mhathar, agus mur a biodh gradh nach traigh 's nach teirig 's nach fas fann agam do "Thir nam beann 's nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach." Gu cinnteach tha e toirt mor thoil-inntinn dhomhsa bli faicinn gu bheil spiorad cho fìor Ghaidhealach a' gluasad am measg muinntir Inbhirnis, Ceann-

bhaile Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba ; gu bheil sibh a' cur romhaibh gu 'n cum sibh suas cliù bhur sinnsir agus nach takaidh ni san bith bhur cridheachan air falbh bho ghradh 'ur duthcha agus 'ur cànan. Bha la eile ann, Fhìr na Cathrach, eadar ceud agus leth-cheud bliadhna roimh 'n diugh, agus cha mhor nach biodh naire air duine air son a bhi 'na Ghaidheal. Bha na Goill a' deanamh tair air a' h-uile ni Gaidhealach, agus cha b'urrainn dhuit di-moladh bu mho a dheanamh air rud sam bith na radh gu'n robh e "gle Hielan'." Bha daoine do nach b'aithne Ghaidhlig a deanamh a mach nach robh innt' ach seann ghoileam gun doigh ; gu'n robh i deanamh tuilleadh cron no maith, agus mar bu luaithe gheibheadh i bas gur e b'fhearr. A leig mi leas a radh ribhse gu'n d'fhainig caochladh cur air clo Chalum? Fhuair ard luchd-foghlum a mach gu'n robh a' Ghaidhlig na cànan gle aosda agus mar sin gu'n robh i 'na meadhon ro fheumail air son a bhi tilgeil soluis air eachdraidh agus gne chanain eil. Thuig na Gaidheil fein gu'n robh ionmhasan ro luachmhor foluichte ann an cànan, bardachd, ceol, beul-aithris, agus cleachdaidhean an duthcha, a bhiodh nan call do-labhairt an leigeil air di-chuimhn; agus a bharrachd air a sin, gu'n robh coraichean aig na Ghaidheil fein a dh' fheumadh a bhì air an agairt. B'ann uaith sin, Fhìr na Cathrach, a dh' fhas suas na Comuinn Ghaidhealach a tha'n diugh air feadh na rìgh-eachd, mar tha Comunn Oiseineach Oil-Thigh Ghlascho, anns an na robh mi fein aon uair na'm Run-Chleireach, agus an t-aon is sine tha mi 'm barail de na Comuinn Ghaidhealach ; Comunn Gaidhlig Inbhirnis, agus feadhain eile de 'n t-seorsa cheudna ann an Glascho, an Duneidin, agus an Lunainn. Anns na Comuinn sin tha na Gaidheil a' feuchainn ri bhi seasamh guallainn ri guallainn a' cumail greim daingean air canain agus cleachdaidhean an duthcha, agus mar sin a bhi coimhlionadh na h-oibre a thug am Freasdal dhoibh ri dheanamh mar mheanglan maiseach agus torrach ann an craoibh mhoir chinneach na talmhainn. Ach faodaidh a' cheisd a bhi air a faighneachd, Ciod a tha agaibh r'a radh air bhur son fein? A bheil bhur n-eachdraidh mar chomunn ag innse gu bheil sibh torrach ann an oibribh.? Agus 's e mo bharaill-sa nach leig Comunn Gaidhlig Inbhirnis a leas eagal a ghabhail roimh'n cheisd. Cha chreid mi gu'n canar nu bhur timchoill gu'n can sibh moran 's nach dean sibh ach beagan. Cha'n urrainn domhsa 'nam sheasamh an Baile Inbhirnis a bhi diochuimhneachadh batail a bha o chionn cheithir bliadhna eadar sibh fein agus ard chomunn riaghlaidh na rìgheachd ann a' Lunainn, 'nuair a dh' fheuch na daoine mora a bha 'n ughdarras atharrachadh a thabhairt air tartain nan reiseamaidean Gaidhealach. Tha cuimhne' agam mar a chuir sibhse

bhur cinn agus bhur guallainn r'a cheile—mar a chaidh an crann-tara mu 'n cuairt bho ghleann gu gleann, bho sgrì gu sgrì, agus bho shiorramachd gu siorramachd, gus mu dheireadh, mar bu dual 's mar bu ghnath, gu'n d'thug sibh strìochdadh air na Goill. Ghleidh sibh do na reiseamaidean Gaidhealach an t-eideadh a bhùineadh dhoibh o chian, anns an deachaidh iad gu iomadh batail agus buaidh, le brosnachadh agus caismeachd na pìoba-moire—eideadh anns 'n do dhoirt iomadh gaisgeach bho thir nam beann, fuil chraobhach a' chuinn, a' seasamh suas air son coir agus cliu na righeachd, air son coir theallach agus dhachaidhean a dhuthcha. Agus is cinnteach mi nach biodh so cho furasda dbeanamh mur a b'è gu'n robh sibh a' faotainn neart o' bhi air 'ur n-aonadh r'a cheile ann an comunn de'n t-seorsa so. Tha e 'na chomharra maith air an deagh obair a tha na Comuinn Ghaidhealach a' deanamh, nach robh riamh a leithid de mheas air cànan agus litreachas nan Gaidheal 's a tha 'nar linn fein. Bha cheist air a cur riumsa, 's cha'n 'eil fada uaith, Ciod e 'm feum a bhi cumail suas na Gaidhlig—'s cinnteach gu faigh i bas co dhiubh, agus nach 'eil e cho maith siubhal a leigeil leatha ann an sith? B'è so an fhreagairt a thug mi dha, Ciod e 'm feum dhuitse bhi 'g a d' chumail fein suas le ithe 's le ol, oir gheibh thusa mar an ceudna bas la eigin? Tha Ghaidhlig cosmhuil ris a' h-uile ni talmhaidh agus aimsireil, tha i cosmhuil ris a' Bheurla fein, gheidh i bas 'nuair a thig a h-am. Cha'n 'eil i 'n deigh galar a' bais a ghabhail fhathast; tha i beo, slan, fallainn, agus c'arson nach faigheadh i 'n ceartas a tha cànaire eile 'faotainn le bhi g'a labhairt, g'a sgrìobhadh, agus g'a teagasg, an aite feuchainn air gach laimh a bhi tabhairt dhi a buille bàis? Cha'n 'eil againne, dhaoin' uaisle, ach aon fhreagairt do 'n cheist am bu choir a' Ghaidhlig a bhi air a cumail suas. Air a chor is lugha bhiodh e iomchuidh urram na h-aoise a thabhairt dhi, oir cha'n 'eil teagamh nach i h-aon de na canainibh is sine tha 'n diugh air a labhairt air aghaidh na talmhainn. Bha leabhar air a sgrìobhadh le fear a mhuinntir Ghlascho, Lachlan Mac-a-Leathain, no "Lachlain nam Mogan" mar a theirt ris, gu bhi dearbhadh gu 'm b'i Ghaidhlig a' cheud chanain. Cha 'n e mhaingur

"I labhair Padruig Innisfail nan Rìgh,
'S a' faidh naomh sin Calum caomh an I,"

ach, fada cian roimh sin, gur

"I labhair Adhamh ann am Pàrras fein
'S gum bu bhinn a' Ghaidhlig am beul aluinn Eubh."

Ni-headh, Fhir na Cathrach, ma 'n robh duine riamh air thalamh, tha seann fhilidh ag innse dhuinn:—

“Nuair a bha Gaidhlig aig na h-eoin,
 'S a thuigeadh iad gloir nan dan ;
 Bu tric an comhradh 's a' choill,
 Air iomadh pone, ma's fìor am bard.”

Ma bha Gaidhlig aig na h-eoin 's mor m' eagal gu 'n do chaill iad i. Co dhiubh chreideas sinn e no nach creid, cha d' fhuair mise naigheachd riamh air duine eual eun a' labhairt Gaidhlig, ach aon fhear, agus b'e sin Murchadh nam Port. Air dha tigh'n dhachaidh bho chuairt air Tìr Mòr, bha e gearan nach cuala e focal Gaidhlig fad 's a bha e air falbh, gus an cual e coileach a' gairm ann a' *Forres*. Ach ciod air bith cia mar tha so, co dhiubh tha Ghaidhlig aosda no chaochladh, 's fbiach i bhi air a cumail suas, agus air a' cleachdadh agus a ramnsachadh air a sgath fein. Nach i so an teanga 's 'n do chuir Oisein an cèill euchdan Fhinn agus Chuchullain, 'nuair a thubhairt e ann am feasgar a bhroic-eachd agus a dhoille,

“Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein,
 Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.”

Nach ann innte sheinn Donncha Ban “Moladh Beinn Dòrain” agus “Cead Deireannach nam Beann,” agus a chuir Mac Mhaighstir Alastair r'a cheile a' bhardachd chumhachdach sin “Sgiobaireachd Chlann Raonaill,” agus a chuir Tormod Mac Leoid a mach an “Cuairtear,” agus an “Teachdaire Gaidhealach” ann am briathraibh cho milis, ceolmhor, binn, ri sruthaibh seinch na Marbhairn. C' aite 'm bheil orain is luraiche na tha r' am faotainn ann an “Sar Obair nam Bard Gaidhealach,” no 's an “Oranaiche” fein, agus c'aite 'm faigh thu leithid de ghliocas, de thuigse, agus de dh'abhachdas 's tha r' am faicinn ann a Leabhar Shean-fhocal an t-Siorraim Mhic Neachdainn? Ni no bu choir dhuinn a bhi smaointinn gu bheil linn nam bard air siubhal seachad, gu bheil clarsach nam beann air tuiteam ann an tosd bhithbhuan. Tha trusgain nan seann fhilidh an deigh teachd a nuas air guailibh a chaitheas iad le urram, agus fhad 's a bhitheas Mairi Nic Ealair, Eoghainn Mac Cola, agus Niall Mac Leoid, agus feadhain eile 's 'a cholluinn daonna, cha bhi na Gaidheil gun bhaird 'nam measg a chumas suas an cliu agus an onoir. Ach, Fhir na Cathrach, bu choir a' Ghaidhlig a chumail suas agus a bhi faotainn ceartais air sgath an t-sluaigh a tha 'ga labhairt—na ceudan mìle de luchd-aiteachaidh na Gaidhealtachd d' an i is cainnt mhathaireil; agus d' am bheil Bheurla mar theanga choimhich. Gidheadh 's aithne dhomhsa na sgìreachdan is Gaidhealaiche ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, agus an sin tha

maighistearan sgoile a' teagasg, aig nach 'eil lideadh Gaidhlig 'n an ceann; agus eadhon far a bheil maighstir sgoile Gaidhealach, cha chluinn thu bho bhliadhn' ur gu Nollaig focal Gaidhlig air a leughadh no oran Gaidhlig air a sheinn. Tha so' nam bharail-sa na aobhar naire, ach tha mi nis toilichte fhaicinn gu'm bi misneachd air a tabhairt seachad le tabhartasan bho 'n Pharlamaid, air son a' Ghaidhlig a theagasg ann an sgoilean na Gaidhealtachd, agus do'n luchd teagaisg is fearr fuireach anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, agus iad fein a dheanamh ni's eolaiche air canain an duthcha. Ann a bhi tabhairt fainear an t-suidheachaidh anns a bheil litreachas agus canain nan Gaidheal cha'n urrainn domh a bhi di-chuimhneachadh gu bheil a nis Cathair Ghaidhlig air a suidheachadh ann an Oil-Thigh Dhuneidin, agus gu'n robh so air a thabhairt mu'n cuairt le saothair agus dealas aon duine—duine bhitheas ainm air chuimhne aig na Gaidheil fhad 's a bhitheas bainne aig boin duibh, no fhad 'sa dh'fhasas fraoch air sliabh. Agus tha Chathair sin air a lionadh le duine tha 'n a smior Gaidheil, 'n a ard sgoilear, agus a tha 'n deigh e fein a thabhairt suas do'n obair le uile chridhe agus le uile neart. Agus a nis canamaid le durachd ar cridhe; gu ma fada beo Blackie gu bhi faicinn saothair a laimhe soirbheachadh, agus gu ma fada beo MacIonmhuinn gu bhi teagasg ann an Cathair Ghaidhlig Dhuneidin. Buaidh 'us piseach orra; saoghal fada 'n deagh bheatha dhoibh le cheile. Tha mi'n dochas, agus tha mi cinnteach, gu'n dean a' Chathair Ghaidhlig feum ann an iomadh doigh agus do iomadh aon. Far a bheil doctairean, luchd-lagha, luchd-teagaisg, agus ministerean aig am bheil suil am beatha a chur seachad anns a' Ghaidealtachd bu choir dhoibh, air a' char is lugha dol aon seisein a dh'ionnsachadh gu Professor MacIonmhuinn an Duneidin. Bu choir gu h-araidh do'n chleir so a dheanamh. 'S iomadh ministear a tha deanamh' droch dhiol air deagh chomh-thional leis an t-seorsa Gaidhlig anns am bheil iad a searmonachadh an t-soisgeil dhoibh. Chuala mi mu aon fhear, agus 'n uair a bha e 'g urnuigh air son nam bochdan 's ann a thubhairt e—"A Thighearn, bi cuimhneach air na buic." Bha aon fhear sonruichte na mhinistear ann a' Sgìre Dhiurinnis 's an Eilein Sgianach, ris an cainte' "Sutar," agus tha ainm, gu maith air chuimhne, leis na rainn a bha air an deanamh dha le Gilleasbuig Aotrom. Ged a bha "Sutar" 'na sgoilear ann an canainibh eile cha robh e ach gle fhad' air ais's a' Gheidhlig. B'ann mar so a thubhairt Gilleasbuig ris:—

"Nuair a theid thu do'n chubaid
 Ni thu urnuigh bhios gleusda,
 Bidh pairt dh'i 'na Gaidhlig
 'Us pairt dh'i 'na Beurla;

Bidh pairt dh'i 'na h-Eabhra,
 'Na Fraingis, 's 'na Greugais,
 'S a' chuid nach tuig each dhi
 Bheir i gair' air Fear Gheusto."

Agus a nis am faod mi ma'n criochnaich mi tarruing a thabhairt air ni eile tha na Comuinn Ghaidhealach air a ghabhail os laimh. 'Se sin cuis nan croitearan Chan 'eil mise dol a chur mo sheula ris na rinn na croitearan no leis na bha air a dheanamh 'u an ainm. B'fhearr leam nach robh iad air an cuis a lagachadh le aon ghnìomh mi-laghail. Ni mo tha mi dol a shuidhe ann am breitheanas agus a dhiteadh nan uachdaran gu h-iomlan. "Chan 'eil gur gun ghoirean, 's cha'n 'eil coille gun chrìanaich," agus cuiridh beagan de dhroch uachdarain droch ainm dhe'n chorr. Ach tha mi 'ga radh so, 'nam biodh na h-uachdarain Ghaidhealach-cha'n e an fheadhainn a tha ann an duigh, ach an fheadhainn a bha rompa—air fuireach ni bu mho am measg an tuatha; 'nam biodh iad air an canain ionnsachadh agus dol a mach 's a steach 'nam measg air la feille 'us Di-domhnaich, an aite bhi cosg an stòrais le struidhealachd agus straic ann an Lunainn; agus 'nan robh iad mar so an deigh greim a chumail air an oighreachdan, cha bhiodh an fhìcheadamh cuid dhe na h-uile fo'n robh iad ag osnaich air teachd air luchd aithichidh na Gaidhealtachd. Bha'n t-uachdaran mar bu trice mo 's coltach ris a' chuthaig; dh'fhaodadh e tighinn do'n duthaich beagan laithean 's an t-samhradh, ach cha b'fhada gu uair am fhalbh. B'e sin aon rud air an robh duine bochd aon uair a' gearan 'n uair a thubhairt e—

" Uachdaran nach faic sin,
 Bailidh nach dean ceartas,
 Ministear nach dean baisteadh
 Dotair nach toir feairt oirnn,

Agus sgaoth do dhiabhuil bheag eile de mhaoir 's de chonstabuill, 's am fear is isle post 's e 's airde focal." Cha'n 'eile duine air thalamh leis an docha tìr a' bhreith na'n Gaidheal. Co dhiu tha e bochd no beairteach, tha e 'na fhìor fhaoileig an droch-cladaich, ged a dh'fhaodas an gleann 'san robh e og a bhi lom creagach agus neo-thiorail, ged nach tigeadh as deigh na curachd ach a bhuinteag 's an t-sealbhag cha'n 'eil cearn dhe'n chruinnece cho alluinn 'na shuilibh-san. Tha e coltach ris an fhaoileig ann an oran Dhomhuill nan Oran—

“ ’S ann air slinncein an aigeich
 A rinn mo mbathair an t-eun diom,
 ’S a dh’aindeoin uidil ’us anraidh,
 Cha tig an la theid air di-chuimhn’
 Mo ghaol do’n bhad.”

Fhir na cathrach, cha’n ’eil mise ’g radh air a shon sin gu’m bu choir do dhaoin’ oga, laidir, fallain, fuireach an diamhanas aig an tigh far am bheil ni ’s leoir aig a’ chirc le sgrioban gu’n lion i sgròban. B’fhearr dhoibh gu mor a bhi bogadh nan gad, agus ged nach biodh aca ach an t-ubh beag le bheannachd, mar a bha aig mac na bantraich’s a’ sgeulachd, dol a shiubhal an t-saoghail ’s a dh’jarraidh an fhortain. Ach ma dh’fhalbhas iad, falbhadh iad le’n toil fein, agus na biodh iad air an co-eigneachadh. Cha’n urrainn do dhuine air bith a thoirt a chreidsinn ormsa gu’n do rinn na tighearnan Gaidhealach an ceartas ’n uair a dh’fhasaich iad bailtean agus sgìreachdan, ’n uair a bha iomadh aitreabh agus coisir mhuirneach air a sgapadh agus gun air fhagail far an robh iad ach larach lom gun chloich gun chrann. ’N uair a bha luchd shoithichean dhe’n tuath air am fogradh a dheoin no dh’aindeoin gu duthchana cein a chum aite reidh a dheanamh do chaoirich agus do fheidh. Agus ged a tha mi cinnteach gu’m bu choir cothrom a thabhairt do chuid dhe na croitearan dol far am fearr an dean iad beolaint, bhiodh e chum maith na righeachd gu’m biodh aite taimh air fhaotainn dhoibh ann an Alba chaomh nan stuc ’s nan carn. ’S e na croitearan enaimh-droma agus feithean na Gaidhealtachd agus b’ole a dheanadh an duthaich as an aonais ann a’ latha chunnart agus ann an uair na deuchainn—

“ Ged a gheibheadh tu caogad
 Mhuilt’us reithichean maola,
 ’S beag a thogadh a h-aon diubh
 Claidheamh faobharrach stailinn.”

Cha’n ’eil e furasda dha na Gaidheil an cruaidheas troimh ’n deach’ an luchd-duthcha a dhi-chuimhneachadh. Ach cha’n urrainn do Achd Parlamaid peanas a dheanamh air na mairbh no furtachd a thabhairt do mhuinntir a tha na ficheadan bliadhna fo’n fhod. “Beannachd leis ’na dh’fhalbhas, cha ’n e dh’fhoghnas.” Ach tha mi’n dochas gu leasaichear cor na muinntir a tha beo. ’S e so seachduin Feill na Cloimhe agus tha mi chluinntinn gu bheil cuid dhe no tuathanaich mhora a bhitheas cruinn an Inbhirnis a leigeil seachad pàirt dhe’n gabhalaichean. Cha’n ’eil iad a’ fuotainn a mach gur fearr cluan a dh’fhearran na cuan a

dh'fhearram. Ma tha so fìor, tha mi'n dochas gu faigh na croitearan tuilleadh fearainn, co dhiubh gheibh iad e le Achd Rìgh agus Parlamaid no air dhoigh air bith eile, agus gu'm bi an suidheachadh anns gach ait' an bheil iad air a dheanamh ni's fearr na bha e o chionn fhada. Cha do thogadh an Roimh an aon la, agus cha'n fhaigh na Gaidheil an coraichean ann an latha; ach is cinnteach mi gu'n tig an an soirbheachadh ann a' freasdal De, luath no mall; gu'm bi coir air a cur air steidhe agus eucoir air a smaladh. Fhìr na cathrach, 's mor m' eagal gu'n do chum mi ro fhada sibh, ach ge fada 'n duan ruigear a cheann. Rachaibh air aghaibh mar fhìor Ghaidheil gu duineil, misneachdail, treibhdhìreach; cumaidh suas canain, bardachd, beul-aithris agus cleachdaidhean nam beann; tagraibh cuis 'ur luchd-duthecha a tha diblidh agus bochd, agus na cuireadh a h-aon agaibh smal air ainm agus cliu a' Ghaidheil. 'S e deireadh gach comuinn dealachadh. Beannachd Dhe leibh. (Loud cheers.)

An attractive programme of Highland music and dances was gone through in admirable style. Some interest was evinced in the first public appearance in Inverness of Miss Jessie N. Mac-lachlan, whose musical abilities were so highly spoken of, and judging from the hearty reception which she met with on this occasion, the expectations formed were more than sustained. Her rendering of "Caismeachd Chlann-Chamaroin" and other Gaelic as well as English songs, was marked by perfect enunciation and genuine feeling. Her voice is clear and ringing, with well-balanced strength both in the lower as well as in the upper registers, and as a ballad singer she exhibits a thorough appreciation of her theme. An encore was awarded on each appearance. Miss Nora Thomson of Aberdeen, gave "Wae's me for Prince Charlie" with much feeling, and as an encore sang "Cam' ye by Athole." She subsequently gave the "Macgregor's Gathering" with much spirit. Miss Hutcheson, whose reappearance showed that her efforts at former festivals of the Society were appreciated, sang with her accustomed sweetness "Fear a' Bhàta," and "Thug mi Gaol," securing a hearty encore for her first song. A selection of Highland melodies, consisting of old bagpipe airs, was played in an admirable manner by Miss Shaw, Thornhill, whose arrangements were at once appreciative and sympathetic. Mr Paul Fraser in "Mairi Bhoidheach," sang with much care, and his rendering of "The Garb of Old Gaul" was full of spirit. Mr Ross Campbell, elocutionist, gave "The Gowk's Errand" in a style which convulsed the audience with laughter, and proved Mr Campbell to be a mimic of considerable talent. Pipe-Major R. Mackenzie danced Gille-

Calum with his customary ability, and he also took part in the Highland fling with Pipe-Major Ferguson, Mr Mackenzie, jun., and others. In an interval of five minutes between the first and second parts of the programme, Captain Chisholm discoursed excellent music on the pipe, and also played a reel in which the dancers joined. The pianoforte accompaniments were played with much taste by Mr M'Walter, Inverness. At the close of the programme,

Sir Kenneth Mackenzie proposed a vote of thanks to the speakers, and to the ladies and gentlemen who had entertained them that evening. (Loud applause.)

The Chairman, on behalf of the performers, as well as on behalf of Rev. Mr Macdonald and himself, returned thanks, intimating at the same time that at the close of the meeting an opportunity would be given to such as desired to join the Society.

A most successful gathering was then brought to a termination.

Through the kindness of Messrs Macbean & Sons, Union Street, and Councillor Snowie, the platform was decorated with tartans and stags' heads.

The following is a copy of the programme :—

PART I.

Address—The Chief.

Oran Gailig—"Caismeachd Chlann-Chamaroin"—Miss Jessie N. Maclachlan.

Scotch Song—"Wae's me for Prince Charlie"—Miss Nora Thomson.

Oran Gailig—"Mairi Bhoidheach"—Mr Paul Fraser.

Sword Dance—"Gille-Calum"—Pipe-Major R. Mackenzie.

Pianoforte Selections—"Highland Melodies"—Miss Shaw.

Oran Gailig—"Fear a' Bhàta"—Miss Hutcheson.

Scotch Song—"Dark Lochnagar"—Miss Jessie N. Maclachlan.

Dance—"Highland Reels"—Oganaich Ghaidhealach.

Interval of Five Minutes—Bagpipe Music.

PART II.

Gaelic Address.—Rev. Archibald Macdonald.

Scotch Song—"Macgregor's Gathering"—Miss Nora Thomson.

Oran Gailig—"Thug mi gaol do'n fhear bhàn"—Miss Hutcheson.

Oran Gailig—"Muile nam Mor-bheann"—Miss Jessie N. Maclachlan.

Song—"The Garb of Old Gaul"—Mr Paul Fraser.

Humorous Scotch Reading—"A Gowk's Errand"—Mr Ross Campbell, Elocutionist.

Oran Gailig—"Cruinneachadh nan Gaidheal"—Miss Jessie N. Maclachlan.

Dance—"Highland Fling and Reel o' Tulloch"—Oganaich Ghaidhealach.

Vote of thanks to the speakers and performers—Sir K. S. Macenzie.

8TH DECEMBER 1885.

A largely attended meeting was held on this date, when Provost Macandrew delivered the inaugural address for the Session of 1885-6—the subject being "The Early Celtic Church in Scotland." Provost Macandrew's paper was as follows:—

THE EARLY CELTIC CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

What I have undertaken to do to-night is to give some account of the Christian Church as it existed in Scotland in the earliest Christian times, and before it fell under the influence and authority of the Bishop of Rome. The Christianity of Scotland came from Ireland, and at the outset of our enquiry it is necessary to consider when and by whom the Irish were converted. The Roman world became officially Christian about 321, and at that time Britain, up at least to the Southern wall, was a Roman province, and presumably it became Christian as the rest of the Empire did. We know that a Christian Church existed among the provincial Britons at the time the Romans took their departure, and continued to exist among those Britons who were not subdued by the Saxons. But whether the Christianity of the Roman Province extended itself among the unsubdued Caledonians to the North, or among the inhabitants of Ireland, is a matter as to which we have no certain light. About 397, thirteen years before the final abandonment of the province by the Romans, St Ninian, a bishop of the Britons, built a Church at Whithern, in Galloway, and is said by Bede to have converted the Southern Picts; and the Southern Picts are said by Bede to have been those living between the Firths of Forth and Clyde and the Grampian range. Whether Bede is right in this is a matter about which I shall have something to say farther on; but if the Picts to the south of the

Grampians were converted by Ninian, they appear soon to have lapsed into paganism. Again there are evidences of a tradition in Ireland that Ninian went to that country and preached Christianity, and he is commemorated there under the name of Monen—the term of endearment “mo” being very frequently prefixed to the names of saints—while, at a later period, the monastery at Whithern, supposed to have been founded by Ninian, was undoubtedly resorted to by Irish ecclesiastics for instruction. Bede states that about 430, Palladius was sent by Celestine, the Roman Pontiff, to the Scots (that is the Irish) that believed, to be their first bishop, and from this it might be inferred that Christianity had made some progress in Ireland before that. In the 8th century there is no doubt the Irish believed that they had been converted by Saint Patrick: and that a saint of this name did go to Ireland about the year 432, and became at least a main instrument in the conversion of the Irish, is beyond doubt. There remains a confession or account of himself by St Patrick, and a letter by him to Coroticus, the British prince then reigning at Dumbarton, which those competent to judge accept as genuine. From these it appears he was born in the Roman province of Britain, that his father was a deacon, and also a decurio or “baillie” of a Roman provincial town, that his grandfather was a presbyter, that his father lived in “Bannavern of Tabernia,” that in his youth he was carried as a captive to Ireland and remained there for six years, that he then escaped and returned to his parents, and that he afterwards went back to Ireland as a missionary, and in or about his 45th year was ordained a bishop. In his confession he says that he converted many in Ireland who had hitherto worshipped unclean idols, that he had ordained many clerics, and that the sons of the Scoti, and the daughters of princes, were seen to be monks and virgins of Christ. All this seems to be authentic, but it is singular that Bede, while he mentions Palladius, makes no mention of Patrick, and that, when about 100 years after his death, the Irish and Scottish Church came in contact with the Church of Rome, and had to defend their peculiar customs, they do not appeal to the authority of Patric. Columbanus, in his controversy with the Clergy of Gaul does not mention him, nor does Colman of Lindesfarne, in his controversy with Wilfred, in presence of King Oswy, appeal to his authority, and Adarnan only once mentions him incidentally as “Patrinus the Bishop.” In the Irish annals there is frequent mention of a saint who is called *Sen*, or old Patrick, and who is said in one place to be the tutor of Patric, and in another to have

been the same as Palladius, and the later lives of St Patrick are evidently made up of the acts of two distinct persons who are confounded.

It is certain, however, that about the year 432 Christianity was firmly established in Ireland, and it would appear that the type of Church then established did not differ in any respect from the Church in other parts of the Western World. It was a Church with three orders of clergy—bishops, priests, and deacons—and in which the bishops had the rule, if not over distinct districts or dioceses, at least over the churches which they had themselves established. The conversion of the Irish, it will be seen, was almost contemporaneous with the final departure of the Roman Legions from Britain, and with the arrival of the Saxons. Soon after the time of Patrick all intercourse between Ireland and the outer world seems to have ceased for upwards of 100 years, and during this time there grew up in Ireland a Church constituted in a manner entirely different from that founded by Saint Patrick, and exhibiting features which do not appear to have distinguished the Christian Church in any other part of the world at any time. And after this Church had fully developed itself in Ireland, it manifested an extraordinary missionary zeal which lasted for several centuries, and spread its establishments from Iceland to Italy, and covered the continent of Europe with bands of Scottish monks, apt scholars, and eager teachers. It was to this burst of missionary zeal that our ancestors owed their conversion in or about the year 565.

It may be well to consider for a moment what the political condition of Scotland was at this time. About the beginning of the century, Fergus Mor M'Ére, of the Royal Family of the Scots of Dalriada, in Ireland, had led a colony of Scots into Scotland, and established himself in Argyllshire; his descendants had somewhat extended their dominions, and had crossed the mountain range separating Argyllshire and Perthshire—but about the time of which we now speak, Brude, the King of the Picts, had attacked them and driven them back within that range which from that time formed the boundary of the Scottish Kingdom during the whole time of its existence. The Picts held the whole country north of the Friths of Forth and Clyde; the Welsh or British Kingdom of Strathclyde, extending from Dumbarton to the River Derwent, was maintaining a struggling existence against the Saxons, and Galloway was inhabited by a race of Picts, who remained distinct, and retained the name of Picts, until long after the time of David First. It is usually said that the Picts in

Scotland, north of the Friths, were divided into two nations, the Northern and the Southern Picts, and that the mission of St Columba was to the Northern Picts. I venture to suggest, however, that this is a mistake. The statement rests on the authority of Bede, who, as I have mentioned, says that Ninian converted the Southern Picts. But in Bede's time King Oswy had extended his dominions up to the Grampians, and thus for a time created a division between the Picts subject to his authority, and those beyond the mountains who remained independent, and thus probably misled Bede. He heard or read that Ninian had converted the Southern Picts, and assumed that they were those subject to the Saxons; but I think it is obvious that the Picts, with whom St Ninian came in contact, were those of Galloway, and they would naturally, in his time, be designated as Southern Picts, as distinguished from the Picts dwelling beyond the Northern Wall. The statement in the Saxon Chronicle is as follows:—

“A. 565. This year Ethelbert succeeded to the Kingdom of the Kentish-men, and held it fifty-three years. In his days the holy Pope Gregory sent us baptism, that was in the two and thirtieth year of his reign; and Columba, a mass-priest, came to the Picts, and converted them to the faith of Christ; they are dwellers by the northern mountains. And their king gave him the Island which is called Ii [Iona]; therein are five hides of land, as men say. There Columba built a monastery, and he was abbat there thirty-seven years, and there he died when he was seventy-two years old. His successors still have the place. The Southern Picts had been baptized long before: Bishop Ninia, who had been instructed at Rome, had preached baptism to them, whose church and his monastery is at Whitherne, consecrated in the name of St Martin: there he resteth, with many holy men. Now in Ii there must ever be an abbat, and not a bishop; and all the Scottish bishops ought to be subject to him, because Columba was an abbat and not a bishop.

“A. 565. This year Columba, the presbyter, came from the Scots among the Britons, to instruct the Picts, and he built a monastery in the Island of Hii.”

Be this as it may, however, it is quite clear that the Picts never were divided politically into two nations. We have lists of their kings, and they never had more than one king at a time, and there can be no doubt that Brude M'Mailchon, who was converted by Saint Columba, reigned over the whole Pictish race north of

the Friths—his seat being at Inverness. His successor appears to have had his capital at Abernethy, and there is some ground for the conjecture that the Pictish kings may have been chosen alternately from two families, the one having its possessions and settlements south of the mountains, and the other north of them, but so far as I have been able to trace, there is no authority for holding that there was any political separation except during the thirty years that the Saxons held dominion up to the Grampians. I think, therefore, that we may safely hold that St Columba's mission was to the whole Pictish nation ruled by Brude, as his Church undoubtedly was established among them.

The reason of Saint Columba leaving Ireland is by one tradition said to have been that he was excommunicated, and sentenced to perpetual exile by a Council of the Irish Clergy on account of his having been the cause of the bloody Battle of Cuidreanhné. But this is contradicted by all the facts of the Saint's life—for he repeatedly went from Iona to Ireland, and undoubtedly retained the rule over all the monasteries which he had founded in Ireland, and a most powerful influence in that country till his death. Adamnan mentions, however, that a sentence of excommunication was unjustly passed on him, but that it never took effect, or was recalled at the Council at which it was pronounced. His removal from Ireland, therefore, need not be attributed to any other cause than the missionary zeal which had taken possession of him and his contemporaries at that time; but it may have had a partly political object, for at that time his kindred, the Scots of Dalriada, were being hard pressed by King Brude; they were Christian, and he may have feared that they would be destroyed, and resolved to make an effort to save them. And it is a fact that from his time for very many years there was peace between the Picts and the Scots.

Whatever the impelling cause, in 565 Saint Columba sailed from Ireland and landed in Iona, and, finding it a suitable place for his purpose, he established there a monastery of monks on the model of that which he and others had previously established in Ireland, having obtained a grant of the island, according to Bede, from Brude; but, according to other accounts, from the King of the Scots of Dalriada. From thence he went to the Court of King Brude, then at Inverness; and he appears soon to have gained him over to the faith, and to have always retained a great influence over him. During the remaining years of his life he seems to have laboured mainly among the Picts, and before his death he had converted the whole nation and established his

Church securely among them ; and so vigorous was it that, within less than forty years after Columba's death, it undertook the conversion of the Northumbrians, and established a Church among them which existed, under the primacy of Iona, for thirty years, when it retired before the advancing Church of Rome.

As I have said, the Church which developed itself in Ireland, and of which the Scottish Church was long a branch, had certain peculiarities which distinguished it from all other Churches. To state these distinctions in a word, it may be said that the Church was a monastictribal Church, not subject to the jurisdiction of Bishops.

Monasticism was first introduced from the East, but it was well known in the Roman Church before the time of St Patrick, and we have seen that he says that through his means the sons of the Scoti and the daughters of princes became monks and virgins of Christ ; but in the Roman Church monasticism was an order within the Church, existing along with a secular clergy, and subject to the jurisdiction of the bishops. In the Church which developed itself in Ireland, and was introduced into Scotland, on the other hand, the whole Church was monastic, and subject to the jurisdiction, not of bishops, but of abbots, who were not necessarily, and, in point of fact, seldom were bishops, and while the Episcopal Order and the special functions of the Episcopate in the matter of ordination and the celebration of the mass with Pontifical rites, was recognised, the bishop was not a prelate, but a functionary and official of the Church, living as a monk in the monastery, and subject to the abbot. This peculiarity of the Church was for long a battle ground between Presbyterians and Episcopalians, and founding on a passage in Fordun, it was maintained by the advocates of Presbyterianism that the Church of St Columba was a Presbyterian Church, in something of the sense in which that word is applied to the present Churches in Scotland—but this contention is now exploded. In the sense of equality among the clergy, either in the matter of power or of functions, the Church was entirely different from the Presbyterian Churches. The abbot, although he might be only a presbyter, ruled over the whole community with absolute power. On the other hand, while the bishops had no jurisdiction, they were recognised as a distinct and necessary order of clergy, with certain functions which the presbyter could not assume, and the Church had thus the three orders of clergy, and that regular succession of Bishops, which are looked on by some as essential requisites of a Church. The respect in which St Columba himself held bishops is shown by an anecdote told by Adamnan as follows :—

“Of Cronan the Bishop.—At another time a stranger from the province of the Munstermen, who, in his humility, did all he could to disguise himself, so that nobody might know that he was a bishop, came to the saint; but his rank could not be hidden from the saint. For next Lord’s day, being invited by the saint, as the custom was, to consecrate the Body of Christ, he asked the saint to join him, that, as two priests, they might break the bread of the Lord together. The saint went to the altar accordingly, and, suddenly looking into the stranger’s face, thus addressed him :—‘Christ bless thee, brother; do thou break the bread alone, according to the Episcopal rite, for I know now that thou art a bishop. Why has thou disguised thyself so long, and prevented our giving thee the honour we owe to thee?’ On hearing the saint’s words, the humble stranger was greatly astonished, and adored Christ in His saint, and the bystanders in amazement gave glory to God.”

We find too that when a mission was sent to a distance, the leader was ordained a bishop, so that he might be able to ordain local clergy, and in this case the office of abbot and bishop was generally combined. The three abbots who ruled at Lindesfarne, while the Church there was subject to Iona, were ordained bishops at Iona.

The tribal organisation of the Church seems to have been a counterpart of the tribal organisation of the people among whom it arose. There seems to have been no head of the Irish Church. Each saint bore rule over all the monasteries founded by him, and his disciples, and the abbot of the head monastery succeeded to this jurisdiction. Thus the Abbot of Iona, which had the premyacy among the foundations of Columba, ruled over all the monasteries founded by him in Ireland and Scotland, and this continued till the community at Iona was broken up. The monks belonging to the foundations of one saint thus formed an ecclesiastical tribe, and in the same way the monks in each monastery formed a sub-tribe. There was, too, a regular law of succession to the headship of a monastery. We find mention of lay tribes and monastic tribes in the Brehon laws, and elaborate rules are laid down for the succession to an Abbaey. Thus the succession was first in the tribe of the patron saint, next in the tribe of the land, or to which the land had belonged, next to one of the fine manach, that is, the monastic tribe, or family living in the monastery, next to the anoit Church, next to a dalta Church, next to a compairche Church, next to neighbouring cill Church, and lastly to a pilgrim. That is, if there was a person in the monastery of the tribe of the

patron saint fit to be abbot, he succeeded ; if not, then the succession went to one of the tribe from whom the land had been acquired, and if there was no such, then it went to all the others in succession, the Churches mentioned being connected in various degrees with the foundation, the headship of which was vacant. According to this rule, we find that for more than a hundred years the Abbots of Iona were all of the tribe and family from which Columba himself was descended.

The peculiarity which, however, appears to have attracted most attention from the Roman clergy, when the two Churches came in contact in the seventh century, was the time at which the Scottish clergy celebrated the festival of Easter, and their form of tonsure, and these were for long subjects of contention. The difference in the mode of calculating Easter is easily accounted for, as the Scottish Church adhered to the method which was common to the whole Western Church, previous to 457, when all connection between Britain and Ireland and the Continent ceased ; and during the time of isolation a new method of computation was adopted by the Roman Church ; but the mode of tonsure is not so easily accounted for. The Columban Monks tonsured the front of the head from ear to ear, while in the Roman Church the crown of the head was tonsured. The former mode of tonsure was that adopted at one time by the Eastern Church, and it may point to some Eastern influence on the Irish Monastic Church at the time of its development.

Such, then, was the Church established by St Columba in Scotland in its outward aspect and organisation. Of its internal economy and of the daily life of its members, as exhibited in the parent Monastery of Iona, we can, by careful reading, obtain a tolerably clear picture from Adamnan's life of the founder, written by an Abbot of Iona, about eighty years after St Columba's death. And, as Iona was the parent monastery, it was no doubt the pattern and example of the others. The monks in Iona lived together as one family, each having his separate house or bothy, but taking their meals in common. They lived in strict obedience to the abbot, they were celibate, they had all their property in common, and they supported themselves by their own labour. There are numerous notices of them labouring in the fields, bringing home the corn, milking cows, and so forth, and they had a mill and a kiln. Their food seems to have consisted of milk, bread, fish, the flesh of seals, and beef and mutton. They had numerous services in the church, they were much given to reading and repeating the Scriptures, and

particularly the Psalms, and they were diligent scribes. There are repeated notices of their labours in writing—the last labour in which St Columba was engaged was copying the psalter—and, naturally, they became the teachers of the community. They were also much given to hospitality, for there are frequent notices of the guest chamber, and of the arrival of guests, and of additions made to the meals on account of such arrivals.

From this monastery, as a home, Columba's mission was conducted. As we have seen, he got a grant of the Island of Iona, either from the King of the Picts or the King of the Scots; and his method seems to have been to go in the first instance to the King or Chief of the territory in which he arrived, to interest him in his mission, then to obtain a grant of a village or rath, or dune with surrounding land, and then to establish a monastery, under the protection and patronage of the chief: in fact, to establish and endow his Church. Of this method we have an account in the Book of Deer, the contents of which, philologically, were so ably dealt with by Mr Macbain last season. The monastery of Deer was, perhaps, the very last of the Columban foundations which retained anything of its original character, and in this relict of it which has come down to us we have the legend of its establishment, which admirably illustrates St Columba's method.

Columcille, and Drostan, son of Cosgrach, his pupil, came from Hi, as God had shown to them, unto Abbordoboir, and Bede, the Pict, was Mormaer of Buchan before them, and it was he that gave them that town in freedom for ever from Mormaer and toisech. 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 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 (or in consequence of) refusing the clerics, and he was nearly dead (lit. he was dead, but if it were a little). After this the Mormaer went to entreat the clerics that they should make a prayer for the son, that health should come to him; and he gave an offering to them from Cloch in Tiprat to Cloch pette 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 yeared (or) victorious." Drostan's tears came on parting from Collumcille. Said Columcille, "Let Déar be its name henceforward."

Having thus established a community, they were placed under the superintendence of a subject abbot to prosecute their work of

bringing the tribe among which they were established to a knowledge of the truth, and from the monastery thus established there branched out cill churches, anoit churches, and all the other subordinate establishments which I have mentioned, and there went forth pilgrims and teachers, and sometimes colonies of monks, to establish other monasteries. Columba's idea of the method of spreading Christianity seems to have been—first the establishment of a separate Christian community in the midst of the people to be converted, the leading by the members of this community of a pure and self-denying Christian life, practising the precepts which they taught, and exhibiting the effect on their own lives of a belief in the doctrines which they preached; and next, the reading and teaching of the Scriptures, and the preaching of its doctrines. That his influence long survived him, and that a pure and holy life was long characteristic of the clergy of his Church, is amply testified by Bede, who never mentions any of the clergy of the branch of the Church of Iona, which existed, as I have said, for 30 years in Northumberland, without—while deploring their ignorance and perversity in not observing Easter at the proper time—praising their chaste and self-denying lives. Thus he says of Colman, the last of the three abbots and bishops of this Church, who ruled at Lindesfarne, and who returned to Iona on the King and people adopting the Roman time of celebrating Easter:—

“The place which he governed shows how frugal he and his predecessor were, for there were very few houses besides the church found at their departure; indeed, no more than were barely sufficient for their daily residence; they had also no money, but cattle; for if they received any money from rich persons, they immediately gave it to the poor; their being no need to gather money, or provide houses for the entertainment of the great men of the world; for such never resorted to the church, except to pray and hear the Word of God. The King himself, when opportunity offered, came only with five or six servants, and having performed his devotions in the church, departed. But if they happened to take a repast there, they were satisfied with only the plain and daily food of the brethren, and required no more; for the whole care of those teachers was to serve God, not the world—to feed the soul, and not the belly.”

And again of Aiden, the first of these bishops, he says:—

“I have written thus much concerning the person and works of the aforesaid Aidan, in no way commending or approving what he imperfectly understood in relation to the observance of Easter;

may, very much detesting the same, as I have most manifestly proved in the book I have written, "De Temporibus;" but, like an impartial historian relating what was done by or with him, and commending such things as are praiseworthy in his actions, and preserving the memory thereof for the benefit of the readers; viz., his love of peace and charity; his continence and humility; his mind superior to anger and avarice, and despising pride and vainglory; his industry in keeping and teaching the heavenly commandments; his diligence in reading and watching; his authority becoming a priest in reprovng the haughty and powerful, and at the same time his tenderness in comforting the afflicted, and relieving or defending the poor. To say all in a few words, as near as I could be informed by those that knew him, he took care to omit none of those things which he found in the apostolical or prophetic writings, but to the utmost of his power endeavoured to perform them all."

As I have said, the Columban monks naturally became the teachers of the community, and there are numerous notices of persons of distinction residing in the monasteries for the purpose of being instructed. Oswald, the King of Northumbria, when driven into exile, lived for several years in Iona, and was there instructed. The clergy had a great reputation for learning, and Bede tells us that many of the nobles and princes of the English resorted to them for instruction. In what their learning consisted is an interesting question. That they wrote Latin well is evidenced by writings which have come down to us, and we are told that when Columbanus, in the year 590, went to Gaul, he was able to converse freely in that language. It would also appear that he had some knowledge of Greek, for he talks about the meaning of his own name in that language. It does not appear, however, that, previous to their coming in contact with the outer world, they had any knowledge of Roman or Greek literature, or of the writings of any of the fathers of the Roman, Greek, or Eastern Churches. And Bede more than once, as in the passage I have read about Aidan, mentions that they taught only what was contained in the Scriptures. The literary remains of the Church which have come down to us, consist entirely of the lives of saints, with the exception of an account of the holy places, written by Adamnan, from information given to him by a bishop of Gaul, who was driven to Iona by stress of weather, and resided there for a winter—some letters of Columbanus to the Pope, and to a Council of the clergy of Gaul; and there are some hymns and poems attributed to St Columba, but whether any of them are authentic

seems doubtful. That he wrote poetry, and was a friend and patron of bards, is beyond all doubt, and Bede mentions that writings of his were said to be in existence in his time. It would rather appear, therefore, that as the lives of the Columban clergy were an effort to translate its teaching into practice, so their learning consisted in a knowledge of the Bible, the transcribing of which was one of their chief occupations.

Their architecture was of the simplest and rudest, and if their general state of culture were to be judged by it, we should pronounce it of the lowest. Their churches were constructed of wattle work of branches, covered with clay. We frequently hear of the cutting of branches for the building or repair of churches; and Bede tells us that when Aidan settled at Lindesfarne he built a church there, after the manner of his country, of wood thatched with reeds. The monks, as has been said, lived in "bothies," and these seem to have been erected by the occupants, and to have been of slight construction. In the Irish Life of St Columba, we are told of his asking, when he went to a monastery for instruction, where he was to set up his bothy, and in another place mention is made of a bothy being removed from one side of a river to another. But, as we should commit a grievous error if we judged of the general intelligence and culture of our own peasantry by the houses in which they live, so we should commit a like error if we judged of the culture of these monks by their churches and dwellings. That they had examples of more substantial and elaborate structures we know, and the poorness of their building was probably only one mode of expressing the highest thought that was in them, that taking for themselves no more of this world's goods than was necessary for existence, they should teach and illustrate their religion not by stately edifices, but by pure and holy lives.

In metals they seem to have been skilful workers. Adamnan tells us that, on one occasion, St Columba had blessed a certain knife, and said that it would never injure man or beast, and that thereupon the monks had the iron of which it was made melted, and a number of other tools in the monastery coated with it. The ceard or artificer seems to have been a regular official in the monasteries, and specimens which have come down to us in the decoration of shrines, cases for books, bells, &c., show that they had acquired a proficiency in art work of this description which has never been surpassed.

Another branch of art in which they have never been excelled was the ornamentation and illumination of their Bibles and service

books. The only manuscripts which have come down to us, and which can be traced to the hands of Columban monks in Scotland, are the Book of Deer and one of the manuscripts of Adamnan's life of St Columba, and these are not highly ornamented. But there are numerous examples in Ireland, some of the more elaborate of which can be almost traced to the hands of St Columba, and there can be no doubt that the art which produced the Irish specimens was the common property of both Churches, if, indeed, some of the books now existing in Ireland were not actually produced in Iona. One of these books was seen in Ireland by Geraldus Cambriensis, who accompanied some of the first Norman and Welsh invaders in the twelfth century, and he thus describes it:—

“Among all the miracles in Kildare, none appears to me more wonderful than that marvellous book which they say was written in the time of the Virgin [St Brigit] at the dictation of an angel. It contains the Four Gospels according to St Jerom, and almost every page is illustrated by drawings illuminated with a variety of brilliant colours. In one page you see the countenance of the Divine Majesty supernaturally pictured; in another, the mystic forms of the evangelists, with either six, four, or two wings; here are depicted the eagle, there the calf; here the face of a man, there of a lion; with other figures in almost endless variety. If you observe them superficially, and in the usual careless manner, you would imagine them to be daubs, rather than careful compositions; expecting to find nothing exquisite, where, in truth, there is nothing which is not exquisite. But if you apply yourself to a more close examination, and are able to penetrate the secrets of the art displayed in these pictures, you will find them so delicate and exquisite, so finely drawn, and the work of interlacing so elaborated, while the colours with which they are illuminated are so blended, and still so fresh, that you will be ready to assert that all this is the work of angelic, and not human, skill. The more often and closely I scrutinise them, the more I am surprised, and always find them new, discovering fresh causes for increased admiration.”

And art critics of our own day speak of the work in terms of equal commendation.

Such was the first Christian Church established among us, and such the mode of life and state of culture of its clergy. It existed in full vigour among us for about two hundred years, and then, partly from external causes, and partly from internal, it began to decay; but it was not finally superseded by a system of

diocesan episcopacy under the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome, until the time of King David the First. To trace the process of its decay would be interesting, but this paper has already extended to too great a length.

16TH DECEMBER 1885.

At the meeting on this date the following new members were elected, viz.:—Miss Marion Ferguson, 23 Grove Road, St John's Wood, London, honorary member; Mr George Black, National Museum, Edinburgh; and Dr Thomas Aitken, Lunatic Asylum, Inverness, ordinary members.

Some routine business having been transacted, the Secretary read the second* instalment of the paper on "The Gaelic Names of Birds," by Mr Charles Fergusson, Cally, Gatehouse, Kirkcudbright. Mr Fergusson's paper was as follows:—

GAELIC NAMES OF BIRDS.

PART II.

LONG-EARED OWL.

Latin—*Otus vulgaris*. Gaelic—*Comhachag, Cumhachag-adharcach*.
Welsh—*Dylluan gorniog*.

SHORT-EARED OWL.

Latin—*Otus brachyotus*. Gaelic—*Cumhachag-chluasach*. Welsh—*Dylluan glustiog*.

BARN OWL.

Latin—*Strix flammea*. Gaelic—*Cumhachag, Cailleach-oidhche, Cailleach-oidhche-bhan, Cumhachag-bhan*. Welsh—*Dylluan wen*.

The hooting of this owl is supposed in the Highlands to foretell rain, hence the old saying—"Tha 'chomhachag ri bron, thig tuiltean oirnn"—The owl is mourning, rain is coming.

TAWNY OWL.

Latin—*Syrnium stroch*. Gaelic—*Cumhachag-dhonn, Cumhachag-ruadh, Bodach-oidhche, Cailleach-oidhche*. Welsh—*Dylluan frech*.

This owl is very common in the wooded parts of the Highlands, and his melancholy hooting at night has been the cause of

* For the first part of Mr Fergusson's paper, see "Transactions," Vol. XI., page 240.

many a good fright to people coming from the unwooded glens, where they are not acquainted with this mournful bird of night, and also the origin of many a ghost story. Alluding to this, the old phrase says—"Tha mi na's eolaiche air coille na bhi fo cagal na caillich-oidhche"—I am more accustomed to a wood than to be afraid of an owl.

SNOWY OWL.

Latin—*Surnia nyctea*. Gaelic—*Comhachag bhàn, Caillach-bhàn, Comhachag-mhor*. Welsh—*Dylluan mawr*.

This very beautiful bird may be said to be common in parts of the Highlands, especially the Hebrides, during the spring generally.

HAWK OWL.

Latin—*Surnia funerea*. Gaelic—*Seobhag-oidhche, Seobhag-fheasgair*.

This is a very rare bird, but I have often seen it on the Strathardle hills, hunting in broad daylight. I remember seeing a very fine specimen shot in Glenderly when out grouse shooting about twenty years ago. The day was clear and sunny, and we saw it hunting abroad for its prey a good while before it came within shot.

LITTLE OWL.

Latin—*Noctua passerina*. Gaelic—*Cumhachag-bheag*. Welsh—*Coeg daylluan*.

This finishes the Raptores, or rapacious birds, and brings us to the second order—the Insessors, or tree-perchers.

INSESSORS.

Group I.—Dentirostres. Family I.—Laniadae.

GREAT GREY SHRIKE, OR BUTCHER BIRD.

Latin—*Lanius excubitor*. Gaelic—*Buidseir, Pioghaid-ghlas* (Grey Piet). Welsh—*Cigydd Mawr*.

The first Gaelic name, which I must say looks suspiciously like a mere translation from the English, is that given by Alexander Macdonald (Mac Mhaighstir Alastair) in his Gaelic Vocabulary, published in 1741. The second is the name by which the bird is known in Strathardle, where it is often found, and where I well remember shooting a very fine male specimen—amongst the very first birds ever I shot—with an old flint gun,

with which in my boyish days I shot many a rare bird, though it did sometimes take a very long time puffing and fizzing from the time I pulled the trigger till the shot went off.

Group II.—*Muscicapide*.

SPOTTED FLYCATCHER.

Latin—*Muscicapa grisola*. Gaelic—*Breacan-glas*, *Beicein-glas*, *Breac-an-sgiobalt*, *Glac-nan-cuileag*. Welsh—*Y Gwybedog*.

Group III.—*Merulidæ*.

COMMON DIPPER OR WATER-OUZEL.

Latin—*Cinclus aquaticus*. Gaelic—*Gobha-uisge*, *Gobha-dubh*, *Gobha-dubh-nan-allt*, *Gobhachan*, *Gobhachan-allt*, *Gobhachan-dubh*, *Gobhachan-uisge*, *Lon-uisge*, *Feannag-uisge*, *Bogachan*, *Boq-an-lochan*. Welsh—*Mwyalchen y dwfi*.

This lively little gentleman with the many titles, in full evening dress, black suit and white shirt front, is to be found on the banks of every burn in the Highlands, and has a different name almost on every burn. In some districts it is a much maligned and much persecuted bird, through the ignorant belief that it lives entirely on fish spawn, a very great mistake. Grey says—"Instead of doing harm in this way, it is in fact the anglers' best friend by devouring immense quantities of the larvæ of dragonflies and water-beetles—creatures which are known to live to a great extent upon the spawn, and even the newly hatched fry of both trout and salmon." He also adds, that to this day a reward of sixpence a head is given in some parts of Sutherlandshire for water-ouzel. And we read in the New Statistical Account that the slaughter of one of those innocent birds was counted such a meritorious deed that "formerly, any person who succeeded in killing one of these birds was allowed, as a reward, the privilege of fishing in the close season; but for a long time back this has been lost sight of." Not, I am sorry to say, because the poor water-ouzel gets more justice, or is now counted innocent by the class of people that slaughter it, but because the fishings are more valuable, and sharper looked after.

MISSEL THRUSH.

Latin—*Turdus viscivorus*. Gaelic—*Smeorach-mhor*, *Smeorach-ghlas*, *Sgraicheag*, *Sgraicheag-ghlas*. Welsh—*Tresglen*, *Pen y Llwyn*.

FIELDFARE.

Latin—*Turdus pilarus*. Gaelic—*Liatruisg*, *Liatrasg*. Welsh—*Caseg y ddryccin*.

MAVIS OR COMMON THRUSH.

Latin—*Turdus musicus*. Gaelic—*Smeorach*, *Smeorach-bhuidhe*.
Welsh—*Aderyn Croufraith*.

Of all singing birds in the Highlands the mavis is the favourite, and reckoned the sweetest singer. All our bards, late and early, delight in comparing their sweet singers to the mavis, which is the highest praise they can give, hence the saying—"Cho bin ri smeòrach air geug"—as tuneful as a mavis on a bough. It is the first bird that begins to sing in the Highlands, often beginning, on an occasional fine day, before the storms of winter are over. As the old proverb says—"Cha'n 'eil port a sheinneas an smeòrach 's an Fhaoilleach, nach, caoin i mu'n ruith an t-Earrach"—For every song the mavis sings in February she'll lament ere the spring be over. Another says, "Cha dean aon smeòrach sambradh"—One mavis makes not summer. One of the most ancient styles of composition in the Gaelic language, and a very favourite one with most Highland bards, is that in which they represent themselves as the "smeorach," or mavis of their respective clans, to sing the praises of their chiefs and clans. Of this curious species of composition we have many examples, notably "*Smeorach Chlann Raonuill*"—The Mavis of Clan Ranald, by Alex. Macdonald (Mac Mhaighistir Alastair):—

"Gur 'a mis an smeòrach chreagach,
An déis léum bharr cuaich mo nidein
Sholar bidh do m' ianaibh beaga,
Seinneam ceòl air barr gach bidein.

'S smeorach mise do Chlann Dónuill,
Dréam a dhiteadh a 's a leonadh;
'S chaidh mo chur an riochd na smeoraich,
Gu bhi seinn 's ag cur ri ceol dhaibh.

'S mise 'n t-ianan beag le m' fheadan
Am madainn-dbriuchd am barr gach badain,
Sheinneadh na puirt ghrinn gun sgreadan—
'S ionmhuinn m' fheadag fead gach lagain."

There are also smeorachs by Mac Codrum, Macdougall, MacLachlan, Macleod, and others—all admirable compositions of their kind.

RED-WING.

Latin—*Jardus iliacus*. Gaelic—*Sgiath-dheargan*, *Ean-an-t-sneachda*,¹ *Smeorach-an-t-sneachda*. *Deargan-sneachda*.
Welsh—*Soccen yr lîra*, *Y dresclen goch*.

BLACKBIRD.

Latin—*Jurdus merula*. Gaelic—*Lon-dubh, Eun-dubh*. Welsh—*Mwyalch, Aderyn du*.

The blackbird has always been reckoned a mournful bird in the Highlands, partly, perhaps, from its sombre colour, and more especially because of its sweet plaintive song, the rapid warbling notes of which the Highlanders likened to some of their most mournful piobaireachd laments, whilst the mavis' song resembled the salute or welcome class of piobaireachd—"An smeorach ri failte, 's 'n lon-dubh ri cumha"—"The mavis sings a welcome, and the blackbird a lament." Ewan MacColl, the Lochfyne bard, expresses this old Highland belief very beautifully in his address to a blackbird, some of the verses of which I may quote—

"A loin-duibh, a loin-duibh, 's fada dh' imich uait surd—

Ciod e so, 'chuir mulad 'na d' dhàn-s?

Tha 'n samhradh a' tighinn, tha 'choille 'fas domh'il,

'S gach eun innt' le sunnd 'cur air failt.

"A loin-duibh, a loin-duibh, 'n uair tha'n uiseag 's an speur,

'Cur gean air Rìgh aobhach an Lè,

'Nuair tha 'n smeorach 's a leannan 'comh-shodan ri d' thaobh,

'M bi thusa 'n ad aonar ri bròn?

"A loin-duibh, tha do thuireadh a' lotadh mo chri—

'S ioghnadh leam ciod a chradh thu co ghoint:

'N e namh 'an riochd caraid a ghoid uait do shith?

'N e gu 'n d' mhealladh 'n ad dhochas thu 'th' ort?

"A loin-duibh, a loin-duibh, 'm beil do leannan riut dur?

Cha 'n urrainn do 'n chuis bhì gu brath:

Co ise air thalamh 's an cuireadh tu uidh,

Nac mealladh 's nach maoth'cheadh do dhàn?

"A loin-duibh, a loin-duibh, deare 'us suthag nam blàr,

Bì'dh deas dhuit gun dàil air son bidh:

Tha 'n clannan 'san t-seobhag fad', fada o laimh?

Nach sguir thu, ma ta, de do chaidh?

"A loin-duibh, a lion-duibh, tha mi 'eumhneachadh nis!

Bha 'n t-eun'dair an rathad so 'n dé—

O an-iochd an trudair! do leannan thuit leis—

Eoin ghrinn, 'se so 'ghuin thu—nach e?"

Fond blackbird, fond blackbird, sad, sad is thy song—
 The cause of thy grief I would learn ;
 Bright summer is coming, hear how the woods ring,
 And welcome his kingly return.

Fond blackbird, fond blackbird, the lark, soaring high,
 Salutes the bright orb of the day ;
 The cuckoo and thrush sing together for joy,
 Why then art *thou* joyless, O say ?

Fond blackbird, thy plaint makes my heart almost bleed ;
 Dire, dire must indeed be thy doom ;
 Has the friend of thy bosom proved false ? or did fade
 Each young hope that once promised to bloom ?

Fond blackbird, fond blackbird, say, lov'st thou in vain,
 Or is thy fair consort unkind ?
 Ah, no—could she listen to that melting strain,
 And leave the sweet warbler to pine !

Fond blackbird, fond blackbird, the berry and sloe
 Will soon be thy banquet so rare ;
 The buzzard and falcon are far out of view,
 To wail, then, sweet mourner, forbear.

Fond blackbird, fond blackbird, now, *now* do I mind—
 The fowler yestreen sought the brake ;
 Thy partner's soft plumage he strew'd on the wind !
 Nought else could such deep woes awake.

Very curiously the Gaelic name of the huge and long extinct deer, the elk, is the same as that of the blackbird, *Lon-dubh*, and most certainly it is the elk that is referred to, and not the blackbird in the very ancient saying—"An *Lon-dubh*, an *Lon-dubh spàgach* ! thug mise dha coille fhasgach fheurach, 's thug esan dhomh an monadh dubh fàsach." Sheriff Nicholson translates this—The blackbird, the sprawling blackbird ! I gave him a sheltered grassy wood, and he gave me the black desolate moor. Mackintosh in his Gaelic Proverbs translates it—The ouzel, the club-footed ouzel, &c., (which, of course, is wrong, as the ouzel has no claim to this name), and adds a note—"Some say that this alludes to the Roman invasion, and others refer it to the Scandinavian incursions, when the Gael left the more sheltered spots and pasture ranges, and fled to the fastnesses of the Grampian hills." I have no doubt the proper translation is—The elk, the bow-legged, or club-

footed elk, &c.; for who could possibly apply the word, "spagach" to the straight, slender, genteel feet of the blackbird? whereas nothing could be so descriptive of the great clumsy club-feet of the elk, whose hoofs are so much and so loosely divided that when it puts its weight on them, they spread out so wide that when it lifts its foot, the two divisions of the hoof fall together with a loud clattering noise, which would be sure to draw the attention of our remote ancestors to them, and what would be more likely than that they would in derision liken the hated Roman soldiers, with their great broad sandals on their feet, to the clumsy lumbering elk; certainly they would be more likely to do so than to liken them to the sprightly blackbird. If the saying does refer to the elk, which was extinct in Britain ages before all written history, it is another proof added to the many, of how the ancient lore of the Celts, though unwritten, was handed down through so many generations of the children of the Gael.

RING OUZEL.

Latin—*Turdus torquatus*. Gaelic—*Dubh-chraige, Druid-mhonaidh Druid-dhubh*. Welsh—*Mwyalchen y graig*.

Group IV.—*Sylviadæ*.

HEDGE SPARROW.

Latin—*Accentor modularis*. Gaelic—*Gealbhone-nam-preas, Sporag, Donnag*. Welsh—*Llwyd y gwrych*.

I have no doubt the common English country name of this bird—Dunnock (Rev. J. C. Atkinson)—is simply a corruption of the Gaelic name, Donnag—Brownie, or little brown bird.

ROBIN.

Latin—*Erythaca rubecula*. Gaelic—*Bru-dhearg, Bru-dheargan, Broinn-dhearg, Broinn-dheargan, Broinileag, Nigidh, Ruadhag, Roban-roid*. Welsh—*Yr hobi goch, Bron-goch*.

Here also one of the English country names given by the Rev. J. Atkinson seems to come from the Gaelic—Ruddock, Ruadhag, little red bird—and as the English borrow from the Gaelic, it is only fair that we should do the same from their language (in modern times, of course, as everybody knows most of our Gaelic names of birds were in use many centuries before the English language had an existence). So, very curiously, one of our greatest bards, Alexander Macdonald, has done in this case, for though in his Gaelic Vocabulary he gives the Gaelic name of the robin as Broinn-dheargan, yet in his poems he always calls

this bird by the names of Richard and Robin. In his "Song of Summer," "Oran an t' Sambraidh," he says—

“Agus *Robin* 'g a bhéusadh
 Air a' ghéig os a chionn,
 Gur glan gall-fheadan *Richard*
 A' seinn nan cuisleannan grinn.”

And in "The Sugar Brook," "Allt-an-t Siucair"—

“Bha *Richard* 's *Robin* bru-dhearg
 Ri seinn, 's fear dhiubh 'n a bhéus.”

Macintyre again uses *Bru-dhearg*, in *Coire-Cheathaich*. He says:—

“An druid 's an bru-dhearg, le móran uinich,
 Ri ceileir sunntach bu shiubhlach rann.”

I have never heard the name *Nigidh*, for the robin, anywhere in common use, but it is given in the Highland Society's Dictionary. The common name in Perthshire is *Roban-roid*. Most writers on birds have taken notice of the many wonderful places in which this bird will sometime build its nest. I remember, when a boy, preserving as a curiosity for several years a robin's nest which was actually built inside the ribs of a dried skeleton of a buzzard hawk, which the keepers had nailed to the back wall of a stable many years before. The impudent bird reared its young brood in that strange nesting place to the astonishment of the natives. Had that hawk known the fate that was before it, it might well say with Napoleon that there was only one step between the sublime and the ridiculous.

BLUE-THROATED WARBLER.

Latin—*Phœnicura Suecica*. Gaelic—*Ceileiriche*, *Oranaiche*.

REDSTART.

Latin—*Phœnicura ruticilla*. Gaelic—*Ceann-dearg*, *Ceann-dheargan*, *Earr-dhearg*, *Ton-dhearg*. Welsh—*Rhonell goch*.

STONE-CHAT.

Latin—*Saxicola rubicola*. Gaelic—*Cloichearan*, *Clacharan* (Grey). Welsh—*Clochder y cerrig*.

Sheriff Nicolson gives the following old Lismore saying, which, he adds, is suggestive of the development theory:—“*Cloicheirean spagach*, *ogha na muile-máig*.”—The waddling stone-chat, the frog's grand-child.

WHIN-CHAT.

Latin—*Saxicola rubetra*. Gaelic—*Gochdan, Gochcan*. Welsh—*Clochder yr eithin*.

WHEATEAR.

Latin—*Saxicola ænanthe*. Gaelic—*Cloichearan, Bru-gheal, Crith-achan, Bogachan*. Welsh—*Tinwyn y cerrig*.

This bird no doubt got its two last Gaelic names from its constant habit of shaking or quivering its tail. Grey gives the following old Hebridean superstition about this bird:—"There is a very curious superstition prevalent in North and South Uist regarding the bird on its arrival. When seen for the first time in the season, the natives are quite unhappy if it should happen to be perched on a rock or a stone—such a circumstance, as they say, being a sure sign of evil in prospect; but should the bird be seen perched on a bit of turf, it is looked upon as a happy omen."

SEDGE WARBLER.

Latin—*Salicaria phragmitis*. Gaelic—*Glas-eun, Uiseag-oidhche*. Welsh—*Hedydd yr helyg*.

This bird got its Gaelic name—*Uiseag-oidhche*, Night-lark—from its well-known habit of singing all through the night, which makes so many people mistake it for the nightingale.

NIGHTINGALE.

Latin—*Philomela Iuscinia*. Gaelic—*Spideag, Beul-binn, Ros-an-coel*. Welsh—*Eos*.

The first Gaelic name is that given by Alex. Macdonald in his vocabulary, also in the Highland Society's Dictionary, which also gives the second name—*Beul-binn*, sweet mouth; the third is that given by Logan in his Scottish Gael. He says—"The Nightingale, which has now forsaken the northern part of the island, is supposed to have once frequented the woods of Scotland. Its name in Gaelic is beautifully expressive of the sweetness of its song and the character of the bird. In *Ros-an-coel*, the rose music, the melody is put for the melodist, the former being heard when the latter is unseen."

BLACKCAP.

Latin—*Curruca atricapilla*. Gaelic—*Ceann-dubh*. Welsh—*Penddu 'r brwyn*.

WHITE-THROAT.

Latin—*Curruca cinerea*. Gaelic—*Gealan-coille*. Welsh—*Y gwddfsgwyn*.

WILLOW WREN.

Latin—*Sylvia trochilus*. Gaelic—*Crionag-ghiubhais*.

GOLDEN CRESTED WREN.

Latin — *Regulus cristatus*. Gaelic — *Dreathan-ceann-bhuidhe*,
Crionag-bhuidhe, *Bigein*.

GREAT TITMOUSE.

Latin—*Parus major*. Gaelic—*Currag-bhain-ti-jhearna* (the lady's
nightcap). Welsh—*Y Benloyn fwyaf*.

BLUE TITMOUSE.

Latin—*Parus cæruleus*. Gaelic—*Cuilleachag-cheann-ghorm*, *An*
Snoileun (Grey). Welsh—*Y Lleion*.

COLE, TITMOUSE, OR BLACKCAP.

Latin—*Parus ater*. Gaelic—*Smutag*, *Cuilleachag-cheann-duibh*,
Welsh—*Y Benloyn lygliw*.

This bird got its name of "Smutag" no doubt from its habit of spitting and puffing, like an enraged cat, when on its nest, in a hole on a wall or tree, if disturbed.

MARSH TITMOUSE.

Latin — *Parus palustris*. Gaelic — *Ceann-dubh*. Welsh — *Benloyn*
y cyrs.

LONG-TAILED TITMOUSE.

Latin—*Parus Condatus*. Gaelic—*C'iochan*, *C'iochan-fada*, *Miontan*.
Welsh—*Y Benloyn gynffonhir*.

Group I. Family VII.—Motacillidæ.

PIED WAGTAIL.

Latin—*Motacilla Yarellii*. Gaelic—*Breac an t-sil*, *Glaisean*
seilich. Welsh—*Brith y fyches*, *Tinsigl y gwys*.

GREY WAGTAIL.

Latin—*Motacilla boarula*. Gaelic—*Breacan-ban-tighearna* (spotted
lady). Welsh—*Brith y fyches lwyd*.

YELLOW, OR RAY'S WAGTAIL.

Latin—*Motacilla flava*. Gaelic — *Breacan-buidhe*. Welsh—
Brith y fyches fellen.

Group I. Family VIII.—Anthidæ.

TREE PIPIT.

Latin—*Anthus arboreus*. Gaelic—*Riabhag-choille*.

MEADOW PIPIT, OR HEATHER LINTIE.

Latin—*Anthus pratensis*. Gaelic—*Snathag, Riabhag-mhouidh* (Grey). Welsh—*Hedydd y cae*.

The first is the Gaelic name always given in Athole to this bird, and a story is told in Strathardle of an English gentleman, who had asked an old shepherd what were the commonest birds on his hill, getting for answer—"Needleag, whistleag, heatheraig-hen, and rashirag-horn;" being the best English the old man could muster for snathag (heather lintie), feadag (golden plover), cearc-fhraoich (grouse), and adharcan-luachrach (green plover).

ROCK PIPIT.

Latin—*Anthus petrosus*. Gaelic—*Gabhagan, Bigein, Gluseun* (Grey).

Group II—*Conirostres*. Family I.—*Alaudidæ*.

SKY-LARK, OR LAVEROCK.

Latin—*Alauda arvensis*. Gaelic—*Uiseag, Riabhag*. Welsh—*Hedydd, Uchedydd*.

The Douglas said that he would rather hear the laverock sing than the mouse squeak. The old Highlanders expressed the same sentiment in their old proverb—"Cha 'n 'eil deathach 'an tigh na h-uiseige"—There is no smoke in the lark's house. Sheriff Nicolson says—"The bird of most aspiring and happy song has untainted air in its lowly home." As the mavis was honoured as the prima donna of song in the woods and bushy glens, so the lark was reckoned the sweetest songster in the open moors and meadows. As the bard says—

"Bidh uiseag air lòn
Agus smeorach air géig."
The lark on the meadow
And the mavis on the tree.

WOOD LARK.

Latin—*Alauda arborea*. Gaelic—*Uiseag-choille, Riabhag-choille* (Grey). Welsh—*Hedydd y coed*.

The wood lark is mentioned by Macintyre and amongst his other woodland birds in "Coire-cheathaich"—

"Bha eoin an t-sleibhe 'nan ealtainn gle-ghlan,
A' gabhail bheusan air gheig sa' choill,
An uiseag cheutach, 's a luinneag fein aice,
Feadan speiseil gu reidh a' seinn :

A chuag, 'sa smedrach, am barr nan ògan,
 A' gabhail òrain gu ceolmhor binn :
 'Nuair ghoir an cuannal, gu loinneil guanach,
 'Se 's glain a chualas am fuaim sa' ghileann."

Group II. Family II—*Emberizidæ*

SNOW BUNTING.

Latin—*Plectrophanes nivalis*. Gaelic—*Eun-an-t-sneachdai*. Welsh—*Golfan-yr-eira*.

COMMON BUNTING.

Latin—*Emberiza miliaria*. Gaelic—*Gealag-bhuachair*, *Gealubigein*. Welsh—*Bras y ddruttan*, *Bras yr yd*.

BLACK-HEADED, OR REED BUNTING.

Latin—*Emberiza schoeniclus*. Gaelic—*Gealag-dubh-cheannach*, *Gealag-loin*. Welsh—*Golfan y cyrs*.

YELLOW HAMMER.

Latin—*Emberiza citrinella*. Gaelic—*Buidheag-bhealaidh*, *Buidheag-bhuachair*, *Buidhean*. Welsh—*Llinos jelen*.

This beautiful bird is of very evil repute in the Highlands where it is counted a very meritorious deed to harry its nest, from the old superstition that this bird is badly given to swearing; also that it sang on Calvary during the time of the crucifixion. In the lowlands one of its country names is the yellow yeorling, and the old rhyme says—

“The Brock, the Toad, and the Yellow Yeorling
 Get a drap o' the deil's bluid ilka May morning.”

So that, if it imbibes much of that blood, it will account for its swearing as well as for the evil reputation it has gained.

Group II. Family III.—*Fringillidæ*.

CHAFFINCH.

Latin—*Fringilla Cælebs*. Gaelic—*Bricean-beithe Breacan-beithe*. Welsh—*Asgell arian*, *Winc*.

Alex. Macdonald in his *Allt-an-t Siucair*, says—

“Am-bricein-beithe 's lub air,
 'Se gleusadh luth a theud.”

MOUNTAIN FINCH.

Latin—*Fringilla Montifringilla*. Gaelic—*Lu-eun*, *Breicean-coarainn*. Welsh—*Bronrhuddyn y mynydd*.

TREE SPARROW.

Latin—*Passer Montanus*. Gaelic—*Gealbhonn Gealbhonn-nan-craobh Glass-enn*. Welsh—*Golfan y mynydd*.

HOUSE SPARROW.

Latin—*Passer Domesticus*. Gaelic—*Gealbhonn, Sporaq*. Welsh—*Aderyn y to, Golfan*.

GREENFINCH.

Latin—*Coccothraustes Chlois*. Gaelic—*Glaisean-daraich*.
Welsh—*Y Gegid, Llinos werdd*.

HAWFINCH.

Latin—*Coccothraustes Vulgaris*. Gaelic—*Gobach*. Welsh—*Gylsfinbraff*.

GOLDFINCH.

Latin—*Carduelis elegans*. Gaelic—*Lasair-choille, Buidhean-coille*.
Welsh—*Gwas y Sierr*.

COMMON LINNET.

Latin—*Linota cannabina*. Gaelic—*Gealan-lin, Gealan*. Welsh—*Llinos*.

COMMON REDPOLE.

Latin—*Linota linaria*. Gaelic—*Deargan-seilich, Ceann-deargan*.
Welsh—*Llinos bengoch leiaf*.

MOUNTAIN LINNET.

Latin—*Linota Montium*. Gaelic—*Riabhadh-mhonaidh, Riabhadh-fhraoich, Bigean-bain-tighearna* (Uist). Welsh—*Llinos fynydd*.

BULLFINCH.

Latin—*Pyrrhula vulgaris*. Gaelic—*Corran-coille, Deargan-fhraoich*.
Welsh—*Y Chwybanydd, Rhawn goch*.

PINE GROSBILL.

Latin—*Pyrrhula enucleator*. Gaelic—*Cnag, Lair flioh*.

Of this bird Logan says—"The Cnag, or Lair flioh, a bird like a parrot, which digs its nest with its beak in the trunks of trees, is thought peculiar to the county of Sutherland."

COMMON CROSSBILL.

Latin—*Loxia curvirostra*. Gaelic—*Cam-ghob, Deargan giubhais*.
Welsh—*Gylsingroes*.

Group II. Family IV.—*Sturnidæ*.

STARLING.

Latin—*Sturnus vulgaris*. Gaelic—*Druid, Druid-dhubh, Druid-bhreac, Druidean*. Welsh—*Drydwen, Drydwy*.
Group II. Family V.—*Corvidæ*.

CHOUGH, OR RED-LEGGED CROW.

Latin—*Fregilus graculus*. Gaelic—*Cathag-dhearg-dhearg-chasach* (Skye). Welsh—*Brân big*

This bird, from some unaccountable cause, is getting rarer in the Highlands every season, for in many districts where it used to breed in flocks it is now utterly unknown, even though quite undisturbed by man. Don mentions it as a common bird in Glen Clova, and Pennant as very common in Glenlyon and Breadalbane. Within the last forty years it used to breed in flocks in the Islands of Rum, Coll, Canma, and Tyree, where now it is never seen. Its gradual disappearance without any known cause is one of those problems which naturalists sometimes find so difficult to solve.

RAVEN.

Latin—*Corvus corax*. Gaelic—*Fitheach, Biatach* (Uist and Skye). Welsh—*Cigfran*.

Even the raven, once so common in every glen in the Highlands, is becoming, from constant persecution, rare there now, except in the wilder and more remote districts; though in general the raven, from his cunning and keen scent, is pretty well able to take care of himself. Every one knows the old saying that there is a Scotchman, a raven, and a rat to be found in every clime and country under the sun, from the equator to the pole. However, one would be inclined to think that it prefers the colder parts, from the old Gaelic saying so often quoted on a very warm day—“Am fitheach a’ cur a mach a theanga leis an teas,” The raven putting out his tongue for heat (*i.e.*, like a dog). Being rather a bird of evil omen, the raven is seldom mentioned by our Gaelic bards, except sometimes that they compare the hair of the heroes and heroines in blackness to the raven. For instance, in the very ancient poem of Fraoch, given in Gillies’ collection, we have—

“Bu duibhe na ’m fitheach a ghruag,
Bu deirge a ghruaidh na fuil laoigh;
Bu mhine na cobhair an t-sruth,
Bu ghile na’n sneachd corp Fhraoich.”

Blacker than the raven his hair,
 Redder than calf's blood his cheek,
 Softer than the froth on the stream,
 Whiter than snow the body of Fraoch.

Though seldom mentioned in the poetry, there is no other bird I know of so often mentioned in the proverbs of the Gael, generally not to its credit, though all showing an intimate knowledge of the nature and habits of the raven. Alluding to the ravages it commits amongst lambs, the old nursery rhyme, imitating the croak of the raven, says—"Gròc, gròc', ars am fitheach, 'se mo mhac-sa chrimeas na h-uain"—Groc, groc, says the raven, it is my son that will pick the lambs' bones. From its being a great glutton, which often leads it into danger, we have—"Meallaidh am biadh am fitheach bhò'n chraoibh"—Food will lure the raven from the tree; and from its so quickly finding out any carrion or carcase we have—"Fios fithich gu ròic"—The raven's boiling of a feast. And also—"Cruinnichidh na fithich far am bi a chairbh"—Where the carcase is the ravens will gather. We cannot blame it for this, as we have it on the high authority of the Bible that the eagle, the king of birds, does the same—"Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together"—Matthew xxiv. 28. From its well-known habit of always attacking the eyes of an animal first, we have—"Am fitheach a dh' eircas moch, 's ann leis a bhios sùil a' bheothaich a tha 's a' phòll"—The raven that rises early gets the eye of the beast in the bog. So very fond is the raven of the eye of an animal that it wont even share that tit-bit with its own young, so the old saying is—"Cha toir am fitheach an t-suil dha 'isean fhèin"—The raven wont give the eye to his own chicken. When a raven happened to perch on a house-top, or on a tree near a house, it was supposed to portend death to one of the inmates, which explains the old saying—"Fitheach dubh air an tigh, fios gu nighean an dathadair"—A black raven on the roof, a warning to the dyer's daughters. This dyer's daughter was a famous Athole witch, who lived to an extreme old age, and when she was dying an old raven came and perched on the top of the house, and croaked there till she died, and was supposed to have been the messenger sent to claim her by the Evil One, to whom she had sold herself nearly a century before. If the old witch and her master were the company the raven kept, no wonder though another old Gaelic proverb says—"Ma' s olc am fitheach, cha'n fhèarra chomunn"—If bad be the raven, his company is no better. Another common old saying is—"Tha fios fithich agad"—You have a raven's knowledge. Of this Sheriff

Nicolson says—"That is, knowledge more than is natural. The raven was believed to possess supernatural knowledge, and of coming events in particular. This was also the Norse belief. Odin was said to have two ravens which communicated everything to him." There was also an old Highland superstition that the young ravens killed the old ones, which is the origin of one of the bitterest wishes or curses in the Gaelic language—"Bas fithich ort"—A raven's death to you, *i.e.*, May you be killed by your own child. The raven being rather a tyrant over the crows and other weaker birds, gave rise to the saying—"Ceist an fhithich air an fheannaig"—The raven's question to the crow; which Sheriff Nicolson explains—"The sort of question sometimes asked by a 'Great Power' of another, or perhaps smaller Power, in cases of annexation, oppression, &c." Having now given so many of the proverbs of the Gael about the raven, I may give an example of their prophecies as well. The famous Coinneach Odhar Mackenzie, the Brahan Seer, in one of his predictions regarding the Clan Mackenzie, speaking of the famous stone—"Clach an t-Seasaidh," near the Muir of Ord, says—"The day will come when the ravens will, from the top of it, drink their three fulls, for three successive days, of the blood of the Mackenzies." Another version has it—

"A's olaidh am fitheach a thri saitheachd
De dh-fhuil nan Gaidheal, bho Clach-nam-Fionn,"

"And the raven shall drink his three fills
Of the blood of the Gael from the Stone of the Feinne."

Let us hope, for the sake of the Clan Mackenzie, that this bloody feast for the raven may never come, like the still more bloody one promised to the ravens by Alex. Macdonald (Mac Mhaighster Alastair), in his Oran nam Fineachan, or Gathering of the Clans, when all the Clans were to rise for the "Auld Stuarts," and to triumph—

"Over the necks of the foes o' Prince Charlie;"
and in one great battle to convert "the foes o' Prince Charlie" into food for the ravens—

"S mòr a bhios ri corp-rusgadh
Nan closaichean 's a' bhlàr:
Fithich anns an rochdadaich,
Ag itealaich, 's ag cnocaireachd;
Ciocras air na cosgarraich,
Ag òl 's ag ith an sàth.
Och, 's tùrsach, fann a chluinnear moch-thrath,
Ochanaich an àir.

HAVING given so many old sayings unfavourable to the raven, I think I must in justice now give other two more favourable ones, which say, “*Féumaidh na fithich fhéin a bhi bèò*”—The ravens themselves must live; and, “*Ge dubh am fitheach, is geal leis ’isean*”—Black as is the raven, he thinks his chickens white. Here, of course, the white raven’s chicken is used figuratively, but as the old saying holds good that “truth is stranger than fiction,” so we have even pure white ravens in the flesh, as will be seen from the following quotation from Grey’s *Birds of the West of Scotland*:—“In Macgillivray’s work on British Birds, it is stated that as many as two hundred ravens have been known to assemble in a flock on the Island of Pabby, in the Sound of Harris, a large herd of grampuses which was driven ashore there having been the means of attracting them. Afraid of their prolonged stay, and not liking the company of so many birds of evil repute, the inhabitants resorted to the extraordinary expedient of capturing a few and plucking off all their feathers, except those of the wings and tail, in which plight they were set adrift as scare crows. The main flock then left in a fright and did not return. In this unusual congregation of ravens, an albino (or pure white one) was observed, and a pied specimen was noticed some time afterwards in Harris by Macgillivray. . . . These pied birds have been observed of late years in one or two of the Outer Hebrides.” This mention of a white and pied raven reminds me of a story common in Strathardle, of a farmer who had a shepherd, who thought the only way to gain favour with his master was to say with him in everything right or wrong, a practice, I am sorry to say, far too common. However, after a time the farmer began to have his suspicions that the constant backing up of his opinions and sayings was not genuine, so to try the truth of them, he one day, on his return from the hill, said to the shepherd, “*Chunna mi fitheach geal, am braighe a mhonaidh n’ duigh*”—I saw a white raven to-day on the top of the hill. Now, this was a staggerer, for even the obsequiousness of the shepherd, who, afraid to go quite that length, yet still true to his nature, answered, “*Creididh mi sin, oir chunna mi fear breac n’ de ann!*”—I can well believe that, for I saw a speckled one there myself yesterday—an answer which soon convinced the farmer how far his servant could be relied upon. The raven is the first bird to breed in the Highlands, which was noticed and put into rhyme by our ancestors, like so much else of their knowledge, as being more easily remembered:—

“*Nead air Brighde, ubh air Inid, ian air Chaisg ;
Mar bi sin aig an fhitheach, bithidh am bas.*”

Nest on Candlemas, egg at Shrove-tide, bird at Easter ;
If the raven have them not, death then is his lot.

Another old proverb about the raven's nest says—"Ciod a b'ail leat fhaighinn 'an nead an fhithich ach am fitheach féin?"—What would you expect to find in the raven's nest but the raven itself. The well-known crest of the Macdonells of Glengarry is a raven perched upon a rock, and the slogan or war-cry of that gallant clan was—"Craggan-an-Flithich"—The Raven's Rock.

CARRION CROW.

Latin—*Corvus corone*. Gaelic—*Feannag*. *Cnaimheach* ; *Garrag*, *Garrach*—the young. Welsh—*Brân dyddyn*.

A good friend of mine in Galloway, when questioned lately about his religion, defined it—"That he aye tried to do as little ill and as muckle guid as he could," but I am afraid the conduct of the carrion crow is just the very reverse, as he seems "aye to do as muckle ill and as little guid as he can ;" an opinion in which Grey agrees with me, as he says, in his *Birds of the West of Scotland*—"On one occasion, when walking along the banks of Loch-Eck, in Argyllshire, I observed a small party of carrion crows in a rye-grass field, busily engaged in catching moths as they clung to the stems of grass. The birds drew up their bodies, and appeared as if wading at some disadvantage, the tall grass obliging them to jump occasionally off the ground to reach their prey. This is the only instance I can recollect in which it can be said that their repast was not a work of mischief." The only redeeming trait in this bird's character is the extreme care it takes of its young, and its untiring exertions in feeding them, a fact taken notice of and expressed by our ancestors in the old sayings: "Is toigh leis an fheannaig a h-isean garrach gorm"—the crow likes her greedy blue chick ; and "Is boidheach leis an fheannaig a gorm garrach fhéin"—the crow thinks her own blue chick a beauty. We have also two other old sayings imitating the cry of the crow :—"Fag, fag ! thuir an fheannaig, 's i mo nighean a gharag dhonn"—go, go ! said the crow, that brown chick is my child ; "'Gorach, gorach', ars an fheannag, 's e mo mhac-s' an garrach gorm"—gorach, gorach, said the crow, it is my son that is the blue chick. Other the old proverbs referring to the crow are :—"An taobh a théid an fheannag, bheir i 'feaman leatha"—Wherever the crow goes, she takes her tail with her ; and "Is dithis dhuinn sin, mar thuir an fheannag ri 'casan"—That's a pair, as the crow said to her feet.

HOODED CROW.

Latin--*Corvus cornix*. Gaelic--*Feanag-ghlas, Garrag-ghlas, Garrach-young, Starrag-young, in Harris*. Welsh--*Bran yr Iwerddon*.

Bad as the character of the carrion crow is, I am afraid that the hoodie is worse, as will be seen from the following quotation from Grey—"The hoodie has got a terrible name, and his best friend could hardly say one good word in his favour, supposing he ever had such a thing as a friend, which is improbable. A greedy, cowardly, destructive creature, his appearance is ugly, and his voice hateful. But though no doubt ready enough to commit any villainy against eggs, young game, chickens, and even young lambs, yet in these wild districts where there is not much game to injure, he subsists almost entirely on the bountiful provision afforded by the receding tide, and upon this multiplies exceedingly." A well-known habit of the hoodie is that, when it gets a crab or shell-fish with too strong a shell to break with its bill, it carries it high up in the air and lets it fall on the rock to break it, and, if it does not succeed in the first attempt, it goes much higher the second time. There is a very old Gaelic proverb common in Atholl—*Cha tig olc á teine, ach ubh na glas fheannaig*.—Nothing evil will come out of the fire but the grey crow's egg. Sheriff Nicolson explains—"There is a strange story in Rannoch about the great wizard, Michael Scott, to account for this saying. It is said that, fearing his wife, to whom he had taught the Black Art, would excel him in it, he killed her by means of hoodie crows' eggs, heated in the fire and put into her arm-pits, as the only thing against which no counter charm could prevail!" So common and so destructive were the hoodies at one time in the North that they gave rise to the old Morayshire proverb—

"The Guil, the Gordon, and the Hooded Crow
Were the three worst things Moray ever saw."

The guile is well-known weed, even yet too common amongst growing crops, but at one time so very abundant that most tenants were bound by their leases to eradicate it. The Gordon was the famous Lord Lewis Gordon, who so often plundered Moray, and whose example seems to have been followed with a vengeance by the hoodie crow.

ROOK.

Latin -- *Corvus frugilegus*. Gaelic -- *Rocus, Creunhach, Garrag* (Athole). Welsh--*Ydfran*.

Cho Gaidhealach ris na garragan — as Highland as the rooks — is a very common saying in Athole, where, from the wooded

nature of the country, rooks have always been very common, though never great favourites, for though such familiar neighbours in the every day life of the Gael, yet we very seldom find the rook mentioned, either in their proverbs or poetry, excepting when some disagreeable noise is likened to their noisy cawing in their rookeries—as, for instance, when the bard Mac Codrum, disgusted with the bad pipe music of Donald Bane, likens it to the cawing of rooks.—

“ Ceol tha cho sgreataidh
Ri sgreadail nan rocus.”

In many parts of the Highlands, especially in Easter Ross, rooks have become so numerous that measures have been taken to reduce their numbers. However, rooks have been long accustomed to persecution, and it does not seem to affect their numbers much. As early as May 1424, we find an Act of the Scots Parliament against “Ruikes biggan in trees”; and again in March 1457, James II. passed the following strict Act against rooks and “uther foules of reife”:—“Anent ruikes, crawes, and uther foules of reife, as eirnes, bissettes, gleddes, mittales, the quhilk destroyis baith cornes, and wild foules, sik as pertrickes, plovares, and utheris. And as to the ruikes and crawes, biggand in orchards, trees and uther places: It is seen speedeful that they that sik trees pertainis to, let them to big and destroy them with all their power, and in no waies that their birdes flee awaie. And quhair it is tainted that they big and their birdes flee, and the nest be founden in the trees at Beltane: the tree shall be faulted to the King: bot gif they be redeemed fra him be them that they pertained first, and five shillinges to the King’s unlaw. And that the said foules of reife all utterly be destroyed be all maner of men, be all ingine of all maner of crafts that may be founden. For the slaughter of them sall cause great multitudes of divers kinds of wilde foules for man’s sustentation.” Grey quotes the following original plan for catching rooks, from a curious old work called the “Gentleman’s Recreation,” published in 1678—“How to take rooks when they pull up the corn by the roots. Take some thick brown paper and divide a sheet into eight parts, and make them up like sugar loaves; then lime the inside of the paper a very little (let them be limed three or four days before you set them); then put some corn in them, and lay three-score of them or more up and down the ground; lay them as near as you can under some clod of earth, and early in the morning before they come to feed, and then stand at a distance and you will see

most excellent sport, for as soon as rooks, crows, or pigeons come to pick out any of the corn, it will hang upon its head, and he will immediately fly, bolt upright so high, that he shall soar almost out of sight, and when he is spent, come tumbling down as if he had been shot in the air."

JACKDAWS.

Latin—*Corvus glaucarius*. Gaelic—*Cathag, Cathag ghlas, Cnuimh-fhiach* (Alex. Macdonald), *Corrachan* (Iona and Mull). Welsh—*Cogfran*.

Pennant, in his "Tour in Scotland in 1772," mentions as a curious fact that he found jackdaws breeding in rabbit holes in the Farne Islands. They do so still by the hundred amongst the rocks of Strathardle, especially in Kindrogan Rock, not only in ready-made rabbit holes, but in holes of their own making—about two feet deep—in the earth amongst the very steep precipices, where it is utterly impossible for a rabbit to reach. Almost as far back as I can remember, I used to spend many a happy boyish day taking them out of those holes in the breeding season; and an uncle of mine did the same a generation before me. One day in particular he had provided himself with a long string, to which he knotted the leg of every jackdaw he got out of a hole till he had some dozens, when the string broke, and off they went fluttering and screaming, each one wanting to go its own way, in a body continually changing in shape, and so noisy, and so big and so black, that had many of the good country folks seen it they would at once have concluded that it was something very uncanny. However, they had not gone very far; for some time afterwards he came across their bodies hanging in a tree in which they had got entangled.

MAGPIE.

Latin—*Pica caudatag*. Gaelic—*Pioghaid, Cadhag, Aaid*. Welsh—*Pioen*.

This is another bird of evil omen, which even to this day is disliked in most districts of the Highlands. The old rhyme says—

"H-aon aig breth, dha aig bron,
Tri aig banais, ceithir aig bas."
One at a birth, two at a grief,
Three at a wedding, four at a death.

Though the magpie is, perhaps, in the words of the old song, "Na sae guid 's it should hae been," still it is a very beautiful bird, which no doubt is the reason why some of our ladies, who not

being quite perfect, are sometimes likened in our old songs and proverbs to magpies. For instance, Duncan Lothian, the Glenlyon bard, in his proverbs in verse, likens a young woman who, though she had great flocks and wealth, was so headstrong that her husband had no peace with her, to a magpie—

“Pigheid chaileig air bheag céill,
Ged robh feudail aic 'us stòr,
Cha'n fhaod a fear a bhi sona,
Ma bhios i gnogach anns an t-ròin.”

An old Strathardle saying, not very complimentary to either party, used sometimes when an old bachelor from that strath takes a wife from the Vale of Athole, goes—

“Cuiribh bonaid air bioran,
'S gheibh e pioghaid a Adholl.”
Put a bonnet on a stick,
And it will get a magpie (wife) from Athole.

One of the old prophecies of Coinnich Odhar, the Brahan Seer, was that—“When a magpie shall have made a nest for three successive years in the gable of the church of Ferrintosh, the church will fall when full of people.” Regarding this, we read in the prophecies of the Brahan Seer—“There were circumstances connected with the church of Ferrintosh in the time of the famous Rev. Dr Macdonald, the Apostle of the North, which seemed to indicate the beginning of the fulfilment of the prophecy, and which led to very alarming consequences. A magpie actually did make her nest in the gable of the church, exactly as foretold. This, together with a rent between the church wall and the stone stair which led up to the gallery, seemed to favour the opinion that the prophecy was on the eve of being accomplished, and people felt uneasy when they glanced at the ominous nest, the rent in the wall, and the crowded congregation, and remembered Coinneach's prophecy, as they walked into the church to hear the Doctor. It so happened one day that the church was unusually full of people, insomuch that it was found necessary to connect the ends of the seats with planks in order to accommodate them all. Unfortunately, one of those temporary seats was either too weak or too heavily burdened; it snapped in two with a loud report, and startled the audience. Coinneach Odhar's prophecy flashed across their minds, and a simultaneous rush was made by the panic-struck congregation to the door. Many fell and were trampled under foot, while others fainted, being seriously crushed and bruised.”

JAY.

Latin—*Garrulus glandarius*. Gaelic—*Sgraicheag*, *Sgraiachag choille*.
Welsh—*Screch y coed*.

Group III.—Scansores. Family I.—Picidae.

GREEN WOOD-PECKER.

Latin—*Picus viridis*. Gaelic—*Lasair-choile* (Lightfoot). Welsh—*Cnocell y coed*, *Delor y derw*.

This beautiful bird, now very rare, if not extinct, in the Highlands, seems to have been quite common in olden times. Pennant mentions it in 1777. Lightfoot gives its Gaelic name in 1772. It is mentioned as a common bird in Dunkeld parish in the Old Statistical Account in 1798, also in Don's Fauna of Forfarshire, 1812. This is an example, like the nightingale and several others, of how some birds, without any known cause or reason, have left Scotland entirely, or else become very rare, within the last fifty years, while many others seem to be getting much more common.

GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKER.

Latin—*Picus Major*. Gaelic—*Snagan-daraich* (Grey), *Snagan-mor*, *Snag* (Alexander Macdonald). Welsh—*Delor fraith*.

WRYNECK.

Latin—*Yunx torquilla*. Gaelic—*Geocair*, *Gille-na-cubhaig*. Welsh—*Gwas y gôg*, *Gwddfdro*

Very curiously I find that in most countries this bird is reckoned the cuckoo's forerunner, or attendant, and so gets that name in most languages.

In English—*Cuckoo's mate*. Gaelic—*Gille-na-cubhaig*. Welsh—*Gwas y gog*. Swedish—*Gjoktyta*, &c.

In the Highlands we have the old nursery rhyme—

Le theanga fad biorach
Thug Gille-na-cubhaig, smugaid na cubhaig,
A beul na cubhaig, gu brog-na-cubhaig.
With his long sharp tongue,
The cuckoo's attendant carried the cuckoo's spittle
From the cuckoo's mouth to the cuckoo's shoe.

The wryneck has an extremely long tongue, which it can dart out to a great length to catch an ant or insect, and it was supposed to carry the "cuckoo's spittle," the well-known white frothy substance so often seen on plants, and to deposit it on the "cuckoo's

shoe," which is one of the names by which the corn-cockle, the cowslip, and the wild hyacinth are known in Gaelic. If the wry-neck had anything at all to do with the cuckoo's spittle, I should say it would be to dart its long tongue into it for the sake of the insect always to be found in it.

Family II.—*Certhiadae*.

CREEPER.

Latin—*Certhia familiaris*. Gaelic—*Snaigear, Meanglan, Streapach*.
Welsh—*Y Giepanog*.

WREN.

Latin—*Troglodytes vulgaris*. Gaelic—*Dreathan, Dreathan-donn, Dreollan*. Welsh—*Dryw*.

The lively little wren—"An dreathan surdail"—with its brisk, active, and sweet song, which it pours out even in winter, was a great favourite with our ancestors, and is very often mentioned in our poetry and proverbs. In fact, our best Gaelic bards seemed to think no picture of rural scenery complete unless this restless little songster figured in it. Macintyre, in his "Coire-Cheathaich," says—

" An dreathan surdail, 's a ribheid chiuil aige,
A' cur nan snuid dheth gu lughor binn."
And the lively wren, with his tuneful reed,
Discourses music so soft and sweet.

And in his "Oran-an-t-t Samhraidh," or "Song of Summer"—

" San dreathan a' gleusadh sheannsairean
Air a' gheig is aird a mhothaicheas e."
And the wren then tunes his chanter
And sings on some high bough.

Alexander Macdonald mentions him in his "Allt-an-t-Suicair ;" also says in his "Song of Summer"—

" Bidh an dreathan gu bailceant ;
Foirmeil, tailcearra, bagant',
Sior-chur fàilt' air a' mhadainn,
Le rifeid mhaisich, bhuig, bhinn."
And the little wren is ready
The morning light to greet,
So cheerfully and gladly,
With his reed so soft and sweet.

Again in his "Allt-an-t-Siucair" the same bard says—

" An dreathan-donn gu sùrdail,
'Sa rifeid chiuil 'n bhéul."
And the wren there sings so briskly
With his musical reed in tune.

Now let me draw attention to the curious fact that, in those four quotations from the masterpieces of our two best modern Gaelic bards, the song of the wren is always likened to pipe music or the sound of the chanter reed, and certainly there is nothing to which I can compare the rapid warbling song of this bird so much as to the quick running notes in the crunluath of a piobaireachd when played on the small chanter. Alexander M'Donald, in his "Failte na Morthir," also mentions the wren by its other name—

" Chiteadh Robin 'seinn a's sog air,
Agus frog air dreollan."

Though so much admired as a songster, and so often mentioned in our poetry, yet when we turn to our proverbs, we find that they, in a good humoured, bantering sort of way, generally make fun of the consequential little wren. For instance, we have—"Is bigid e sid, is bigid e sid, mar thuir an dreathan, an uair a thug e lan a ghuib as a mhuir"—'Tis the less for that, the less for that, as the wren said when it sipped a bill-full out of the sea. Seemingly, the wren repented of the damage done to the sea, and hastened to repair it. As another proverb says—"Is moid i sid, is moid i sid, mu'n dubhairt an dreathan-donn, 'n uair a rinn e dhileag 's a mhuir mhoir"—It's the bigger of that, the bigger of that, as the wren said when it added a drop to the sea. Small things and small-minded men are generally compared to the wren, as when one receives a paltry gift he says—*Cha d' thainig ubh mòr riamh bho 'n dreathan-donn*—Large egg never came from the wren. And when a small man tries to make himself very big, the saying is applied—*Is farsuinn a sgaoileas an dreathan a chasan 'n a thigh fhéin*—The wren spreads his feet wide in his own house. Sheriff Nicolson says—"There is something felicitous in the idea of a wren spreading his legs like a potentate at his own hearth." Another old saying has it—*Is farsuinn tigh an dreathainn*—Wide is the wren's house. Alluding to the great number of the wren's young, we have—*Ged 's beag an dreathan, 's mor a theaghlach*—Though little is the wren, yet big is the family.

HOOPOE.

Latin—*Upupa epops*. Gaelic—*Calman-cathaiche* (Alex. Macdonald).
Welsh—*Y Goppog*.

An old saying, which Sheriff Nicolson says is applied to sick children, goes—Gob a' chalmain-chàthaidh, bith tu slàn mu 'm pòs thu—Beak of hoopoe, you'll be well before you marry.

NUT-HATCH.

Latin—*Sitta Europæa*. Gaelic—*Sgoltan*. Welsh—*Delor y enau*.

This is mentioned as one of the rarer birds in the parish of Killin in the New Statistical Account in 1843. It would be interesting to know whether it has increased or decreased there since then.

CUCKOO.

Latin—*Cuculus canorus*. Gaelic—*Cuthag, Cuach, Cuachag*.
Welsh—*Cog*.

The note of the cuckoo, being so very uniform, has been the cause of its having taken its name from it in all languages, and also the fact of its not rearing its own young, but leaving them to the care of other birds, has made most nations take more notice of it than of most other birds, generally not to its credit, as Pennant informs us that the name of the cuckoo is used as a term of reproach, arising from this bird making use of the nest of another to deposit its eggs in, leaving the care of its young to the wrong parent. There was also an old belief that the cuckoo, no doubt from its resembling some of the small hawks, changed into a hawk, and devoured its nurse on quitting the nest, whence the French proverb—*Ingrat comme un coucou*. The way the French retaliate on the cuckoo, for eating its nurse is the very characteristic one of their eating him, as they are very fond of a dish of cuckoos, and so were the Romans before them, as Pliny says that there is no bird to compare with them for delicacy. Even in the English language the name of the cuckoo is used in a reproachful sense by Shakespeare and other writers, and has given at least one word to the language—cuckold. But I can find no trace of this feeling in the Gaelic, for, though the Highlanders had many curious ideas and superstitions about this bird, they were all favourable to it. They watched its coming and its going, especially the former, for to them it was the herald of summer. “Gug, gug,” ars a chubhag, latha buidhe Bealtainn—“Coo, coo,” says the cuckoo, on yellow May day. Luath no mall g'an tig am Maigh, thig a' chubhag—Late or early, as May comes so comes the cuckoo. And Macintyre in his Song of Summer says—

“Thig a’ chuthag sa’ mhios Cheitein oirnn.”

And the cuckoo will come in the month of May.

A very common superstition in the Highlands was, that it was very unlucky to hear the cuckoo, for the first time in the season, before breakfast or while fasting, whence the old rhyme—

“Chuala mi ’chubhag gun bhiadh ’am bhroinn,
Chunnaic mi’n searrach ’s a chulaobh rium,
Chunnaic mi’n t-seilcheag air an lic luim,
’S dh’aithnich mi nach rachadh a’ bhliadh’nud leam.”

I heard the cuckoo while fasting,
I saw the foal with its back to me,
I saw the snail on the flag-stone bare,
And I knew the year would be bad for me.

On the 1st April, All Fools’ Day, when any one is sent on a fool’s errand, it is in Gaelic—A chuir a ruith na cubhaig—sending him to chase the cuckoo—because, of course, there are no cuckoos on that early date; and in broad Scotch it is—to hunt the gowk, the word gowk being merely a corruption of the Gaelic cubhag, the pronunciation of both words being almost identical. And in some other languages the name of the cuckoo is even nearer to the Scotch word gowk—as in Swedish, gjök; and in Danish, gouk. So that the Scotch gowk, though originally only applied to the 1st of April cuckoo-hunting fool, is now applied to any fool during any of the other 36½ days of the year. If we can rely upon Pennant, time was when even a fool might hunt up a cuckoo on 1st April or before, as he says—“I have two evidences of their being heard as early as February: one was in the latter end of that month, 1771, the other on the 4th February 1769: the weather in the last was uncommonly warm.” Truly, these were the good old days, especially for the cuckoos. Alex. Macdonald generally in his poems calls it the blue-backed cuckoo—

’S goic-mhoit air cuthaig chùl-ghuirm,
’S gug-gùg aic’ air a’ gheig.

And

Cuthag chul-ghorm cur na’n smuid d’ i
Ann an duslainn challtainn.

Another Gaelic bard, William Ross, in a well-known song, makes a pathetic appeal to the cuckoo to sympathise with him in his grief—

“A chuachag nan craobh nach truagh leat mo chaoidh
 'S mi a g' osnaich ri oidhehe ceodhair.”

O cuckoo on the tree, won't you lament with me,
 And join in my grief, on a misty eve.

And in another old song we have a mountain dairymaid likened to
 the cuckoo of the wilderness—

“A bhanarach dhonn a' chruidh,
 Chaoin a' chruidh, dhonn a chruidh
 Cailin deas, donn a chruidh
 Cuachag an fhasaich.”

Group IV.—*Fissirostres*. Family I.—*Meropidae*.

ROLLER.

Latin—*Caracias yarrula*. Gaelic—*Cuairsgean*.

Family II.—*Halcyonidae*.

KING-FISHER.

Latin—*Alcedo ispida*. Gaelic—*Biorra-cruidein*, *Biorra-an-t-iasgair*
 (Alex. Macdonald), *Gobhachan-visge* (Alex. Macdonald). Welsh—*Gŵs y dorlan*.

Family III.—*Hirundinidae*.

SWALLOW.

Latin—*Hirundo rustica*. Gaelic—*Gobhlan-gaoithe*, *Ainleog* (Alex.
 Macdonald). Irish—*Ailleog*. Manx—*Ghollan-gease*. Welsh—*Gwennol*, *Gwensol*.

The old proverb, that one swallow makes not summer, is com-
 mon to all European languages. In Gaelic it is—*Cha dean aon*
ghobhlan-gaoithe samhradh. In Irish—*Cha deannan aon ailleog*
samhradh; and in Manx—*Cha jean un ghollan-geaye sourey*.

MARTIN.

Latin—*Hirundo urtica*. Gaelic—*Gobhlan-gaoithe*, *Gobhlan-taighe*.
 Welsh—*Marthin penbwll*.

SAND MARTIN.

Latin—*Hirundo riparia*. Gaelic—*Gobhlan-gainmhiche*, *Fallag* (Grey).
 Welsh—*Gennol y glennydd*.

SWIFT.

Latin—*Cypselus apus*. Gaelic—*Gobhlan-mor*, *Ainleog-mhor*, *Ainleog-*
dhubbh, *Ainleog-mhara* (Alex. Macdonald). Welsh—*Marthin dŵ*.

ALPINE SWIFT.

Latin—*Cypselus alpinus*. Gaelic—*Gobhlan-monaidh, Ainleog-mhonaidh, Gobhlan-nan-creag*.

This is a very rare bird. The Rev. J. E. Atkinson, in his "British Birds' Eggs and Nests," says—"A bird which is known to have visited us (in Britain) on some half-dozen occasions or so." However, I am inclined to believe that, in several parts of the Highlands, the Alpine Swift is to be found, though mistaken for the common swift. I know a very high precipice amongst the rocks of Strathardle, about 1400 feet above sea level, in which, in a crack or rent in the face of the cliff, the Alpine Swift has bred, and never missed a single season, from my earliest remembrance up till I left the district a few years ago, and I have no doubt they breed there still. My uncle has told me that, when he was a boy, over fifty years ago, they bred there then, and had been there from time immemorial. I do not wish to give the exact locality, for if I did, collectors would very likely have them shot this very season, and exterminate them, like so many more of our rarer birds and even wild flowers, when their few habitats become known to the public. The common swift generally lays two eggs, but sometimes three or four. How many the Alpine Swift lays I do not know; however, it must either lay a large number, or else there must have been several pairs nesting together in the crack in the rock to which I refer, for I have lain for hours watching them, after the young ones had flown, in a flock of twelve or sixteen, flying about high in the air, and then all darting down suddenly into the crack in the rock, in which they held a chattering, screeching concert for a minute or so, and then all pouring out in a torrent quicker than the eye could almost follow them, screeching very loudly, and, after a while circling about, repeating the same performance again and again. I could not be mistaken about this being the Alpine Swift, as its white belly at once distinguishes it from the common swift. Old and young keep together in a flock till they leave the country early in August. I have never seen them anywhere else.

NIGHT-JAR OR GOAT-SUCKER.

Latin—*Caprimulgus Europæus*. Gaelic—*Sgraichag-oidhche, Seobhag-oidhche*. (Grey.) Welsh—*Aderyn y droell. Rhodwr*.
Order III.—*Rasores*. Family I.—*Columbide*.

RING-DOVE OR WOOD PIGEON.

Latin—*Columba palumbus*. Gaelic—*Calman-fialhaich, Calman-coille-Fearan, Smudan, Duradan, Guragug*. Welsh—*Ys-guthan*.

We have in Gaelic, as will be seen by several examples I have already given, many old nursery rhymes which cleverly imitate the cry of the different birds. That about the ring-dove closely imitates its cooing—*Cha 'n ann de mo chuideachd thu, cha 'n ann de mo chuideachd thu, ars an calman*—You are not of my flock, you are not of my flock, said the pigeon.

STOCK-DOVE.

Latin—*Columba oenas*. Gaelic—*Calman-fadhaich, Calman-gorm*.

ROCK DOVE.

Latin—*Columba livida*. Gaelic—*Smudan, Smud, Calman-nan-creag, Calman-mara*.

A very common bird in the Hebrides and all along the West Coast. Grey says, in his "Birds of the West of Scotland"—"In Iona alone, though only a small island, we have as many as nine or ten caves frequented by pigeons, and in nearly every island of the Hebrides there is sure to be one called, *par excellence*, *Uamh nan Calman*—The Pigeons' Cave."

TURTLE-DOVE.

Latin—*Columba turtur*. Gaelic—*Turtur* (Alexander Macdonald), *Gearrach*. Welsh—*Colommen fair*.

The last Gaelic name I find given in the vocabulary of words not in common use given at the end of Kirk's Testament, published in 1690.

Family II.—*Phasianidæ*.

PHEASANT.

Latin—*Phasianus Colchicus*. Gaelic—*Easag*.

Though not a native British bird, the pheasant has been long established amongst us in the wooded straths of the Highlands. Grey says—"The first mention of the pheasant in old Scots Acts is in one dated June 8th, 1594, in which year a keen sportsman occupied the Scottish throne (James VI.) He might also have been called 'James the Protector' of all kinds of game. In the aforesaid year he ordained that quhatsumever person or persones at any time hereafter sall happen to slay deir, harts, phesants, foulls, partricks, or uther wyld foule quhatsumever, ather with gun, croce bow, dagges, halkes, or girnes, or be uther ingine quhatsumever, or that he is found schutting with any gun therein, &c shall pay the usual 'hundreth punds,' &c."

Family III.—*Tetraonidæ*.

CAPERCAILLIE, OR COCK OF THE WOOD.

Latin—*Tetrao urogallus*. Gaelic—*Caper-coille*, *Capul-coille* (Light-foot), *Auer-coille* (Pennant). Welsh—*Ceilioq coed*.

The Cock of the Wood, the king of British game birds, is a native of the Highlands, and of old was very common there, but it became extinct, about 1760 until it was introduced again from Norway by the late Marquis of Breadalbane, about thirty years ago. It is mentioned by Giraldus Cambrensis, Boethius, Bishop Lesly, Pennant, and many other old writers. Pennant says—“This species is found in no other part of Great Britain than the Highlands of Scotland, north of Inverness; and is very rare even in those parts. It is there known by the name of Capercalze. Auer-calze, and in the old law books Caperkally.

I have seen one specimen at Inverness, a male, killed in the woods of Mr Chisholme, north of that place.” In the Old Statistical Account the Rev. John Grant says, in 1794—“The last seen in Scotland was in the woods of Strathglass about 32 years ago.” And in the account of the parish of Kiltarlity we read—“The Caperkally, or king of the wood, said to be a species of wild turkey, was formerly a native of this parish, and bred in the woods of Strathglass; one of these birds was killed about 50 or 60 years ago in the church-yard of Kiltarlity.” It is also mentioned in the Statistical Accounts of Glen-Urquhart and Glenmoriston. Having been reintroduced first into Perthshire, the capercaillie is now naturally very common there, and that it was also so in olden times will be seen from the following letter of King James VI., after he had become James I. of Britain and gone to England, where he seems to have “hungered after the flesh-pots of Egypt” in the shape of capercaillie (though to our modern tastes it would be the last game flesh likely to be hungered after, owing to its strong flavour of fir, consequent on its living almost entirely on the young shoots of that tree), as he wrote to the Earl of Tullibardine, ancestor of the Duke of Athole, in 1617:—

“James R,—Right trustie and right well-beloved cosen and counsellor, we greet you well. Albeit our knowledge of your dutiful affection to the good of our service and your country's credit doeth sufficientlie persuade us that you will earnestlie endeavour yourself to express the same be all the means in your power; yet there being some things in that behalf requisite, which seem, notwithstanding, of so meane moment, as in that regard both you and others might neglect the same if our love and care

of that, our native kingdom, made us not the more to trie their nature and necessity, and accordingly to give order for preparation of everything that may, in any part, import the honour and credit thereof. Which consideration, *and the known commoditie yee have to provide capercaillies and termigantes*, have moved us very earnestly to request you to employ both your oune pains and the travelles of your friendis, for provision of each kind of the saidis foules, to be now and then sent to us be way of present, be means of our deputy thesuarer, and so as the first sent thereof may meet us on the 19th of April at Durham, and the rest as we shall happen to meet and rancounter them in other places on our way from thence to Berwick. The raritie of these foules will both make their estimation the more pretious, and confirm the good opinion conceaved of the good cheare to be had there. For which respectis, not doubting but that yee will so much the more earnestlie endeavour yourself to give us acceptable service, we bid you farewell. At Whitehall, the 14th Marche, 1617."

In my native Strathardle, these birds have increased so much that, over a dozen years ago, I have seen them do a great deal of damage to Scotch fir and spruce trees by cutting off the previous year's leading shoots; though I well remember the first of them that came to the district. When I was a boy at school, about 1860, there came on, in harvest, a tremendous gale from the west; and it being then the holiday season, I was prowling about Kindrogan Rock, a few days after the great storm, when I came upon a great black bird sitting upon a tree, which I mistook for an eagle, only I was very much puzzled about its being so black. I duly informed my friend, the head keeper, about my black eagle, but he pooh-poohed me and told me it was only a big raven; however, he saw it shortly afterwards himself, and at once knew what bird it was, and he and the other keepers agreed that it must have been blown eastwards by the great gale from the woods of Athole or Breadalbane—an opinion with which I now quite agree, as I have often seen a capercaillie cock rise to a great height in the air and circle about for a long time like an eagle, when, if a smart gale came on, it might go a long distance before alighting. The woods of Faskally, a dozen miles to the west, and separated by a high range of mountains and bleak, open moors, was the nearest point where the capercaillie was then known. However, come as he may, he was there and stayed there, and was often seen during the winter, but in early spring he disappeared, and it was thought he was gone for good. However, he seemed only to have followed the example of the patriarchs of old, and gone to his own coun

try and his own kin for his wives, for, Jacob-like, he returned with two of them. When the breeding season came on I knew the nests of both hens; however, owing to an accident, only one of them hatched her brood. Next year I knew of several nests, and they soon spread all over the strath, and then eastwards through Glenisla into Forfarshire, thus recapercailling (if I may coin the word) Glenisla, where of old they were very common, as will be seen from an old song (a version of which is given in Gillies' collection, page 136) by James Shaw, laird of Crathinard, in Glenisla, to his future wife, Miss Machardy, niece to the Earl of Mar, and heiress of Crathie. One of the inducements he held out to her to leave her native Braes o' Mar and come and settle with him in Glenisla was that, though he knew nothing about sowing barley, yet he would keep her well supplied with all kinds of game, amongst the rest capercaillies—

“ Gar am bheil mis eolach mu chur an eorna,
Gu 'n gleidhinn duit feoil nam mang.

Fiadh a fireach, is breac a linne,
'S boc biorach donn nan carn.

An lachag riabhach, geadh glas nan Iar-inns'
Is eala 's ciataiche snamh.

Eun ruadh nan ciar-mhon', mac criosgheal liath-chire
Is cabaire riabhach coille.”

BLACK-COCK.

Latin—*Tetrao tetrix*. Gaelic—*Coileach-dubh* (male), *Liath-chearc* (female). Welsh—*Ceiliog dâ*.

In the song just quoted about the capercaillie it will be noticed the bard gives the black-cock a very poetical name, “Mac criosgheal liath-chire”—white-belted son of the grey-hen. The capercaillie is almost always found in woods, and the grouse on the open moors, whilst the black-cock is the connecting-link, generally frequenting moors bordering on woods. In the old proverb its fondness for the heather is noted—“Is duilich an coileach-dubh a ghleideadh bho'n fhraoch”—it is difficult to keep the black-cock from the heather. Whilst in many of our old songs he is represented as sitting crowing on the trees at daybreak—

“ Bu tu sealgair a' choilich
'S moch a ghoireadh air craoibh.”

Thou art the slayer of the black-cock
That crows at dawn on the tree.

The crowing of the black-cock and the reply of the grey-hen are beautifully described by many of our best Gaelic bards. Macintyre in "Coire Cheathaich" says—

"'S a' mhaduinn chiuin-ghil, an am dhomh dusgadh,
Aig bun na stuice b'e 'n sugradh leam ;
A' chearc le sgiucan a' gabhail tuchain,
'S an coileach cuirteil a' durdail crom."

And Macdonald, in "Allt an t-Siucair," says—

"An coileach-dubh ri durdan,
'S a chearc ri tuchan reidh."

Macintyre also describes the black-cock in his "Song of Summer":—

"Bidh an coileach le thorman tuchanach,
Air chnocaibh gorm a' durdanaich,
Puirt fhileanta, cheolmhor, shiubhlacha,
Le ribheid dluith chur seol oirre ;
Gob crom nam poncan lughora,
'S a chneas le dreach air dhublachadh,
Gu slios-dubh, girt-gheal, ur-bhallach,
'S da chirc a' sugradh boidheach ris.

This shows us the handsome black-cock, when full of life and love, crowing his amorous chants to his wives (for he is of the Mormon creed), and that he is beautiful even in death is proved by our old Gaelic proverb—"Na triuir mharbh a's boidh'che air bith : leanamh beag, breac geal, 'us coileach dubh"—The three prettiest dead : a little child, a white trout, and a black-cock. One of the oldest dancing pipe tunes in the Highlands goes :—

"Ruidhlidh na coilich-dhubha,
'S dannsaidh na tunnagan ;
Ruidhlidh na coilich-dhubha
Air an tulaich lamh rium.

The black-cocks will reel,
And the wild ducks will dance ;
The black-cocks will reel,
On the knowe beside me.

I have no doubt the smart black-cock would go through his part of the performance very creditably, but I am afraid the poor duck would make but an awkward attempt at tripping it on the light fantastic toe.

GROUSE.

Latin — *Lagopus Scoticus*. Gaelic — *Coileuch-ruadh*, *Coileach-fraoich*, *Eun-fraoich* (mas.), *Cearc-ruadh*, *Cearc-jhraoich* (fem.)
 Welsh — *Ceillog Mynydd*, *Jâr fynydd*.

The grouse is now the bird *par excellence* of the Highlands, so much so indeed that the first inquiry about the value of a Highland estate is the number of grouse that can be annually shot on it. Owing to the almost total extermination of all hawks, hooded crows, foxes, pole-cats, &c., and all such so-called vermin, on grouse-moors, that prey upon the grouse or their eggs, and to the great care and protection given these birds, they have multiplied to such an extent, that in this, as in all other similar cases, dire disease has been the result. On this point Grey says—"The jealous care with which this beautiful bird is protected appears of late years to have materially affected the well-being of the species. I cannot withhold expressing a fear that the Red Grouse of Scotland, if not soon left to its own resources, may ultimately become a victim to over-protection. The great changes that have taken place within the last thirty years in the management of moorland tracks, and the excessive rents now derived from such properties, have induced both land-owners and lessees to clear the ground of all animals that would naturally prey upon those birds which are not strong enough to protect themselves; hence, sickly broods of grouse perpetuate other broods that year by year degenerate until disease ensues, and in some instances almost depopulates an entire district. There can be no doubt that this unwarrantable destruction of hawks and buzzards affects adversely the condition of the birds with which our Scottish mountains are stocked—the number of wounded birds alone which survive the unprecedented annual slaughter, through which the Red Grouse is now obliged to pass, being an argument sufficient to show that such merciful agents are wanted to prevent the spread of enfeebled life." In olden times grouse shooting was a favourite sport, so we therefore find the grouse very often mentioned in old songs, under many poetical names, such as—*Eun-ruadh nan ciar-mhon'*—red bird of the grey hills; *Coileach-ruadh an dranndan*—the crowing red cock; An coileach is moiche a ghoireadh's a blruaich—the cock that earliest crows on the brae; *Eun ruadh nan sgiath caol*—red bird of the narrow wing. In a very old song, to a hunter on the hills of Athole, we have:—

'S tric a shiubh'l thu mon' Adholl
 Ri la ceathach, fliuch, fuar,

Bu tu sealgair an fhircin
 'S coin chrin nan sgiath ruadh,
 'S na circeige duinne
 A bheireadh gur as a' bhruaich.

Oft hast thou roamed o'er the hills of Athole
 On a cold, wet, misty day,

And there slain the eagle
 And the small bird of the red wing,

And the little brown hen
 That lays in the heather.

PTARMIGAN.

Latin—*Lagopus vulgaris*. Gaelic—*Tarmachan*, *Tarmonach*
 (Lightfoot). Welsh—*Coriar yr Alban* (Scottish Partridge).

I have never heard the last Gaelic name in common use, but as it is given by Lightfoot, who got all his Gaelic names from Dr Stuart of Killin and Luss, we can have no better authority. The ptarmigan is a truly Highland bird, only to be found on the top of our highest mountains, from which it never descends, even in the most severe weather, but burrows and feeds under the snow. This gave rise to the old saying "Gus an tig an tarmachan thigh nan cearc"—till the ptarmigan comes to the hen-house—applied to anything that will never happen. "Cha chuir fuachd no acras an tarmachan gu srath"—neither cold nor hunger will send the ptarmigan down to the strath.

PARTRIDGE.

Latin—*Perdix cinerea*. Gaelic—*Peirlog* (mas., Alex. Macdonald),
Peurstag, *Cearc-thomain* (fem.) Welsh—*Coriar*, *Petrisen*.

The common partridge has increased very much in the Highlands since the introduction of turnips and the increase of arable land. The hill partridge, the *Perdix cinera* var. *montana* of Sir William Jardine, is also very common on the hills and higher glens of the Highlands of Perthshire and Forfarshire. It is a much handsomer bird than the common partridge.

RED-LEGGED PARTRIDGE.

Latin—*Perdix rufa*. Gaelic—*Peurstag-dhearg-chusach*, *Cearc-thomain-dhearg-chusach*.

QUAIL.

Latin—*Coturnix vulgaris*. Gaelic—*Gearradh gort*. Welsh—*Soffiar, Rhino*.

The quail is far commoner in the Highlands than it is supposed to be, but, from its retired habits, it is seldom seen, and even when seen, it is generally mistaken for a partridge by ordinary observers. That it visits, and even breeds in, the remotest corners of the Highlands will be seen from the following quotation from Grey:—"When in the island of North Uist in the beginning of August 1870, Mr John Macdonald, Newton, showed me a nest of twelve eggs which had been taken near his residence about ten days previously. These are in the collection of Captain Orde." However, it appears amongst us in very small numbers compared with what it did amongst the ancient Israelites in the Wilderness, or even with what it does to the present day in some countries, according to the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, who says in his "British Birds' Eggs and Nests":—"In some countries its migratory hosts are so great that one hundred thousand are said to have been taken in a day."

Class IV.—Grallatores. Family I.—Charadriidae.

GOLDEN PLOVER.

Latin—*Charadrius pluvialis*. Gaelic—*Feadag*. Welsh—*Cwtlyn yr awr*.

This beautiful bird takes its Gaelic name, feadag (whistler), from its plaintive, melancholy cry; about which I have heard the following old legend in Strathardle:—Once upon a time the golden plover inhabited the low straths and river-sides, and was the sweetest songster of all the birds in the Highlands. It nestled and reared its young under the shelter of the thick bushes on the sunny braes, where it had plenty of food and led a comfortable happy life till there came on a very hot, scorching summer, the like of which was never known before or since. The heat began on "Yellow May-day" (La buidhe Bealltain), and increased more and more every day till midsummer, when every beast and bird began to suffer and complain very much of the heat. But amongst them all none grumbled so much as the golden plover, and it, at last, grew so discontented that it left its old haunts by the river-side and wandered upwards in search of cooler quarters. Up and up it went, over the banks and braes, through the woods and bogs, till at last it came to the open hillside, where it met the partridge, which then inhabited the highest hills and moors. Frenchmen of

to-day laugh at Britons and say that the first thing they do when they meet is to tell each other the very best thing they know—viz., what kind of day it is. Now, however ridiculous this habit may be, it, at least, has the merit of antiquity, for it was the very thing the partridge and the plover did on this hot, hot day, long, long ago, so long ago that the birds could then speak to each other in good Gaelic. So, after they had told each other that it was a hot day, yes, a very hot day, each recounted its sufferings. The plover said it had been nearly stifled with the heat in the close valley below, and if it could only get to the open hill-top to get the fresh breeze it would be all right; whilst the partridge said it had been nearly roasted alive by the glare of the sun on the open hill-side. So the upshot of the matter was that, as treaties were easier settled in those days than now, they decided to exchange places there and then. So the partridge flew downwards and settled under the shelter of the friendly bushes on the low meadows, whilst the plover winged his way upwards, and only stopped when he reached the top of the highest stone on the cairn, where he sang a sweet song in praise of the cool breeze always to be found at such a height. He cared nothing for the heat now, it was quite cool, and, with an extended view round about, and as everything had the charm of novelty, he led a happy life, and sang sweeter than ever, all through the summer and early harvest. But when the frosty nights began to creep on in October he did not begin to sing so early in the morning, and always stopped when the sun went down. When cold November's wintry blasts came on his song ceased altogether, and he could only give a long shrill whistle, but dark December's wild storms reduced even that to the low plaintive wail with which to this day the golden plover laments his folly in making such a hasty bargain. He never sang again, but has been mourning and lamenting ever since; even though the partridge, taking pity on his woeful condition, and touched by his mournful lament, afterwards relaxed the bargain so much as to allow the plover to return in winter to the low ground, on condition that it would keep to the sea-shore, and that the partridge would be allowed to go as far up the hills as it liked in summer. Such is the story as I got it—"Ma's briag bh'uam e's briag h-ugam e." From the swift flight of the plover we have the old saying, "Cho luath ris na feadagan firich"—as swift as the mountain plover.

DOTTEREL.

Latin—*Charadrius morinellus*. Gaelic—*Amadan-Mointich*.
Welsh—*Huttan*.

The Gaelic name of this bird—"The Peat-moss Fool"—is singularly appropriate, for, from its exceedingly foolish, simple, and unsuspecting habits, it falls an easy prey to all enemies.

RINGED PLOVER.

Latin—*Charadrius hiaticula*. Gaelic—*Trileachan-traighe*, *Bothag*.
Welsh—*Môr Hedydd*.

GREY PLOVER.

Latin—*Squatarola cinerea*. Gaelic—*Greagag*, *Trileachan*, *Feadag-ghlas* (Grey). Welsh—*Cwttyn llwyd*.

LAPWING OR PEEWIT.

Latin—*Vanellus cristatus*. Gaelic—*Adharcan-luachrach*, *Adhar-cagluachrach*, *Pibhinn* (Grey). Welsh—*Cornchwigl*.

I find that in Galloway and many parts of the south of Scotland this bird is universally disliked, ever since the old Covenanting days, when it betrayed many a wanderer on the hills to the blood-thirsty troopers, by its well-known habit of following anyone who may come near its haunts, making a clamorous outcry. Captain Burt also, in his letters from the North of Scotland, mentions another rather curious reason why the peewit was disliked in olden times in Scotland; it is also mentioned by other writers, especially by the Rev. James Headrick in his "Agricultural View of Forfarshire," published in 1813. He says:—"The green plover or peesewep appears early in spring and goes off in autumn. As they only come north for the purpose of incubation, and are very lean, none of them are liked for food. They return to the fenny districts of England, where they get very fat, and are killed in great numbers. In consequence of the inveteracy excited by the ambitious pretensions of Edward I. to the Scottish crown, an old Scottish Parliament passed an Act ordering all the peeseweeps' nests to be demolished, and their eggs to be broken; assigning as a reason, that *these birds might not go south and become a delicious repast to our unnatural enemies the English.*"

TURNSTONE OR HEBRIDAL SANDPIPER.

Latin—*Streptopus interpres*. Gaelic—*Gobhachan*, *Trileachan-traighe*. Welsh—*Huttan y môr*.

SANDERLING.

Latin—*Calidris arenaria*. Gaelic—*Luadhearan-glas*, *Trileachan-glas*. Welsh—*Lhwyd y tywod*.

OYSTER-CATCHER OR SEA-PIET.

Latin—*Hæmatopus ostralegus*. Gaelic—*Gille-bride* *Gille-bridein*, *Bridean*, *Dolid*. Welsh—*Piogen y môr*.

Family II.—*Gruide*.

CRANE.

Latin—*Grus cinerea*. Gaelic—*Corra-mhonaidh*. Welsh—*Gauun*.

This fine bird, though now seldom or never seen in the Highlands, used to be very common, and to be reckoned equal in value to a swan. In the rental-roll of the old Abbey of Coupar-Angus, I find the crane often mentioned in old tacks to tenants of the Abbey, who also held the office of fowler. I may give an example of one by Abbot Donald Campbell, son of the Duke of Argyll—an ecclesiastic who had a keen relish for the good things of this life:—Tack to John Sowter, of Mylnhorn, 1541. “Be it kend till all men be thir present letres, we Donald, be the permission of God, Abbot of Cowper. . . . For the gratitudis and thanks done to ws and our said Abbey, be our familiar seruitor Johane Sowter . . . and for vtheris gude caussis moving ws to have sett and formale latt, to our welebelouittis the said Johane Sowter, and to Isabell Pilmour, his spous, all and hale the tane half of our corn myln and landis of Milnhorn. . . . the entres thairof to begyn at the fest of Witsunday in the zeir if God Im Ve and fourty-ane zenis . . . for three poundis gude and vsuall money, at Witsunday and Mertymes, together with xviii. capones for thair pultre, and ilk tuay zenis arris ane fed bair, guide and sufficient (and every two years one fat boar, good and sufficient) vpoun thre monthis’ warnying. And the said Johane sall hunt and vse the craft of fowlarie at all times at his power, and quhat fowlis at happynnis to be slain be him, or be any vtheris at he is paitisman with, they sall present the saymn to our said place, to cellerar or stewartis thairof for the tyme, vpoun the pricis efter following, that is to say—Ilk wild guiss, tuay schillingis; ilk cran and swan, five schillingis; pluffar, dotrale, quhape, duik, reidschank, schotquhaip, and tele, and all vther sic small fowlis, ilk pece, four penneis; petrik, ilk pece viiid. And in cace that the said Johane Sowter failzies in his said craft, and diligence for using^o of the samen, or at he absent the fowlis tane be him and vtheris as said is, it being notirlic knawing or sufficientlie preving befor ws, the said Abbot, or that he will nocht purge himself, in^o that cace the said Johane salbe in ane vnlaw of xxxs. (thirty^o shillings) for ilk falt beand preving or vnpurgit as said is.”

Family III.—*Ardeide*.

COMMON HERON.

Latin—*Ardea cinerea*. Gaelic—*Corra-ghlas*, *Corra-riabhach*, *Corra-sgrìach*, *Corra-chrìthich*, *Corra-ghrìobhach*, *Corra-ghlas* (Deut. xiv. 18.) Welsh—*Cryr glàs*.

From the extreme patience of the heron when waiting for fish to come its way arose the old saying:—*Iasgach na corra*—The heron's fishing, a model of patience.

WHITE HERON.

Latin—*Ardea alba*. Gaelic—*Corra-bhan*. Welsh—*Cryr gwyn*.

COMMON BITTERN.

Latin—*Botaurus stellaris*. Gaelic—*Corra-ghruin, Bubaire, Grainedg, Stearnall* (Alex. Macdonald). Welsh—*Aderyn y bwnn, Bwmp y gors*.

WHITE STORK.

Latin—*Ciconia alba*. Gaelic—*Corra-bhan* (Deut. xiv. 18).

SPOON-BILL.

Latin—*Platalea leucorodia*. Gaelic—*Gob-lathainn*.
Family IV.—*Scolopacidae*.

CURLEW.

Latin—*Numenius arquata*. Gaelic—*Guilbneach, Crotach-mhara*.
Welsh—*Gylfinhir*.

This bird is so very wary in its habits that it gave rise to the old saying—*Is sealgair math a mharbhas geadh, 'us corr, 'us guilbneach*. He is a good sportsman who kills a wild goose, a heron, and a curlew.

WHIMBREL.

Latin—*Numenius phaeopus*. Gaelic—*Eun-Bealltainn, Leth-ghuilbneach*. Welsh—*Coeg ylfinhir*.

The whimbrel, or, as its name means in Gaelic, the May-bird or half-curlew, is now almost, if not altogether, a migratory bird, though once breeding quite common with us. Lightfoot says, in 1772:—"The whimbrel breeds in the heath of the Highland hills, near Invercauld."

RED-SHANK.

Gaelic—*Cam-ghlas, Ridghuilanach* (A. Macdonald), *Gob-labharrtha* (A. Macdonald), *Clabhais feach* (Grey). Welsh—*Coesgoch*.

COMMON SANDPIPER.

Latin—*Totanus hypoleuca*. Gaelic—*Trileuchan-traighe, Trileachan-traighich, Earr-ghainmhich, Boag, Luathrain*. Welsh—*Pibydd-y-traeth*.

GREENSHANK.

Latin—*Totanus glottis*. Gaelic—*Deoch Bhingh* (Grey). Welsh—*Coeswerdd*.

BLACK-WINGED STILT.

Latin—*Himantopus melanopterus*. Gaelic—*Fad-chasach, Lurgan-ach*. Welsh—*Cwttyn hirgoes*.

This is a very rare bird now in the Highlands, though not so long ago it seems to have been found in many different districts. Don mentions, in his Forfarshire list of birds, that it was found on the mountains of Glen-Clova, also on Ben-Lawers in Perthshire. It is also mentioned in the New Statistical Account of the parish of Glensheil as being a rare bird in that parish in 1836; also in several other districts.

BAR-TAILED GODWIT.

Latin—*Limosa rufa*. Gaelic—*Rhoid ghuilbneach* (Grey). Welsh—*Rhostog rhudd*.

RUFF.

Latin—*Machetes pugnax*. Gaelic—*Gibeagan*. Welsh—*Yr Ymladdgar*.

WOODCOCK.

Latin—*Scolopax rusticola*. Gaelic—*Coilleach-coille, Crom-nan-duilleag, Creobhar, Grailbeag, Uddacag* (A. Macdonald), *Uday* (Uist). Welsh—*Cyfffylog*.

I have already had to lament so often that so many of our birds have either become extinct altogether, or else extremely rare, that it is with great pleasure that I now come to one that seems to be increasing vastly with us, and also now staying to breed with us regularly. Pennant says in 1772:—"These birds appear in flights on the east coasts of Scotland about the end of October, and sometimes sooner; if sooner, it is a certain sign of the winter being early and severe; if later, that the beginning of the winter will be mild. Woodcocks make a very short stay on the east coasts owing to their being destitute of wood; but some of them resort to the moors, and always make their progress from east to west. They do not arrive in Breadalbane, a central part of the kingdom, till the beginning or middle of November; and the coasts of Northern Lorn or of Ross-shire till December or January; are very rare in the more remote Hebrides, or in the Orkneys. A few stragglers now and then arrive there. They are equally scarce in Caithness. I do not recollect that any have been discovered to have bred in North Britain." As a proof that woodcocks are not scarce in the Isles now, I may mention that Thompson, in his "Birds of Ireland," tells us that in the winter of 1846-47 one thousand woodcocks were killed on two estates alone in Islay—Ardinnersy and

Islay House. And as for it not breeding in Scotland, whatever it did in Pennant's time it certainly breeds there now by the hundred, if not by the thousand, from Sutherland to Mull of Galloway. Grey, in his "Birds of the West of Scotland," says that it has bred regularly for the last thirty years at Tarbat; also at Beaufort Castle, and Captain Cash of Dingwall informed him that it nests in the woods of Brahan Castle and Castle Leod. I have known it breed at Raigmore. It has also bred in Kindrogan woods in Strathardle for at least fifty years, and I now find it breeding very commonly in Galloway. The Rev. J. C. Atkinson, Grey, and many other writers, mention the curious fact that the woodcock carries its young between its feet from the coverts to the feeding grounds in the neighbouring bogs; and Mr Stewart, head-keeper to H. G. Murray Stewart, Esq. of Broughton and Cally, informs me that when he was with the Earl of Mansfield in Perthshire he, one evening about dusk, shot what he took to be a hawk carrying off a bird, but which, when he went to pick it up, turned out to be a woodcock carrying one of its young from a thick covert to a bog to feed. Alex. Macdonald says, in his "Failte na Morthir":—

"Coillich-choille 's iad ri coilleig
Anns an doire chranntail."

Alluding to its migratory habits, coming at the beginning of winter, the old Manx proverb says—"Cha jean un ghollan-geaye Sourey, ny un chellagh-keylley Geurey"—One swallow makes not summer, nor one woodcock winter.

SNIPE.

Latin—*Scolopax gallinago*. Gaelic—*Croman-loin, Buta-goehd, Meannan-adhair, Gabhar-adhair, Gabhar-oidhche, Eun-ghurag, Eun-ghabhraig, Leonulhrag, Ianrag, Eun-arag, Boc-sac, Bocan-loin, Naosg*. Welsh—*Y sm ittan, Y fyniar*.

What a formidable list of Gaelic names—there is a different name for the snipe in almost every glen in the Highlands. No wonder though the old proverb says—The uiread de ainmeannan air ris an naosg—He has as many names as the snipe. It takes its Gaelic names of *Gabhar-adhair* (sky-goat or air-goat), *Meannan adhair* (sky or air kid), from its cry being so very like the bleating of a goat.

JACK SNIPE.

Latin — *Scolopax gullimula*. Gaelic — *Croman-beag, Gabhrag-beag*. Welsh—*Giach*.

DUNLIN.

Latin—*Tringa variabilis*. Gaelic—*Pollaran, Pollairean* (summer), *Gille-feadaig* (winter). Welsh—*Pibydd rhuddgloch*.

The Gaelic name of the Dunlin—Pollaran, small bird of the mud holes—describes its habits in a single word, as it is always to be found wading in muddy holes left by the receding tide, in search of its food.

Family V.—*Rallidæ*.

LAND RAIL.

Latin—*Crex pratensis*. Gaelic—*Treun-ri-treun, Treubhna, Treunna*. Welsh—*Rhegen yr yd*.

A very curious habit of this bird, which does not seem to be generally known, is that if it is quietly approached after dark in a hay field where there is a thick cover, when it is “craking” it will allow one to come so close as to stand right over it, and still continues to utter its harsh cry. I have often followed it so, right across a field; but though I was within a few inches of it I could never see it. I have often tried to catch it, when leaning right over it, by suddenly dropping down upon it. However, it always springs up some yards in front. It glides so very quietly and swiftly through the grass, and is so sharp that it can well allow a very near approach and still feel safe enough.

WATER-RAIN.

Latin—*Rallus aquaticus*. Gaelic—*Snagan-allt, Dubh-snagan, Snagan-dubh*. Welsh—*Cwtiar*.

This is one of the very shiest of British birds. It can slip away or hide itself where there is scarcely a particle of cover; and from this comes the old proverb—*B’e sin buachailleachd nan snagan-dubh’s an luachair*—That were the herding of the water-rail among the rushes; applied to any impossible undertaking.

WATER HEN.

Latin—*Gallinula chloropus*. Gaelic—*Cearc-uisge*. Welsh—*Dwfrïar*.

Family VI.—*Lobipedidæ*.

COOT, OR BALD COOT.

Latin—*Fulica atra*. Gaelic—*Lacha-bhlar, Eun-snamhtha* (Alex. Macdonald). Welsh—*Jar ddwfr foel fwyaf*.

RED-NECKED PHALAROPE.

Latin—*Phalaropus hyperboreus*. Gaelic—*Deargan-allt* (Grey). Welsh—*Pibydd côch llydan droed*.

Order V.—*Natatores*. Family I.—*Anatidæ*.

GREY-LEGGED GOOSE, OR GREY-LAG.

Latin—*Anser ferus*. Gaelic—*Geadh-glas*. Welsh—*Gwydd*.

In the old song, already quoted in the article on the Capercaillie, we have—

“An lachag riabhach, geadh-glas nan Iar-innis’,
Is eala’s ciatfaiche snamh.”

The brown-striped duck, grey goose of the Western Isles,
And the proudly-swimming swan.

The grey-lag may well be called the “grey goose of the Western Isles,” as it is a permanent resident there, and is everything but a friend to the crofters. This will be seen from the following quotation from Grey:—“The grey-lag is now almost wholly confined during the breeding season to some of the bleakest bird-nurseries of the Outer Hebrides. There it leads a comparatively quiet life, being but seldom molested, save at the season when the slender crops are being gathered; and even then the native farmers prefer the practice of driving it off by lighting fires to the extreme measure of powder and shot. For the last hundred years, indeed, the flocks of wild geese that collect about that season—and a very important one it is to these isolated husbandmen—have been kept at bay by fires alone. As soon as the breeding season is over the geese gather into large flocks, and are then very destructive to farm produce of all kinds; indeed, it requires the utmost watchfulness on the part of the crofters to keep them in check. Several fires are made in the fields, and kept burning night and day, and by this means the crops are to a great extent saved. But the moment any of the fires are allowed to fail, the geese, which are continually shifting about on the wing, suddenly pitch on the unprotected spot, and often do much mischief before they are discovered.”

BEAN GOOSE.

Latin—*Anser segetum*. Gaelic—*Muir-gheadh*. Welsh—*Elcysen*.

WHITE FRONTED GOOSE.

Latin—*Anser albifrons*. Gaelic—*Geadh-bhlar*. Welsh—*Gwydd
wyllt*.

BERNICLE GOOSE.

Latin—*Anser leucopsis*. Gaelic—*Cathan*, *Cath-ian Leadan*.
Welsh—*Gwyran*.

The Gaelic name of this goose means war-bird, fighting-bird,

or warrior-bird. It is only a winter visitor with us, going to the Arctic regions to breed. It was its coming to us in such vast flocks, and yet never being known to lay eggs or breed, that gave rise to the absurd old belief that the Bernicle Goose, instead of being bred from an egg like other birds, came from a shell that grew on trees in the Hebrides. Even so late as the time of Gerald, the herbalist, we find this ridiculous theory still believed, as he tells us "that in the northern parts of Scotland there existed certain trees bearing, instead of fruit, small russet coloured shells which opened at maturity, and let fall little living things which, at the touch of ocean, became bernicles." The worthy botanist then proceeds to relate "what his own eyes had seen and his own hands had touched on a small island strewed with sea-waifs, in the shape of wrecks and the trunks of trees covered with a froth or spume. This froth changed into shells containing something like lace of silk finely woven, as it were, together, one end being attached to the inside of the shell, and the other in a loose mass or lump of matter. When this is perfectly formed the shell gapeth open, and the first thing that appeareth is the foresaid lace or string, next come the legs of the bird hanging out, and as it groweth greater it openeth the shell by degrees, till at length it is all come forth, and hangeth only by the bill; in short space after it cometh to full maturity and falleth into the sea, where it gathereth feathers, and groweth into a fowl bigger than a mallard and lesser than a goose." Wild as this story is, Chambers says it is matched by even a higher authority, Sir Robert Murray, one of His Majesty's Council for Scotland, who records, in the Philosophical Transactions for 1678, how he plucked several shells from a rotten fir tree on the Isle of Uist, and upon opening them found each one containing the rudiments of a bird—the little bill like that of a goose, the eyes marked, the head, neck, breast, wings, tail, and feet formed, the feathers everywhere perfectly shaped and blackish coloured. So widespread was this belief, and so thoroughly believed, that the high authorities of the Roman Catholic Church decreed that as the bernicles were not engendered of flesh they were not to be considered as birds, and might, therefore, be eaten by the faithful on fast days. I may add that the shells from which the bernicle was supposed to come belongs to a variety of mollusks, now known to naturalists as Cirripedia. I suspect the word bernicle, as either applied to the bernicle goose or the shell-fish, comes from the Gaelic Bairnach—a limpet or shell-fish (Alex. Macdonald)—literally, the notched or nicked shell. The bernicle goose is often mentioned in our old lore. In Gillies' rare work, in an old Iorram, page 50, we have:—

“ Bu tu sealgair a’ chathain
Theid san athar le scaoim,”

and in the same work we have in an old song by Donald Gorm’s daughter to Lachlan og Mackinnon :—

“ Gur sealgair geoidh ’s cathain thu,
Roin mhaoil re taobh na mara thu,
Theid miol-choin ann an tabhann leat
’S bidh abhaic air an lorg.”

BRENT GOOSE.

Latin—*Anser, Greuta.* Gaelic—*Geadh-got, Got-gheadh, Giruenan*
(Grey). Welsh—*Gwyran, fanyw.*

HOOPER, OR WILD SWAN.

Latin—*Cyngas ferus.* Gaelic—*Eala, Eala-fhiadhaich, Eala-bhan.*
Welsh—*Alarch, gwyllt.*

The wild swan—*Nighean uchd-gheal nan sruth*—“The white-bosomed maiden of the streams,” as it is poetically called by some of our old bards, is perhaps oftener mentioned in the old lore of the Highlands than any other bird. Its graceful form, purity of colour, and majestic and easy motions on the water, made it a theme for the poet and the lover, who compared his lady-love to the graceful swan. Macintyre says of Iseabal Og :—

’S e coltas na h-ainnir
An eal ’air an t-snàmh.
As graceful the maiden
As swan on the lake.

And Macdonald says of Morag :—

Maighdeann bhoidheach nam bas caoine,
’S iad cho maoth ri cloimh na h-eala.

Beautiful maiden, whose hands are as white
And as soft as the down of the swan.

And often when separated by the sea, the ardent lover wished he could swim like the swan, and so reach his beloved, as we have it in C ’aite ’n caidil an ribhinn :—

’S e dh ’iarrninn riochd na h-eala bhain
A shnamhas thar a’ chaolas,
’Us rachainn féin troimh thonnaibh breun
A chuir an geill mo ghaoil dhuit.

If, like the swan, I now could sail
Across the trackless ocean ;

Ere break of day my love I'd hail,
And prove my heart's devotion.

From its great size, and extremely wary habits, making it so difficult to capture, the swan was always an object of ambition to the sportsman:—

Bu tu sealgair na h-cala,
'S neul a fal' air a taobh.

As I mentioned before, when at the eagle, no Highlander was reckoned a finished sportsman till he had killed an eagle, a swan, and a royal stag. The wild swans, with very few exceptions, always retire to the Arctic regions in summer to breed, a fact well known to our ancestors, for in "Miann a' Bhaird Aosda"—"The Aged Bard's Wish"—the bard tells us that the swan—the beautiful maiden of the snow-white breast, that swims so gracefully o'er the waves, and rises on a light wing, flies through the clouds to the cold regions of the many waves, where never a sail was spread on a mast, or the waves cut by an oaken prow of ship; the swan that travelled from the region of waves shall sing her lament for her love to the aged bard:—

" Bithidh nighean aluinn an uchd-bhain
A' snamh le sgriach air barr nan tonn ;
'Nuair thogas i sgiath an aird
A measg nan nial, cha'n fhas i trom.

'S tric i ag asdar thar a chuan,
Gu aisridh fhuar nan ioma tonn,
Anns nach togar breid ri crann,
'S nach do reub sron daraich tuinn.

Bithidh tusa ri dosan nan tòm
Le cumhadh do ghaoil ann ad bheul,
Eala thriall o thùr nan tonn,
'S tu seinn dhomh ciuil 'an àird nan speur.

It is a very ancient belief common to most nations, especially the Celts, that the swan sings very sweetly when wounded or before it dies. Most naturalists deny this, but the inhabitants of the remote wild districts now frequented by the wild swans are just as positive that they do sing, and certainly they should know best. On this point Mr A. A. Carmichael sent me the following note from Uist:—"This exceedingly beautiful and graceful bird used to be a constant winter visitor to all those islands. It is not so much now. In a severe winter a flock of swans still comes to

Lochbee in South Uist, but nowhere else that I have ascertained. Lochbee is the largest fresh water lake in the Long Island, but the water was reduced in it some years ago, and since then the swans do not seem to have the same favour for it. It does not seem a settled point yet whether the swan sings or not. Naturalists maintain that it does not, and yet several persons who have had opportunity of judging have assured me that it does. I have minutely examined persons who live near Lochbee, and all maintain that the swan sings. Some of these positively assert that they have often stood spell-bound listening to the music of the swan—"the most beautiful melodist in the *"ealtainn."*" They sing in part even at a long distance, a mile or more. This is declared by four brothers (Macinnes) at Lochcarnan, South Uist, each of which says that he often stood spell-bound to listen to the singing of the swan in early frosty mornings—when they sing best—ere sunrise. Nothing can exceed the sweet music of the swan. They come in November, and leave at St Bride. The song of the dying swan is often mentioned in our early literature, as in 'Dan an Deirg' we have:—

"Mar bhinn-ghuth eala 'n guin bàis,
No mar cheolan chaich mu 'n cuairt di."

"Like the sweet voice of the swan, in the agony of death,
Or like the songs of the others round about her."

Dr Smith, in his "Sean Dana," in a note on these lines, says:—"Some naturalists deny the singing of the swan, so often mentioned by the Greek and Latin, as well as by the Celtic poets. If the singing of the swan is to be reckoned among the vulgar errors, it has been a very universal one. Over the west of Scotland, it is still frequently affirmed, as a fact, that the swans that frequent those parts in winter are heard to sing some very melodious notes when wounded or about to take their flight. The note of the swan is called in Gaelic, Guileag; and a ditty called "Luinneag na h-eala," composed in imitation of it, begins thus:—

"Guileag ì, Guileag ò,
Sgeula mo dhunach
Guileag ì;
Rinn mo léireadh,
Guileag ò
Mo chasan dubh, &c."

BEWICK'S SWAN.

Latin—*Cygnus Bewickii.* Gaelic—*Eala-Bheag.* Welsh—*Atrahc,*
Lleiaf

Of this bird, Mr Grey says:—In the Outer Hebrides this, the smallest of our British swans, is well recognised. It frequents the same lakes as the Hooper, and is easily distinguished from that species, even at a distance. Sometimes a flock is seen to remain together in a compact body, and continue for some time feeding on the shallower parts of the loch, thus affording a good “family shot” to the watchful sportsman. In the east of Scotland it has likewise been noticed from Berwickshire to the Shetlands, where it is known as a regular visitant, appearing at the same time as the Hooper.

MUTE SWAN.

Latin—*Cygnus olor*. Gaelic—*Eala*. Welsh—*Alarch*.

COMMON SHIELDRAKE.

Latin—*Tadorna vulpanser*. Gaelic—*Cradh-gheadh*. Welsh—*Hwyad yr eithin, Hywad fruith*.

The shieldrake, one of the most beautiful of all our wild fowl, is very common all over the Hebrides, so much so in Uist as to have given it the name of Ubhaist nan cradh-gheadh—Uist of the shieldrakes. Ian Lom, the bard, says:—

“Dol gu uidhe chuain fhiaghaich
Mar bu chubhaidh leam iarraidh
Gu Uidhist bheag riabhach nan cradh-gheadh.”

Going to the passage of the ocean wild
As seemingly as we could desire
To little brindled Uist of the shieldrakes.

SHOVELLER.

Latin—*Anas clypeata*. Gaelic—*Gob-leathan*. Welsh—*Hwyad lydanbig*.

GADWALL.

Latin—*Anas strepera*. Gaelic—*Lach-ghlas*. Welsh—*Y gors hywad lwyd*.

WILD DUCK.

Latin—*Anas boschas*. Gaelic—*Lach, Lach-a-chinn-uaine Lach-ghlas, Lach-ruadh* (Uist), *Lach-riabhlach* (mas.), *Tunnag fhiadhaich, Tunnag-riabhach* (fem.) Welsh—*Cors Hwyad, Garan Hwyad, Hydnwy*.

This being the most common of all the duck tribe, is very often mentioned in our old bird lore. Alex. Macdonald says in Allt-an-t-Siucair:—

“An coire lachach, dràcach.

In olden times Glenlyon seems to have been famed for wild ducks, for in that ancient poem, "Oran na Comhachaig," or "Song of the Owl," we have—

Thoir soraidh nam thun an loch,
Far am faic mi 'bhos 's thall,
Gu uisge Leamhna nan lach.

TEAL.

Latin—*Anas crecca*. Gaelic—*Crann-lach*, *Crion-lach* (little duck), *Siolta* (A. Macdonald), *Darcan* (A. Macdonald). Welsh—*Cor Hwyad*, *Crach Hwyad*.

WIDGEON.

Latin—*Anas Penelope*. Gaelic—*Glas-lach*. Welsh—*Chwiw*.

EIDER DUCK.

Latin—*Somateria mollissima*. Gaelic—*Lach-lochlannach*, *Loch-mhor* (Harris), *Lach-Cholonsa*, *Lach-heisgeir* (Uist), *Colcach*. Welsh—*Hwyad fwythblu*.

This duck gets its first Gaelic name—Scandinavian duck—from its being so common in these northern regions; that of *Lach-mhor*—big duck—from its large size; and its third and fourth names from its being so common on the islands of Colonsa and Heisker. Mr Grey says—"The extraordinary number of Eider Ducks found on the island of Colonsa has gained for this bird the local name of *Lach-Cholonsa* over a considerable portion of the western districts of Scotland." *Colcach* seems to be the ancient name, for Dean Munro, who wrote his "Description of the Hybrides" in 1594, describes it under the name of *Colcach*. Martin uses the same name in 1716, in his "Description of the Western Islands." Of Martin's description of the eider Mr Grey says—"Martin also mentions the bird which he describes by the name of *colk* (the Gaelic one still in use) and gives a most glowing and exaggerated description of its plumage, which he compares to that of the peacock! At the close of his ornithological records, however, he makes the following highly curious remark, which may, to some extent, account for his magnified description—"The air is here moist and moderately cold, the natives qualifying it some times by drinking a glass of *usquebaugh*. The moisture of this place is such that a loaf of sugar is in danger to be dissolved.' The precise nature of the humidity is not explained, nor yet the cause, though the melting of the sugar is rather suggestive."

VELVET SCOTER.

Latin — *Oidemia fusca*. Gaelic — *Lach-dhubh*, *Tunnag ghleas*.
Welsh—*Hwyad felfedog*.

COMMON SCOTER.

Latin—*Oidemia nigra*. Gaelic—*Tunnag-dhubh* (Grey) Welsh—*Y Fôr-Hwyad ddû*.

POCHARD, OR DUN BIRD.

Latin—*Fuligula ferina*. Gaelic—*Lach-mhasach, Lach-dhearg-cheunnach, Tunnag-dhearg-cheannach*. Welsh—*Hwyad bengoch*.

TUFTED.

Latin—*Fuligula cristata*. Gaelic—*Currachag, Ceann molach*. Welsh—*Hwyad goppog*.

LONG-TAILED DUCK.

Latin—*Fuligula glacialis*. Gaelic—*Eun-bhuchainn, Ian-buchain, Lach-bhinn*. Welsh—*Hwyad gynffon guennol*.

Mr Grey says:—"The cry of this bird is very remarkable, and has obtained for it the Gaelic name of *Lach-bhinn*—or musical duck—which is most appropriate, for when the voices of a number of them are heard in concert, rising and falling, borne along by the breeze between the rollings of the surf, the effect is musical, wild, and startling. The united cry of a large flock sounds very like bagpipes at a distance; but the note of a single bird when heard very near is not so agreeable." The long-tailed duck is often mentioned as a sweet singer by our old bards. Alexander Macdonald says, in *Allt an t-Siucair* :—

" Bidh guileag eala 'tuchan,
 'S eoin-bhuchuinn am barr thonn,
 Aig ionbhar Alt an t-Siucair,
 'Snamh luth chleasach le fonn ;
 Ri seinn gu moiteil cuirteil,
 Le muineil-chiuil 's iad crom,
 Mar mhala pioba 's lub air ;
 Ceol aoifidh, ciuin, nach trom."

He also says, in "*Oran Rioghail a' Bhotail* :—

'S binne na luiuneag eoin-bhuchuinn,
 Bhiodh ri tuchan am barr thonn,
 Guileag do mhuineil a's giuig ort—
 Cuisle-chiuil a dhuisgeadh fonn.

GOLDEN EYE.

Latin—*Fuligula clangula*. Gaelic—*Lach-a-chinn-uaine, Lach-bhreas*. Welsh—*Llydaw aur*.

SMEW.

Latin—*Mergus albellus*. Gaelic—*Sioltaiche-breac*, *Sioltan-ban*, *Sioltan-breac*. Welsh—*Lleian wen*.

RED-BREASTED MERGANSER.

Latin—*Mergus serrator*. Gaelic—*Sioltaiche* (Lightfoot) *Sioltan*, *Siolta-dhearg* (Grey). Welsh—*Trochydd danheddog*.

GOOSANDER.

Latin—*Mergus merganser*. Gaelic—*Lach-fhiacillach*. *Tunnag-fhiacillach*, *Sioltaiche*, *Sioltan*, *Siolta-bheag* (Grey). Welsh—*Hwyad dlanheddog*.

Family II.—*Colymbidæ*.

LITTLE GREBE, OR DABCHICK.

Latin—*Podiceps minor*. Gaelic—*Spag-ri-ton*, *Spagaire-tuinne*, *Goblachan-uisge* (Grey), *Fad-monadh* (Hebrides). Welsh—*Harri gwlych dy big*.

GREAT NORTHERN DIVER.

Latin—*Colymbus glacialis*. Gaelic—*Bur-bhuachail* (Lightfoot), *Bun-bhuachail*, *Muir-bhuachail* (Grey), *Fur-bhuachail*, *Ian-glus-an-syadain*. Welsh—*Trochydd mawr*.

Pennant says:—"In Scotland it is called *Muir-bhuachail*, or the Herdsman of the Sea, from the credulous belief that it never quits that element." This name is very appropriate to such a dweller on the sea. However, it seems to have had in olden times a much more reverend title, for we read in the Rev. J. Buchanan's "Travels in the Hebrides," published in 1793, that it was then called there the *Bishop Carara*.

BLACK-THROATED DIVER.

Latin—*Colymbus articus*. Gaelic—*Fur-bhuachail*, *Brollachbothan*, *Learga* (Grey). Welsh—*Trochydd gwddfdu*.

Mr Grey says:—"In dry seasons, especially, their extraordinary cry frequently startles the lonely traveller as he passes their haunts, making the still waters resound with strange echoes. The natives of Benbecula and North Uist compare it to "Deoch! deoch! deoch! tha'n loch a traoghadh," which may be interpreted by the words, "Drink! drink! drink! the lake is nearly dried up."

RED-THROATED DIVER.

Latin—*Colymbus septentrionalis*. Gaelic—*Muir-bhuachail*, *Learga-mhor*, *Learga-chaol*, *Learga-uisge*, *Learga-fairge*. Welsh—*Trochydd gwddfgoch*.

Family III.—*Alcæde.*

COMMON GUILLEMOT.

Latin—*Uria troile.* Gaelic—*Gearradh-breac, Eun-a-chrubain, Eundubh-a-chrullain, Langach, Langaidh* (Barra) *Eun-an-Sgadain, Eun-dubh-an-Sgadain.* Welsh—*Gwilym.*

RINGED GUILLEMOT.

Latin—*Uria lucrymaus.* Gaelic—*Gearradh-breac* Welsh—*Chwilog.*

BLACK GUILLEMOT.

Latin—*Uria Grylle.* Gaelic—*Calltag, Caileag* (Grey), *Cullag, Gearr-ghlas* (Young). Welsh—*Gwilym dâ.*

LITTLE AUK.

Latin—*Mergulus melanoleucous.* Gaelic—*Colcach bheag.* Welsh—*Carsil bach.*

PUFFIN, OR COULTERNEB.

Latin—*Fratercula arctica.* Gaelic—*Fachach, Colcach, Colgach, Coltrachan, Conntachan, Comhdachan, Colcair, Colgair,* (Harris), *Coltair-cheannach, Seumas Ruadh* (Barra), *Peata Ruadh, Buthaigre* (St Kilda) Welsh—*Pwffingen.*

The Rev. Kenneth Macaulay, in his History of St Kilda, published in 1764, says:—"The bougir of Hirta (St Kilda) is by some called the coulterneb, and by others the puffin. It is a very sprightly bird, in size like a pigeon. Incredible flights of the puffins flutter, during the whole summer season, round St Kilda and the two isles pertaining to it; sometimes they cover whole spots of ground, and sometimes while on the wing, involve everything below them in darkness, like a small cloud of locusts in another country. There are two different kinds of them—the one larger, the other smaller, with some other marks of diversity, scarce worthy of being pointed out. Their feathers are the softest produced here, their eggs are white and of much the same bigness with those of a hen. The people of this isle live mostly all the summer on the two kinds of this fowl together with eggs of various sorts, and I shall make no difficulty of affirming that the place could easily afford enough of these different articles to support two thousand persons more during the season."

RAZOR-BILL.

Latin—*Alca aorda.* Gaelic—*Coltraiche, Dui eunach* (Grey), *Dui-suineach, Ian-dubh-an-sgadain, Sgrab* (Barra), *Lamhaidh* (St Kilda). Welsh—*Carsil, Gualch y penwaig.*

GREAT AUK.

Latin—*Alca impennis*. Gaelic—*Gearbhul, Bunna-bhuachaille, Colca, Colcair*. Welsh—*Carsil mawr*.

This large, curious, and interesting bird is now extinct, not only in Britain, but also in all other known parts of the world, though it used to breed in St Kilda, the last one known being captured off that island in 1821 by Mr Maclellan, tacksman of Scalpa. The great auk is mentioned by Sir George Mackenzie and other early writers, also by Martin, in his "Voyage to St Kilda," published in 1698. He says:—"The Sea Fowls are first Gairfowl, being the stateliest, as well as the Largest of all the Fowls here, and above the size of a Solan Goose, of a Black Colour, Red about the Eyes, a large white spot under each eye, a long broad bill; stands stately, his whole body erected, his Wings short; he Flyeth not at all; lays his egg upon the bare rock, which if taken away, he lays no more for that Year. He comes without regard to any wind, appears about the first of May, and goes away about the middle of June." In his "History of St Kilda," published in 1764, the Rev. Kenneth Macaulay says:—"I had not an opportunity of knowing a very curious fowl sometimes seen upon this coast, and an absolute stranger, I am apt to believe, in every other part of Scotland. The men of Hirta call it the Garefowl. This bird is above four feet in length. From the bill to the extremities of the feet, its wings are, in proportion to its size, very short. The St Kildians do not receive an annual visit from this strange bird, as from all the rest in the list, and from many more. It keeps at a distance from them, they know not where, for a course of years. From what land or ocean it makes its uncertain voyages to their isle, is, perhaps, a mystery in nature." In "A General View of the Agriculture of the Hebrides," by James Macdonald, published in 1811, that author gives a list of the birds of St Kilda, at the head of which comes the Auk:—1. Bunna-bhuachaille, or Great Auk, is the largest bird met with in the neighbourhood of St Kilda. It is larger than a common goose, of a black colour, the irides red, having a long white spot under each eye; the bill is long and broad at the base. It cannot fly, by reason of the shortness of its wings; lays only one egg, and if robbed of it, lays no more that season." The eggs of the Great Auk must have always been very rare, and now since the bird has become extinct, when one of them comes to the market, which is very seldom, it commands a fabulous price, two sold in Edinburgh in 1880 realising over a hundred guineas each.

It is hard to say what they may rise to yet, as there are only 65 known specimens in the world, 41 of which are in Britain. Of course the eggs are liable to destruction, whilst there is no possibility of any more ever being added to the list.

George Buchanan, in his "History of Scotland," published in 1580, in his account of the Isle of Suilkyr, says:—"In this island also there is a rare kind of bird, unknown in other parts, called *Colca*. It is little less than a goose. She comes every year thither, and there hatches and feeds her young till they can shift for themselves. About that time, her feathers fall off of their own accord, and so leaves her naked, then she betakes herself to the sea again, and is never seen more till the next spring. This also is singular in them, that their feathers have no quills or stalks, but do cover their bodies with a gentle down, wherein there is no hardness at all."

Family IV. — Pelecanidæ.

COMMON CORMORANT.

Latin—*Phalacrocorax carbo*. Gaelic—*Sgarbh, Sgarbh-buill, Sgarbh-a-bhothain, Sgarbh-an-uchd-ghil, Ballaire-bothain, Ballaire-boan, Sgaireag* (Young). Welsh—*Mulfran, Morfran*.

This terrible glutton, the most voracious of all our birds, though certainly no great favourite with the Highlanders, has escaped in Gaelic lore the extremely bad character which it bears in English, caused no doubt, to a great extent, by some of the early English poets choosing this bird for an example of all that was bad. Milton even goes the length, in "Paradise Lost," of making Satan assume the form of this bird, before he did that of the serpent, and entering the Garden of Eden:—

"Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
The middle tree, and highest there that grew,
Sat like a Cormorant."

As Pennant puts it:—"To survey undelighted the beauties of Paradise: and sit devising death on the Tree of Life." The only evil habit which I find in our Gaelic lore attributed to the cormorant is that its young, along with the jackdaw's, are accused, in the old proverb, of trying to pass themselves off as something better than what they really are by imitating the voices of better birds:—"Guth na cubhaig am bial na cathaig, 's guth na faoileig am bial na sgaireig"—the cuckoo's voice in the jackdaw's mouth, and the sea-gull's voice in the young scart's. The cormorant is an extremely dirty bird about its nest, which smells abominably. Mr

Grey says:—"When cruising past (their nests), when the wind is blowing off shore, it is by no means pleasant to be assailed by the offensive odours which are wafted on board; the abomination is only exceeded when, on a hot day, you venture within the precincts of the nursery itself. In such a place one can almost understand the aversion with which the bird is regarded by many persons who have given it a bad character." My personal experience of the abominations of the cormorant's nursery, a few hours before I write this, was even worse than what Mr Grey here describes as feeling when cruising past on the open sea. I had been hunting in vain for some time amongst the cliffs and caves of the most rocky part of the eastern shores of Fleet Bay in Kirkcudbrightshire for cormorants' nests, and was passing along the top of a high cliff, over a large cave, into which the sea ran at high water, when I felt such a fearful smell that I thought I must have discovered the breeding place of all the cormorants in Galloway. I quickly scrambled down the face of the cliff, the smell getting worse every step. On getting into the cave I found to my disgust that there were no cormorants breeding there, only a few innocent rock doves' nests, and that the cause of all the abomination was the putrifying carcases of two large horses and a sheep which the tide had washed into the cave. They had died on a neighbouring farm, and, to save the trouble of digging graves, the farmer had hurled them over the rocks several weeks before, and, as the day was very hot and the wind blowing right into the cave, the stench was something fearful—enough to make me remember it as long as Mr Grey says a friend of his did the bad taste of the cormorant's flesh. He says:—"From living exclusively upon fish, its flesh, as I have been informed by those who have had the courage to taste it, is peculiarly rank and unpleasant. An old friend of mine told me lately that he had cooked one and eaten part of it about forty years ago, and that the terribly fishy flavour was in his mouth still." This gentleman with the long memory certainly never had the privilege of deriving his first support from an Isle of Skye nurse, for Martin, in his description of Skye, says:—"The natives observe that the cormorant, if perfectly black, makes no good broth, nor is its flesh worth eating; but a cormorant that has any white feathers or down, makes good broth and the flesh of it is good food, and the broth is usually drunk by nurses to increase their milk."

SIAG, OR GREEN CORMORANT.

Latin—*Phalacrocorax cristantus*. Gaelic—*Sgarbh, Sgarbh-an-sgumain, Orag* (Young). Welsh—*Y Fulfran leiaf*.

This is a very wary bird, and very difficult to approach or capture, hence the old proverb :—"Tro'd nam ban mu'n sgarbh, 's an sgarbh a muigh air an loch"—the scolding of the wives above the shag, and the shag out on the loch. Quarrelling about it before they had captured it. Another old proverb, common in the Hebrides, is :—"Biodh gach fear a' toirt sgairbh a' creagan dha fhein"—let every man take shags out of rocks for himself. Sheriff Nicolson says :—"Alleged to have been said by a St Kilda man to his comrade, who was holding the rope above and asked if he had secured birds for them both. On hearing the answer above quoted, the holder of the rope is said to have replied, 'Let every man hold the rope for himself,' and let him go!" These bold cragsmen descend the rocks for the "oragan," or young shags, which are reckoned good eating there. Mr A. A. Carmichael writes me from Uist :—"The oragan are so fat and helpless that they frequently tumble out of the nest down into the sea, then they scramble on shore on ledges of rock as best they can. In Minlaidh adventurous bird-catchers go to the rocks at nights and catch these asleep. These birds sleep with their heads under their wings. Their enemies place them between their knees and wring their necks."

GANNET, OR SOLAN GOOSE.

Latin—*Sula Bassana*. Gaelic—*Sulaire*, *Amhsain* (Lightfoot), *Eun-ban-an-sgadain*, *Guga* or *Goug* (Young). Welsh—*Gan*, *Gans*.

M'Aulay, in his history of St Kilda, says :—"The Solan Goose takes its Gaelic name from its sharpness of sight ; he observes his prey from a considerable height, and darts down upon it with incredible force. The St Kildians kill a Solan Goose with great alertness, by dislocating a certain joint of the neck very near the head ; the rest of the neck is made for strength and adapted to the body in such a manner that without this art it would be difficult and tedious to kill them. About the middle of March a select band of adventurers go to the neighbouring isles to catch the old Solan Geese before they begin to lay. They hunt them in the night time through steep and, to all other men, inaccessible precipices. They go upon another expedition about the middle of May for gathering the eggs. The young Solan Goose is fit for use in September. Before the young, which they call *Guag*, fly off they are larger than the mothers and excessively fat. The fat on their breasts is sometimes three inches deep. The inhabitants of Hirta have a method of preserving their greese in a kind of bag made of the stomach of the old Solan Goose caught in March. In their language it is called *G'iobain* ; and this oily

kind of thick substance manufactured in their own way, they use by way of sauce, or ins'ead of butter, among their porridge and flummery. In the adjacent islands they administer this oily substance to their cattle if seized with violent colds or obstinate coughs; and it is the general belief that the applicacion of the *Giobain*, in such cases, has a very good effect." I have no doubt the reverend gentleman was quite correct in his surmises of the beneficial effects of the *Giobain* on the cattle, for they seem to have the same on even the lords of creation, as I find in an old song by Archibald Macdonald, the Uist bard, to Dr Macleod, that he ascribes the enormous size and weight of the worthy doctor to his being fonder of "Giobainean nan Gugachan" than of milk or butter. As the whole song is illustrative of the art of the fowler amongst the rocks, and of the capture, not only of the solan goose—the "Sulair Garbh"—but also of the preceding and following birds, I may give the whole, as it is very cleverly written, and represents the bulky doctor in a ludicrous light all through his adventures, till at last his courage fails him when descending a high rock and all the wild fowl fly far beyond his reach when they get the scent of his drugs off him :—

ORAN CNADAIL DO'N OLLA LEODACH.

Le Gilleaspuig Donullach, am Bard Uisteach.

Luinneag.—Thugaibh, thugaibh, bo bo bo,
An Doctair Leodach 's biodag air,
Faicill oirbh san taobh sin thall
Nach toir e'n ceann a thiota dhibh.

'Nuair a bha thu d'fhleasgach og,
Bu mhorchuiseach le claidheamh thu,
Chaidh Ailean Muillear riut a chorag,
'S leon e le bloidh spealaidh thu.

Bha thu na do bhasbair corr,
'S claidheamh mor an tarruing ort,
An saighidear 's measa th'aig Rìgh Deors'
Choraigheadh e Alastair.

Bhiodh sud ort air do thaobh,
Claidheamh caol 'sa ghliosgartaich;
Cha'n eil falcag thig o'n traigh,
Nach cuir thu barr nan itean di.

Biodag 's an deach an gath seirg
Air crios seilg an luidealaich,
Bha seachd oirlich oire a mheirg,
'S gur mairg an rachadh bruide dhi.

Bhiodag 's measa th'anns an tìr,
'S a beairt-chinn 's a' ghliogartaich,
Chnamh a faobhar leis an t-suthaidh,
'S cha ghearr i'n dh'im na dh'itheadh tu.

Biodag, agus sgabard dearg,
'S cearbach sud air amadan,
Gearradh anhaichean nan sgarbh,
D'fhaigte marbh gun anail iad.

'Nuair a theid thu'n chreig gu h'ard
Cluinnear gair nan iseanan,
'S mu thig an fulamair a d' dhail,
Smalaidh tu do bhiodag ann.

'S iomad farspag rinn thu mharbhadh,
A 's sulair garbh a rug thu air,
Bhliadhna sin, mu'n deach thu'n arm,
Chuir uibhean sgarbh cioch shlugain ort.

Cha deoch bhainne, no mheig,
'S cinnteach mi rinn uesa dhìot ;
Ach biadh bu docha leat na'n t-im,
Giobainean nan gugachan.

'Nuair a theid thu air an rop',
A Rìgh ! bu mhor do chudthrom air,
Dìreadh 's na h-iseanan a d' sgeth,
Air lean gu'm feum thu cuideacha.

Bu tu theannaicheadh an t-sreang,
Cha'n eil i fann mur bris thu i,
Mu thig an cipean as a ghrunn'd,
Cluinntear plumb 'nuair thuiteas tu.

'Nuair a theid thu'n chreig gu h-ard,
Failigidh do mhisneach thu,
Cha tig na h-eunlaidh a'd' dhail.
Le faile do chuid dhrogaichean.

'Nuair a theid thu'n chreig tha shuas
Fuadaichidh tu chlisgeadh iad
Le dearsa do bhutain ruadh,
'S do bhucail chruadha'ch 'sa ghliosgartaich.

Cha mharbh thu urrad ri each,
Ge leathan ladair mogur thu.
T'airm cha dian a bheag a sta,
Mur sgrìobar clar no praise leo.

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Family V.—Laridæ.

COMMON TERN, OR SEA SWALLOW.

Latin—*Sterna hirundo*. Gaelic—*Stearnan*. Welsh—*Y Fôr-wennol fwyaf, Yscreaan*.

ARCTIC TERN.

Latin—*Sterna arctica*. Gaelic—*Stearnal*.

LESSER TERN.

Latin—*Sterna minuta*. Gaelic—*Stearnal beag*. Welsh—*Y Fôr-wennol leiaf*.

BLACK TERN.

Latin—*Sterna nigra*. Gaelic—*Stearnal-dubh*. Welsh—*Yscreaan ddû*.

LITTLE GULL.

Latin—*Larus minutus*. Gaelic—*Crann-fhaoileag, Crion-fhaoileag, Faoileag bheag*.

BLACK-HEADED GULL.

Latin—*Larus ridibundus*. Gaelic—*Faoileag, Ceann-dubhan, Dubh-cheannach, Faoileag-dhubh-cheannach*. Welsh—*Yr wylan beuddu*.

KITTIWAKE.

Latin—*Larus tridactylus*. Gaelic—*Seagair, Faireag, Ruideag Sgaireag*.

COMMON GULL.

Latin—*Larus canus*. Gaelic—*Faoileann, Faoileag, An t-iasgair-diomhain*. Welsh—*Gwylan lwyd, Huccan*.

This gull gets its name of *An t-iasgair-diomhain* (Idle Fisher), by which it is generally known in Athole, from its habit of flying along the course of a river or stream, and darting down on any small trout it sees near the surface, but as these shallow-water trout are very quick of sight they generally see it coming, and either dive into deep water, or under a stone, and escape, so its fishing exploits there being generally a failure it got the name of the Idle Fisher, or, more literally, the Unsuccessful Fisher.

LESSER BLACK-BACKED GULL.

Latin—*Larus fuscus*. Gaelic—*Sgaireag, Farspach-bheag, Faoileag-bheag* (Grey).

HERRING GULL.

Latin—*Larus argentatus*. Gaelic—*Glas-fhaoileag*. Welsh—*Gwylan berwaig*.

GREAT BLACK-BACKED GULL.

Latin—*Larus marinus*. Gaelic—*Farspach*, *Farspag Faoileann-mor*, *Sygliuireach*, (first year state). Welsh—*Gwglun gefu-ddu*.

GLAUCOUS, OR GREAT WHITE GULL.

Latin—*Larus glaucus*. Gaelic—*Faoileag-mhor*, *Muir-mhaighstir*.

This gull gets its last Gaelic name, "Master of the Sea," from its being such a tyrant over all the other gulls. In the Birds of the West of Scotland, Mr Angus writes from Aberdeenshire:—"I have never been out in the bay in winter without seeing this bird, which is a very conspicuous object, being more oceanic in its habits than any of its congeners. Along the coast its advent is heralded by the screaming of the other gulls, whom it torments and tyrannises over like the skuas. Even the great black-backed gull must give place to the Burgo-master."

COMMON SKUA.

Latin—*Lestris catarractes*. Gaelic—*Fasgadair*, *Fasgadan*, *Tuliac* (St Kilda). Welsh—*Gwylan frech*.

The skua gets its name of *Fasgadair*, *i.e.*, "The Squeezer," from its habit of not going to fish much itself, but its watching the other gulls till they have caught a lot of fish, then it darts on them and makes them disgorge their prey, which it seizes before reaching the water, and so may be said to wring or squeeze its food from them. The Skua used to be a terrible pest, not only to the other sea birds, but to the inhabitants as well of the isles where it used to breed, as will be seen from the following quotation from the Rev. K. Macaulay's History of St Kilda:—"At Hirta is too frequently seen, and very severely felt, a large sea-gull, which is detested by every St Kildian. This mischievous bird destroys every egg that falls in its way, and very often the young fowls, and sometimes the weakest of the old. It is hardly possible to express the hatred with which this otherwise good-natured people pursue these gulls. If one happen to mention them, it throws their whole blood into a ferment; serpents are not at all such detestable objects anywhere else. They exert their whole strength of industry and skill to get hold of this cruel enemy, a task very far from being easy, as they are no less vigilant than wicked. If caught they outvie one another in torturing this imp of hell to death; such is the emphatical language in which they express an action so grateful to their vindictive spirit. They pluck out his eyes, sew his wings together, and send him adrift; to eat any of its eggs, though among the largest and best their isle affords, would be accounted

a most flagitious action, and worthy of a monster only. They extract the meat out of the shell, and leave that quite empty in the nest; the gull sits upon it till she pines away. They call it Tuliac in St Kilda, but in the other western isles it goes under a different name" (Fasgadair).

RICHARDSON'S SKUA, OR ARCTIC GULL.

Latin—*Lestris Richardsoni*. Gaelic—*Fasgadair*. Welsh—*Gwylan y Gogledd*.

FULMAR PETREL.

Latin—*Procellaria glacialis*. Gaelic—*Fulmaire, Falmaire*. Welsh—*Gwylan y graig*.

This is another inhabitant of St Kilda, but a very different one from the Skua, and after the very bad character the latter got from the rev. historian of St Kilda, it is pleasant to turn to the good one he gives the Fulmar:—"Another sea-fowl highly esteemed in this island is the Fulmar. I was not a little entertained with the eoniums they bestowed on this bird. 'Can the world,' said one of the most sensible men in Hirta to me, 'exhibit a more valuable commodity? The Fulmar furnishes oil for the lamp, down for the bed, the most salubrious food, and the most efficacious ointments for healing wounds, besides a thousand other virtues of which he is possessed, which I have not time to enumerate. But, to say all in one word, deprive us of the Fulmar, and St Kilda is no more.'" The following account of the taking of the Fulmar in St Kilda is given in sketches of St Kilda, by Lachlan Maclean (pub. 1838):—"The young Fulmar is valued by the natives more than all the other tribes of birds taken together; it may be said to be their staff of life; they therefore never meddle with the egg. The twelfth of August, if a notable day on the moors, is more so on the rocks of St Kilda. A day or two before every rope is tested, every oil-dish cleaned, and every barrel emptied. Some of these ropes are older than their owners, and are chiefly made of thongs from cow-hide, salted and twisted into a cable. The twelfth arrives, the rope is made fast round the waists of the heavier party, whilst the other and lighter party is let down the perpendicular rock several hundred feet. Here the work of destruction goes on night and day for a given space; the St Kilda man has nothing to do but take the young Fulmar, wring his neck, and then suspend him by a girth he wears round his loins. This is the harvest of the people of St Kilda. They are aware it is to last only eight days, and therefore sleep itself is banished for this space. The number killed in this one week may be from eighteen

to twenty thousand. They are from two to three pounds weight, about two hundred will go to fill a herring barrel ; yet each family, after serving the poor, shall have from four to five barrels salted for winter use."

GREATER SHEARWATER.

Latin—*Puffinus Major*. Gaelic—*Sgrìab*, *Sgrab* (Barra), *Sgrabaire*, *Sgrabail* (St Kilda).

MANX SHEARWATER.

Latin—*Puffinus Anglorum*. Gaelic—*Sgràib*, *Fachach* (Young)
Welsh—*Pwffingen Fanaw*.

Mr Carmichael informs me that this bird used to breed very numerously on the southern isles of Barra till supplanted by the puffins, who took possession of their breeding holes. During the time of the Macneills, each tenant in Minlaidh, Bearnearadh, had to send a barrel of "Fachaich" or young shearwaters salted and cured to Ciosmal, the castle of the chiefs of Macneill, for winter provisions.

FORK-TAILED PETREL.

Latin—*Thalassidroma Leachii*. Gaelic—*Gobhlan-gaoithe* (Barra).

STORM PETREL.

Latin—*Thalassidroma procellaria*. Gaelic—*Luaireag*, *Luaiseagan*, *Faulag*, *Amhlag-nàhara* (Barra), *Asailag*, *Lucha-fàirge* (Grey).

This, the sailor's Mother Carey's chicken, is the smallest of all web-footed birds, and is so active on the wing that it is found in the very middle of the wide Atlantic, and seems never to come near the land, except to breed, which it does in many parts of the Hebrides, where it lays its single egg under large boulders near the sea. And now with this restless little Hebridean-reared wanderer of the ocean I bring the list of native British birds to a close.

DOMESTIC BIRDS.

I may now give a list of the Gaelic names of our common barn-yard fowls, most of which will be found in Alex. Macdonald's Gaelic Vocabulary (Mac Mhaighstir Alastair).

COMMON, OR BARN-FOWL.

Gaelic — Cock — *Coileach*, *Coileach-otraich*, *Coileach-an-dunain*.
Hen — *Cearc*, *Cearc-otraich*. Chicken — *Isean*, *Eun-otraich*
Eireag (pullet). Game Cock — *Coileach-catha*.

Of the common fowl Pennant says—"Our common poultry came originally from Persia and India. They were early introduced into the western parts of the world, and have been very long naturalised in this country, long before the arrival of the Romans in this island, Cæsar informing us they were one of the forbidden foods of the old Britons. These were in all probability imported here by the Phœnicians, who traded to Britain about five hundred years before Christ. For all other domestic fowls, turkeys, geese, and ducks excepted, we seem to be indebted to the Romans. The wild fowl were all our own from the period they could be supposed to have reached us after the great event of the flood."

I need scarcely remind any one who knows anything about the Highlands, in the days of our grandfathers, what an institution cock-fighting was in every part of the country, especially in the parish schools, where certain days were set specially apart for cock-fighting, with the old schoolmaster as president, who claimed all the slaughtered cocks as a perquisite.

TURKEY.

Gaelic—*Coileach-frangach, Coileach-turcach, Turcach, Turcaire.*
Hen—*Cearc-fhrangach, Cearc-thurchach.*

PEACOCK.

Gaelic—*Peucag* (1st Kings x. 22), *Coileach-fheuchaig, Peubh-choileach, Pecoc* (Alex. Macdonald). Hen—*Cearc-fheucaig, Eucay.*

GUINEA FOWL.

Gaelic—*Coileach-innseanach.*

PIGEON.

Gaelic—*Calman, Gura-gug, Duradan.*

The old song says:—

Fhuair mi nead a ghura-gug,
Ann an cuil na moine,
Fhuair mi an toisich uibhean ann,
'S fhuair mi ris coin ann,
'S fhuair mi nead a ghura-gug,
Ann an cuil na moine, &c.

GOOSE.

Gaelic—Gander—*Ganraath, Sgeigeir.* Goose—*Geadh.*

DUCK.

Drake, Gaelic—*Lach, Rac.*

Duck, Gaelic—*Tunnag.*

FOREIGN BIRDS.

I will now finish by giving a few Gaelic names of foreign birds, most of which will be found in the Bible (Deut., 14th chap.), or in Alexander Macdonald's vocabulary :—

Eagle, Gaelic—*Iolair.*

Gier-eagle, Gaelic—*Iolair-fhionn, Iolair-thimchiollach.*

Ossifrage, Gaelic—*Cnaimh-bhristeach.*

Vulture, Gaelic—*Fang, Syriachan-criosach, Preachan-ingneach.*

Vulturine, Gaelic—*Preachanach.*

Pelican, Gaelic—*Pelag, Pelicon, Eun-mor-fasaich.*

Ostrich, Gaelic—*Struth, Struth-chamhull.*

Parrot, Gaelic—*Piorraid, Parracait.*

Canary, Gaelic—*Canari.*

With this I conclude my list of Gaelic names of birds, having given a Gaelic name for about 220 different birds, and as most of them have several different names, making a total of about 612 Gaelic names. Though this is a large number, yet it does not nearly include them all, as there are many local names by which birds are known in different districts of the Highlands, which I have not been able to collect, and I shall therefore be very glad, indeed, if any member of the Society, or anybody else, who may know any other Gaelic names, anecdotes, proverbs, or poetry connected with the bird lore of the Highlands, will kindly communicate them, either to myself, or to the obliging secretary of the Society, with a view to their perhaps appearing in a more complete form "some ither day." I know many members of the Society are deeply versed in Gaelic bird lore, and I hope they, and all other lovers of birds, and of the Gaelic language, will, in the words of the old Gaelic proverb—"Prove it, prove it," by assisting in collecting and preserving our old bird lore, and I think I may now conclude by giving the old proverb referred to, which, as Sheriff Nicolson says, is an imitation of the chirping of birds, but with a moral meaning—"Tha dà ian bheag 's a' choill ud thall, 's their an dara fear ris an fhear eile, 'S toigh lean thu, 's toigh lean thu ;' 's their am fear eile, 'Dearbh sin, dearbh sin.'" There are two little birds in yonder wood, and the one says to the other, "I like you, I like you ;" and the other says, "Prove it, prove it."

23RD DECEMBER 1885.

At the meeting on this date the Rev. William Thomson, Fodderty, and Mr D. Davidson, Waverley Hotel, Inverness, were elected ordinary members of the Society.

Thereafter the Secretary read (1), a paper on "Dunnachadh Bàn," by Mr Neil Macleod, the Skye bard; and (2), a poem entitled "Meòrachadh Oidhche Coinnle," by the Rev. Thomas Sinton, Glengarry. The latter meritorious production was not intended for publication in these Transactions. Mr Macleod's paper was as follows:—

DUNNACHADH BÀN MAC-AN-T-SAOIR.

Tha e air aithris gu tric ann am measg nan Gàidheal gur e Dunnachadh Bàn Mac-an t-Saoir bàrd is fheàrr a thog Gàidhealtachd Alba bho làithean Oisein; agus gur e "Moladh Beinn Dòrain" cuibhrionn de bhàrdachd is fheàrr a chuir Dunnachadh Bàn ri cheile. Cha'n 'eil mi ag ràdh nach fhaod daoine a bhì air am mealladh anns an dà ni sin. Tha iad na mo bheachd-sa gu h-àraidh air am mealladh a thaobh an dara ni; is e sin gur e "Moladh Beinn Dòrain" cuibhrionn de bhàrdachd is fheàrr a chuir Dunnachadh Bàn ri chéile. Neach air bith a leughas "Moladh Beinn Dòrain" gu faicilleach bho thoiseach gu deireadh, faodaidh an neach sin eòlas fhaotainn air na buadhan a bhiodh feumail agus freagarach do dheagh shealgair, air cumadh a' ghunna 'bha cleachdte ann an làithean a' bhàird, agus ainmeaman lusan gun àireamh; gheibh e na nithe sin air an cur sìos ann an cainnt bhinn, fhileanta, agus bhlasda, a dh' fhaodas a bhì 'n an lòn taitneach do 'n chluais, ach nach dean mòran àrdachaidh no beathachaidh air buadhan na h-inntinn. Tha 'm bàrd a' toirt dhuinn trì seallaidhean àraidh air Beinn Dòrain. Anns a' chiad àite tha e 'g a h-ainmeachadh na "monadh fada, réidh," ach 's ann a tha 'bheinn coltach ris mar gu 'm biodh i ag atharrachadh nan cruth fa chombair sùil inntinn a' bhàird mar a bha e 'dol air aghaidh leis a' mholadh aice. Agus an àite i bhì 'n a "monadh fada, réidh," 's an a tha i tionndadh gu bhì cho corach, carach, bideanach, ri sruth Choire Bhreacainn, 'n uair a tha i fàs—

“ Gu stobanach, stacanach,
 Slocanach, laganach,
 Cnocanach, cuapanach,
 Caiteanach, ròmach;
 Pasganach, badanach,
 Bachlagach, bòidheach.”

Ann an treas sealladh a tha 'm bàrd a' toirt dhuinn air Beinn Dòrain, tha e 'g a h-ainmeachadh 'n a "monadh fada, faoin." Tha sin a' leigeadh fhaicinn duinn nach b' e idir cumadh agus maise na beinne 'bu mhomha bha anns an amharc aig a' bhàrd ann a bhi 'seinn a cliù, ach a bhi a' taghadh briathran finealta ruith-teach a rachadh gu snasmhor ann an eagan a chéile, agus a bha freagarrach air fonn a' phuirt air an do sheinn e am moladh, co dhiùbh a bha 'chainnt sin seasmhach ri lagh Nàduir no nach robh. Tha aon rann beag anns nach 'eil ach ceithir sreathan goirid, ann am "Miann a' Bhàird Aosda," air cliù agus maise beinne, anns am bheil barrachd brìgh agus bàrdachd na 'tha ann am "Moladh Beinn Dòrain" bho cheann gu ceann.

"Chì mi Beinn-àrd is àillidh fiamh,
Ceann-feadhna air mhìle beann;
Bha aisling nan damh 'na ciabh,
'S i leabaìdh nan nial a ceann."

Tha e air a mbeas 'n a mhaise air bàrdachd agus air sgrìobhadh no comhradh: sam bith, mar is momha 'théid de chiall agus de ghliocas a chur ann an tearc de bhriathran. Ach cha d' thug Dunnachadh Bàn móran aire do 'n teagasg sin. Agus cha b' e 'mhàin Dunnachadh Bàn, ach bhà agus thà a' chuid mhòr de na bàird Ghàidhealach againn ciontach dhe sin. Cho fad 's a gheibheadh iad briathran a ghabhadh tàthadh agus fuaimneachadh ri 'cheile leanadh iad air snìomh an orain a mach cho fad 's a ghabhadh e deanamh; co dhiùbh a bha beachdan ùra 'g am foillseachadh fhéin ann no nach robh. Ma bha 'mhin gann bha iad a' fuine 'bhonnach a mach cho tana 's a ghabhadh iad sgaoileadh.

Cha ghabh e àicheadh nach e fìor bhàrd a bha 'n Dunnachadh Bàn, ach bàrd aig an robh buadhan cainnte pailt air thoiseach air a' chumhachd inntinn. Ach ma rinn e bàrdachd lag rinn e bàrdachd làidir. Ann am moladh "Coire-cheathaich" tha againn dealbhan air an tarrainn cho oirdhere agus cho maiseach, ann an cainnt cho finealta, snasmhor, 's a tha ri 'fhaotainn anns a' chanain Ghàidhlig—cainnt a tha 'sealltain dhuinn a' blàrd, agus an toil-inntinn a bha e 'faotainn ann an co-chomunn ri maise obair Nàduir.

"Sa' mhaduinn chiùin-ghil an àm dhomh dùsgadh,
Aig bun nan stùc b' e an sùgradh leam."

Ann an rann so tha againn inntinn agus spiorad an fhìor bhàird a' briseadh a mach. Anns a' mhaduinn chéitein tha 'n driùchd a' dealradh air gach feòirnein, a' ghrian ag éirigh suas 'n a

glòir, le sgiathan sèimh a' sgaoileadh a brat òrbhuidh air gach srath agus sliabh. Is e miann a' bhaird a bhi 'g éirigh gu moch agus a' dìreadh suas gu bun nan stuc a ghabhail compairt le eunlaith nan speur ann a bhi 'seinn agus a' deanamh gairdeachais ann an glòir agus maise 'chruinne-ché. Tha e duilich a chreidsin gu'n cuireadh ùghdar "Coire Cheathaich" bàrdachd ri' cheile (ma dh' fhaodair bàrdachd a ràdh ris) cho leanabail, lag, agus leibideach, ri "Alastair nan stòp." Rinn Dunnachadh Bàn a trì no ceithir a dh' òrain-ghaoil, ach a mach bho "Mhairi Bhàn Oig," cha 'n 'eil iad ach fuar, tioram, agus lag. Ann a h-aon de na h-orain-ghaoil sin tha'n rann so—

"S do chùl daithte làn-mhaiseach,
 Mu 'n cuairt do d' bhràigh' an òrdugh,
 Air sniomh mar theudan clàrsaiche
 'N a fhaineachan glan nòsar :
 Gu lidh-dhonn, pleatach, sàr-chleachdach,
 Gu dosach, fàs-mhor, domhail,
 Gu lùbach, dualach, bachlach, guairsgeach,
 Snasmhor, cuachach, òr-bhuidhe."

Tha 'n t-òran a' toiseachadh leis na facail so—"A Mhairi bhàn, gur barrail thu." Tha e duilich a dbeanamh a mach cìod e 'n seòrsa dath a bha air an fhalt aig a' mhaighdinn so, ma bha e "bàn," "lidh-dhonn," agus "òr-bhuidhe." Ann ann òran "Mairi Bhàn Oig" tha 'm bàrd a' bualadh teudan na clàrsaich aige le dùrachd ni 's blaithe, leis a bheil faireachadh a' ghaoil agus spiorad na bàrdachd a' comhnadh a chèile, agus a' sgeadachadh Mairi le trusgan maiseach finealta nach caill i cho fad 's a bhios Gaidhlig ghlan Albannach air a labhairt no air a seinn air feadh an t-saoghail.

Ann an "Oran an t-Samhraidh" tha 'n rann a leanas :—

"S fìor ionmhuinn mu thráth neòine,
 Na laoigh òga choir na buaile sin,
 Gu tarra-ghéal, ball-bhreac, botainneach,
 Sgiuthach, druim-fhionn, sròn-fhionn, guallinnach,
 Buidh', gris-fhionn, crà-dhearg, suaichionta,
 Seang, slìos'ra, dìreach sàr-chumpach,
 Cas, bachlach, barr an suainiche."

Faodaidh e 'bhith gur e nach 'eil mise 'tuigsinn cìod 'is ciall do fhìor bàrdachd, ach feumaidh mi aideachadh nach 'eil mi 'faicinn bàrdachd air bith anns an rann sin, no ann am moran rann eile de'n t-seòrsa cheudna. Tha cainnt gu leor ann, air a

càrnadh air muin 's air muin a chèile, facail fhada thioram làidir, gun bhinneas gun ghrinneas. Agus ann am measg a cho-thionail bhriathran sin, bu cho math a bhi 'g iarraidh snathaid ann an cruaidh-fheòir agus a bhi 'g amharc air son a' bheachd air an robh am bàrd ag iarraidh solus a chur.

Tha bàrdachd agus tuigse anns an oran chiatach sin, "Cead deireannach nam Beann." Cha'n 'eil am bàrd a' deanamh strìth air bith gu bhi taghadh facail mhora chruaidhe thioram. Tha na fairichean aige mar a tha iad a' dùsgadh suas 'n a chom, a' sruthadh a mach ann an cainnt cheòlmhor, bhog, bhlàth; cho binn sèimh ri crònan an uillt. Anns an òran so tha 'm bàrd a' toirt dhuinn dealbh taitneach dhe fhèin, ach dealbh a tha air a mheasgadh le cianalas agus bròn. Tha 'm bàrd 'n a sheann aois ag gabhail a chuairt mu dheireadh, agus an sealladh mu dheireadh de Bheinn Dòrain, agus faodaidh sinn a bhi cinnteach mar a bha e 'dìreadh ri uchd an t-sleibhe le anail ghoirid, le ceann liath, s le chiabhan tana, le ceum mall, 's le cridhe trom, gu'n robh iomadh smaointinn thùrsach mhuladach a' snamh 'n a chom, ag cuimhn-eachadh air na laithean a dh' fhalbh, làithean taitneach na h-oige nach till air an ais ni's mò.

"N uair 'sheall mi air gach taobh dhìom,
Cha'n fhaodainn gun 'bhi smalanach."

Tha mi creidsinn gur h-ann le cridhe trom a thearnaich Dunnachadh Bàn gu baile air an fheasgar sin, a' mothachadh 'aois agus a lag-chuis fhein; agus an uair a chunnaic e ceo an anmoich agus neòil dhorcha na h-oidhche a' sgaoileadh am brat tiamhaidh mu ghuaillan Beinn Dòrain nach robh esan gu fhaicinn gu bràth tilleadh.

"Ghabh mi nis mo chead de'n t-saoghal,
'S de na daoine dh' fhuirich ann;
Fhuair mi greis gu sunndach aotrom,
'S i 'n aois a rinn m' fhagail fann.

Tha mo thàlant air caochladh,
'S an t-aog air tighinn 's an àm,
'S e m' achanaich air sgàth m' Fhir-shaoraidh
Bhi gu math 's an t-saoghal thall."

Rinn Dunnachadh Ban beagan aoirean anns am bheil brod bàrdacdd ged nach 'eil iad ri am moladh air dhoigh eile. Ach cha 'n eil teagamh nach do thoill "Nighean dubh Raineach" na fhuair i

“ A chionn gu’n do ghoid i
 ’N rud beag bha ’n sa chlúdan,
 Bh’ agam ’s a’ chùil
 Nach d’ innis mi chach.”

Agus tha e coltach nach robh “ Uisdean Piobaire ” air na daoine ’bu mhodhaile agus ’bu bheusaiche. Ach tha sean-fhacal ag ràdh gur a “ searbh a’ ghloir nach fhaodar éisdeachd.” Cha’n ’eil e na chomharradh laidir air inntinn mhòr a bhi ’gabhail gnothaich ris gach peasan leibideach a thig ’n a rathad. Agus cha mhomha a bha e ag àrdachadh cliù Dhunnachaidh Bhain a bhi cumail connspaid ri Uisdean Piobaire, Iain Faochaig, an Tàileir, agus “ Anna nighean Uilleam an Cròmpa.” Ach cha b’e paipeir goirid a chaidh a sgrìobhadh ann a’ cabhaig mar a chaidh am paipeir so a bheireadh ceirteas do Dhunnachadh Bàn agus d’a chuid bàrdachd.

Bha sinn a’ toirt cliù dha agus a’ faotainn coire dha ; ach tha sinn a’ creidsinn nach cuir aon choire a gheibh sinn dha tolg no dealg ’n a chliù. Tha dòchas againn gu ’m bi a chliù mar bhàrd cho seasmhach buan ri beanntan a dhùthcha. Agus tha eagal orm gu’m bi iomadh làtha agus linn mu’n siubhail Gàidheal eile firichean Bheinn Dòrain a ni a feum de ’bheul agus de ’shùilean, agus a chuireas urad de bheatha agus de mhaise ann an cainnt agus ann am bàrdachd ar dùthcha ’s a chuir Dunnachadh Ban Mac-an-t-Saoir.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL DINNER.

The Fourteenth Annual Dinner was held in the Caledonian Hotel, Inverness, on the evening of Tuesday, 12th January 1886. Mr Allan R. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail, Chief of the Society, presided, and he was supported by Provost Macandrew, Bailie Alexander Ross, Mr William Mackay, solicitor ; Dr Aitken, Mr E. H. Macmillan, Caledonian Bank ; Mr William Mackenzie, secretary of the Society ; &c. Mr Duncan Campbell, Ballifeary, and Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor, acted as croupiers. Among those present were Bailie Charles Mackay, ex-Bailie Macbean, Treasurer Jonathan Ross, Mr Alexander Mackenzie, Silverwells ; Dr Sinclair Macdonald, Inverness ; Mr D. Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland ; Mr W. Macdonald, contractor ; Mr James Barron, Ness Bank ; Mr Alexander Mackenzie, Ballifeary ; Rev. G. Mackay, Beauly ; Mr Hugh Mackintosh, of Mactavish & Mackintosh, Castle Street ; Mr A. Macbain, Raining’s School ; Mr P. H. Smart, drawing-master ; Mr A. Macgregor, solicitor ; Mr John Davidson, Inglis Street ; Mr T. G. Henderson, High Street ; Mr D. Mac-

tavish, commission-agent; Mr A. Macfarlane, Caledonian Hotel; Mr W. Macbean, Imperial Hotel; Mr J. Whyte, Free Library; Mr W. Gunn, Castle Street; Mr Fraser Campbell, High Street; Mr J. Mackenzie, Greig Street; Mr H. R. Mackenzie, Town-Clerk's Office; Mr Theodore Chisholm, Telford Road; Mr F. Macdonald, Druidag; Mr D. Ramsay, Gilbert Street; Mr E. M. Carter, Greig Street; Mr Alexander Fraser, Glasgow; Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh; Mr William Fraser of Illinois; Mr Macpherson, Ballifeary, &c. An excellent dinner having been served up,

The Chairman, who was heartily received, gave the toast of "The Queen," and, in doing so, said it was quite on the cards that next year her Majesty would, in honour of her jubilee, knight the Provosts of all the county towns. (Hear, hear, and applause.) The Chairman then proposed the health of "The Prince and Princess of Wales" and the other Members of the Royal Family; and thereafter gave the toast of the Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces.

Lieut.-Colonel H. C. Macandrew, whose name was coupled with the latter toast, in reply, expressed regret that there were no officers of the army or navy present to reply on behalf of these branches of the service. He did not think they could have such a large gathering in the days of old without having several officers of the army and navy amongst them. (Hear, hear.) But if they were not turning out so many officers now, it was a great satisfaction to them to know that, notwithstanding all the changes that had taken place, and the statement that had been made from generation to generation that the service was going to the bad, still our soldiers were, when called upon to act, as brave, cool, and courageous as ever they were. (Applause.) With regard to the volunteers, while they had no such record as that of the army, still they felt that they had succeeded to the glorious heritage of British freedom. (Hear, hear.) They had taken up arms with the earnest determination that while brave and strong men can bear arms, that glorious heritage will be handed down unscathed to their children. (Applause.)

Mr William Mackenzie, the Secretary, then read the annual report, which stated that the membership of the Society was now about 300. The income during the year, including £79. 10s. carried forward from last year, was £164. 8s. 1d. The sum of £89. 2s. 9d. had been paid out, thus leaving a balance of £75. 5s. 4d. (Applause.) That the last session had been a successful one, would, he said, be seen from the handsome volume of Transactions which had recently been issued to members. The large size of the last two volumes of Transactions had been a considerable drain

upon the funds of the Society, and he appealed to those present to use their efforts to increase the membership, so that the Executive might be enabled, by additional funds, to continue the publication of such large and handsome volumes. (Applause.) Mr Mackenzie then read apologies for absence from the following gentlemen:—Sir K. S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Mr D. Cameron of Lochiel; Mr K. J. Matheson, yr. of Lochalsh; Mr R. C. Munro-Ferguson of Novar; Mr C. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr D. Cameron, Woodville, Nairn; Field-Marshal Sir P. Grant, G.C.B., Governor of Chelsea Hospital; Major Rose of Kilravock; Captain A. M. Chisholm, Glassburn; Mr D. Davidson of Drummond Park; Mr Alexander Ross, Teaninich; Canon Thoyts, Tain; Mr Charles Innes, Inverness; Dr Thomas Stratton, Devonport; Mr George Black, National Museum, Edinburgh; Mr Neil Kennedy, Kishorn; Mr J. D. Fletcher of Rosehaugh; Professor Mackinnon, Edinburgh; Mr Reginald Macleod; Mr A. Burgess, banker, Gairloch; Colonel Macpherson of Glentruim; Rev. Alex. Bisset, Stratherrick; Mr Macrae, Kirksheaf; Mr D. R. Ross, Glen-Urquhart; Mr J. Horne, Inverness; Sheriff Nicolson, Greenock; Mr John Mackay, Hereford; Rev. Wm. Thomson, Fodderty; Mr P. Burgess, Glen-Urquhart; Mr James Fraser, Mauld; Mr Charles Fergusson, Kirkcudbright; Mr James Clunas, Nairn; Mr Angus Mackintosh of Holme; Mr N. M. F. Scobie, Keoldale; Mr S. Chisholm, Gairloch; Mr Thomas Hood, Cork, &c. Mrs Mary Mackellar, the bard of the Society, expressed her sentiments in the following Gaelic Duan:—

Beannaicheadh Dia an Comunn Gàidhlig,
 'S biodh a ghràs orr' anns an àm,
 Bho Mhac-Coinnich a' Ceann-tàile
 Gus am bàrd a rinn an rann.
 Biodh an ciste-mhine lan,
 An sgadan 's am buntàt' neo-ghàun,
 'S deuran beag a bhi 's a' buideal,
 Aig gach aon neach sgrubadh dràm'.

“A Challuinn, a bhuilg bhuidhe, 'bhoicinn, buail an craicinn !
 A' Challuinn a' so.” (Cheers.)

The Chief proposed a cordial vote of thanks to the Secretary for his services, and the very encouraging report he had just read of last year's proceedings. (Applause.) Mr Mackenzie's health was cordially pledged.

The Chief, who was received with loud and continued applause, then proposed the toast of the evening, “Success to the

Gaelic Society of Inverness." He said—Once again I have the privilege, as well as the pleasure, of presiding at our annual festive gathering, and as with to-night the year of office, which it was your will to bestow upon me, comes to an end, I hope you will now accept of my best thanks for the invariable kindness which I have received from the members of this Society, who certainly to my faults have been ever blind; and my sincere wishes that the year we have just entered into may be the first of a long and unbroken series of many happy and bright ones to follow for you all. (Applause.) In the circular announcing this meeting, you will have noticed that it is called the fourteenth annual dinner. Well, gentlemen, in these fast-driving and rapid days that is a considerable period of time, quite sufficient to enable us to test whether our Society is one whose existence is to be looked upon as of a temporary nature, or to be written down as one of those institutions which is destined to leave its impress on that part of the Queen's dominions in which our lot is cast. Now, I think that any one glancing at the syllabus for the ensuing year, which has been distributed by our secretary, can come to only one conclusion, that this Gaelic Society of Inverness is not only prospering, but is making for itself more than a local habitation and a name. (Loud applause.) The work of next session is of the most varied and interesting character; and, while it would be invidious to particularise any of the lecturers or their subjects, we may safely assert in a general way that both the subjects to be dealt with, and the names of the gentlemen who are to deal with them, are guarantees of the highest excellence in that special department of literature, to the study and prosecution of which this Society is devoted. (Cheers). And we may also prophesy that so long as the Society can produce a syllabus like the one for the ensuing year, its best friends have no fear of its success. (Applause). Former chiefs of the Society have alluded to the ever increasing size of the annual Transactions during their year of office, and it is my good fortune to be enabled to follow in their footsteps, and to draw your attention to the eleventh volume, which is twice the size of most of its predecessors, and will no doubt afford you many hours of pleasant and profitable reading. (Hear, hear). I think that as this is the first volume which has been illustrated, thanks are due to Mr Smart for his drawings on the Druid Circles. There is one subject which of late, at all events, has but seldom found a place on the programme of this Society. I refer to the present all-engrossing question of the land. Being of a *quasi*-political nature, it may be as well that this should be the case, and I have not the slightest

intention of entering into the political aspect of it here, but I should like, with your leave, to say one or two words, so far as I think this Society can bring to bear influence on the general question without, I hope and believe, doing itself any harm, but doing, I am certain, a very great deal of good to the country at large, which, I am convinced, is the earnest wish of all of you. (Hear, hear.) I have often of late thought, and my views have been strengthened and confirmed by my conversations with different members of the Gaelic Society, that a Society like this, embracing among its members some of the foremost Celtic students of the day, could, if they individually took the matter up, do much in helping to dispel some of the erroneous statements which have been of late circulated amongst the people, and in the present state of the Highlands, where the people seem suddenly to have placed their trust in those gentlemen who have gone amongst them promising much, and making these promises, too often quite impracticable, in that great boon, "the Gaelic tongue"—(Hear, hear)—and as we all see that there must be legislation for the Highlands, I do think that the members of this Society should not be content with making speeches full of good advice and kindly feeling to their fellow countrymen, but, pushing on one side all party feeling, for I maintain that this is no party question, let Whig and Tory, aye, and downright Liberal, stand shoulder to shoulder, take every opportunity of talking with the people in their native language, and try and get them to meet the proposed legislation in the spirit in which it will be offered, by whatever Government brings it forward, be it Liberal or be it Conservative. I think this is the more incumbent on this Society, as I noticed the other day that a large section of the people in the Highlands have agreed only to read the papers which they, or, at least, their self-elected advisers, chose to call favourable to their cause. I hope I shall not be misunderstood here, and to be thought that I am at all referring to the editors of those papers, for from my personal knowledge of one or two of them, I am quite certain that they rather like opposition, and would be the last to object to both sides of the question being placed before those whose cause they advocate—(Hear, hear)—and I may also add that they are well able to give and receive as hard a blow as most of us. (Applause.) It seems to me the duty of every one who desires the happiness of his country to prevent such a rebound as will have the effect of injuring the Highlands instead of doing the people good. I am sure I need not say that I am far from desiring that the members of this Society should either individually or collectively commit them

selves to advocating the interests of any particular class—of that we have far too much in these days—but I should like to see them endeavouring to help forward such a settlement of this vexed question, as will give permanent peace to the Highlands, on a basis of justice to all, bringing in its train a future of happiness and prosperity, which, I am afraid, has been very much the reverse during the past few years. (Applause.) You may have noticed that the Government propose to introduce a bill, under the guidance of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, dealing with the crofter question in the Highlands. What its terms may be, we do not know, but we do know that the bill is in able hands, and I am certain will be framed in such a manner as to effect a permanent settlement, and bring that state of peace and contentment to the Highlands which is so much to be desired. If you and your friends, on the other hand, will do your best to induce the people to accept of it, whatever be the result, I have no fear that the example set by Ireland will be imitated here, but the cry of the people for legislation on the land question must be listened to, and their prayer granted, so far as it is consistent with justice and right. (Applause.) I will not detain you longer, as I do not think we meet here to make long speeches, so I will simply ask you to join with me in drinking a long and useful life and continued prosperity to “The Gaelic Society of Inverness.” (Loud and continued applause.)

Mr James Barron, Ness Bank, proposed the health of “The members of Parliament for Highland Counties and Burghs.” The members for the Northern Constituencies, he said, were for the most part new to public life; and he was sure every one would wish, as they were entering on their duties, that they might have a satisfactory career. (Hear, hear.) Looking over some Parliamentary gossip lately, he saw it stated that any one aspiring to political life must possess physical stamina. (Hear, hear.) He fancied that the true type for a modern member of Parliament, was a statesman for whose memory he had a special regard—he meant the cool, bright, cheery, and vivacious Lord Palmerston, who, a fortnight before his death, at the age of eighty, exercised his strength and ability by climbing twice over a high fence opposite his front door. (Laughter and applause.) That was the sort of legislator they required in these days of late hours, physical strain, and mental anxiety. They also hoped that besides the healthy body, their northern members would possess the healthy mind. They were the representatives of great and populous constituencies, elected by a decisive voice, raised to a position in which their names

might become historical, and called upon to deal with questions of great difficulty and complexity. (Hear, hear.) He was sure it was the general wish that they would act as true patriots, and labour to advance the true interests of the Highlands of Scotland. (Applause.)

Mr A. Macbain, Raining's School, proposed "The Language and Literature of the Gael." In doing so, he said this was the third time within the past five years that he had been called upon to propose this same toast, and he had indeed hoped by this time that his two former speeches on the subject ought, owing to their excellence, to have entitled him rather to respond to the toast than to propose it. (Laughter.) In these circumstances he would adopt the method employed by the candidates at the late election. When any knotty question was proposed in the course of the heckling, the candidates invariably referred his questioner to a speech he had delivered in some other place on that very topic. (Laughter.) Now, if they were anxious to know his opinions on the language and the literature of the Gael, he must first refer them to his previous speeches on this subject (Laughter.) Of course they all knew that the Gaelic was the oldest language in the world—(Hear, hear, and laughter)—at least it could not be scientifically proved that it was not the oldest language, and that itself was a great consolation—(Laughter)—for in reality a language and the race that spoke it were just as old as the human race and no older or younger. In regard to the Gaelic as a language, personally he had found it, he said, of the greatest use in the special field of science which he followed—in philology and mythology. There was scarcely a philological law of the ancient or of the modern world that Gaelic did not exemplify. It was of special importance in studying what the Germans called "Umlaut"—the action of a terminal small vowel on the preceding syllable; it showed, as no other language could, how they could get rid of consonants on principle, for vowel-flanked consonants generally disappear, so that the French people and the Strathspey people pronounced the word for "mother" exactly the same way, getting each rid of the medial letter *t*; and, lastly, the philological law of analogy, whereby declension and conjugation came to be of similar types, was extremely well exemplified in Gaelic. In regard to Gaelic literature, the Gaels could hold their own any day with any similarly situated people on this score. The literature was lively, pathetic, satiric, like most folk-literatures, and as such it was the best in Europe. (Applause.) General literature owed one great feature to the Celtic idea of

fitness and beauty, for it was to the Celts that they owed rhyme in modern verse. Hebrew poetry had its balance of thought, classical poetry had its quantity, Teutonic poetry delighted in alliteration, but the Celts had the most beautiful of all—rhyme or assonance. (Hear, hear, and applause.) And, not to detain them longer, he had lastly to refer to the triumph that Gaelic had lately gained in being recognised in the Scotch Code. A cherished object of this Society had been thus gained, and he, as a member of it, had the honour of presenting the first pupils under the new Code, even though the Gaelic schedule was not yet organised. (Cheers.)

Mr Duncan Campbell, who was called upon to reply, said he would have preferred to have proposed the toast, as in that case he would have had a better opportunity of referring to Mr Macbain's studies in Celtic literature. (Applause.) Mr Macbain was one of those gentlemen who really deserved the thanks of the Society, and, indeed, of all Celtic Societies, for his valuable and fruitful labours in that field. (Applause.) His friend, Mr Mackenzie, Ballifeary, whose name was coupled with the toast, and himself, were only doing their best to keep modern Gaelic alive, and coining it for commercial and every-day use; and also, as his friend Mr Whyte suggested, for election purposes. (Laughter and applause.) Professor Blackie some years ago published a judicial sentence of his own to the effect that Gaelic would never go beyond poetry and dialogue; but the Professor would have to retract this sentence—which, as an enthusiastic Highlander, he would no doubt do very frankly, for, during the election, the province of Gaelic—modern living Gaelic—had branched out in every form, and endeavoured to adapt itself to modern political thought, and other matters which formerly were almost unutterable in Gaelic. (Applause.) It had been shown that, like modern Greek, the Gaelic language had within itself the power of expressing every idea entering into the hearts of men, without, like English, borrowing from every available source. (Laughter and applause.) Mr Campbell, in conclusion, referred to a pamphlet, published by Dr Mackenzie of Eileanach, entitled "The Catechism of the Crofter." The pamphlet, Mr Campbell said, was one of the most useful and valuable contributions to modern Gaelic literature, because the Dr had elevated the importance of industry, and brought to the knowledge and understanding of the crofters valuable ideas in political economy. (Applause.) He only hoped that some one would follow up Dr Mackenzie's contribution with a publication of a similar nature, giving useful knowledge regarding gardening, for the benefit of the Highland people. (Applause.)

Mr Alexander Mackenzie, Ballifeary, whose name was also coupled with the toast, contented himself with acknowledging the compliment.

Bailie Alexander Ross proposed "The Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the Highlands," and in doing so referred to the depression which at present prevailed throughout the country. He trusted that there would be a speedy revival of prosperity in all branches of industry.

Mr F. Macdonald, Druidag, in a few pithy Gaelic sentences, replied on behalf of the agricultural, and ex-Bailie Macbean on behalf of the commercial interests of the North.

Provost Macandrew, on rising to propose the toast of "Highland Education," was heartily received. Highland education was, he said, a subject impressed upon them in one or two ways. In the first place, they could not travel very far over the country without observing that, at any rate, education was asserting itself in the matter of stone and lime. All the educational buildings which had of recent years been reared in the various parishes were very much finer than used to content their ancestors, or even themselves in their youth. As a consequence, education pressed upon many of them very seriously in the matter of assessment—especially about this time of the year they were all made very sensitive to that fact. (Laughter and applause.) Although in this particular part of the country they had not so great cause of complaint having regard to taxation, in many other parts of the Highlands excessive school rates were a great and crying evil. (Hear, hear.) This was an immediate effect of the excessive expenditure which had taken place in providing these buildings for elementary education; and there was no doubt that some speedy remedy would require to be found, and effectual relief given in many Highland parishes. (Loud applause.) The question which pressed itself upon his mind in this matter of education was, What were they substituting—what were the real merits of the equivalent being given—for the ancient system of education? It was necessary and right that the people should be taught to read and write not only the English language but their own native Gaelic, in order that they might be qualified to enter upon the actual business of life; but, while this elementary education was being supplied at such an enormous cost and pressure upon the ratepayers, it was, he was afraid, being forgotten that a great means for the education of the people had been greatly, and was now almost totally withdrawn, and that was the ancient literature of the country, that used to exist, if not in writing, at least in speech, handed down from one

generation to another. (Applause.) He did not suppose anybody could now make such a collection of Highland stories as Mr Campbell of Islay succeeded in doing. That collection, as they were aware, was in many respects imperfect; but had a Mr Campbell of Islay been in the field three or four generations before, how much more valuable a book of folklore might have been compiled? They must also remember that these traditional stories educated the people in those days; and when they looked back to what their forefathers were, and when they looked at all the appliances of modern education, he did not think that they had much reason to be proud. There was one thing that they must remember, and that was that they had a valuable means of education in the study of their own history, and the more he knew of it the more he would recommend its study. There was much in it, no doubt, which they had no reason to feel proud of. It often told of nobles who were faithless. But all through the course of the history of Scotland they felt that among the great body of the people there always existed a strong feeling both for the maintenance of the independence of the country, and for the maintenance of the royal line—(Hear, hear)—and this feeling of loyalty and independence shone brightly above the faithlessness of the nobles, and the weakness as well as the poverty of the country. (Applause.) Through the long course of their history, the people combined to resist the Romans, the Saxons, and the other invaders, and maintained Scotch independence, and their own royal line, until they were able to unite with England upon equal terms. (Hear, hear, and applause.) The fact could not be impressed too much upon the people that the more they looked back into the history of the country the more would they find people guided by high and noble feeling, by a feeling which soared high above their own selfish interests, a feeling of freedom and independence, which ought to be maintained at all risks and hazards. (Hear, hear, and applause.) It was of the utmost importance that this old Scotch feeling of freedom and independence should be perpetuated and not be lost sight of. A knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and a knowledge of how to acquire money, was all very well, but while they imparted such an education as enabled every man to take his share in the busy, active part of life, that part of his education should not be neglected which taught him to see that there were other things far above worldly and selfish interests which ought to inspire his heart, and guide him through life. (Applause.) Proceeding, the Provost said there could be no doubt that there was among the poorer class in the country a great

amount of improvidence and idleness, although it had to be borne in mind that they had much to contend with in the variable nature of the climate. He could conceive no better means of educating them out of their present position than by teaching them to look back upon the history of their country, which would teach them to rely more upon their own exertions and their own industry, as well as to look beyond their personal anxieties. (Applause.) They had heard a great deal lately about free education, but while he was in politics a Liberal, he had some old-fashioned ideas, and he must say that, in his opinion, to introduce free education would not only reduce it to a thing of little value, but would destroy that noble feeling which prompted the artisan to pinch himself in order that his son might be well educated. (Hear, hear.) Free education would destroy that glorious feeling of independence that had ever characterised Scotchmen, and should animate them to the last stroke of time. Entertaining these feelings, he had great pleasure in taking part in the proceedings of the Society. It was devoted to maintaining what was good and valuable, and its main object was to conserve all that was good and true in Highland life and character, and to promote education in the highest and best sense. (Applause.) The Society should do its utmost to teach the Highland people that what was only valuable and worthy of being contended for was that which was obtained through industry and actual exertion on their part—that education was only valuable if sought for its own sake, and for the sake of the freedom and the knowledge which it gave; and teach them also to look back into the history of former times, and learn the valuable lesson that it was their duty to look far above individual comfort and individual grievances, and endeavour to realise a higher ideal. (Loud applause.)

Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh, who replied, said he had always taken a very great interest in the question of education. Speaking of elementary education in the Highlands, he said many difficulties had to be contended with. The question of school attendance was one of the most serious. This was a matter which he thought ought to occupy the attention of members of School Boards and others more than it did. (Hear, hear.) Some Boards were quite content if they appointed a default officer. This should not be the case. The prosecution of parents for neglecting to send their children to school was looked upon as harsh; and he believed more in the personal influence of those who commanded respect in the district for a change for the better, than in any

measure of compulsion. (Applause.) With regard to the Provost's remark about free education, he might say that he had found that those who had paid school fees attended school with more satisfaction to themselves, their parents, and their teachers. Notwithstanding this fact, however, his experience led him to think that education, if compulsory, should, if not free, be at least cheap. (Hear, hear, and applause.)

Mr E. H. Macmillan, Caledonian Bank, proposed the toast of "Kindred Societies," and in doing so, referred to the good work which was being carried on by the various societies. He had expected that he would have been able to couple the toast with the name of Mr Horne, of the Geological Survey. (Applause.) He, however, had found it impossible to be present. They were glad, however, to have Dr Aitken with them, one of the leading members of the Field Club. The Secretary of the Gaelic Society had alluded to the fact that the eleventh volume of the Transactions had been issued during the past year; and he (Mr Macmillan) might mention that the Scientific Society and Field Club had issued during the year the first volume of their Transactions. (Applause.)

Dr Aitken, in reply, said he was glad the Field Club should have for its President one so distinguished, and one likely to become more distinguished than he was. Mr Horne had already solved a question which had long puzzled men in his own profession—the geological problem in the North-West of Sutherland. (Applause.) In speaking to the toast, he said he understood that the societies he was expected to represent were three in number. There was the Literary and Debating Society—a very vigorous Society—and he knew of no other better field for training young men to acquit themselves with credit in life than in that association. (Applause.) The older Society—the Literary Institute—had thought desirable to connect itself with the Field Club, not for want of papers or energy, but owing to so many nights being devoted to the various societies, that the members could not attend all the meetings. (Applause.) In regard to the Field Club, its sphere was to deal with the natural phenomena and archaeology of the district. (Applause.) The Gaelic Society subsisted for preserving the language and folk-lore of the people. (Applause.) The one dealt with the physical features of the country, and the other with the life of the people. (Applause.) It was most important that people should be conversant with the history and traditions of their own race, and he was pleased to observe that in the last volume of the Gaelic Society the history

of the language of the country occupied a most important part. He knew of nothing in that direction more important than that contributed by Mr Macbain, Raining's School. If they once allowed the language of the country to go down, they might do what they pleased; they might legislate and take all possible precautions, but they would be lost as a people, and in order to preserve it they could not do better than study it. (Applause.) If the two Societies worked together he thought the history and folklore of this district would be worked up better than any other district in Scotland. (Applause.)

Mr Alex. Mackenzie, Ballifeary, in a humorous speech, gave "The Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness." In doing so he spoke of the important schemes which they had to deal with. He mentioned that within the last few years the Police Commissioners had expended a sum of £100,000 on gas and water. (Applause.) He expressed the hope that the Queen, on the occasion of her jubilee, would remember the Provost of the Capital of the Highlands, and that when they next met he would have the honour to call upon Sir Henry Cockburn Macandrew to reply for the toast. (Applause.)

The Provost said he did not know what her Majesty might be pleased to do by-and-bye; but there was no doubt of this—that if these honours were to be flying about, the Provost of Inverness had as good a title as any one else, and ought not to be forgotten. (Hear, hear, and applause.)

Mr William Mackay, solicitor, proposed the toast of "The Non-Resident Members of the Society." He mentioned that of the 300 members of the Society, 200 were non-resident, so that they were a very numerous body. A reference to the syllabus would also show that they were an important body, no fewer than 15 of the 26 papers being by non-resident members. (Applause.)

Mr F. Macdonald, farmer, Druidag, replied in Gaelic.

Mr G. J. Campbell, in proposing the toast of "The Clergy of all Denominations," said that while the present company could not be expected to subscribe to all the religious tenets represented by the subject of this toast, still they could all sympathise with, and appreciate the main objects of the clerical profession—(Applause)—even though all their clerical friends did not claim apostolic succession. (Laughter.) The clergy had in the past taken the deepest interest in all that conduced to the well-being of society, and they were doing so still. They were in bygone ages, as they were in the present day, in the forefront as pioneers of civilisation, going with their lives in their hand into the darkest corners of the earth, shedding the light of truth, inculcating the doctrines of

rectitude and morality and good-will among men, and breaking up the fallow ground for the advancement of social and commercial prosperity. (Hear, hear.) The influence they had on society might be traced in many ways, but perhaps in none more conspicuously than in the innumerable costly and ornamental, and even in their ruins, almost everlasting architectural edifices erected for religious purposes. They had also great influence in moulding the thought and life of the people by the action and intelligent interest they had taken in education and literature. The cause of Gaelic literature was laid under deepest obligation to their order, through the valuable record of the far off centuries handed down to us in the Book of Deer. (Applause.) The tendency of the present day was to deny to the clergy the privilege of entering into the discussion of civil and political reforms, but while he (Mr Campbell) could not coincide with that view, he believed it depended very much on the judiciousness with which they treated those questions whether they could command the sympathies and support of their people on entering into those secular battlefields. (Hear, hear.) The functions of the clergy were more pastoral than political, and in their high calling they deserved the highest regard of the people. Let us be able to say of each of them, when called to give an account of his stewardship—

“ His head was silvered o’er with age,
 And long experience made him sage ;
 In summer’s heat and winter’s cold
 He fed his flocks and penned his fold ;
 His wisdom and his honest fame
 Through all the country raised his name.”

The Rev. G. Mackay, Beaully, in reply, said he had always taken a deep interest in all matters affecting the welfare of the people of the Highlands, and would always do what he could to promote their best and highest interests. (Applause.)

Treasurer Jonathan Ross, proposed “The Press,” and Mr D. K. Clark, *Inverness Courier*, replied.

Mr Mackenzie, Silverwells, said the toast assigned to him was one which he had the greatest possible pleasure in proposing, and which he was certain would be received with the cordiality and enthusiasm it deserved. (Hear, hear.) It was the “Health of their worthy Chairman and Chief,” Kintail. (Applause.) Kintail was always ready to further the interests of all their local associations, societies, and institutions. As an agriculturist, he had set a noble example to tenants and tenant-farmers, and one which many of their large landed proprietors would do well to

follow. (Hear, hear.) He was heir to princely possessions, and with the experience thus gained, it said much for his future as a landlord. (Applause.) He might also say that Kintail did not do like many of their lairds, after collecting their rents in the North, go and live in the great Metropolis. No, he preferred to live in the Highlands and among the Highland people, where he was both loved and respected. (Applause.) He asked them to fill up their glasses and drink to the health of our Chairman and Chief, Kintail, with all the honours. (Applause and Highland honours.)

The Chairman acknowledged the compliment, and thanked the company for their kind expressions of esteem.

Bailie Charles Mackay proposed the health of "The Croupiers," which was responded to by Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor.

The health of "The host," Mr Macfarlane, having been heartily pledged, the company separated. During the evening songs were given by Dr Sinclair Macdonald, Mr Mowatt, Mr Macpherson, Mr G. J. Campbell, Mr Fraser, Illinois; Mr William Mackay, Mr Whyte, and others. During dinner and between the toasts Pipe-Serjeant Paul Mackillop delighted the company with marches and strathspeys, played in excellent style on the pipes. His spirited strains roused the feelings of the company, and an excellent reel, in which most of those present took part, was engaged in towards the close of the proceedings.

As already stated one of those who entertained the company assembled at dinner, was Mr William Fraser, of Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A. Mr Fraser had been forty years in America, and the following poem of his own composition, vividly describes his first impressions of the country, and the home-sickness that made him sigh there for Highland heather, glens, streams, and the social life to which he was accustomed. Better acquaintance with the land of his adoption, however, softened his regrets, but never killed the Highlander in his nature. The poem which Mr Fraser recited was as follows:—

First Part.

'Nuair bha na h-uaislean air cinntinn cruaidh oirn,
 Anns an Taobh Tuath 's an robh sinu an Alb',
 Dh' eirich fuaim oirn gu dhol thar chuaintibh,
 'S do dh-America ghluais sinn le fonn air falbh ;
 Is ann sna Staitean air tir do chaidh sinn,
 'N ceann iomadh la dhuinn bhi muigh air fairg',
 'S cha mhor toil-inntinn a gheibh 'san tir so,
 Oir 's iomadh ni a tha ga deanamh searbh.

Air dol dheth bord dhuinn aig crìoch ar seolaidh,
 'Sa' bhaile mhor ud do 'n ainm New York,
 Bha sluagh gu leoir as gach taobh 'n Roimn Eorp ann
 Dheth na h-uile seorsa 's air iomadh dreach.
 Bu chnapan " nigger " gach fear a trì dhiubh,
 Mar ri na mìltean do Gheangaich ghlas,
 'S ma their mi 'n fhirinn gur mi bha sgith dheth,
 Ma'n d' fhuair mi m' imrich a thogail as.

Gach ceum a shiubhlas sinn feadh na duth'chsa,
 Gur coille dhuth-ghorm i air fad,
 Tha ruith gu sìorruidh gun cheann no crìoch oirr'
 Is beachain fiadhaich tha innt' gu pàilt';
 Cha 'n fhaic sinn fraoch ann a' fas air aonach,
 No sruth a caochan ruith soilleir glan,
 Ach buig is geoban, 's na rathadan mora,
 Na'n sluic mhi-chomhnard le stumpan grod.

'S ge do shaoil sinn gu 'm bu duthaich shaor i,
 Tha sinn fo dhaors' innt' nach robh sinn riamh,
 Le obair chruaidh ann gun suim do dh-uaraidh,
 'S cha ghabhar truas dhinn ged bhiodh sinn sgith ;
 Bithidh glaodh oirnn eirigh mu 'n gann is leir dhuinn,
 'S air ball gum feum sinn a dhol ri gnìomh,
 'S bho mhoch gu anmoch sinn 'sàs mar ainmhidh,
 'S le cabhaig anbarraich ag ith ar bidh.

Cha bhi na trathan 's an àm am b'abhaist dhuinn,
 Ach air aman daicheal nach do chleachd sinn riamh;
 'Nuair theid gairm oirnn a dhol da 'n ionnsaidh,
 Theid clag no dudach a' sud a thoirm ;
 Theid suidhe ri biadh ann gun bheannachd iarraidh,
 'S gach fear a' lionadh gu grad a bhroinn,
 'S cho grad aig eirigh am feadh tha bheil lan,
 'S cha ghabh fear eis ri fear tha as a dheigh.

Gur h-e an lon 's tric bhitheas air bord aca,
 Na staoigean mor dheth na mhuic-fheoil ghlais,
 Is ti searbh air nach bi mor tharbhachd,
 Gun an siucar dearg 'chuireadh dhith 'n droch bhlas ;
 Is "stuth na Toiseachd" air an robh sinn eolach,
 Cha 'n fhaodar ol ann mar bu chleachd,
 Tha e air a dhiteadh air feadh na tìr-sa,
 'S gum bheil a bhinn air a toirt a mach.

Gur bochd ar caramh an so air airidh,
 Is ann na'n raith'dean cha gabh sinn tlachd,
 B'i tir a phianaidh do dhuin' is ainbhidh,
 'S cha 'n 'eil na h-aimsirean mar bu chleachd ;
 Tha teas is fuachd ann a tha ro chruaidh oirnn,
 Bhitheas cur droch shnuadh oirnn 's toirt dhinn ar dreach,
 'S cha mhor creutair a chi mi fein ann,
 Gach fear is te dhiubh ach biorach glas.

Ri am an t-samhraidh sinn sgith is fann ann,
 Gu 'm bi ar teangan a mach le teas,
 A bhitheas ga'r sarachadh 's toirt ar cail uainn,
 Is sinn mar sgail ann air leaghadh as ;
 Bithidh 'm fallas braonach a' ruith na chaochanan,
 Sios bh'ar n-aodann na shruthan cas,
 'S an tuisg' a ghnath gu 'm feum bhi lamh rinn,
 'S sinn tioram, paiteach ag eigheachd deoch.

'S tha geamhradh gruamach a tha cranndaidh fuar ann,
 Le geur ghaoth tuath agus frasan sneachd,
 Ga chur gu domhal is cathadh mor leis,
 'S gum bith na roidean gu h-uile tachd'.
 'Mur bi botan oirnn is pailteas couhdaich
 Cha bhi doigh air a dhol a mach,
 'S tha ghaoth cho reodht ann 's gun gearr i 'n t-sron dhiun
 'S gum bi gach lon ann cho cruaidh ri clach.

'S e sud am fuachda a dh'fhagas gruamach
 Na h-uile truaghan a bhios an aire,
 Gur leoir a cheird dha bhi cumail blaits air ;
 Is connadh gearta gum feum bhi pailt',
 'S bithidh 'm fuachd air uairean a' faighinn buaidh oirnn
 Ged h-ann na 'r suain a bhitheadh sinn 'n ar leab',
 Is mur bi teine mor ann an impis rosdaidh,
 Cha mhor nach reoth sinn 'nar suidhe steach.

Ach a' mhuinntir straicell a tha 'san ait so,
 'S e an t-am is fhearr leo 'nuair thig an sneachd ;
 Bithidh iad nan caoiribh a' ruith air slaoid ann,
 Is cluig 'sa' ghliogarachd ri 'n cuid each.
 Aig dol mu'n cuairt' anns an am a's fuaire,
 'S an sneachd mu'n cluasan ga chur gu pailt',
 A' ruith 'sa' leumachd 's gach taobh an leir dhuinn.
 'S an cuip ag eigneachadh speid nan each.

Air latha na Sabaid, do dh-aite a' chrabhaibh,
 Cha bhi ach ainmig aon neach air chois,
 Ach ann an carbadaibh dol do'n t searmoin,
 'S a' ruith 'sa stararaich le'n iomadh each;
 Tha iomadh seors ann do bharaile neonach
 Nach 'eil a' cordadh air aona bheachd,
 Is cuid mi-churamach mar na bruidean,
 Is cha'n 'eil umhlachd do Shabaid ac'.

Tha cuid do dh-Albanaich feadh na duth'ch' so
 Gu tur chuir eul ris gach cleachdadh coir
 A lean ri'n sinnsearean air feadh nan linntean,
 Is cha'n 'eil suim ac' ga'n cumail beo.
 Ach mar na Geintilich tha ma'n cuairt orr'
 A' fas gu fuar-chritheach le'n cuid stoir,
 'S cha chan iad Gailig ach 'deanamh tair oirr'
 Ged 's ann innt cha'n arach 'n uair bha iad og.

'S gur tric mi cuimhneachdainn air na tioman
 Bhitheadh agam fhein ann an Albainn thall,
 'S bithidh mulad diblidh a' tighinn air m' inntinn
 'S gur iomadh sgrìob bhios i toirt a null,
 A' ruith gu eutrom air feadh an aonaich,
 Mar bha mi aon uair an tìr nam beann
 A' cluinntinn toirmean nan allt 's nan caochan
 Bhiodh mireach, sgaoilteach ruith feadh nan gleann.

Aig Nollaig aobhneach is La Bliadhn' Uir ann,
 Gur sinn bhiodh sunndach, le cluich is ceol,
 Bhiodh surd is danns' ann air feisd is bainnsibh,
 Gun dad a sgrainge no dh'ole na 'r coir;
 Is gum bu ghuanach a bhiodh na gruagaichean
 Bhiodh m'an cuairt dhuinn gu critheil coir,
 Gu cairdeal, eibhneach, gun eagal cleir oirnn
 Do thaobh bheusan bha saor bho ghòid.

Air bhi air chuairt dhuinn car bheagan bhliadhnaibh
 'N taobh airde n' iar do Staid New York,
 'S o'n bha m' fearann daor ann 's gun mor mhaoin againn
 Chuir sinn ar n-aodainn ri dhol na b'fhaid',
 Agus sheol sinn thar lochaibh mora
 Do dh-Illinois nam faichean glas
 'San fhearann chomhnard gun choilltean domhal
 Is ghabh sinn comhnuidh air abhainn Fox.

Gum b'i so duthaich nam *prairie* lubach,
 Na 'n scalladh ur dhuinn 's na h-uile cearn,
 Is feur gu duint' orr' gu ruig ar gluinean,
 Gu dosrach ùrar 's gu gorm a' fas ;
 Gun chrodh no caoraich ri iomain caoin ann,
 Ach crith sa ghaoith ann mar thonnaibh fairg,
 'Sa' fas 's a' crionadh o chian nan ciantan
 Is aig gach fiadh-bheathach 'na aite taimh.

Second Part.

Tha iomadh seorsa do dh-ainbhidh beo ann,
 Gun dragh no eolas air rathaidhean dhaoin,
 Tha feidh nan crocan a' ruith nan drobhan ann
 Is cearcan boidheach mar bhiodh 'san fhraoch.
 Tha madraidh-alld' agus sionnaich sheolt ann,
 Agus gobharan beaga maol,
 'S tha 'n tunnag spogach a' snamh gach lon ann
 Is pailteas dhrobbachan do ghlas gheoidh.

Tha moran eun ann a bhios ri ceol ann,
 Cho binn ri smeorach am barr nan craobh.
 Tha na h-aibhnichean is iasg gu leor annt'
 Gun aig neach coir orr', ach iad gu saor.
 'S tha iomadh doigh air bhi deanamh beo-shlaint',
 'S cha'n 'eil an lon ann no 'm fearann daor,
 'S mur bhith aon do-bheart a bhios g'ar leon ann
 Bhitheadh sinn cho doigheil 'sa shireadh aon.

Ach tha aon droch bhuaidh ann d'am beil sinn buailteach
 Bhios ga'r cur tuathal 's ga'r fagail clith—
 'S e sin droch eucail, ris an canar *ague*,
 Is cha mhor creutair nach dean i chlaidh.
 Gu 'm bi na ceudan air chrith is dreun orr'
 Mar dhuill' air gheig bhiodh air chrith le gaoith,
 'S cha'n ann gun reusan a bheir mi beum dhi,
 Oir 's iomadh eiginn 's na chuir i mi.

'Nuair gheibh suairceag ud lamh an uachdar,
 'S i chuireas gluasad na m' fhuil 's na m' fheoil,
 Mi greannach, gruamach, is fìor dhroch shnuadh orm,
 'S bithidh mi cho fuar ann ri stocan reoth'.
 'S m'an gann gun gluais mi 's gum falbh am fuachd sin
 Thig teas cho cruaidh orm 's ged bhithinn roisdt',
 Mi 'n ghnath ri luasgan gun fhois no suain domh,
 Och, gur mi-shuaimhneach a bhios mo choir.

B'i sin a' bhan-suireach a dh'fhanas teann rium,
 'S a chuireas greann orm thighinn a'm choir,
 Is ged bhiodh aing orm cha toir i taing dhomh
 Is cha ghabh ceannsachdainn oirr' le deoin.
 'Nuair a smuanaich mi gun d'thug i fuath dhomh
 'S gun d'rinn mi fuadach uam ri'm bheo,
 Thig i gun naire a ris chur failt' orm,
 'S a dh fhanainn lamh rium ge b'oil le m' fheoil.

Is i a' bhana-Gheangach a tha gun nair i,
 'S ann orm tha 'n tamailt mi faicinn rianh ;
 'N uair dh'eireas teum oirr' cha bhi mi reidh rithe ;
 Ach gheibh mi greudhadh naipe nach bi cli.
 Mo cheann is m'eanchainn bithidh troimh a cheile,
 Is gach cnaimh nam chreubhag bithidh bruite, sgith,
 Gum b'fhearr dhomh fein bhi fo phlaigh na h-Eiphid
 'Nuair throideas breunag na bhi 'san tir.

Ach, taing dha'n Ti-mhath, gun d'fhuar mi cuibht's i,
 Is iomadh cuingealachd bha na deigh,
 'S le tuillidh bruidhne cha bhi ga maoitheadh,
 Ach bithidh mi chaoidh guidhe dhi siubhal reidh.
 'S a nis cho-dhunain le comhairle dthurachdaich
 Do mo luchd-duthcha 'san tir gu leir—
 Gun iad bhi diombach no'm misneachd cul riutha
 Ge do bhiodh cuisean dol uairean fiar.

20TH JANUARY 1886.

A meeting was held on this date for the purpose of nominating office-bearers for 1886. The following new members were elected, viz :—Mr A. D. Campbell, of Kilmartin, Glen-Urquhart, life member ; and Mr John Horne, Geological Survey, Inverness ; Mr Alexander Gow, of the *Dundee Advertiser*, Dundee ; and Mr Alexander Mowat, of the *Scottish Highlander*, Inverness, ordinary members. All the business having been transacted, the meeting assumed the form of a Highland Ceilidh, which was highly enjoyed by all present.

27TH JANUARY 1886.

At the meeting on this date, office-bearers for 1886 were elected. The following were elected members of the Society, viz :—Mr Kenneth J. Matheson, yr. of Lochalsh, life member ; Sheriff Blair, Inverness ; and Colonel Charles Edward Stewart, C.I.E.,

C.M.G. (of the Afghan Frontier Commission), Ornockenoch, Gatehouse, Kirkcudbright, honorary members; Mr John MacLennan, teacher, Inverasdale, Gairloch; Mr Alexander Mitchell, The Dispensary, Inverness; and Mr Alexander Macdonald, master carpenter, 62 Tomnahurich Street, Inverness, ordinary members; and Mr Roderick MacCorquodale, 42 Union Street, Inverness, as an apprentice member.

3RD FEBRUARY 1886.

At the meeting on this date the following new members were elected, viz.:—Mr James E. B. Baillie of Dochfour, and Mr Edward Herbert Wood of Raasay, both life members; Dr F. F. M. Moir, Aberdeen, honorary; and Mr Ralph Erskine Macdonald, Corindah, Queensland; Mr James Cook, commission agent, Inverness; Mr Hugh Macpherson, merchant, Castle Street, Inverness; Mr Wm. Fraser of Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A.; Dr Sinclair Macdonald, Inverness; and Mr William Mackay, Argyle Street, Inverness, ordinary members. Some routine business having been transacted, Mr Colin Chisholm, Inverness, read the following series of

UNPUBLISHED OLD GAELIC SONGS.

Our worthy secretary, Mr William Mackenzie, arranged that I should read a few old songs for you this evening.

So far as I am aware, the most of these songs never appeared as yet in print, but some of them have been partially published. For instance:—There are only thirteen verses of "*Oran mor Mhic-Leoid*," given in Mackenzie's "*Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*," whereas I give twenty-seven verses of it. The same remark may also apply to two or three others, which have been printed in part only, and which I give as full as I ever heard them sung. Every song on my list for this evening I used to hear, and could recite parts of them before I left Strathglass, over fifty years ago. Last Autumn, when I was in Kintail, Captain Alexander Matheson, shipowner, Dornie, generously placed his large collection of Gaelic songs in manuscript at my disposal. It is through his kindness that I was enabled to renew my acquaintance with the most of the songs I now give to this Society. If any other person will give us better versions of these songs, no one will be more pleased than I will.

The first song I will give you is one composed by Roderick Mackenzie, who is said to have been the heir apparent of Apple-

cross, but who was supplanted by some means which I never heard sufficiently explained.

Thoir a nall dhuinn am botul,
 Cuir an deoch so mu'n cuairt ;
 Tha' m inntinn gle dheonach
 Dhol a sheoladh thar chuan,
 A dh-ionnsuidh an aite
 Gus na bharc am mor shluagh,
 Gu eilean Naomh Mairi,
 'S cha bhi mal dha thoirt bhuainn.

Ach, Aonghais Mhic-Amhla,
 Tha mi an geall ort ro mhor,
 Bho 'n a sgriobh thu na briathran
 'S an gnìomh le do mheoir ;
 Gu 'n cuir thu dha'r n-ionnsuidh
 Long Ghallda nan seol,
 Ruith-chuip air a clair—
 "*Overhaul and let go.*"

So a' bhliadhna tha saraicht'
 Air fear gun aiteach gun sunnd ;
 'Nuair theid each ann sa Mhàrt
 Ris an aiteach le surd ;
 Tha luchd-riaghlaidh an aite
 Dha 'm aicheadh gu dlùth,
 'S gur e 'n stiuir thoirt an iar dhi
 Nì is ciataiche dhuinn.

Ma 's e reitheachan chaorach
 An aite dhaoine bhitheas ann,
 Bidh Albainn an tra sin
 Na fasaich do'n Fhraing ;
 'Nuair a thig Bonaparte
 Le laimh laidir a nall,
 Bidh na cibeirean truagh dheth,
 'S cha truagh linn an càll.

'Nuair a thig orra 'm bracsaidh
 'S gach galar bhitheas ann,
 A' chloimh cha'n i 's fhasa
 Dha'n tachus gu teann,
 An t-al a bhi diobairt
 'Sa chaoil' anns gach gleann
 An stoc gun bhi lathair
 'S am mal bhi air chall.

Ma ni sinne seoladh
 'S gu'n deonaichear dhuinn
 Gu 'n robh Rìgh nan Grasan
 A ghnath air ar stiuir ;
 Dha nar gleidheadh's da'r tearnadh
 Bho gach gabhadh is cuis,
 Gu taobh thall na fairge,
 Ma's a crannchur e dhuinn.

Bithidh am bradan air linn' ann
 'Sna mìltean do dh-fheidh,
 Bithidh gach eun air na crannaibh
 'S ann am barraibh nan geug ;
 Bithidh an cruithneachd a fàs ann
 Bithidh an t-al aig an spreidh,
 'S ann an am na Feill Padraig
 Bithidh an t-aiteach dha reir.

Bheir mi dhuibh a nise Luinneag le Donull Mac-Mhathain,
 Fear Atadail. Tha sinn a' faicinn ann san aidheam so mar bu
 mhath leis bean a thaghadh :—

E hu ro bhì hoireann oho,
 E hu ro bhì hoireannàn ;
 E hu ro bhì hoireann eile,
 Mo run fhein gu d' fhaicinn slan.

Na'm bitheadh agam bàta biorach,
 Sgioba ghillean agus raimh,
 Rachainn a null thar an linne
 'S calltainn bheil an nighean slan.

Na'm faighinn caileag bhoidheach, bheusach,
 'Si bhì leum na h-ochd bliadhn' diag,
 Ged do shìlanaicheadh i 'n fhichead
 'S docha nach bu mhisc' a ciall.

'S mor gum b'fhearr leam leabaidh luachrach,
 'San Taobh-tuath a muigh air blar,
 Na ged gheibhinn leaba' n seomar
 'S e seachd stòraidhean air aird'.

'S beag orm an te bhitheas céil'dheach,
 'S tric a thug i bhreug dheth 'triall ;
 Te mhugach nach faighnich cairdean,
 Cha' n i 's fhearr a choisneas miadh.

Cha thaobh mi bantrach fir idir,
 Na seann te gun duin' aice riamh,
 Fo altrum te oig cha teid mi,
 Bho' n a's fheudar a bhi triall.

Thaghainn thu gu boidheach, banail,
 Thaghainn thu gu fallain, fial;
 Pailteas spreidh is moran chairdean,
 Ciall is naire 's cail gu gnìomh.

MORT NA CEAPAICH, NO CUMHIA CLANN NA CEAPAICH, LE
 IAN LOM.

Fifteen verses of this song have been published by Turner in his collection of Gaelic Songs in 1813. There are also fifteen verses, line for line as in Turner's, printed in John Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." I used to hear more of this lament in Strathglass, and by aid of the Dornie MS., I can now give you twenty-three verses of it. About the time "Ian Lom" composed this lament he found his native district too hot for him, in consequence of which he sought and received the hospitality and protection of "Mac-Coinnich mor Chinntaile," *i.e.*, the Earl of Seaforth. By command of the Earl, John was placed in a farm called Cragraig, in Gleneilchaig. In this farm he remained until some person inimical to "Ian Lom," composed a villainously ugly and lying satire of four or five short lines on the men of Kintail. "Ian Lom" was accused of being the author of the offensive couplet. He denied it with all the power of speech in his versatile vocabulary, but all to no effect. He was obliged to leave Kintail. It was on that occasion he composed the song in which the following lines occur:—

“Dha mo chur a Cinntaile
 Gun fhios de an t-aite do'n teid mi.”

I was passing through Gleneilchaig about fifty-five years ago, along with an elderly man who pointed out Cragraig to me as "Ian Lom's" old farm; he also stated that it was on Mam-an-tuirc when leaving Gleneilchaig the Poet composed the song in which the following verse occurs:—

“Dha m'chur a m' fhearann gun aobhar,
 'S nach mi shalaich an t-saobhaidh,
 Mar mhadadh-alluidh
 Sa' chaonnag m'a lorg.”

Excuse this digression, and pray have patience with me while I recite

MORT NA CEAPAICH

'S teare an diugh mo chuis ghaire,
 Tigh'n na raidean so 'niar ;
 'G amharc fonn Inbhir-laire,
 'N deigh a stràchdadh le siol ;
 Ge d' tha Cheapach na fasaich,
 Gun aon aird' oirre 's fhiach :
 Gu'm faice' Dia, bhraithrean,
 Gur trom a bhàrc oirnn an t-sian.

'S fad bhios cuimhn' air an Aoine,
 Dh-fhag a chaoidh sinn fo sprochd ;
 Ann an àm na Feill-Micheil,
 Cha bu ni chall air phlod ;
 Ach bhi'n diugh na'r cuis-bhuird
 Mar mhial-bhuirn air gach loch ;
 Nuair theid gach cinneadh a dh'aon taobh
 Bidh sinne sgaoilte mu' n chnoc.

'S ann Di-sathurna gearra-bhuain,
 Bhuail an t-earachall orm goirt ;
 'S mi fos cionn nan corp geala,
 Bha 'sileadh fala fo' n bhrat ;
 Bha mo lamhansa craobh-dhearg,
 An deigh bhi 'taomadh nan lot ;
 'Se bhur cur ann sa chiste,
 Turn is miste mo thoirt.

B'iad mo ghaol na cuirp chul-bhuidhe,
 Anns 'm bu dluth cuir na'n sgian :
 'S iad na'n sineadh air urlar,
 An seomar ùr dha'n cur sios ;
 Fo chasan Shiol Dughail,
 Luchd a spuilleadh nan cliar :
 Dh'fhag àladh am biodag,
 Mar sgaile ruidil 'ur bian.

Tha sibh 'n cadal-thigh duinte,
 'Se gun smuid deth, gun cheo ;
 Far an d'fhuair sibh 'n garbh rusgadh,
 Thaobh 'ur cuil a's 'ur beoil ;

Ach na'm faigheadh sibh ùine,
Bho luchd 'ur mì-rùin bhi beo ;
Cha bu bhaile gun surd e,
Bhiodh aidhir, mùirn ann a's ceol.

S fuar caidreamh tigh tabhairt,
'San robh gairich is cosd ;
Far nach cluinnear guth clarsaich,
Ach gaoir galach nam bochd ;
'Sé mar thaileasg air aon teud,
Tha t'fhearann sgaoilte 'se nochdt' ;
'Tilgear urchair na disne,
'S gur leir dha'n Ti a mheur ghoint.

'S ann oirnne thainig an diombuaidh,
'S an t-ionaguin tha geur ;
Mar tha claidheamh ar fine,
Cho minig 'n 'ar deigh ;
Pachda Thurcach gun sireadh,
Bhi a pinneadh bhur cleibh ;
Bhi n' ur breacain g' ur filleadh,
'Measg ur cinneadh mor fein.

A leithid de mhurt cha robh 'n Alba,
Ged bu bhorbarr' a gleus ;
'S cha bu laghail an t-sealg e
Gu cosnadh sealbh righeachd Dhe ;
Ge b' e 'm fàth mu'n robh sgionadh
Chaidh cha 'n innis mi 'n sgeul ;
Cha d' thain' a leithid do mhilleadh,
Air ceann-cinnidh fo'n ghrein.

Ghabh sibh roimhe so fath oirnn,
Dh'fheuch bhur cairdeas ruinn geur
Chaidh sibh 'stigh ann san fhasaich
'Nuair a thar sibh bhi reidh ;
Chuir sibh cungais a chàise
'Stigh an aros nan teud,
'S cuid de'n buailichean ba-chruidh
Ann an garadh nam peur.

C'aite 'n robh e fo'n adhar,
A sheall n'ur bathais gu geur,
Nach tugadh dhuibh athadh,
A luchd 'ur labhairt 's 'ur beus ;

Mach bho chloinn bhrathair 'ur n-athar,
 A mheall an t-aibhistear treun,
 Ged a rinn iad bhur lotsa,
 Gur trom a rosad dhaibh fein.

Tha lionn-dubh na chàs cruaidh orm
 Tighinn an uaigneas mo chleibh,
 Le mar dh'fhas e na chuan orm
 B' fhearr leam 'uam e mar cheud
 Cia mar dh'fhaodas mi dìreadh
 Gun ite dhileis na'm sgeith
 'S luchd a dheanamh na sithne
 Bhi feadh na tire gun deigh.

'S og a bha sibh do bhliadhna,
 Ghlac a cheutaidh sibh luath,
 Aig ro-fheothas bhur ciall
 Gu cur 'ur riaghailtean suas.
 Ge b'e ghabhadh rium fiabhrus,
 Bhi dha nur n-iargainn sibh' uam ;
 Bidh m' 'n deigh air bhur riasladh,
 Gus an liath air mo ghruaig.

Chuir Dia oirnn mac oighre,
 Gu bhi na choirneir roimh chach,
 Chum gu 'n soillsich a sholus,
 Mar phreas-toraidh fo bhath,
 'S mi gu'm freagradh a chaismeachd,
 Air fraoch-bhrataich gun chearb,
 Dealbh do bhradan, do dhobhran,
 Do luing, do leomhan 's laimh dhearg.

Dh'ordaich Dia dhuinn craobh-shiochaint
 Chumadh dìon oirnn le treoir,
 Da 'm bu cheir dhuinn bhi strìochdadh
 Fhad 's a's cian bhìomaid beo ;
 Mas sinn fhein a chuir dìth oirre
 Cha 'n fhearr a' chrìoch a thig oirnn,
 Tuitidh tuagh as na Flaitheas
 Leis an sgathar na meoir.

An glan fhiuran so bh'againn
 'N taobh so Fhlaitheas Mhic Dhe
 Thainig sgiursadh a' bhais air
 Chaill sinn 'thoirt le strachd geur,

An t-aon fhiuran a b' aillidh
 Bh 'ann sa phaire an robh speis,
 Mar gu'm buaineadh sibh àilean
 Leis an fhaladar gheur.

'S math an toilltinneach sinne,
 Bhi gu minig am pein ;
 Bho' n a ghlac sinn fal-spiorad
 Ann an ionad fiamh Dhe;
 Mar lorg neo-chinntè air liunc,
 Ge'd bu mhinig an sgeul,
 Ach an t-or nach do bhuaileadh,
 Fhuair e bhuaib as a bhreig.

Tha mulad air m' inntinn,
 Bhi ag innse bhur beus ;
 'S ann a ghabh iad am fath oirbh,
 'Nuair chaidh 'ur fagail libh fein ;
 'S bochd an sgeul eadar bhraithrean,
 E dhol an lathair Mhic Dhe
 Mar am bàt' air an linne
 Ge b'e shireadh na deigh.

Cha b' e sud bha mi 'g ionndrain
 Ge do phlunndraig iad sibh
 Ach na h-oganaich chul-bhuidhe
 Air an lubadh san lion
 'S e chuir stad air mo shugradh
 'Sa dh'fhag mo shuilean gun dìon
 Sibh bhi sinnt' ann sa chruisle
 'S graisg na duthcha gun fhiamh.

Mar tha' n stoc as an d'fhàs sibh,
 A cur bhur bàs an neo-shuim ;
 Urla riabhach na Pairce,
 'S i gabhail sàth fo al-fuinn ;
 Cia mar dh'fhuilingeas tu fein sud,
 Gun t'fhuil a dh'eiridh fo thuinn,
 'S gur tu thog iad na'n oige ;
 'Stigh mu 'd bhord an Dun-tuilm.

Gu'n sealladh Dia oirnn le ghrasan
 Ge b' e la thig 'n ar crìoch
 Bho 'n is mallaicht' an t-àl sinn
 'S gur mairg a dh-araich 'nar trian

Gne Thurcach gun bhaigh sinn
 Ach nach d' aicheidh sinn Criosd;
 Fagaidh muir air an traigh sinn
 Mar chulaidh-bhàite gun dion.

Ach, a Mhorair Chlann Donuill,
 'S fad' thu chomhnuidh measg Ghall;
 Dh'fhag thu sinne ann am breislich
 Nach do fhreasdail thu 'n t-ám;
 Cha mhodha ghléidh thu na gibhtean
 A chaidh gun fhios dhut air chàll;
 Tha sinn corrach as t'aogais
 Mar choluinn sgaoilte gun cheann.

'S iomadh oganach treubhach
 A shiubhladh reidh is glaic chrom
 Eadar ceann Drochaid Eiridh
 'S Rudha Shleite nan tonn
 Leis' 'm bu mhiann bhi diol t'èirig
 Na' n robh do chreubhag lan tholl,
 A thoirt do dhalta a eiginn,
 A dheadh Shir Seunas nan lòn.

A Mhic Mhoire, 'sa Chrìosda
 Dh-fhuiling pian nan coig creuchd,
 Faic mar thoill iad an diteadh
 'Gach aon ti bha mu d'eug.
 Ma bha toradh san dealas
 Gu cur do rioghachd an leud,
 Gaoir na fola tha dhith orm
 Gu ruige sith Flathais Dhe.

This is a song in which the author, Donald Matheson, Esq. of Attadale, tenders advice in plain but polite language to all woman-kind. The song was published by Eoin Gillies in his collection of Gaelic Songs, printed at Perth in 1786. I believe this book is now scarce. That is not my reason, however, for offering you the song at present, but because this, my version, has a few more stanzas than Gillies' copy of it.

Na'm bu teagasgach mi air an treud
 D' an goirear gu leir na mnai,
 Cha b' achmhasan bheirinn gu geur
 'S cha chuirinn droch-bheus os aird.

Bhiodh m' impidh gu math air an cul
 'S bu leo mo run do ghna ;
 'S mo chomhairl' bhiodh aca gu reidh
 D'an cumail o bheud gach la.

O'n thoisich mi 'n teagasg ud duibh
 'S nach b'e bhur claidheadh mo mhiann
 O'n a dh' innis mi m' inntinn gu saor
 Na rachadh a h-aon san t-sliabh ;
 'S ma their mi ribh ni nach bi binn
 O innsibh dhomh fhein mo ghiamh ;
 'S gur toileach leam cronachadh soilleir
 Ge do choisneadh mo choire dhomh 'n t-srian.

O'n their luchd an iomadaidh eolais,
 " 'Se gach ni ann an ordugh is fearr,"
 'Se comhairle thoirt air mnaoi phosda
 Ghabhas mi 'n tòs os lainh ;
 'S o rinneadh thu, bhean, chum na criche,
 Umhal mur a bi thu dha,
 Bì'dh deireadh aig comunn mo ruin,
 Is measa na thus gu brach.

Ma thuit ort a chodhail nach fhearr,
 'Nuair chuir thu do lainh 'sa' chliabh ;
 'S gu'n d' fhuair thu ann duine gun treoir,
 'Se na bhodach air cleocadh sios ;
 Na tuit gu fal-mhisneachd gu brach,
 'S na taisbein do chach a ghiamh,
 'S ma 's math leat a spiorad thoir dha,
 Cum tric agus trath ris biadh.

Ma fhuair thu fear dannara, truagh,
 Nach cuir anns an uaisle suim,
 Fear dreaganta, creaganta, cruaidh,
 A's urrainn thoirt fuath do mhnaoi,
 Cleachd urram is fulangas da,
 'S na lasadh 'ur n-ardan daoì,
 Mur tig e le socair gu buaidh,
 Gu mair e na bhuadhanna chaoidh.

Ma fhuaradh leat companach bras
 Bha rianh ana-caisrigt' an cuil
 'S gu'n d' eirich dha leantuinn ri fhasan
 A ghabh e mar chleachda o thus ;

Na biodh aig luchd-tuaileis r'a chantuinn,
 Gur iadach a mhaslaicheas thu,
 Thoir feart nach bi t'achmhasan baoth
 Mus caill sibh maraon bhur cliù.

Ged dh 'eireadh dhuit focal no dha
 A thuiteam le gaire uait—
 Seadh focal no dhà am biodh brìgh
 'S a chuireadh a ghniomh-san suas,
 Mur maothaicheadh sud e, cia 'm fath?
 Cha leasaicheadh càs no cruas,
 Thair leam gu 'n dean faighidinn ceile
 Ni nach dean beum gun bhuaidh.

Ma fhuaradh leat slaodaire misgeach
 No slaoidire bristeach 'an ceill
 Leigeas dheth chuid as a laimh
 Am barrachd 's a tharas e fein ;
 'Nuair theid ort an trustar á sta,
 'S a sheasas tu ait' am feum
 Ged' chuir thu le strealladh air geilt
 Gu'n gabh sinn do leisgeul gu leir.

Ach ma bha t' fhortan ni's fearr,
 'S gu'n do chuir ort an t-Ard-rìgh buaidh,
 'S gu'n d' fhuair thu fear freasdalach, cairdeil,
 Choisneadh do ghràdh gach uair,
 O ! sealgair a' choilich san fhraoch,
 A choisneadh do ghaol gun ghruaim,
 Bi thusa a'd dhleasdanas da,
 Is guidheam dhuibh slainte bhuan.

'S a rìs, a bhean phosda mo ruin,
 Bi farasda ciuin ri d' fhear,
 Nach cuala tu 'n t-abstol ud Pòl,
 Mar thug e na mnai fainear ;
 Oir thuirt e dhoibh sud gur a còir ;
 Striochdadh o òg gu sean ;
 Ach sguiridh mi nise do chainnt ribh,
 Is eisdeadh a' bhantrach mhear.

'S, a bhantrach, thoir faicill ort fein—
 Ged a thubhairt mi fein riut mear—
 Thoir feirt nach e buaireadh an t-saoghail,
 A thogas a chaoidh' do ghean ;

Am freasdal s' gu'n tigeadh do t' iarruidh,
 Suir'ich o'n iar no o'n ear,
 D' an toir thu gu tairis do ghaol,
 Ged a dhealaich an t-aog riut t' fhear!

Ma fhuaradh leat fearann is ni,
 Na canar gur millteach thu,
 Bi thusa 'n ad cheannas math teaghlaich,
 'S is barrantach t' aobhar cliu ;
 Tha nadur nam feara gu leir,
 Cho chreidmheach air breig gun diu,
 'S gur còir dhuit bli fiosrach co dha
 M'an innis thu chàch do run.

Ach aon ni 's eigin domh radh.
 'S tha e teachd a ghnà fa m' smaoin,
 Nach cuir thu chaoidh' 'm fiacha dha
 'Nuair a gheibh thu fear cairdeil caoin,
 Nach can thu ris, " Beannachd do m' chiad fhear
 Choisinn e riamh mo ghaol,"
 Is guidheam dhuibh maireantas buan
 Air adhairt nam buadh faraon.

Ach ma 's a cailleach gun bhrìgh thu,
 Air nach toir saoi aon luaidh,
 Cuir t'earbsa 's do mhuinghin 'an Dia,
 Leig tharad do mhi-chuis thruagh,
 Dean samh' ann an gliocas do chàch,
 Thoir taisbeineadh araidh uait,
 Ge dualchas am bàs do gach aon,
 'S ni dearbhte dha 'n aois an uaigh.

Gu'n teagaisg mi caileag mo rùin,
 An t-abhall is uire blath,
 Clach-tharuing nam feara gu leir,
 'Si bhan-oglach bheusach mhna ;
 Ge h-aimideach mise ann an ceill
 Cha labhair mi breug 'sa' chàs,
 Ach na 'n gabhadh sibh comhairle 'uam,
 Gu'm faicht' oirbh le buaidh a bhath.

A mhaighdin, thoir faicill ort féin,
 'S gun thu ach a'd chréutair maoth,
 Cha 'n fhuiling thu cruadal no gaillionn,
 'S do bhuaireadh cha mhair thu bhios baoth,

Ma leagas ort fleasgach a shuil,
 Na taisbein do run d'a thaobh,
 Fad as uaithe faiceadh e thu
 An aon uair is mò do ghaol.

Mu d' bheusa bi meachair a ghnà,
 Gu h-iriosal, àillidh, ciuin ;
 Na rachadh do theanga gu luaths
 'S na maslaich do shluagh ni 's mò ;
 Bi' ùnhal do d' ghinteiribh talmhaidh,
 Is faicear neo-fhalbhach thu ;
 Oir creid 'nuair bhios iomadh a' strìth,
 Gur meanbh an ni chi gach suil.

Ma's e 'n aoidh a thig chum na h-oidhche
 A leagas a dhruim ri làr,
 Ma chi e san teaghlach sin maighdean
 Caillidh se loinn do chàch ;
 Oir oirre-s' bi'dh inntinn gu dlùth
 'S e ag iarraidh gu sugradh tlà ;
 Ach is beag an ni chluinneas a chluas
 Nach leig e san uair os aird.

Bi'dh iomadh fear suarach an déigh
 Air thusa bhí 'm mi-sta dha
 'Nuair a leigeis tu iarrtannas leis
 'S a chailleas tu freasdal a's fearr ;
 O ! coisnidh e sin dhuit gu truagh
 Le eachdraidh fuath o chàch
 Thoir feirt air an fhear ud a chaoidh'
 Ma's tig thu le maoin 'na d' dhàil.

Ach ma thig fleasgach mu 'n cuairt,
 A shaoileas tu 's uailse beus,
 Cleachd cridhealas bhritheagach dha
 Mar cireig 'sa bàrr fo sgeith ;
 Le danadas amhailteach ciuin,
 Is soilleireachd sùl gu réidh,
 'Ma bhios tu gu banail gu bràth
 Gu 'n tarruinn thu cairdeas cheud.

'S a nise na'n innseadh tu dhuinn,
 Ma thaitinn riut m' impidh thlá,
 Gu'n do shoilleirich mise gu reidh
 Na'n tigeadh ort beud gu bràth ;

Thoir d' achmhasan seachad, ma thoill,
 'S ni 'n cuiream fhein suim 'sa' bhàs,
 Ma their thu gu'n chuir mi ort gruaim,
 Bidh mi gu La-luain am thamh.

In the beginning of the winter of 1620, Murdoch, the son of Alexander Macrae of Inverinate, who was married to Ann Mackenzie, daughter of the Laird of Applecross, went, as was his wont, on a hunting excursion to some of the upper defiles of Gleann-Lic, in Kintail, and was lost in the hills. His friends searched for him, and after fifteen days Murdoch's body was found at the foot of a rock. It is not known for certain how the man came by his death: he may have slipped over the precipice, but it was said that Murdoch had, during his ramblings, found a man stealing his goats. Having taken him a prisoner, he was bringing him home when, it is supposed that, as they were passing along the *Cadha*, at the *Carraig*, in Gleann-Lic, the man pitched Murdoch over the rock at the foot of which his body was found. There is a tradition that on his death-bed an old man was heard to confess that he was the murderer of Murdoch Macrae, and that this confession was overheard by a girl who revealed it. The Rev. Alexander Cameron, late of the *Quoad Sacra* Parish of Glengarry, sent to the Secretary of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, parts of two plaintive songs composed on the lamented death of Murdoch Macrae. They are printed in Vol. VIII. of the Society's Transactions. I am sorry that Mr Cameron should have said the supposed murderer was a Strathglass man. By this assertion I am reluctantly compelled to state that the tradition in Kintail is (see Dornie MS., pages 165 to 167), that he was a Glenmoriston man, and I have always heard the same myself. The elegies alluded to were composed by the herdsman of Murdoch's brother, John Macrae, locally known as the "*Bard mac Mhurchaidh mhic Iain Ruaidh*," who resided in Mamag, in Gleneilchaig, Kintail.

This song was apparently composed while the search for Murdoch Macrae was going on—

Och nan ochan 's mi sgìth,
 'Falbh nan enoc so ri sìan,
 Gur neo-shocrach a' sgrìob tha 'san dùthaich ;
 Cha b' e d' fhàsach gun ni,
 No d' fhearann-àitich chion sil,
 Ach sgeul nach binn e ri sheinn 's an dùthaich.

Thu bhi, Mhurchaidh, air chall
 Gun aon chuimse, e' e 'm ball ;
 Sud an urchair bha cailte dhùinne.

'S cruaidh an cas am beil sinn,
 Thug am braigh so dhinn,
 'S cha chuir cairdean an ire dhuinn e.

Och mo chlisgeadh 's mo chàs,
 Gun tu 'n ciste chaoil chlàir,
 Le fios aig do chairdean ciùirt' air.

Bu chall ceille mo dhan,
 Mar dhealbh itean an sas,
 Gun tuigt air mo dhan nach b'fhiu e.

'S beart nach guidhinn do m' dheòin,
 Ach na ludhaig Dia òirn,
 Do chùl buidhe bhi chòir na h-ùrach.

Och gur miste mo chail,
 Bho 'n bu threudach mi dh' àl,
 Gun tuigte air mo dhan nach fiu e.

Slàn le treubhantas seoid,
 Slàn le gleusdachd duin' òig,
 'Nuair nach d' fhaod thu bhi beo gun chùram.

Slàn le gliocas, 's le ceill
 'S a bhi measail ort fhein,
 'S nach eil fhios ciod e 'n t-eug a chiùrr thu.

Slàn le binneas nam bard,
 Slàn le grinneas nan làmh ;
 Co ni mire ri d' mhnaoi, no sùgradh ?

Slàn le grinneas nam meur
 Slàn le binneas luchd-theud
 'Nuair a sheinneadh tu beul gun tuchan.

Slàn le tiadhach nam beann,
 Slàn le iasgach nan allt—
 Co chuir iarunn air crann cho cliuiteach ?

Do luchd-faire* gun fhiamh,
 Bho 'n bha d' air' orra riamh—
 Nochd cha ghearain am fiadh a churam.

* Red deer.

'S ait le binnich * nan allt,
'Chor 's gu'n cinnich an clann,
Gu'n do mhilleadh na bli' ann de dh' fhúdar.

'Nuair a shuidheadh thu, sheoid
Mar ri buidheann ag ol
Mar bu chubhaidh bhiodh ceol mu'n turlach.

Slán le uaisle na's leor
'S tu bhi suairce gun bhron
Bho'n nach d' fhuaircas thu, sheoid, gu h-ùrail.

Faodaidh an earbag an nochd,
Eadar mhaoisleach a's bhoc
Cadál samhach air enoc gun churam.

Faodaidh ise bhi slán,
'Siubhal iosal a's àird,
Bho 'n a chailleadh an t-àrmunn cliùiteach.

This song was evidently composed after the finding and burial of Murdoch Macrae's body as stated in the last verses of this lament.

Seinneam marbhrann as ur,
Mar fhion-sùl do Chlann Mhic Rath,
Air Murchadh donn-gheal mo run,
Bha loma lan do chliu gun chleith,

Cheud Aoine do'n gheamhradh fhuar,
'S daor a phaidh sinn duais nar sealg,
An t-og bu chraobhaiche snuadh,
Na aonar uainn 's fhaotainn marbh.

'Se sealg gheamhraidh Ghlinn-lic,
Dl'fhag greann oirnn gu tric is gruaim,
Mu 'n og nach robh teann 'sa bha glic,
Bhi an teampull fo lic san uaigh.

Bha tional na sgìre gu leir,
Ri siubhal sleibh 's ri falbh bheann,
Fad sgios nan coig-latha-deug,
'Sam fear dìreach treun air chall.

'S tìrsach do chinneadh mor deas,
Dha d' shireadh an ear san iar,
'San t-og a b' fhinghantaich beachd,
Ri slios glinne marbh san t-sliabh.

* Roe deer.

Tha Crathaich nam buailtean bo,
 Air an sgaradh ro mhor mu t'eug,
 Do thoirt as a bheatha so oirn,
 Dheadh mhic athar nan corn 's nan ceud.

'S tursach do sheachd braithrean graidh,
 Am pearsan ge ard a leugh'dh,
 Thug e ge tuigseach a cheaird,
 Aona bharr-turs' air each gu leir.

'S tusa an t-ochdamh slat ghraidh,
 Shliochd nam braithrean deasa, coir,
 'S trom tursach an osna le cacl,
 Gun do fhroiseadh am blath dhiubh og.

Air thus dhiubh Donnachadh nam pios,
 Gillecriosd is dithis de'n chleir,
 Fearachar agus Ailean donn,
 'S Uisdean a bha trom ad dheigh.

Tha cliu taghta aig deagh Mhac Dhe,
 Gun casaidh gun eis air ni,
 'S bidh tusa nise an uabhar mor,
 An cathair ghloir aig Rìgh nan Rìgh.

Bhean uasal a thug dhuit gaol,
 Nach bi chaidh na h-uaigneas slan,
 'S truagh le mo chluasan a gaoir,
 Luaithead 'sa sgaoil an t-aog an snaim.

'S tursach do gheala bhean ùr og,
 'S frasach na deoir le gruaidh,
 'S i spionadh a fuil le deoin,
 Sìor chumha nach beo do shnuadh.

A dheagh mhic Alasdair uir,
 Dha 'n tigeadh na h-airm an tus t'oig,
 'S i do gheala ghlaic san robh 'n cliu,
 Do shliochd Fhearachair nan crun 's nan corn.

'Nuair rachadh na h-uaislean a stigh,
 Ann san talla am bidh am fion,
 Bu leat na dh'iarradh tu lach,
 'S cha bu dìu leat neach dha dhiol.

Bu luthar astar do chas,
 Fhiurain ghasda bu dreachair dealbh,
 Na'n togteadh bonndachd a bhac,
 Nach robh gealtach air chleas airn.

Bha thu fearail anns gach ceum,
 'S bu bharraicht' thu a deirceadh bhoehd,
 'S math dhut air deas laimh do Rìgh,
 Lughad sa chuir thu 'm pris an t-òlc.

Air Nollaig nan corn 's nan cuach,
 'S ann sa ghleann so shuas bha' n call,
 An t-og a b-fhiughantaich snuadh,
 Na shineadh fo shuaimhneas dall.

Bu tu marbhaich' a bhalla-bhrìc bhain,
 Le mor-ghath caol, 's e fada, geur,
 Le cuilbheir bhrìtheadh tu cnaimh,
 'S bu shìlteach fo d' laimh na feidh.

Do rasg gun aire fhir chaoimh,
 Fo 'n mhala gun chlaon gun smal,
 Deud gheal dhisneach is beul dearg,
 Sud an dealbh bha air an fhear.

Bu tu an t-slat eibhinn aluinn ur,
 Bu mhiam sul 's bu leannan mna,
 A ghnuis ann san robh 'm breac-seirc,
 Bha cho deas air thapadh laimh.

Chuala mise clarsach theud,
 Fiodhall is beus a' co-sheinn,
 Cha chuala 's cha chluinn gu brach,
 Ceol na b'fhèarr na do bheul binn.

Cas fhalt buidhe fainneach reidh,
 Aghaidh shoillear gle ghlan dearg,
 A ghnuis san robh gliocas gun cheilg,
 Air nach d'fhiosraicheadh riamh fearg.

'S math am fear-raunsachaidh an t-aog,
 'Se 'm maor e a dh'iarras gu mion,
 Bheir e leis an t-og gun ghiamh,
 'S fagaidh e 'm fear liath ro shean.

'S ann Di-h-Aoine dh' fhalbh thu 'uain,
 'S air Di-h-aoine fhuairleadh thu, ràin,
 'S disathurna bu chruaidh an càs,
 Aig sluagh dha d' chàradh 'san uir.

The next song on my list was composed by Mrs Fraser of Guisachan and Culbokie, daughter of Mr Macdonald of Ardnabee, Glengarry. This lady had nine sons. Three of them died at

Guisachan, two in America, two in the East Indies (one of these in the Black Hole of Calcutta), and two who were officers in the Austrian army died in Germany. Donald, the youngest but one of the family, was killed there on the battle-field. Soon after the news of his death arrived in Strathglass, his mother composed a plaintive elegy on him, the poetry of which is of a high order. She sings thus—

Nollaig mhor do'n gnàs bhi fuar,
 Fhuair mi sgeula mo chruaidh-chais ;
 Domhnull donn-gheal mo run,
 Bhi 'n a shineadh an tiugh a' bhlair.

Thu gun choinneal o 's do chionn,
 No ban-charaid chaomh ri gal ;
 Gun chiste, gun anart, gun chill,
 Thu'd shineadh, a laoigh, air dail.

'S tu mo bheadradh, 's tu mo mhuirn,
 'S tu mo phlanntan an tus fais,
 M'og laghach is guirme suil,
 Mar bhradan fìor-ghlan 'us tu marbh.

'S e bàs anabaich mo mhic,
 Dh' fhag mi cho tric fo ghruaim ;
 'S ged nach suidh mi air do lie
 Bì'dh mo bheannachd tric gu d'uaigh.

'S ann do Ghearmailt mhor nam feachd
 Chuir iad gun mo thoil mo mhac,
 'S ged nach cuala each mo reachd,
 Air mo ebridhe dh' fhag e enoc.

Ach ma thiodhlaic sibh mo mhac
 'S gu'n d' fhalaich sibh le uir a chorp,
 Leigidh mise mo bheannachd le feachd,
 Air an laimh chuir dligh' bhàis ort.

Sguiridh mi de thuireadh dian,
 Ged nach bi mi chaoidh gun bhron ;
 'S mi 'g urnaigh ri aon Mhac Dhe,
 Gu'n robh d' anam a' seinn an gloir.

ORAN MOR MHC-LEOID EADAR AN CLARSAIR DALL (RUARIDH
 MAC-ILLEMHOIRE) AGUS MAC-TALLA.

We find a great deal of common sense and good poetry pervading the whole of this song. The author, "an Clarsair Dall,"

was born in the Island of Lewis in the year 1646. He had two brothers, Mr Angus Morrison, the famous wit, who was minister at Contin, and Mr Malcolm Morrison, minister at Poolewe. Their father, an Episcopalian clergyman in Lewis, was a descendant of the celebrated *Britheadh Leoghasach*. Rory, the minstrel was deprived of his eyesight by smallpox while he was at school in Inverness. In consequence of this he followed the bent of his inclination as a musician, a profession in which it is said he excelled. He was engaged as a family harper by John Breac Maelcod, the Laird of Harris, in whose service he remained until John Breac died. After the demise of his worthy patron, changes took place. Both the harper and the family piper were dismissed, and the echo was heard no more in the Dun. The blind harper imagines he has discovered his old friend "the Echo" astray in the hills, and the following song was composed between them. In sorrow, but in prophetic mood, they expatiated on the extravagance of Ruairidh Og, successor of the wise John Breac. The song was sent as a remonstrance to the young Laird of Harris. Sir Alex. Mackenzie of Gairloch said that every landed proprietor in the Highlands ought to study the song.—

Miad a mhulaid tha 'm thaghall
 Dh' fhad treoghaid mo chleibh gu goirt
 Aig na rinn mi ad dheighidh,
 Air m' aghairt 's mo thriall gu port.
 'Sann bhla mis' air do thoir,
 'S mi meas gun robh coir agam ort,
 A dheagh mhic athair mo ghràidh
 B tu m' aighear, is m' àdh, is m' olc.

Tha Mac-talla fo ghruaim,
 Anns an talla 'm biodh fuaim a cheoil ;
 'S ionad taghaich nan ciar,
 Gu'n aighear, gu'n mhiagh, gu'n phoit.
 Gu'n mhire, gu'n mhuirn,
 Gu'n iomracha dlu nan corn ;
 Gun chuirn, gu'n phailteas ri daimh,
 Gu'n mhacnas, gun mhanran beoil.

Chaidh a chuibhle mu'n cnairt,
 Gu'n do thionndaidh gu fuachd an blath,
 Naile chuna' mi uair,
 Dun flathail nan cuach a thraig.

Far'm biodh taghaich nan duan,
 Ioma' mathas gun chruas, gun chas ;
 Dh' fhalbh an latha sin bhuaìn,
 'S tha na taighean gu fuaraidh fas.

Dh' fhalbh Mac-tall' as an Dun,
 'Nam sgarachdainn duinn r'ar triath
 'Sann a thachair e rium,
 Air seacharan bheann, san t-sliabh.
 Labhair esan air thus—
 “ Math mo bharaìl gur tu ma's fìor,
 Chunna' mise fo' mhùirn,
 Roi'n uiridh an Dùn nan cliar.”

A mhic-talla, nan tùr,
 'Se mo bharaìl gur tusa bhà,
 Ann an teaghlach an fhion',
 'S tu 'g aithris air gnìomh mo lamh,
 “ 'S math mo bharaìl gur mì,
 'S cha b'urasd dhomh bhì mo thàmh ;
 'G eisdeachd fathruim gach ceòil
 Ann am fochar Mhic-Leòid an àigh.

“ 'S mi Mac-talla, bha uair
 'G eisdeachd fathrum nan duan gu tiugb ;
 Far bu mhuirneach am béus
 'Nam cromadh do'n ghréin 'san t-sruth.
 Far am b' fhoirmeil na seòid,
 'S iad gu h-òranach, ceolmhor, cluith ;
 Ged nach faicte mo ghnùis,
 Chluinnt 'aca sa'n Dùn mo ghuth.

“ 'N'am eirigh gu moch
 Ann san teaghlach, gun sproc, gun ghruaim
 Chluinnteadh gleadhraich nan dos,
 'San céile na' cois on t-suain,
 'Nuair a ghabhadh i làn
 'Si gu'n cuireadh os n-aird na fhuair ;
 Le meoir fhileanta bhinn,
 'Siad gu ruith-leumach, dìonach, luath.

“ 'Nuair a chuir i na tamh,
 Le furtachd na fardaich féin ;
 Dhomh-sa b' flurasda radh
 Gu'm bu churaideach gàir nan téud

Le h-ìomairt dha làmh,
 A cur a binneas do chàch an céill ;
 'S gu'm bu shiubhlach am chluais,
 A moghunn lughar le luasgan mheur.

“ Ann san fheasgar an deigh,
 Am teasa na gréin tra nòin ;
 Fir chneatain ri clàir,
 'S mnai' freagairt a ghnà cur leò.
 Da chomhairleach ghearr,
 A labhairt's gu'm b' àrd an gloir ;
 'S gu'm bu thitheach an guin,
 Air an duine gu'n fhuil, gu'n fheoil.

“ Gheibhte fleasgaich gun ghruaim,
 'Na do thalla gn'n sgràing, gun fhuath ;
 Mnai' fhionna 'n fhuilt réidh,
 Cuir binneis an céill le fuaim.
 Le ceileireachd beoil,
 Bhiodh gu h-ealanta, h-ordail, suaire ;
 Bhiodh fear-bogha 'nan còir,
 Ri cur meoghair 'a mheòir na'n cluais.

“ Bhiodh a rianadair féin
 Cuir an ire gur h-e bhiodh ann ;
 'S e 'g eiridh 'nam measg,
 'S an éibhe gu tric na cheann.
 Ge d 'a b'ard leinn a fuaim
 Cha tuairgneadh e sinn gu teann ;
 Chuireadh tagradh am chluais
 Le h-aidmheil gu luath 's gu mall.”

A Mhic-talla so bha
 Anns a bhaile 'n do thar mi m' iùl,
 'S ann a nis dhuinn as léir,
 Gu'm beil mis a's tu féin air chùl.
 A reir do chomais air sgeul
 O'n 's fear-comuinn mi-féin a's tu ;
 'M beil do mhuinntearas buan,
 Aig an triath ud da'n dual an Dùn ?

“ Bho linn nan linntean bha mi,
 'S mi mar aon duine tamh 'sa chuirt ;
 'S theireadh iomadh Macleoid,
 Nach b' uireasaidh colus dhuinn ;

Ach na fhasach gun fheum,
 Cha 'n fhaca mi fein bho thus,
 Ri fad mo chuimhne sa riamh,
 Gun Toitcar no Triath an Dùn."

Ach o' n thainig ort aois,
 Tha ri chantainn gur baoth do ghloir ;
 Cha 'n e fasach a th' ann,
 Ge d' tha e san am gun lod ;
 Air Toitcar 's beag fheum,
 'S og Thighearna fein na lorg ;
 'S e ri fhaotainn gun fheall,
 Cur ri baoth ann an ceann luchd chleoc.

Ach tillidh mi nis gu 'd chainnt,
 Bho 'n a b' fhiosrach mi anns gach sion ;
 Gur tric a chunnacas gille og,
 Bhi gun uireasaidh stoir no ni :
 'S gu m biodh a bheachd aige fein,
 Nuair cheannadh e feudail saor,
 A dh' aindeoin caithearnachd dha
 Nach cunnard da laimh nam maor.

Ach cha b'ionnan a bha,
 Dha na fir sa tha Mac Leoid,
 Ann an sonas 'sa sith
 Gun uireasaidh ni no loin,
 Ann an daor chuir nan Gall,
 Ged' bha thoil fuireach ann ri bheo,
 Tighearna Eilg is glan sgire,
 Cha b eagal da dhiobhail stoir.

Ach 's ionnan sin 's mar a tha,
 'S gur soilleir fhaicinn a bhla air bhuil,
 Bho'n nach leir dhoibh an càll,
 Miad an deigh air cuirt Ghall cha sguir,
 Gus an togair do'n Fhraing,
 A dhol bliadhna an geall na chuir,
 Bidh an niosgaid a' fas,
 Air an iosgaid 'si cnamh na bun.

Theid seachd cupaill gun dail,
 Air each cruidheach as gair-mhor srann,
 Diollaid lasdoil fo thoin,
 'S mór gu'm b fheirde e srian oir na cheann,

Fichead guinea 's beag fhiach
 Gun d' theid sid a chur sios an geall,
 Cha teid peighinn dha fein
 Bonn cha ghleidheir dha 'n deigh a chall.

'S theid coig coigean de'n òr,
 Gun d' theid sud air son cord da'n aid,
 Urad eile oirre fein,
 Faire faire 's math feum gu spaid,
 'S grabhataichean saor,
 Gur punnd Sasunnach e gun stad,
 Air a chumntadh air clar,
 Dhe'n an iunntas gun dail air fad.

Cha bhi pheidse ann a meas,
 Mur bi aodach an fasan chaich,
 Ged chosd e guinea an t-slat,
 Gheibhear sud air son mart 'sa mhal,
 Urrad eile ri chois
 Gun d' theid sud ar.n an a casaig dha,
 'S briogais bheilbheid bhuig mhin,
 Gu bhi ruighinn a sios gu shail.

Theid luach mairt no nis mo,
 Air paidhir stocainn de'n t'-seorsa 's fearr,
 'S cha chunntar an corr,
 Ducaid diuc air da bhroig bhuinn ard
 Clachan criosdail s math snuadh,
 Ann am bucaill mu'n cuairt gun smal
 Sud na gartainean suas,
 Paidhir thasdan a 's luach nam barr.

Cha bhi pheidse ann am pris,
 'Se gun aithe dhi air ach cleoc,
 Griosaibh dealbhach cha b' fhiach,
 'S bu chuis athais ceann iarunn dha,
 Criosaibh dealbhach o'n bhuth,
 Ceann airgid as bucaill oir,
 'S feudar sud fhaotainn dha,
 'S thig air m' fhearannsa mal nis mo.

'S theid e stigh anns a bhuth,
 Leis an fhasan a's uire bho'n Fhraing,
 'San t-aodach gasda bha'n de,
 Ma do phearsa le speis nach gann

Theid a thilgeil an cuil,
 A fasan dona cha'n fhiù e plang
 Air mal baile no dha,
 Glacar peana 'scur laimh ri b-ainn.
 'San nuair thilleas e risd,
 A dhambharc a thire fein,
 An deis ma miltean chur suas,
 Gun tig sgrìob air an tuath mu 'n spreidh,
 Gus an togar na mairt,
 An deigh an ciurradh 'sa reic air feill,
 Bi'dh na fiachan ag at,
 Chum am faoighneachd ri mhae na dheigh.

Theid Uilleam Mhartain a mach
 'Se gu sraideil air each a triall,
 Cha lughaid a bheachd,
 Na na h-armuinn a chleachd sud riamh,
 Cha 'n 'eil cuimhne air a chrann,
 Cas-chaipe no laimh cha b' fhiach
 'Se cheart cho spaideil ri diuc.
 Ged bha athair ri ruamhar riabh.

Thoir an teachdaireachd bhuan
 Le deifir gu Ruairidh cg,
 Agus innis dha fein,
 Cuid de 'chunnard ged 'se Mac Leoid,
 E bhi 'g amharc na dheigh
 Air an Iain a dh' eug 's nach beo,
 Ge bu shaibhir a chliu,
 Cha'n fhagadh e 'n Dun gu'n cheol.

A Mhic-talla so bha,
 Anns a' bhaile 'n robh gradh nan cliar,
 Sa' n Triach Tighearnail teann,
 Sa'n cridhe gu'n fheall na chliabh,
 Ghabh e tlachd dheth thir fein
 'S cha do chleachd e Duncideann riamh
 Dh' fhag e 'm bonnach gun bhearn,
 'S b fhearr gun aithriseadh each a chiall.

The next song I have heard attributed to Donald Matheson,
 Esq. of Attadale:—

Hu-o hò mo chailin laghach,
 'S tu mo chailin seadhach, ciùin,
 Hu-o hò mo chailin laghach,
 'S tu mo roghainn, thaghainn thù.

'S tu mo chailin òg, deas, dealbhach,
 'S barail leam nach meanbh do chliù
 Meangan ùr o'n fhailllean ainmeil,
 Toradh à preas tarbhach thù.
 Hu-o hò, etc.

Suil a's guirme, gruaidh a's deirge,
 Beul a's cuimte m' an deud dhlùth,
 'S tu nach mealladh mi 'n am carbsa—
 Ciod e fàth nach leanmhuinn thù.
 Hu-o hò, etc.

'Ghiag shlat ùr a's àilte scalladh,
 Miar dheth 'n ehraoibh a's molaich rùsg,
 'Ghiag a dh-fhàs gu réidh fo dhuilleach
 'N te do 'n tug mi gealladh thù.
 Hu-o hò, etc.

Iùbhrach bhoadhach o na choille,
 Dhionach, dhualach, dhiongmhalt, dhlùth
 Ghniomhach, ghuaillneach, gun bhi corrach,
 Theireadh ceud mo leannan thù.
 Hu-o hò, etc.

'S ionmhuinn 'eucag nan rosg mala,
 'Thairg i féin mar sholus dhùinn,
 'S maing a thréigeadh tu dha aindeoin.
 'S éibhinn do' n ti 'mhealas thù.
 Hu-o hò, etc.

'S binn a' smeòrach anns an doire,
 'S binn an eala 'n cois a' lòin,
 'S binne na sin guth mo leannain,
 'N uair a theannas i ri cèl.
 Hu-o hò, etc.

Banarach gu dol na bhuaile,
 Bean uasal gu suidhe mu 'n bhord,
 Meur is gile 's grinne dh' fhuairgheas,
 Troigh chuimir nach cuir cuaig am broig.
 Hu-o hò etc.

'N 'oidhche bha sinn anns a Chaiplich,
 Ghabh mi tlachd dhiot 's tu mo run,
 Ged a bhiodh each oirnn ag aithris,
 Bhiodh sinn fein gu tairis ciùin.
 Hu-o hò etc.

Fiuran uasal uallach og mi,
 Mhrabhain do bhran ann an carn,
 Ghlacainn breac air linne mbulain,
 Bheirinn cuireadh dhuit gu pairt,
 Hu-o hò etc.

Dhianain buachaille gu samhuinn,
 Thearbuinn gamhain agus laogh,
 Ghlacainn bradan agus banag,
 Bh eirinn pairt de dha mo ghaol.
 Hu-o hò etc.

Chunna mi 'n raoir bruadal cadail,
 Ribhinu ghasda thighinn n' am choir,
 'Nuair a dhuisg mi anns a mhaduinn,
 Cha robh agam dhi ach sgleo.
 Hu-hò etc.

'S soilleir daoimein ann am fainne,
 'S soilleir tulach ard air lòn,
 'S soilleir rìghinn ann a' rioghachd,
 Aig mo nianaig se tha 'n còrr.
 Hu-o hò etc.

'S soilleir long mhòr fo 'cuid aodaich,
 'Si cur sgaoileadh fo 'cuid seòl,
 'S soilleir an lath 'seach an oidhche,
 'S aig mho mhaighdinn fhin tha 'n còrr.
 Hu-o hò.

This is a song by Ian Mac Mhurchaidh in which he professes to be very sorry when his intended, Helen Macrae, daughter of Donald Macrae, of Torloisich, slighted him and married Coimneach òg Macleannan. The whole burden of the song is about his real or imaginary loss and sorrow at her desertion. However, in the concluding verse he advises his friends not to heed all they hear about him; for he assures them that there is not one among all the daughters of Eve who could disturb his mental equilibrium.

O, 's mor is misde mi
 Na thug mi thoirt dhi;
 Ge b'e de ni ise,
 Dh' fhag i mise bochd dheth.

Aithnichear air mo shugradh
Nach 'eil mi geanach ;
Cha thog mi mo shuil
Ann an aite soillear.
'Nuair a chi mi triuir
A' dol ann an comunn,
Saoilidh mi gur gùm
A bhios gu mo dhomail.
O 's mor, &c.

Gu'm beil mi fo ghruaimean
'S mi ann an mulad ;
Cha lugha mo thruas
Ris a h-uile duine.
Lìughad fear a luaidh i
'S nach d' rinn a buinnig ;
'S fortanach ma thamh iad
Na'n slainte buileach.
O 's mor, &c.

Thainig am fear liath sin
A mhilleadh comuinn ;
Ged dh' fhanadh e shios
Gua bu bheag an domail.
'S dana leam na dh' iarr e
Chur mu mo choinneamh,
'S cha ghabhadh e deanamh
Gun chiad a thogail.
O 's mor, &c.

Sin 'nuair thuirt a mathair,
Cha tugainn i idir
Do dhuine dhe cairdean—
Cha b' fheaird' iad ise ;
Chreid mi am fear a thainig
Mi leis an fhios sin
Gur iad fein a b' fhcarr
Chumadh ann am meas i.
O 's mor, &c.

O biodh i mise
Mar tha ise togar ;
Gheibh sibh ann an sud i
Bho'n is mise a thog i ;

Cha bu mhasladh oirre
 Ged bu phairt de coire
 Gu'm biodh mo theacairean
 Dha cur na roghuinn.
 O 's mor, &c.

A Choinnich Mhic-Dhonuil,
 Bu mhor am beud leam
 Do theachdaire chomhdach
 Le stòraidh breige ;
 Mas a duine beo mi
 Cha bhi thu 'n eis dheth
 Gum faigh thu i ri phosadh
 Le ordugh Cleire.
 O 's mor, &c.

'S misde mi gu brach e
 Ge d' gheibhinn saoghal ;
 Cha leasaicheadh cach mi
 'S na thug mi ghaol dhuit ;
 'S muladach a tha mi
 Nach d' rinn mi d'fhaotainn ;
 'S fortanach a tharladh dhomh
 Bhi tamh mar ri m' dhaoine.
 O 's mor, &c.

Thog iad mar bhaoth-sgeul
 Orm air feadh an aite
 Gu'n caillinn mo chiall
 Mur faighinn lamh riut ;
 'S iongatach leam fein
 Ciod e chuir fos 'n aird sud,
 Mur d' aithnich sibh fein
 Gu'n deach éis air mo mhanran.
 O 's mor, &c.

Sguiridh mi dheth 'n oran
 Mu 'n gabh sibh miotlachd,
 Gus am faic mi 'n cord ribh
 Na tha dheth deanta ;
 Na creidibh a stòraidh
 Air feadh nan crìochan,
 Cha 'n 'eil aonan beo
 Chuireadh as mo chiall mi.
 O 's mor, &c.

The next song is a lively one, composed by the jovial and famous Kintail Bard Ian mac Mhurchaidh. In 1772, Ian Buidhe MacLennan, farmer, at Inchelroe, Kintail, invited his neighbour and bosom friend, Ian mac Mhurchaidh to accompany him to Strathglass, in order that the Bard might assist him in effecting a marriage contract between himself and Christina, the eldest daughter of Duncan Mor Macrae, who was at that time tacksman at Wester Knockfin, and part of Glenaffric. On their arrival at Duncan Mor's house, a domestic told them her master was along with his labourers cutting corn on the dell of Knockfin. "Go," said the Bard, "tell him he is wanted"—"And who shall I say wants him?" said the girl. The message was characteristic, and was as follows:—

"Innis thusa dha 'n fhear chlaon
 Gum bheil na daoine ud a's tigh,
 Mac 'Illinnea as a Chró
 'S Maor gorach an uisgebheath."

From the *nom-de-plume* with which the Bard dubbed himself Duncan Mor knew at once who wanted him. Leaving his coat and bonnet on the field, he made all haste to shake the hand of his guest and the contract was settled in the course of that evening. The happy marriage took place in about a fortnight afterwards. The rest is well told in the song:—

An oidhche bha sinn an Cnoc Fhinn,
 Bha sinn na'r cuideachda ghrinn,
 'Nuair chaidh an stuth na'r ceann,
 Bha pasgadh lamh mu'n cuairt ann.

'S ann a thoisich sinn air faoineachd,
 An duil nach ola' sinn ach aon deoch,
 'S ann a bha sinn air an daoraich,
 Mu 'n do smaoinich glusad.

Fhir a theid thairis air an Druim,
 Thoir mo shoiridh dh' fhias an fhuinn,
 A dh' ionnsuidh osdairean Chnoic Fhinn,
 B'iad sud na fìor dhaoin' uaisle.

'Nuair a thoisich sinn an toiseach,
 An beachd nach ola' sinn ach botul,
 'S ann a thraigh sinn còr sa h-ochd dhiubh,
 Mu' n do thogair glusad.

Ghleidh mi beagan dheth mo thur,
 Gus an d'thainig a phios ur,
 A thug Caitair as a bhuth,
 'Si chuir mo chnuaic-sa luaineach.

Cha b' iognadh ise bhi grinn,
 Uilleam is Caitair innte sgriobht',
 Liughad fear dha 'n d'thug e dinneir,
 'S dha 'n do shin e 'n t-uachdar.

So an geamhradh a tha taitneach,
 Gheibhear cuilm an ceann gach seacain,
 Reitichean is posadh aithghearr,
 'S daoine glan mu'n cuairt dhaibh.

Bha mi tacan air mo smaointean,
 Cia mar thaghainn comhdach aodaich,
 'S an dannsainn air a bhanaid aotrom,
 Thug láimh sgaoilt Ian Ruaidh dhuinn.

The following song, to the air of "The Flowers of Edinburgh," is one of Iain Mac Mhurchardh's best and most popular efforts. It was written in America, and while he was engaged in the American War of Independence. He compares, in splendid verse, his wretched position there, a soldier in the King's army, to his former free and happy state in Kintail. The poor bard bitterly regretted with good cause, that he had ever left his native country, and his contrast of his experiences in the land of his adoption and in the Scottish Highlands, is powerful, poetical, and patriotic:—

Gur muldach a tha mi,
 'S mi 'n diugh gun aobhar ghaire ;
 Cha b' ionnan 's mar a bha mi
 'S an aite bha thall :
 Far am faighinn manran
 Mire, is ceol-gaire,
 Agus cuideachd mar a b' aill leam
 Aig ailleas mo dhream.
 Nuair 'shuidheamaid mu' bhord ann
 Bhiodh botul agus stop ann ;
 'S cha b' eagal duinn le comhstri.
 Ged 'dh'olt' na bhiodh ann.
 'S e th' againn anns an aite so,
 Tarruing dhorn is lamh
 Agus cleas nan con 'bhi sas
 Anns gach aite le'n ceann

Guidheamaid le durachd,
A h-uile fear 'na urnaigh
Gun tigeadh lagh na duthcha,
 Gu cunntais gun mhaill ;
Gun tigeadh achd bho'n rìgh sin,
A b' fhurast' dhuinn a dhìreachd,
'S a chleachd bhi aig ar sinsear,
 'S an tìm a bha ann ;
Cha b'è 'm paipear bronach,
A shracadh na mo phocaid,
Bhiodh againn air son stòrais,
 Ach or gun bhi meallt ;
Crodh is eich is feudail,
Dha 'n cunntadh air an reidhleìn,
Dheth 'm faighte sealladh eibhinn,
 Air eudann nam beann.

Mo shoraidh gu Sgur-ùrainn,
'S an coire th' air a culthaobh,
Gur tric a bha mi dluth ann
 Air chul agh is mhang,
Ag amharc air mo ghluinean,
An damh a' dol 's a' bhuirich,
'S a cheil' aige ga dusgadh,
 Air urlar nan allt ;
Cha b'è'n duilleag chrianaich,
A chleachd e bhi ga bhiathadh ;
Ach biolar agus min-lach,
 Is sliabh gun bhi gann ;
Nuair rachadh e ga iarraidh,
Gun tairneadh e troimh fhiacalan,
An t' uisge cho glan sioladh,
 Ri fion as an Fhraing.

Mo shoraidh leis an fhiadhach,
Ge tric a bha mo mhiann ann ;
Cha mho 'ni mi iasgach,
 Air iochdar nan allt ;
Ge b'ait leam bhi ga iarraidh,
Le dubhan, is le driamlach,
'S am fear bu ghile bian diubh,
 Ga shiabadh mu'm cheann ;

Ga tharruing thun na bruaiche,
 Bhiodh cuibhle 'dol mu'n cuairt leis,
 Is cromag ann ga bualadh,

Mu'n tuaims a bhiodh ann ;
 Ach 's e th' againn anns an aite so,
 "Grippin hoe" a's lamhag,
 'S chàh fhasa lean a' mhairlin
 'Cur tàirnich na'm cheann.

Na'm faighte lamh-an-uachdar,
 Air luchd nan cota ruadha,
 Gun deanainn seasamh cruaidh,
 Ged tha 'n uairs' orm teann ;
 Ged tha iad ga n' ar ruagadh,
 Mar bhric a dol 's na bruachan,
 Gu'm faigh sinn fhathast fuasgladh,

Bho'n uamhas a th' ann,
 Ma chreideas sibhs' an fhirinn,
 Cho ceart 's tha mi ga innse,
 'S cho chinnte ris an disne,
 Gur sibhs' 'bhios an call ;
 Gur e nu'r deireadh dibreadh
 Air fhad 's dha 'm cum sibh 'stri ris ;
 N' as miosa na mar dh' inntrig,
 'S gur cinnteach gur th' ann.

Sud an rud a dh' eireas,
 Mur dean sibh uile geilleadh,
 'Nuair 'thig a chuid as treine,
 Dheth 'n treud a tha thall.
 Bithidh crochadh agus reubadh,
 Is creach air blur cuid spreidhe,
 Cha'n fhaighear lagh no reusan
 Do reubaltaich ann ;
 Air fhad 's dha 'n gabh sibh fogar
 Bidh ceartas aig Rìgh Deorsa,
 Cha bharail dhomh gur spors dhuibh
 An seol 'chaith sibh ann,
 Ach 's culaidh-ghrath is dheisim
 Sibh fhad 's dha'n cum sibh streup ris,
 'S gur h-aithreach leibh na dheigh so
 An leum 'thug sibh ann.

DUANAG ALTRUIM.—Le Ian Mac Mhurchaidh dha phaisde ann
 an Carolina-mu-Thuath. Dhaindeoin "Cnothan, is ubhlan, is

siucar a fas" tha meinn chianalais a' bruchda a mac anns gach rann de 'n duanag so.

Dean cadalan samhach,
 A chuilean mo ruin ;
 Dean fuireach mar tha thu,
 'S tu an drasd' an ait' ur.
 Bithidh oigfhearan againn,
 Lan beairteis is cliu,
 'S ma bhios tu na d' airidh,
 'S leat fear-eigin diubh.

Gur ann an America,
 Tha sinn an drasd';
 Fo dhubhar na coille,
 Nach teirig gu brach.
 'Nuair dh' fhalbhas an dulachd,
 'Sa thionndaidh's am blas ;
 Bithidh enomhan bidh ubhlan,
 'S bithidh an siucar a' fàs.

'S ro bheag orm fein,
 Na daoine so th' ann,
 Le' n cotaichean drogaid,
 Ad mhor air an ceann ;
 Le' m briogannan goirid,
 'S iad sgoilte gu'm bainn,
 Cha 'n fhaicear an t-osan—
 'Si bhochdainn a th-ann.

Tha sinne na'r n-Innseanaich,
 Cinnteach gu leor,
 Fo dhubhar nan craobh,
 Cha bhi h-aon againn beo;
 Madaidh allaidh is beistean,
 A g' eibheachd 's gach frog,
 Gu'm beil sinne 'n ar n-eiginn,
 Bho 'n la threig sinn Rìgh Deors.

Thoir mo shoiridh le failte,
 'Chinntaile na 'm bò,
 Far an d' fhuair mi greis m' arach,
 'S mi 'm phaisde beag og.

Bhitheadh fleasgaichean donna,
 Air am bonnaibh ri ceol,
 Agus nionagan dualach,
 'San gruaidh mar an ròs.

An toiseach an fhoghair,
 Bu chridheil na'r sunnd,
 Am fiadh as an fhireach,
 'S am bradan a grunn.
 Bhitheadh luingeas an sgadain,
 A' tighinn fo sheol,
 Bu bhoidheach an sealladh,
 'S fir dhonn aire am bord.

In 1774 John Macrae, *i.e.* Ian Mac Mhurchaidh emigrated, along with many of his neighbours, from Kintail, Lochcarron, etc., and settled in North Carolina. Soon after their arrival the American War of Independence broke out, and as might be expected they at once joined and took a prominent part in what they considered to be the right of Britain. The bard was ultimately taken prisoner and confined in a wretched dungeon where he soon died. It is said that his loyal compositions during the war greatly inspirited his brother Highlanders, and that the Americans when they got him into their hands treated him with unusual severity. This is one of the last, probably the last, of Ian Mac Mhurchaidh's compositions.

Tha mi sgith 'n fhogar so,
 Tha mi sgith dheth 'n t-strith,
 So an tim dhoruinneach.

Ged a tha mi fo'n choille,
 Cha 'n 'eil coire ri chomhdach orm.
 Tha mi sgith &c.

Ach mi sheasadh gu dileas,
 Leis an Rìgh bho' n bha choir aige.

Mi air fogar bho fhoghar,
 Deanamh thighean gun cheo amta.

Ann am buthaig bhig bharrach,
 Cha d' thig caraid dha'm fheoraich ann.

Ach na'm bithinn aig a bhaile,
 Gheibhinn cairdean's luchd-eolais ann.

Ach na'n tigeadh Cornwallis,
 'Sinn a ghluaiseadh gu solasach.
 'Gu sgrìos thoirt air beisdean,
 Thug an t-eideadh san stòras uainn
 Thoir mo shoiridh thar linne,
 Dh'ionnsidh ghlinne 'm bu choir dhomh bhi
 Far an minig a bha mi,
 'G eisdeachd gairich laogh og aca.
 Thoir mo shoiridh le dùrachd,
 Gu Sgurr-Urain 's math m' eolas ann.
 'S tric a bha mi mu'n cuairt di,
 'G eisdeachd udlaiche croineanaich.
 'S do 'n bheinn ghuirn tha mu 'coinneamh,
 Leam bu shoillear a ncoineanan.
 Thoir mo shoiridh le caoimhneas,
 Gu Torloisich nan smeoraichean.
 Far an tric bha mi mu bhuideal,
 Mar ri cuideachda sholasaich.
 Cha b' e an t-ol bha mi 'g iarraidh,
 Ach na b'fhiach an cuid oranan.
 Sios 's suas troimh Ghleann-seile,
 'S tric a leag mi damh croic-cheannach.

I do not know who composed this humorous song. From the first time, however, that I heard it, the authorship was attributed to the Rev. Ranald Rankin, Catholic Clergyman, who left Moidart, and went as a missionary to Australia about thirty years ago.

AN T-EACH IARUINN.

'Se 'n t-each iarunn fluair mo mhiann,
 'Nuair a thriallainn air astar ;
 Is e gun diollaid a's gun srian,
 Siubhal dian leinn do Ghlaschu.
 Se 'n t-each, &c.
 'S ann air a bhios an t-sitrich chruaidh,
 'N àm dha gluasad o'n Chaisteal ;
 Tothan geala tigh'nn o shroin,
 'S e ro dheonach air astar

Cha'n iarr e fodar na feur,
 'S cha'n eil siol dha mar chleachdadh ;
 Ach an teine chur r'a thàrr,
 'Se sud àbhaist mar bhraic-theist.

Tha fuaim a chuibhleachan am chluais,
 Mar thorann cruaidh tigh'nn o chreachan ;
 Mar ghille-mirein dol n'an cuairt,
 Chi thu coilltean, sluagh, a's clachan.

Tha riadh de charbadan na dhéigh,
 'San ionad fein aig bochd a's beartach ;
 An uair a rachadh e na leum,
 B'fhaoin do mhac a fhéidh a leantuinn.

Sud riut a nis a ghaoth-tuath,
 Dubhlan do'n luaths tha 'n ad chasan ;
 Feuch riut Eolus na'n speur,
 Ma's tu fein is trein' air astar.

Tha 'n t-each aluinn, calma, treun,
 Tha e meamnach, gleusda, reachdmhor ;
 An t-each a bhuidhneas geall gach reis,
 Cha'n 'eil feum a dhol a ghleachd ris.

S' coma leam *coitse* nan each mall,
 Cha'n 'eil ann aca culaidh-mhagaidh ;
 Cha'n fhearr leam *gige* na'n each fann,
 Cha'n 'eil ann ach glige-ghlaige.

Mar chloich-mhuilinn dol na deann,
 Sios le gleann o bharr leachdainn,
 Tha gach cuibhle a ruith bhios ann,
 Falbh le srann 's an dol seachad.

M' eudail gobha dubh a ghuail,
 'S e thug buaidh air na h-eachaibh,
 Leis a' ghearran laidir luath,
 Falbh le sluagh eadar bhailtean.

Linn nan innleachdan a th'ann,
 Gu sluagh a chur na'n deann air astar ;
 An litir sgrìobhas tu le peann,
 Ma'n dean thu rann bidh i 'n Sasunn

Na'n eireadh na mairbh o'n uir,
 Dh'fhaicinn gach ni ùir a th'againn,
 Cha chreideadh iad an sealladh sùl,
 Nach e druidheachdan a bh'againn.

Ni e bodaich bheinne dhusgadh,
 'S daoine-sìth bha uin' na'n cadal ;
 Teichidh iad le geilt 'sna cuiltean,
 Mu'n teid am muchadh no'n spadadh.

Siubhlaidh bàt'-na-smuid air chuan,
 Sgoltadh stuadh, 's ga'n cuir seachd ;
 Seolaidh long o'n Airde Tuath,
 Le gaoth chruaidh 's frasan sneachda.

Cha'n ionnan sud 's mo ghearran donn,
 'Nuair dheireadh fonn air gu astar ;
 Cha'n iarr e coirce no moll,
 Ach uisge' na chom 'nuair bhios tart air.

Na'm faiceadh tu Iain Ruadh is claon air,
 A glaothaich gu àird a chlaiginn,
 " Mur stad sibh an t-each donn a dhaoine,
 Cha bhi tuilleadh saoghail againn."

Bi'dh an t-eagal ann, 's cha'n ioghnadh ;
 Fear ri faoineis, 's fear ri magadh ;
 Chluinnidh tu iad air gach taobh dhìot,
 Fhearaibh 'sa ghaoil—" What a Rattle !"

Gus an rathad a bhi reidh,
 'S nach bi eis air na astar,
 Ni e toll am bun gach sleibh,
 'S bheir e reis 'stigh na achlais.

A ruith troi' uamha chreagach dhorch,
 'Rinn am fudar gorm a' sgoltadh ;
 Gu'm bheil mòran eagal orm
 Gu'm buin a thoirm uam mo chlaisteachd.

Chi thu sluagh ann as gach àite,
 A talamh Chanàan as a Sasunn,
 Eadar Peairt 'sam Brumlàth,
 Eadar an Spainnt a's Braigh Lochabar.

The next song was composed by Duncan Macrae, who was tacksman at Conchra, Lochalsh. He had a family of sons, one of

whom was married to a daughter of a tacksman, *i.e.*, Farquhar Macrae of Fadoch. So well was Macrae at Conchra pleased with the first marriage that he proposed another son of his should marry Janet, a younger daughter of Fadoch. Accordingly he accompanied his son, who was a widower, to hear what Miss Janet might have to say on the subject. Her would-be father-in-law places the result of his journey, and his interview with *Seonaid*, before us as follows :—

'Nuair thug mi 'n Gleann mu Nollaig orm,
'S trom a ghabh mi 'n t-aithreachas,
Gun fhios nach iad na dramaichean,
Thug oirnn bhì farraid Seonaid.

'Nuair shuidheas mi na m' aonaran,
Gum bi mi tric a smaoineachadh,
Gun d' fhuair mi 'm bonn nan aonaichean,
Bean donn an aodainn bhoidheich.

Bha i maiseach maoineachail,
Gun robh i stocail daoineachail.
Cha n fhaca mi bean t'aogaisg,
'Dh-aon taobh 'san robh mi eolach.

Fhuair mi toil do mhathar leat,
Toil t'athar is do bhraithrean leat,
'S cha leigeadh Rìgh nam Papanach,
A'chaidh do 'n Aird le dheòin thu.

Gheibh thu duine dh'iarrainn duit,
Tigh geal an aite tiorail,
Each is gille 's diollaid,
'S do chur sìos gu Caol na Doirnidh.

Chuir thu dhiot gun leisgeul mi,
Cha'n eil mi uair 'na t'eisimeil,
Ma tha thu 'g iarraidh teisteanas,
Cui ceist air bean an drobhair.

Tha fear* an Gleannstrafairire,
'S e an comhnuidh tighinn da tharach ort,
Cha 'n ann do shliochd nan greannanach,
Gur ro mhath 'b'aithne dhomhs iad.

*This was Hugh Fraser, locally known as Fear Dheadhanaidh. He was the only brother of the late Robert Fraser, laird of Aigais.

'Nuair chaidh mi air 'n t'saothair ud,
 Gun thachair fir Chill-Fhaolain rium,
 'S gun d' òl sinn botul taosgach,
 Ged' robh e daor san 'Toiseachd.

B'iad sud an comunn faoilteachail,
 Cha d' chuir iad suil am priobaireachd,
 Bha pailteas bidh is dibhe aca.
 Deadh fhidhleir agus orain.

Dol seachad 'm beul an annuich dhomh,
 Gun thachair fearaibh Shalachaidh rium,
 'S ann dhomhsa fein a dhearbhadh iad,
 Nach robh an t-airgid gann na'm pòcaid.

Gun chuir iad sgioba is bàta leam,
 Gu m' fhaicinn dhaehaidh sabhailte,
 'S gun d' òl sinn ' nuair rainig sinn,
 Deoch slaint na bha gun phosadh.

Janet Macrae, the subject of the above Luinneag was considered a great beauty; but as she proved herself to be so proficient in rejecting the hand of some of the finest, handsomest, and best situated gentlemen in the surrounding districts, a local poet apostrophised her as follows:

Mo nighean bhuidhe bhoidheach,
 A phosadh a h-uile fear;
 Tha coignear dha d' iarraidh,
 Fad bliadhna dhaoin' urramach,
 Tha triur dhiubh sin posda,
 'S tha Seonaid gun duin' aice.

Miss Janet, however, did not choose to remain long on the spinster list, and when she made her selection, the neighbours used to say, after William Ross:—

Ma fhuair thu do roghainn,
 Do dh-fhearaibh an domhain gu leir;
 Tha fios aig na *h-eòlaich*
 Mar *bhuilich* thu deonach do speis, &c.

This Luinneag is the composition of William Macbean, a native of Kingussie. He was one of about three hundred passengers on board the "St George", which sailed from Oban in 1838. After five months at sea, they arrived safely at their destination Sydney, New South Wales. As the most of the passengers were from the Highlands, song and story were in requisition. I heard

it said by some that were on board that Macbean endeavoured to make them feel the long voyage the happiest and most charming part of their lives.

LUINNEAG.

Gu ma slàn do na fearibh
Chaidh thairis an cuan,
Gu talamb a gheallaidh,
Far nach fairich iad fuachd.

Gu ma slàn do na mnathan
Nach cluinnear a gearan ;
'S ann theid iad gu smeireil
Gar leantinn thar 'chuan.
Gu ma slàn, &c.

Is na nighneagan boidheach,
A dh'fhalbhas leinn comhladh,
Gheibh daoine ri 'm pòsadh,
A chuireas òr nan dà chluais.
Gu ma slàn, &c.

Gheibh sinn aran is im ann,
Gheibh sinn siucar is ti ann ;
'S cha bhì gainn' oirnn fhìn,
'S an tìr 's bheil buaidh.
Gu ma slàn, &c.

Nuair dh'fhagas sinn an t-áite so,
Cha chuir iad mor mhal oirnn ;
'S cha bhì an Fheill Martainn
Cur náire ann ur gruaidh.
Gu ma slán, &c.

Gu fag sinne an tìr so,
Cha chinnich aon ni ann ;
Tha 'm buntata air dol a dhìth ann,
'S cha chinn iad le fuachd.
Gu ma slàn, &c.

Gheibh sinne crodh agus caorich ;
Gheibh sinne cruithneachd air raointean,
'S cha bhì e cho daor dhuinn
Ri fraoch an taobh tuath.
Gu ma slàn, &c.

'Nuair a theid mi do'n mhonadh,
A mach le mo ghunna,
Cha bhi geamair no duine
Ga ma chur air an ruaig.

Gu ma slàn, &c.

Gheibh sinne sioda agus srol ann ;
Gheibh sinne pailteas do'n chloimh ann,
'S ni na mnathan dhuinn clodh dheth,
Air seol an taobh tuath.

Gu ma slàn, &c.

Cha bhi iad ga'r dusgadh
Le clag Chinn-a-ghiubhsaich ;
Cha bhi e gu duireas
Ged' nach duisg sinne cho luath.

Gu ma slàn, &c.

It is said that the following song was composed for Duncan Macrae, son of Farquhar Og of Morvich, Kintail, on his being laid up after spraining his foot.

Huil obhan ho guri ho,
Huil obhan ho ro hi,
Huil obhan ho guri ho,
Cadail trom gun deach' dhiom.

'S dona sud a " Bhothain"* bhochd,
A nochd gue dubhach a tha,
Sealgair nan aighean 's na laogh,
Na lidhaidh sa thaobh ri lar.

Cha b'e sud 's na chuir thu suil,
A bhi tarraing a'bhruchd blo'n traigh,
Ach leaghadh luaidhe an camus cruinn,
'S tu leaghadh na suinn gu lar.

Beannan beag san robh do mhiann,
Dha shireadh ri gaoth an iar,
Lorg-ealadh ri sgor-bheinn chas,
Sud am beus a chleachd thu riamh.

Beinn-a-mheadhain ghlas' n fheoir,
San sgaoil an ceo mas eirich grian,
Far a minig a bha mo ghradh,
Air uileann air sgath nam fiadh.

*Bothan is said to be the name of the hunter's dog.

Beinn a Ghìusaichean ma thuath,
 'S braigh leachd nam fuar bheann gorm,
 An tric a thug thu callaidh toll,
 Ann sa bheinn an cluinnte toirm.

Creagan sgeodach dubh an fhraoich,
 An darna taobh do Chona-ghleann cas,
 Far a minig a bha thu ghaoil,
 A feitheamh ri gaoth Mheal-dhamh.

Dair-dhoire nan damh dearg,
 Sail-chaorainn nan earb 's nam boc,
 Far 'n bu tric thu air do ghluin,
 'S do ghillean air cùl nan cnoc.

'S iomadh beinn is tulaich ard,
 Is talamh garbh ri sneachd òg,
 A shiubhail do chalpa treun,
 'S air talamh reidh fhuair thu leon.

Sona sud a Bhothain bhochd,
 A nochd gur subhach a tha,
 Bho 'n fhuair cas Dhunnachaidh luathas,
 Togaidh sinn suas ri Gleann Mhic Phail.

The following three fragmentary stanzas are like the preceding ones :—

Sud a cheaird dha 'n d' thug mi speis,
 'Nuair a bha mi eutrom òg,
 Bhi falbh le gunna fo 'm sgcith,
 Gleidheadh an fheidh air a lorg.

'S tric a rinn mi siubhal fann,
 Air feadh allt is ghlac is fhrog,
 'S fraoch agus scileach ann,
 Cho ard ri mo cheann is corr.

An te sin a th' agam na 'm uchd,
 'S tric a rinn i fuil an glaic,
 'Nuair a lasadh i air tom,
 Dh' fhagadh i an damh donn fo lot.

In my younger days in Strathglass I used to hear the following, but have not heard it since I left that country. My memory

may not have sufficiently served me to enable me to supply the complete song, but I shall be glad to receive any verses I may have omitted :—

'S trom an luchd tha mi giùlan air m' inntinn,
 Dh'fhag sud m' aigneadh air chinnt ann an càs,
 'S mi bhi smaointin bho chionn cor agus bliadhna,
 Gur a modha tha mi erianadh na fàs,
 Rìgh phriseil mur a dean thu orm foirinn,
 Tha mi 'm prìosan aig doruinn an sàs,
 'S tric m' easlaint a g' innse le deifir,
 Gur fear-binn air mo bheathsa 'm bàs.

Am bàs ged' a dh' fhaicinn e tighinn,
 Cha 'n eil e beo fear a chitheadh mo dheoir,
 Bho'n a chaill mi gach sòlas a bh'agam,
 Sa tha mi gun dad deth mo threoir,
 Chaol bhànaich mo lamhan 's mo chasan,
 'S air m' aisnean cha'n eil dad a dh'fheoil,
 Chaill mi uile mo dhealbh agus m' aogasg,
 'S tric tha m' aodann air chaochladh gach neoil.

Tha 'n saoghal so caochlaideach uile,
 'S maireg riamh a chuir bun 'as a nì,
 A anabharra saibhreas no spionnaidh,
 Bho 'n as furasda leis bhi gar dith.
 'Nuair a shaoil leam gum bu teodha mo shamhradh,
 Bhuail dudhlachd a' gheamhraidh orm cruaidh,
 Ghrad thionndan an saoghal mar fhaoileach,
 'S dh'fhag sud dhomhsa gach caolas mar chuan.

'S ann a bha mi am muirne le manran,
 Fhad sa bha iad ga m' arach measg Ghall,
 Cha b' annas dhomh pòit ag ol fiona,
 Mar ri armuinn neo-chrian gun bhi gann,
 Cha robh aon nì dhomh duilich ri fhaotainn,
 Air am faodadh mac duine bhi 'n geall,
 'S fhaide an t-sheachdain an diu leam na bhliadhna,
 Slainte 's aidhir air triall bhuam air chall.

'S ann mar luing ann an doruinn a tha mi,
 'S i air bristeadh roimh chlabhraich nan tonn,
 Ann an socair no suidhe cha tamh dhomb,
 Ach mar uibhean ga 'n carannh air droll,

'Nuair a shaoil mi tighinn thugam a bhairlinn,
 Bhi ga m' thudanadh ghnàth bhar mo bhonn,
 'Righ phriseil mur a gabh thu fein truas rium,
 Tha do laimh ann san uair' orm gle throm.

The following sacred poem was composed by the famous Juliet of Keppoch, (Sile na Ceapaich). A fragment of it appears in Vol. vii. of the Transactions of this Society. The following version was transcribed by the late lamented D. C. Macpherson of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, from a copy which Iain Ban Innse took down from an old servant of Sile. Sile was born at Bohuntin, Brae-Lochaber, in 1660, and died in the year 1729.

Di do bheath', a Mhoire Mhaighdeann,
 'S gur gile do Mhac na 'ghrian ;
 Rugadh am Mac 'an aois Athar,
 Oighre Fhlathanais ga'r dion.
 B' iosal an ceum thug an Slanair,
 Tighinn a Parris gu talamh ;
 Rugadh e ann an staball,
 Gun tuilleadh aite dha falamh.

Cha d'iarr Banrainn na h-umhlachd,
 Fuirneiseachd, rum, no seomar ;
 Cha mho 'dh iarr i mnathan-glaine,
 Ach Rìgh nan Dul a bhi ga comhnadh.
 Cha d' iarr Micein na h-uaisle,
 Cuiscin, no clusag, no leaba,
 Ach gu'n d' eirich leis a Mhathair,
 Ga' chur sa' mhaingeir na laidhe.

B' aobhainn an sealladh a fhuair i
 An uair a thainig e as a collainn ;
 Ga 'shuaineachd 'an anartan bana
 An Slanair a thainig gu'r ceannach,
 Shoillsich reulna anns an athar
 'Rinn rathad do na tri righrean ;
 Thainig iad ga shealltainn le failte,
 'S gaol 'us gradh thoirt da le firinn.

Thainig na buachaillean bochda,
 'Ghabhail fradhairc air 's an tim sin—
 Misneach do'n lag 's do'n laidir,
 Gu 'bhi cho dana air an ti ud.

'N uair chula Herod an ardain,
 An targanach a thigh'n gu talamh,
 Cha d' fhag e micin aig mathair
 Gun a chur gu bas le h-an-iochd.

Rinn Moire naomh an lagh a chleachdadh—
 Thairg iad an leanabh anns an teampull,
 Dh' fhalbh iad a dh-oidhche 's a latha,
 Leis do'n Eiphit 'ghabhail tamhachd,
 Dh' fhuirich iad an sin, car tamuil,
 Ga altrum agus ga' arach
 Ann an gaol, 's 'an gradh, 's 'an umhlachd,
 Le durachd athar 'us mathar.

'Nuair chual iad gu'n d'eug Rìgh Herod,
 Smaoinich iad ceum a thoirt dachaidh,
 Bu mhiannach leo sealladh de'n cairdean,
 'S 'fhad 's a bha iad gun am faicinn,
 Thug iad cliu do Dhia 's an teampull,
 'S gu Nasaret air dhaibh 'bhi tilleadh,
 Suil ga'n d' thug iad thair an gualainn,
 Dh' iuntraich iad bhuap am Messia.

'S iad a bha gu bronach, duilich,
 Trath nach b' fhurasda dhaibh 'fhaotainn ;
 'Sa' mhiad 's a rinn iad ga 'shireadh,
 Bu dubhach a bha iad as 'aogais ;
 Ach tim dhaibh dol deiseal a 'n teampull,
 Dh' aithnich iad a chainnt gu beathail,
 Measg nan ollaichean a' teagasg,
 Bu deas a thigeadh dha labhairt.

Labhair an sin ris a mhathair ;
 " Ciamar a thainig dhut fuireach ?
 'S dubhach a rinn thu ar fagail,
 Na trì laithean bha sinn ga d' shireadh ;"
 " A mhathair na biodh ortsa mulad,
 Ged a dh' fhuirich mi 's an teampull ;
 Seirbhis m'athar anns na flaitheas,
 Feumaidh mi feitheamh 's gach am dhi.

" A liuthad latha fuachd 'us acras,
 Siubhal seachrain agus imeachd,
 A th' agamsa ri fhulang fhathast,
 Mu'n teid mo ghnothuch gu finid ;

Fuilgidh mi fhathast mo bhaisteadh,
 Fuilgidh mi traisg anns an fhasach,
 Fuilgidh mi 'n namhaid ga m' bhuaireadh,
 'Us mo bhualadh, 'us mo phagadh.

“ Fuilgidh mi breth agus binn,
 'Us mo chur sios le fianais-bhreige ;
 Seallaidh mi gu h-umhlaidh, iseal,
 Ged a dhitear mi 's an eucoir.
 Mo chur bho Philat gu Herod,
 A dh' innseas sgeula mar is aill leo,
 'S bho 'n nach dian mi mar is math leo,
 Cuirear deis' de 'n anart bhan orm.”

'N uair a dheasaich iad an t-suipeir
 Dha fhein 's do na bh' aige de mhuinntir,
 Bheannaich e agus bhlais e,
 Rinn e sin an casan ionnlad.
 'N uair dh' aithnich e 'm bas ga riribh,
 Dh' fhag e dileab aca deonach ;
 Bho 'n nach d' fhaod e aca fuireach,
 Bheannaich e'fhuil agus fheoil dhaibh.

Rinn e anns a' gharadh urnaigh,
 Chuir e gu dluth dheth fallus fala ;
 Dh' fhuilig e rithist a sgiursadh,
 'Us crun a chur air de 'n dreathann ;
 Smugaidean a chur na 'aodann,
 'S a bhualadh air gach taobh le'n dearnaibh,
 Ghiulain e 'chrois air a ghualnean,
 'Sa chur suas cadar dha mheirleach.

Bhlais e'n cupa 's an robh 'n t-scarbhadh,
 Tiota beag mu'n d' fhalbh an anail ;
 Thug e mathanas dh'a naimhdean,
 'S liubhair e do 'n Ard-righ 'anam,
 Leig a sios as a' chrois E,
 Liubhair iad a chorp dh' a mhathair ;
 I fhein 's na bh 'aice de mhuinntir,
 Rinn iad anns an uir a charamh.

Aig fheothas 's a rinn thu a ghleidheadh,
 A dh' fhalbh leis a latha 's a dh-oidhe ;
 Aig fheothas 's a rinn thu air feitheamh,
 Di do bheath', a Mhoire Mhaighdeann ;

Di do bheath', a Mhoire Mhaighdeann,
 'S gur gile do mhac na 'ghrian ;
 Rugadh am mac 'an aois 'Athar,
 Oighre Fhlathanais g'ar dìon.

I shall conclude by giving you one more Rann by Sile na Ceapaich.

Beir mo shoiridh leis an ti,
 Bha caitheamh na sligh' air a h-aineol ;
 Ged a dh' fhag iad as an deigh sinn,
 Cha 'n fhios nach eiginn duinn an leanachd,
 Ged fhogair iad sinn as an righeachd,
 'S suarach an dith air a Phap e ;
 Cha ghluais sid an Eaglais dhaingeann
 Dh' fhag mo Rìgh air carraig laidir.

Cha dean geataichean ifrinn,
 Na idir cumhachdan dhaoine ;
 Car a chur dhith as a laraich,
 Clachairean cha d' fhag cho faoin i.
 Rinn iad ballaichean de d' cholluinn,
 'S rinn iad uinneagan de d' chreuchdan ;
 'S ann de d' bheul a rinn iad dorus,
 'S do dha shuil na 'n solus gle gheal.

Rinn iad sgliata de d' chrun-dreathain,
 Agus staidhir de d' chrann-ceusda ;
 Rinn iad le traig 'us le urnaigh,
 'Teannachadh gu dluth ri cheile ;
 Bha Moire, Bhaintighearn' air a h-urlar,
 Dh' fhuirneisich an da Ostal deug i,
 Aig na fhuair iad rithe 'shaothair ;
 Fad an saoghail gus an d' eug iad.

Cheangail iad a chreud mu'n cuairt di
 Mu 'm fuasgladh i as a cheile ;
 Bha seachd glasan air a h-ursainn,
 'Sa h-uchraichean aig luchd-gleuta ;
 Bha seachd glasan air a h-ursainn,
 'S a h-uchraichean aig luchd-gleuta ;
 Comas a dunadh 's a fosgladh,
 Dh' fhag na h-Ostail sud mar oighreachd.

Baisteadh, Daingneachadh 'an ordugh
 Corp glormhor Chriosta, 's Faoisid ;
 Ola-ro-bhas, Ordugh, 's Posadh,
 Gur h-iad sud 'bu choir dhuinn fhaotainn.
 Tha seachd peacannan ri sheachnadh ;
 'S tha seachd subhailcean gu'n claoidh sin,
 Mu'n tig an ceud sheachd gun fhios duinn
 An t-seachd eil 'bhi tric na'r cuimhne.

Uabhar, sannt, druis, craos,
 Leisg, farmad, agus fearg ;
 Gur h-iad sud a chur bho'n dorus,
 Mu 'm faigh sinn cronachadh garg,
 Tha seachd eile na dheigh sin,
 Seachd a tha feumail do 'n anam,
 Biadh, fardach, agus aodach,
 'Thoirt do dhaoine na 'n airce.
 'N uair a chluinneas sinn gur bas e,
 Comhnadh gu'm fagail 's a 'chlachan.

Na ceithir crìochan mu dheireadh,
 'N am dealachadh ris an t-saoghal ;
 Bas, Breitheanas, a's Flathanas,
 'S Ifrinn an rathad nach caomh lein,
 'S bho nach caomh leinn dol g'a fhaicinn,
 Biomaid air ar faicill daonnan,
 'S cinnteach mi nach fhaod sinn fuireach,
 'N uair thig sumanadh o'n aog oirnn.

10th FEBRUARY 1886.

On this date, Councillor T. S. Macallister, of the Northern Hotel, Inverness, was elected an honorary member ; and Mr Alex. Maclean, teacher, Culloden, and Mr William Macdonald, clerk, 63 Church Street, ordinary members. Mr Duncan Campbell, editor of the *Northern Chronicle*, read a paper on "The Isle of Man: its Language, History, and People;" and Mr John Whyte, librarian, Inverness, read a paper on "Gaelic Phonetics," which was very favourably reviewed by the members present.

Mr Campbell's paper was as follows :—

THE ISLE OF MAN—ITS HISTORY AND
LANGUAGE.

The Isle of Man lies out in the Irish Sea, at something like equal distances from Scotland, England, and Ireland. It is without insular company except that of its own Calf. The Point of Ayre is only 16 miles from Burrow Head, and 21 from the Mull of Galloway. By means of these two seaward extensions of Wigtownshire Scotland claims closer neighbourhood with the Isle of Man than Ireland, England, or Wales. The distance from Peel to Strongford Lough, in Ireland, is 27 miles. It is just the same distance between Maughold Head, in Man, and St Bees Head, in Cumberland. Forty-five miles measure the space between the Calf of Man and Holyhead in Wales. The Calf is a bluff rocky farm of 800 acres, devoted, I believe, to rabbit breeding. It is separated from Man by a channel of three miles, which cannot be crossed every day, nor at times for weeks at a stretch. The Calf is a striking feature of the picture the island kingdom presents to the eyes of those coming by ship or steamer from Liverpool or Ireland. Man itself is 33 miles long and 12 miles broad, but it tapers at both ends. A bold range of hills, which assume the imposing airs of real mountains, occupies the interior along the line of length, and sends spurs and bluffs down to the sea. The northern part of the island is *carse* or "magher" land; but it may be noticed in passing, as a peculiarity of the Manx language, that in it the separate field becomes the "Magher," and that every boundary, whether a fence or an invisible line, is called "cagliagh." Man has an area of 150,000 statute acres, more than 90,000 of which are cultivated. The population is about 54,000. In "the good old times" it fluctuated from 10,000 to 14,000. It was a little over 14,000 when the Duke of Athole succeeded his relative, the last Earl of Derby of the old line, as "King in Man" in the year 1736. In 1829 the British Government finally acquired all the property and rights of the Athole family in the kingdom of Man, and at that time the population had reached 40,000. Considering that regular steamers from Liverpool and Barrow-in-Furness now make the Isle of Man in general, and Douglas, its modern capital, in particular, the favourite watering-place of Yorkshire and Lancashire, the increase of the population since 1829 is not very remarkable, when this further fact is likewise taken into account, that the silver, lead, and copper-mining industry began by the Murrays has of late been immensely developed.

Douglas, a handsome town at the head of a picturesque bay, may be said to live upon visitors. So also may Peel—that is to say, Port-na-hinsey—the place on the shore which has usurped the name of the old rock-islet acropolis. The farming population is just what it ought to be, neither too sparse nor too crowded. The farms in general are of fair size and well cultivated. Those that live by the land stick to the land, those that live by mining stick to mining, and those that live by the sea stick to the sea. The Manxmen have a large fleet of superior fishing smacks, which covers the Irish Sea from side to side when its fishing is good, and goes out far when the shoals are elsewhere. They have capital, organisation, and the great advantage of large markets for fish at their doors. But most of these hardy, cheerful, industrious Manx fishermen go to the ends of the earth as sailors once or oftener in their lives. Both the Royal Navy and the Merchant Navy profit by their services. Fully half the Manx population dwell in the towns and large villages. Douglas has 14,500, Castleton, or Balla Chastal, 3000, Port-na-hinsey or Holmtown—mis-named Peel—3500, and Ramsay 400. Port Erin, Port Mary, the mining village of Laxey, and other villages depending solely on mining, fishing, and lodging-house and shopping business contain the remainder of the urban population. The island is lovely in summer, and mild, but somewhat wet and foggy in winter. Fuschias, myrtles, and other exotics are not killed by winter frosts. Douglas, with its fine bay, sea-wall, terraces, concrete and moulded houses, tree-like fuschias, and beautiful landscape, is more like a southern continental than a British town. The people, both urban and rural, make a pleasing impression upon visitors. They are energetically industrious, orderly, genial—with a flash of hastiness—and generally prosperous. The Norsemen have scarcely left a trace behind them, except in a few names of places and the evil memory of tyrannical institutions. In the Manx people of the present day the black-eyed, black-haired, round faced, Celtic type is not only predominant, but it almost excludes all other types. They are heavier and stronger people than the Welsh, yet although their language is not British, but Gaelic, they are wonderfully like the Welsh in set, features, and characteristics.

Mannan, or Manninan, is said to have been the first ruler, if not the first planter of Man. In the old Statute Book of the island he is thus described:—"Manninan-beg-mac-y-Lear, the first man who held Man, was ruler thereof, and after whom the land was named, reigned many years, and was a paynim (heathen).

He kept the lands under mists by his necromancy : if he dreaded an enemy, he would of ane man cause to seem one hundred, and that by art magic." Tradition further affirms that the magician Mannan and his followers were expelled from the island on the arrival of St Patrick. But this tradition is inconsistent with a custom still observed at Midsummer, on the eve of St John the Baptist, when people carry green rushes and meadow grass to the top of Barrule, one of the highest mountains in Man, in payment of rent to Mannan-beg-mac-y-Lear. The name of this high hill is descriptive of its shape, for, in its Manx form—"Baare-ooyl"—it signifies "the top of an apple." In the strange poem gathered into his collection by the Dean of Lismore, which describes how Caoilte redeemed Fionn from King Cormac's prison by bringing that monarch a rabble of animals, are mentioned.

"Da mhuc mhucaibh Mhic Lir."

And again :—

"Tugas leam each agus lathair
De ghreidh mhaiseach Mhananain."

The Dean ascribes the authorship of the poem to Caoilte Mac Ronain himself. We may therefore conclude that, in the form in which he got it, it must have been floating about at least a hundred and fifty years before 1512, when the collection of songs was finished. The Dean belonged to a priestly and literary family whose continued memory for five generations would have prevented him from attributing to a Fingalian hero an *ur-sgeul* ballad made near his own time. But Ewen M'Comic, the Baron of Dail Ardonaig, was the Dean's contemporary, and, being sick for a long time, the baron made a song, in which he mentioned the many wonderful things he would give, if he only had them, to purchase good health. Among the ransom offerings he mentions

"Greidh is aidhre Mhananain."

The herds and flocks of Mananan.

Mananan's father became Shakespeare's "King Lear." The Manx people call their island "Ellan Mhannin." Julius Cæsar, fifty years before the Christian era, heard of it under the name of "Mona." Tacitus, on the other hand, writing near the end of the first century of the Christian era, calls Angelsea "Mona." This Welsh Mona was the great university of Druidic theology and learning when the Roman commander, Sentionius Paulinus, invaded it, A.D. 61, and killed the Druid priests and professors, and cut down the sacred groves. But there is reason to believe,

from the traces they have left behind, that the remnant of the Druids sought shelter in the other Mona after the slaughter, and had sacred groves and circles there until the time of St Patrick. Man is, in fact, a perfect museum of Druidic, Celtic, and Scandinavian antiquities. Before the necromancer's time, and perhaps centuries after him as well, the large, big-horned elk or "lon" browsed in the glens of Man, and looked out from the heights upon the few coracles sailing on the surrounding sea. The Duke of Athole, who was the last "King in Man," sent to the Edinburgh Royal Museum an almost perfect skeleton of the great elk, which was found in a bed of marl near Ballaugh, in Man. The tailless cat exists to the present day, and is not at all in danger of being extinguished by imported cats. The tailless cat is supposed to have had some friendly connection with the necromancer, and to have received a perpetual guarantee of existence within the Kingdom of Man. The Romans themselves must have seen it, for an altar preserved at Castleton shows that towards the end of their rule in Britain they had a military station in Man. The inscription tells that the altar was erected to Jupiter, by Marcus Censorius, son of Marcus Flavius Volinius, of the Augustensian Legion, Prefect to the Tungrian cohort of the Province of Narbonne. Had Celts, Norwegians, and Danes inscribed their Manx monuments in Roman fashion, what a singular tale of changes they would have told us.

Gildas, who was born in 493, and died in 570, in his gloomy treatise "concerning the calamity, ruin, and conquest of Britain" by the Saxons, mentions incidentally that in A.D. 395, in the reigns of Arcadius and Honorius, a Scot named Brule was Governor of Man. It is probable that Brule came to Man from Ireland, as the Scots had scarcely begun to plant colonies in Scotland at that time. In 517 the island was conquered by Maelgywn, Prince of North Wales, and it continued to be ruled by a dynasty of his race until Anarawd, the last Welsh King of Man, died in 913. Shortly afterwards the Scandinavian sea-rover, Gorree or Orry, conquered the island, and formed the Kingdom of Man and the Isles. Gorree is supposed to have instituted the Tynwald Court, established the Taxiaxi, now called the House of Keys, and divided the island into sheadings. The last king of his dynasty died about 1040. He was succeeded by Goddard, son of Sygtrig, King of the Danes. This Goddard was, after confusions and invasions, succeeded by his son Fingal. Goddard Crovan or Chrouban, son of Harold the Black of Iceland, in 1077 slew King Fingal, completely subdued Man, and brought most of

the Scottish islands under his subjection. The last of Crovan's race who ruled in Man was Magnus. After the battle of Largs he rejected the suzerainty of Norway, and did homage to Alexander III. of Scotland. He died childless in 1265, and the Scottish King took possession of the island. Most people have heard of the three armed legs which constitute the arms of Man—two legs for standing and one for kicking—and to which the motto is appended—*Quocunq̄ jeceris stabit*—whichever way you throw it, it will stand. Well, it was Alexander of Scotland who gave that heraldic symbol to the Manx Kingdom. The island at the death of Magnus had been fully three hundred years under stringent Norse rule, and yet the Manx people emerged from that long subjection as Celtic as they had been in the time of Gildas. Their language has adopted many words from English, but it has scarcely retained a Scandinavian word beyond a few names of places and of institutions, such as the Tynwald. Even the strange word "Taxiaksi" is said to be Gaelic—meaning guardians or senators—and to derive itself from "taisg" or "teagasg."

Man fell under the suzerainty of King Edward Longshanks during the war of conquest he carried on with Scotland. It looks as if he carried out, or, at least, instigated, the insular revolution by countenancing the claims of a pretender with a purely Celtic name to the Tynwald Throne. When the great Edward died the little Edward, his son, chucked Man back and forward, like a prize of little value, among three of his favourites—Piers de Gaveston, Gilbert Mac Gascall, and Henry de Beaumont. Bruce descended upon Man with ships and warriors from Galloway, Ayr, and Argyle in the year 1313. He drove out the English, subdued the island, and gave it to his nephew, Randolph, Earl of Moray. William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, married Mary, the female heiress of the Crovan dynasty, and Edward the Third, allowing her claim, aided Salisbury, who took Man from Randolph's heirs in 1344. He was crowned King of Man with great pomp, but he afterwards sold his kingdom to Sir William le Scroop. The buyer was attainted for treason, and Man was again chucked from hand to hand, until it was granted to Sir John Stanley in 1406. Sir John Stanley, the founder of the Derby family, reduced the "breast law" of his insular kingdom to writing. He found the island, to a great extent, lying waste, and the population small and distressed. He encouraged tillage and fishing industry, and modified the harsh customs which had come down from the Scandinavian conquerors. Upon the whole, the Stanley dynasty of Kings in Man, beginning in 1406 and ending in 1736, gave

the islanders peace, prosperity, and justice compared with what they used to receive before. But yet they could not be said to be popular rulers. The elder branch of the house of Stanley became extinct on the death of Earl James in 1736, and while the English honours and estates went to the heir male—a very distant kinsman indeed of Earl James—the Isle of Man and the Barony of Strange fell to James Murray, second Duke of Athole, who was, by female descent, the nearest heir of the seventh Earl of Derby, who for his fidelity to the Stuart cause, was beheaded in 1651. The wife of this Cavalier earl was the heroic lady who defended Latham House, and who figures in “Peveril of the Peak.” On the forfeiture of the Cavalier earl, Man was given to Lord Fairfax, who retained it for nine years. The heir of the beheaded Earl of Derby regained his kingdom and other patrimonies at the Restoration.

The Manx people and their last King, “John the planter,” parted on anything but amicable terms in 1829. The Duke’s nephew, Dr George Murray, then Bishop of Sodor and Man, was chiefly responsible for the mutual irritation in which the connection terminated. The bishop wanted to bring about a tithe commutation, which has since been accomplished almost exactly as he proposed, and when he failed in getting what he wished, he tried unjustly to levy a tithe on green crops, which was tumultuously resisted. The Duke his uncle was glad to sell his proprietary and manorial rights, and in order to restore harmony the Government promoted Dr George to the see of Rochester. But that final “tiff” notwithstanding, the Murrays, with their strong Highland proclivities, and improving energies, were both popular and beneficent Kings in Man. They have left their marks on the whole island. Castle Mona, now the truly palatial hotel of Douglas, and its beautifully planted, spacious, and romantic policy grounds, testify to the taste as well as to the magnificence of the last island monarch. And all over the island, wherever astonishing bits of woodland pictures burst upon the view, the Murray mark is there directly or indirectly impressed. They promoted Manx literature, which, in the middle of their dynastic period, reached its highest level, thanks to holy Bishop Wilson, Bishop Hildesley, and Dr Kelly, in the Manx translation of the Scriptures. The Murrays had the appointment of the bishop and the rectors and vicars of most of the seventeen parishes of the island in their hands, and they took care to appoint men well acquainted with Manx Gaelic. It was preached regularly in all the churches of the island in their time; and now it is scarcely

preached in any, although the people in their homes throughout all the country continue to speak the language of their ancestors. Another custom which the Murrays religiously guarded is still preserved—"The courts are still fenced in Manx, according to ancient traditionary form; and the island laws are still promulgated in Manx on the Tynwald Mount."

The Imperial Government had been using steady pressure for more than a century before 1829 to get rid of the Kings in Man and the Manx tariff. As early as 1670 an enterprising Liverpool firm organised smuggling in Man on a large scale, and made immense profit for a time. The English customs and excise duties were then comparatively low, but the import duties of Man were still so much lower that a good margin of profit was left to the smugglers. The situation of the island made it a natural emporium for the illicit traders of many lands. The Manx people did the distribution work, and in spite of ships of war and armed cutters, they glided in their boats with cargoes of brandy, wine, tea, and other commodities under cover of night and mists, to the Scotch, Irish, English and Welsh coasts. Great pressure was brought upon the last Stanley King in Man to sell the island to the Government. That pressure, in a stronger degree and in various forms—one which was to foment faction and discontent in the island—was steadily continued during the Murray period. When nothing else would do, in 1765 the British Government in a very high-handed manner constrained the Duke of Athole to sell the Manx sovereignty—retaining his proprietary and manorial rights, ecclesiastical patronage, &c.—for £70,000. The Manx people were filled with consternation, and many of them hastily realised their possessions, and retired from the island. But after some years they recovered confidence, and developed the contraband trade to such an extent that a Parliamentary Committee, appointed in 1792, estimated the annual loss to the customs of Great Britain caused by Manx smuggling at £350,000. It was felt that the purchase of the sovereignty was not enough, and that till the property and patronage rights were vested in the Crown, the neck of the contraband trade could not be broken. So the tithe commotion was not officially checked but fostered; and the Duke of Athole's position was made so uncomfortable that he was at last glad to sell out entirely for £416,114.

The ecclesiastical history of Man is to the effect that St Patrick converted the heathens of that island, and placed "a holy prudent canon of the Lateran, and a disciple of his own named Germanus," over them as bishop, that for a long time thereafter the

Bishops of Man received Irish consecration, that in 838 the Bishopric of Sodor was constituted by Pope Gregory, and that subsequent Bishops of Man not knowing whether they should obey Drontheim, York, or Canterbury, sought confirmation from the Pope. Most of this is true, but I believe St German of Man is St German of Auxerre, and that his parish and cathedral on the Peel islet confirm views, which, on other grounds, I hold regarding the Christianising importance of the work of St Ninian and the mission of St Palladius. I believe St German was never in Man, except by the representation of his friends and disciples. It is a different case with Maughold, the secondary patron saint of Man. He was an Irishman, and the chief of a band of robbers. He was caught *flagrante delicto* or red-handed, brought to St Patrick, and converted. But either for penance or for punishment he was sent to sea in a skin-covered wicker boat, with feet and hands tied. Wind and currents drifted him safely to Maughold Head in Man, and he became in due time Bishop of the island. After Maughold there was an obscure succession of Irish, Welsh, and Scotch bishops. About 1130—the Manx date is, by evident mistake, 1113—arose a man who in a curious way connected the Island of Man with our own district, by much trouble, and a fearful baptism of blood. In his profession this man thus styled himself:—*Ego Wymundus sanctae ecclesie de Schid*—I, Wymundus, of the holy Church of Skye. He somehow became one of the first monks of the splendid monastery of Furness, on the Cambrian shore opposite Man, which was founded in 1124 in the midst of a still thoroughly British population, who had been long allied with the Albanic nation. Olave, the Norwegian King of Man and the Isles, granted land at Rushen to Yvo, abbot of Furness, and Abbot Yvo sent over Brother Wymundus and other monks to take possession of the affiliated house there. Brother Wymundus quickly ingratiated himself, not only with the King, but with the Celtic people of the isle, who with one acclaim elected him for their Bishop, and sent him to Thurstan, Archbishop of York, who consecrated him. We may be sure that there was not much difference between the Gaelic of Skye and the Gaelic of Man in the 12th century, and it seems the Norwegian king as well as the Celtic people of Man were carried off their feet by the eloquence and good looks of Wymundus, who was tall, handsome, open-faced, and enthusiastic. No sooner, however, was Wymundus consecrated and installed, than he called himself Malcolm M'Heath, the heir of the Earl or Maormor of Moray, who was slain in 1130, when acting as one of the princi-

pal leaders of the Gaelic insurrection of that year against King David and his Anglo-Norman aristocracy and laws. The King of Man and Somerled of Argyle, that king's son-in-law, believed in Malcolm. He married Somerled's sister, and was soon at the head of a land and sea force. He was strongly supported in this part of the country. I don't believe the man was an impostor, although the monkish flatterers of King David and his race branded him as such. In a speech to King David himself, Robert de Brus, ancestor of the Bruce of Bannockburn, called Malcolm M'Heth, the quondam monk and bishop, "heir to a father's hate and persecution." Malcolm M'Heth made descents here, there, and everywhere, and disappeared like a sea-bird before the king's forces. He was by degrees shaking King David's throne, and the first check he received was, strange to say, in Celtic Galloway, where the bishop led the array of the district, and, to encourage the people, threw a small axe at the invader, which chanced to strike and fell him. This created a panic among his followers, and made them fly. In after years, M'Heth used to say boastingly, that it was only God through the faith of a simple bishop that marred his fortune. After the repulse M'Heth suffered in Galloway, King David mustered all his Norman chivalry, and in some place not stated brought M'Heth to bay, defeated, and captured him. He sent him as a prisoner to Marchmont, or Roxburgh Castle, in 1137; being, as a saintly man, afraid to take the life of a foe who had received the tonsure and been consecrated a bishop. When King David died in 1153, and his grandson, Malcolm the Maiden, succeeded him, M'Heth was still a prisoner in Roxburgh Castle. His sons, although mere youths, in company with their uncle, Somerled of Argyle, conjured up a big storm next year. In 1156, Donald the eldest of M'Heth's sons, was taken prisoner, and sent to join his father in captivity. But the war was carried on by Somerled and his other nephew with such success that in 1157 young King Malcolm made peace with M'Heth, liberated him, and made him Earl of Ross. Malcolm M'Heth gave himself all the airs of a local king in Ross, and created for himself enemies among the people and their local chiefs, who conspired against him, beset him in a narrow pass, captured him, put out his eyes, and turned him out of the county. He used to say in after years that if his enemies had left him a sparrow's eye he would have been avenged upon them. His enemies in Ross put out the eyes of Malcolm M'Heth about 1161. He then retired to the English monastery of Bylands, where for years he lived, not uncheerfully, and where William of Newburgh

became acquainted with him, and in graphic style painted his character for future ages. M'Heth's sons were associated in all his undertakings with their great uncle Somerled, until he was killed at Renfrew in 1164. They apparently settled, married and brought up heirs to the ancestral late in Argyleshire, while Harald, Earl of Orkney, put away Afreka, daughter of Duncan, Earl of Fife, his first wife, in order to marry their sister. The M'Heths only claimed at the utmost the Earldom of Moray, but another claimant appeared on the scene about 1180, who claimed the throne of Scotland. This was Donald Ban, who called himself the son of William, son of Duncan, that so-called *filius nothus* (bastard son) of Malcolm Ceanmore, who reigned as king for a few months. Contemporary authorities never hint King Duncan was illegitimate—that was a fiction invented in after times by monkish chroniclers devoted to the descendants of St Margaret, who usurped the rights of the elder branch of Ceanmore's house. Malcolm Ceanmore was undoubtedly married, several years before he ever saw the Saxon Margaret, to Ingibiorg, widow of his cousin, Earl Thorfinn, and there is no good reason for doubting that by her he became the father of Duncan, and also of a fair-haired Donald, who died in early youth. Duncan at his death left an undoubtedly legitimate son, called in Gaelic Uilleam Mac Dhonnachaidh, and in Norman William Fitz Duncan. William was a young lad when his father died, and was probably then a hostage at the English Court. He became, when well advanced in years, the husband of Alicia Rumile, the Norman heiress of the strong castle, and great lordship of Skipton in Craven. They had one son, the Boy of Egremont, who was drowned in the Strid. Craven history tells nothing about William Fitz Duncan before he became Lord of Skipton. His father, King Duncan, was killed in 1094, and it was not till thirty-six years after that date that William married the Norman heiress. There is strong reason to believe that he lived in his native land, while his uncle, Alexander the Fierce, filled the throne of Gaelic Scotland. All things considered, it is very probable that William Fitz Duncan had a wife and children before he married the Lady of Skipton, when both he and she were no longer very young. Be that as it may, after William the Lyon had done homage to Henry Plantagenet for all his realm, the claimant, Duncan Ban Mac William, was accepted by the Gaelic people of the North, and of Argyle and the islands, as the true heir to the Albanic throne, and he reigned as actual ruler on this side of the Grampians for seven years, before King William, by a mighty effort and help from the Normans of England, managed to

defeat him at *Mam Garbh*, or *Mangarvia* in *Strathspey*, in the year 1187. Donald was slain in the battle, but he left a *Clan Mac William* to carry on the fight. His son, *Donald Ban*, and the descendants of *Malcolm M'Heath*, gave *Alexander the Second* great trouble as late as 1216, and I am not sure that the circling eddies of this long-continued Gaelic revolt against Anglo-Norman laws, language, and institutions did not reach down to *Wallace* and *Bruce*, and helped largely to secure Scottish independence.

When I visited the island some years ago, I was told at *Douglas* that *Manx Gaelic* was rapidly dying out; and would altogether disappear as a living language with the then generation. The vicar of *Kirk Braddan* and a local Wesleyan preacher were the only ministers who preached in *Manx*, at least in *Douglas* and its neighbourhood. The new school system had caused *Manx* to be excluded from the public schools. Many of the young people were seized with that snobbish spirit which is so often found to prevail in places largely depending on summer visitors, and disowned knowledge of *Manx*, even when their bad English proved it to be the only language which they thoroughly understood. Yet it was admitted that when the vicar of *Kirk Braddan* held *Manx* services in *Douglas*—the most Anglicised place in the island—he had always crowded audiences. In truth his fidelity to his native tongue, his personal character, and his Gaelic eloquence, made him a "King of Men!" On looking a little under the surface of things, I found that *Manx*, although veiled, was still strong in *Douglas*, and that with the exception of a part of the *Ramsay* district, which had been invaded by farmers from the south of Scotland, it remained everywhere the household language of the *Manx* people—the language, too, in which love-songs were made, and in which *Manxmen*, meeting in distant parts of the world, conversed with one another. I therefore came to the conclusion, that although practically banished from pulpit and school, *Manx Gaelic* would live through the period of English summer visitings as it had lived through three centuries of Scandinavian and Danish rule. The *Manx Society* founded in 1858, by its many valuable publications, has done, and is still doing, much to save the *Manx* language from being obliterated, as the British tongue of *Cornwall* was wiped out in last century, and the Gaelic of *Galloway* was silently killed soon after *George Buchanan*, about 1580, described it in his history as a living language.

The spelling of *Manx Gaelic* was always of the phonetic kind, but it remained unfixed until the publication of the *Manx Bible* in 1772. Here is the *Lord's Prayer*, first in *Manx*, then in the

nearest permissible Gaelic, and lastly as it is given in Kirk's Bible, which is just the Irish Bible of Bishop Bedell and O'Donnell, put in Roman characters:—

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

In Manx.

Ayr ain t'ayns niau,
 Casherick dy row dty ennym
 Dy jig dty reeriaght.
 Dty aigney dy row jeant ei y
 thalloo, myr te ayns niau.
 Cur dooin nyn arran jiu as gagh
 laa.
 As leih dooin nyn loghtyn, myr
 ta shin leih dauesyn ta jannoo
 loghtyn nyn 'oï.
 As ny leeid shin ayns miolagh,
 agh livrey shin veih olk:
 Son lhiat's y reeriaght, as y
 phooar, as y ghloyr, son dy
 braggh as dy braggh, Amen.

In Gaelic.

Athair againn t'anns neamh,
 Caisrigte gu'n robh d'ainm.
 Gu'n tigeadh do rioghachd,
 D'aighe gu'n robh deant' air an
 talamh, mar ta e anns neamh.
 Cur duinn ar n-aran diugh is
 gach la.
 Is logh duinn ar lochdan mar ta
 sinn logh daibhsan ta dean-
 amh lochdan n'ar n-aghaidh.
 Is na leudaich sinn 's a mhiolagh
 ach liubhair sinn bho olc:
 Oir's leatsa an rioghachd, is a
 phuair, is a ghloir, gu brath
 is gu brath, Amen.

Kirke's Bible—1690.

Ar nathair atá ar neamh, náomhthar dainm: Tigeadh do rioghachd. Deúntar do thoil ar an ttalámh, mar do nithear ar neamh. Ar narán laéathamhail tabhair dhuinn a niu. Agus maith dhuinn ar bhfiacha, mar mbaithmídne dar bhféitheamh. nuibh féin. Agus na léig sinn a ceathughadh achd sáor inn o ole. Oir is leachd fein an rioghachd, agus an eumhachd, agus an ghloir go siórruighe. Amen.

Here follow the first eighteen verses of the first chapter of the gospel of St John, from the authorised Manx and Gaelic versions of the Scriptures:—

Ayns y toshiaght va'n Goo,
 as va'n Goo marish Jee, as va'n
 Goo Jee.

Va'n Goo cheddin ayns y
 toshiaght marish Jee.

Liorishyn va dy chooilley
 nhee er ny yannoo; as n'egoish
 cha row nhee erbee jeant va er
 ny yannoo;

Aynsyn va bea, as va'n vea
 soilshey deincey.

Anns an toiseach bha am
 Focal, agus bha am Focal maille
 ri Dia, agus b'e am Focal Dia.

Bha e so air tus maille ri
 Dia.

Rinneadh na h-uile nithe
 leis; agus as eugmhais cha
 d'rinneadh aon ni a rinneadh.

Ann-san bha beatha, agus b'i
 a' bheatha solus dhaoine.

As ren y soilshey soilshean
ayns n dorraghys, as cha ren y
dorraghys goaill-rish.

Va dooinney er ny choyrt
veih Jee va emmyssit Ean.

Haink eh shoh son feanish,
dy ymmyrkey feanish jeh'n
toilshey, liorishyn dy voddagh
dy chooilley ghooimney credjal.

Cha nee eh va'n soilshey
shen, agh v'eh er ny choyrt dy
ymmyrkey feanish jeh'n toil-
shey shen.

Shen va'n soilshey firrinagh,
ta soilshean ayms dy chooilley
ghooimney ta cheet er y theihll.

V'eh ayms y theihll, as va'n
seihll er ny yanno horishyn, as
y seihll cha dug enney er.

Haink e gys e vooinjer hene,
agh cha ren e vooinjer hene
soiaghey jeh.

Agh whilleen as ren soiaghey
jeh, dauesyn hug eh pooar áy ve
nyu nec dy Yee, eer dauesyn ta
credjal ayms yn ennym echey:

Va er nyn ruggy, cha nee jeh
fuill, ny jeh aigney ny foalley, ny
jeh aigney dooinney, agh jeh Jee.

As ghow yn Goo er dooghys
ny foalley, as ren eh baghey nyn
mast' ain (as hug shin my-ner
yn ghloyr echey, yn ghloyr myr
jeh'n ynrycan Mac er-ny-ghed-
dyn jeh'n Ayr) lane dy ghrayse
as dy irriny.

(Dymmyrk Ean feanish jeh,
as deie eh, gra, Shoh eh jeh ren
mish loayrt, T'eshyn ta cheet my
yei er ny hoiaighey roym; son
v'eh roym)

As jeh'n slane towse echey ta

Agus tha 'n solus a' soills-
eachadh anus an dorchadas,
agus cha do ghabh an dorchadas
e.

Chuireadh duine o Dhia, d'am
b'ainm Eoin.

Thainig esan mar fhianuis,
chum fianuis a thoirt mu'n t-
solus, chum gu'n creideadh na
h-uile dhaoine trid-san.

Cha b'esan an solus sin, ach
chuireadh e chum gu tugadh e
fianuis mu'n t-solus.

B'e so an solus fíor a ta soill-
seachadh gach uile dhuine tha
teachd chum an t-saoghail.

Bha e anns an t-saoghal, agus
rinneadh an saoghal leis, agus
cha d'aithnich an saoghal e

Thainig e dh'ionnsuidh a dhu-
tcha fein, agus cha do ghabh a
mhuinntir fein ris.

Ach a mheud as a ghabh ris,
thug e dhoibh cumhachd a bli
'nan cloinn do Dhia, *eadhon*
dhoibh-san a creidsinn 'na ainm:

A bha air an gineamhuin
cha'n ann o fhuil, no o thoil na
feola, no o thoil duine, ach o
Dhia.

Agus rinneadh an Focal 'na
fhcoil, agus ghabh e combnuidh
'nar measg-ne, (agus chunnaic
sinn a ghloir, mar ghloir aoin-
ghin Mhic an Athar,) lan grais
agus firinn.

(Thug Eoin fianuis uime, agus
ghlaodh e. ag radh, Is e so an tí
mu'n do labhair mi, An tí a ta
teachd a'm' dheigh, tha toiseach
aig orm; oir bha e romham.)

Agus as a lanachd-san thuair

shin ooilley er gheddyn ayn, as
grayse er grayse.

Son va'n leigh er ny choirt
liorish Moses agh haink grayse
as fiariny's liorish Yeesey Creest.

Cha vel unnane erbee er vakin
Jee ec traa erbee; yn ynrycan
Mac v'er-ny-gheddyn, ta ayns
oghrish yn Ayr, eshyn t'er hoil-
shaghey eh.

sinneuille, agus gras air son grais.

Oir thugadh an lagh le Maois,
ach thainigan gras agus an fhirinn
le Iosa Criosd.

Cha'n fhaca neach ar bith Dia
riaml; an t-aon-ghin Mic, a ta
ann an uchd an Athar, is esan
a dh'fhoillsich e.

17TH FEBRUARY 1885.

On this date R. D. M. Chisholm of Chisholm (The Chisholm) was elected a life member. Thereafter Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., F.S.A., Scot., Inverness, read a paper on the Heroic and Ossianic Literature. Mr Macbain's paper was as follows:—

THE HEROIC AND OSSIANIC LITERATURE.

Ireland and Scotland had practically a common language and literature until the fall of the Lordship of the Isles and the time of the Reformation, and even after these events, the ebb of Irish influence was felt in our earliest printed works and in the style of orthography and of language adopted. This close connection existed at least a thousand years, for in the fourth century the Picts and Scots were united together against the Romans and their dependants. The colonising of Argyllshire by Irish settlers—Scots they were called—is placed in the beginning of the sixth century; it is believed that a previous wave of Gaelic Celts—the Caledonians—had over-run and then held lordship over the rest of the country, having mingled with the previous bronze-age Picts, whose language, at least, the Gaelic was rapidly extinguishing. Be this as it may, the Scots from Ireland were a cultured and literary colony, and Columba, with his priests, soon followed in their wake. The Irish *Fili*, or poet, again followed in the wake of culture and Christianity, carrying the tales and poems of his country among a kindred people, and doubtless receiving in turn whatever Albanic genius was able to add to the common stock of Goidelic literature. This went on for centuries, and Scotland was a second home for the Irish Culdee, and for the Irish poet and harper. "Even in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries," says Dr Sullivan, "the Irish poets and

musicians included Scotland in their circuit, and took refuge, and sought their fortune there. We shall mention one instance as it happens to be instructive in another way, that of Muireadhach O'Daly, better known on account of his long stay in Scotland as Muireadhach Albanach, or Muireach the Scotchman." This Muireach Albanach is believed to have been the ancestor of the Mac Vurriehs, hereditary bards to Clanranald, and one of them figures in the Ossianic controversy. The literary language remained Irish throughout, from the sixth to the sixteenth century, and our first printed book is couched in the Irish of its time, the sixteenth century. That work is Bishop Carswell's Gaelic Prayer-book. And it, as the famous Irish scholar O'Donovan said, "is pure Irish, and agrees with the Irish manuscripts of the same period in orthography, syntax, and idiom." The literature, equally with the language, was common to both countries; the mythic, heroic, and historic tales were the same, practically, in each country. But the end of the fifteenth century saw a change begun; a masterful policy was adopted towards the Highlands, and the Lordship of the Isles, the great bond between Ireland and Scotland, and indeed the great Gaelic headship of the country, was broken up. The Gaels of Scotland, thrown on their own resources, advanced their own dialect to the position of a literary language, and tried to discard the Irish orthography. The first effort in this line is the Dean of Lismore's Book, about 1512. Little, however, was done in the matter of writing down literary compositions, so that the next considerable MS. is that of Fernaig in 1688. At the same time the religious literature still appeared in the Irish form, such as Carswell's book, Kirke's works, and the Bible. A compromise was effected last century; the popular dialect became the literary language, as it ought, but the Irish orthography was adhered to still.

Scotland also dealt with the ballad and tale literature in much the same way. The purely popular part of the old Irish-Scottish literature was retained; the tales and ballads of Fionn and his heroes were almost the only survivors of the mighty literature of the middle and early ages. We see the change beginning in the Dean of Lismore's book; the favourite heroic ballads are those in regard to Fionn, but Cuchulinn is not neglected. Nevertheless, last century Macpherson could, without a word of protest from friend or foe, bring Cuchulinn and Fionn together as contemporaries; so much was Cuchulinn's real position in the Gaelic literary cycles unknown.

This pre-Reformation literature, common to both Ireland and

Scotland, may be called not old Gaelic literature, for Gaelic is ambiguous, but "Goidelic" literature. It is the literature of the Goidelic or Gaelic branch of the Celtic race, as opposed to the Brythonic branch—the Welsh, Cornish, and Breton. The Goidelic literature suffered sadly at the hands of time; first the monks gave it their peculiar twist in trying to eliminate paganism from it; then the unhappy history of the country of Ireland, with its continuous wars since the advent of the Norse in the eighth century onwards, checked the growth of literature, and much of it was thereafter lost in the social wars that lasted on to our own times; for at times it was dangerous even to possess an Irish MS. Goidelic literature is divisible into three cycles or groups. There is, first, the mythological cycle; this deals with the history and ethnology of Ireland and Scotland; second, the Cuchullin cycle; and, third, the Fionn or Ossianic cycle. The first cycle deals with the mythical history of Ireland; it was completely recast by the monks of the early middle ages. Consequently the Irish gods became merely earthly sovereigns, chiefs of an early race that seized on and colonised Ireland. Monkish manufacture begins Irish history before the flood, when the Lady Cesair took the island. But she and her company were drowned, all except Finntan, who survived the flood in a Druidic sleep and lived for generations to relate the tale. Several post-deluvian "takings" of the island then follow; but the outstanding invasions amount to four. These are, the Fir-bolgs, overcome by the Tuatha-De-Danann, both of whom were successively annoyed by the Fomorians or sea-rovers; and, lastly, came the Milesian or the real Gaelic Irish race. The Fir-bolg, Fomorians, and Tuatha-De-Danann fight with each other by means of Druidic arts mostly, and it is incontestably established that the Tuatha-De, as indeed the name shows, were the higher gods of the Gaels. The Fomorians were the gods of misrule and death; that is also clear. The Fir-bolg may have been earth-powers, or they may have been the pre-Celtic inhabitants; it is hard to say. When the Milesians arrived they found the Tuatha-De-Danann in possession; the Tuatha kept them at bay by Druid magic, but at last came to terms with the Milesians or Gaels, gave up Ireland to them, and themselves retired to the *Síds* or fairy mounds, and to the Land of Promise, from which places they still watched and tended the actions of men. Now these facts, such as they are, appear in sober chronological order in the Irish annals, with minute details and genealogies. The Tuatha-De came to Ireland in the year 1900 B.C., and the Milesians in 1700. Such is the

mythological cycle. Now we pass over close on 1700 years, for all of which, however, Irish history finds kings and minute details of genealogies. A few years before our era there was a Queen over Connaught named Meave (Medb), whose consort and husband was Ailill. He was a weak and foolish man, and she was a masterful woman, very beautiful, but not very good. Some tales make her half divine — that a fairy or Sidé was her mother. This Ailill was her third husband. She had been married to Conchobar Mac Nessa, King of Ulster, but they mutually divorced each other. The reign and rule of Conchobar is the golden age of Irish romance; it is in fact the “Cuchulinn” cycle. It was in his reign, that the third of the Sorrowful Tales of Erin was enacted. The first concerned the children of Lir, a prince of the Tuatha-De, whose children were enchanted by their stepmother, and became swans, suffering untold woes for ages, until their spells were broken under Christian dispensation. The second sorrowful tale had, as its theme, the children of Turenn, whom Luga, prince of the Tuatha-Dè, the sun god, persecuted and made to undergo all sorts of toils and dangers. The third tale concerns the reign of Conchobar, not the age of the gods. The subject of it is the woes of Deirdre, well known in both Scotland and Ireland. Deirdre was daughter of the bard Feidlimid, and, shortly before her birth, the Druid Cathbad prophesied that she should be the cause of woes unnumbered to Ulster. The warriors were for killing her, but Conchobar decided to bring her up to be his own wife, and evade the prophecy. She was kept apart in a *lis* (fortress), where she could not see a man until she should wed Conchobar. Her tutor and nurse alone saw her. The tutor was one day killing a calf in the snow, and a raven came, and was drinking the blood of the calf. Deirdre said to her nurse that she would like to have the man who would have the “three colours yonder on him; namely, his hair like the raven, his cheek like the blood, and his body like the snow.” The nurse told her such a person was near enough—Nois, the son Uisnech. There were three brothers of them, Nois, Ardan, and Ainle, and they sang so sweetly that every human being who heard them were enchanted, and the cattle gave two-thirds additional milk. They were fleet as hounds in the chase, and the three together could defy a province. Deirdre managed to meet Nois and boldly proposed to him to fly with her. He refused at first, but she prevailed. He, his brothers, and their company fled with her. After wandering round all Erin, they were forced to come to Alba. They made

friends with the king of Alba and took service under him. But the king came to hear of Deirdre's beauty and he must have her. The men of Alba gathered against the brothers and they had to fly. Their flight was heard of in Erin, and Conchobar was pressed to receive them back. Fergus Mac Roich, Conchobar's stepfather, and Cormac, Conchobar's son, took the sons of Uisnech under their protection, and brought them to Ulster. Conchobar got some of his minions to draw Fergus and Cormac away from them, and then the sons of Uisnech were attacked, defenceless as they were, and were slain. Conchobar took Deirdre as his wife, but a year afterwards she killed herself, by striking her head against a rock, from grief for Nois and from Conchobar's cruelty.

The Scotch version of the tale differs from the Irish only in the ending. Deirdre and the sons of Uisnech were sailing on the sea; a fog came on and they accidentally put in under the walls of Conchobar's town. The three landed and left Deirdre on board; they met Conchobar and he slew them. Then Conchobar came down to the sea and invited Deirdre to land. She refused, unless he allowed her to go to the bodies of the sons of Uisnech:

“Gun taibhrinn mo thri poga meala
Do na tri corpa caomh geala.”

On her way she met a carpenter slicing with a knife. She gave him her ring for the knife, went to the bodies, stretched herself beside them, and killed herself with the knife.

Macpherson's poem of *Darthula* opens with an invocation to the moon, and then we are introduced to the sons of Uisnech and *Darthula*, on the sea near *Cairbar's* camp, driven there by a storm, the night before their death. This brings us *in medias res*, as all true epics should do, and the foregoing part of the story is told in the speeches of *Darthula* and *Nathos*, a somewhat confusing dialogue, but doubtless “epic.” These previous facts are, that *Darthula* is daughter of *Colla*. *Cairbar*, who usurped the Irish throne on the death of *Cuchulinn*, regent for young *Cormac*, and put *Cormac* to death, was in love with *Darthula*. *Cuchulinn* was uncle to the sons of Uisnech, and *Nathos* took command on his death, but had to fly, for the Irish army deserted him for *Cairbar*. On his way to Scotland he fell in with *Darthula*, and rescued her from *Cairbar*; they put out for Scotland, but were driven back. *Cairbar* met them and killed them with arrows, one of which pierced *Darthula*. Macpherson naively says: “The poem relates the death of *Darthula* differently from the common tradition. This account is the most probable, as suicide seems to

have been unknown in those early times, for no traces of it are found in the old poetry." Yet Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, committed suicide only fifty years later, to escape Roman tyranny and lust! The oldest Irish version is in a MS. written nearly 700 years ago, and the composition may be much older, yet there Deirdre unpoetically knocks out her brains, evidently because no weapon could be had. The Scotch version ends far more poetically than either Macpherson's or the Irish one.

Fergus Mac Roich and Cormac Conloingeas, son of Conchobar, who had taken the sons of Uisnech under their protection, took vengeance for the sons of Uisnech, as far as they could, and then withdrew to the court of Queen Meave. Fergus was there her chief counsellor and friend.

Now we come to Cuchulinn, son of Sualtam, "fortissimus heros Scotorum," as Tigernach says. Like all mythic and fairy-tale heroes, strange tales are told of his birth. Dechtine, sister of Conchobar, lost a foster-child of somewhat supernatural descent. On coming from the funeral she asked for a drink; she got it, and as she raised it to her lips a small insect sprang into her mouth with the drink. That night the god Luga of the Long Arms appeared to her and said that she had now conceived by him. As a result, she became pregnant. As she was unmarried, the scandal was great, but a weak-minded chief named Sualtam married her. She bore a son, and he was called Setanta, and this Setanta latterly got the name of Cuchulinn. The way Setanta got the name of Cuchulinn was this. Culand the smith invited Conchobar and his train to spend a night and a day in his house, and when closing the door for the night he asked Conchobar if he expected any more of his people to come. He did not. Culand then let loose his house dog and shut the door. But the boy Setanta came late and was set on by the furious animal. A severe fight took place, but Setanta killed the animal. The smith demanded *eric* for the dog and Setanta offered to watch the house until a pup of that dog should grow up. This he did, and hence got the name of Cu-chulaind, the dog of Culann.

This is evidently a myth founded on a popular etymology of Cuchulinn's name, and, though a smith, always a Druidic and mythic character, is introduced, it may have no further significance. Some of his youthful exploits are told. He prayed his mother to let him go to his uncle's court among the other boys; he goes, and appears a stranger among the boys playing hurley or shinty before the castle. They all set on him and let fly all their "camags" and balls at him; the balls he caught and the hurleys

he warded off. Then his war rage seized him. "He shut one eye till it was not wider than the eye of a needle; he opened the other till it was bigger than the mouth of a meal-goblet." He attacked the youths and set them flying every way. Conchobar recognised him and introduced him to the boys. The next thing was the choosing of arms when he was fit to bear them. Conchobar gave him first ordinary weapons, but he shivered them with a shake. Fifteensets did he so break in ever rising grade of strength. At last Conchobar gave him his own royal weapons. These he could not shiver. Fifteen war-chariots did he break by leaping into them and shaking them, until he got the king's own chariot, which withstood him. He and the charioteer then darted off, reached Meath, challenged and slew three champions, and came back again to Emania, his uncle's capital, safe and sound.

A wife had now to be got for him, and Conchobar searched all Erin for a suitable partner, but in vain. The ladies of Erin greatly loved him, as the records say—"for his splendour at the feat, for the readiness of his leap, for the excellence of his wisdom, for the melodiousness of his eloquence, for the beauty of his face, for the lovingness of his countenance. For there were seven pupils in his royal eyes, four in the one and three in the other for him; seven fingers on each of his two hands and seven on each of his two feet." And another says, after the usual profusion of colour and minutiae as to garments—"I should think it was a shower of pearls that was flung into his head. Blacker than the side of a black cooking-spit each of his two brows; redder than ruby his lips." The Highland ballad of the Chariot of Cuchulin describes him even better and certainly in true Celtic style of successive epithets. Cuchulinn himself set out for a wife, and fell in with Emer, daughter of Forgill, a "noble farmer" holding extensive lands near Dublin. "Emer had these six victories upon her," says the tale, "the victory of form, the victory of voice, the victory of melodiousness, the victory of embroidery, the victory of wisdom, the victory of chastity." Emer did not immediately accept him, though latterly she was violently in love with him. Her father would not have him at all; he did not like professional champions. He got him to leave the country to complete his military education with the celebrated lady Scathach in the Isle of Skye. Cuchulinn went to Scathach, whose school was certainly no easy one to enter or pass through. Here he learned all those wonderful feats—*cleasa*—for which he is so famous in story. His special *cleas* was the *gae bolg* or belly-dart, a mysterious weapon mysteriously used, for it could only be cast at fords on water. It was at Scat-

hach's school that he fell in with Ferdia MacDamain, the Fir-bolg champion, who was the only man that could match Cuchulinn. Their friendship was great for one another, and they swore never to oppose one another.

Aoife or Eva, daughter of Scathach, and also an amazon, fell in love with Cuchulinn, and he temporarily married her, but like those heroes, he forgot her as soon as he left her. His son by her, Conloch, was not born before he left. When Cuchulinn returned to Erin he married Emer, daughter of Forgill, taking her by force from her friends.

We now come to the great "Tain Bo Chualgne," the "queen of Celtic epics," as Kennedy says. The scene shifts to Meave's palace at Cruachan. She and Ailill have a dispute in bed one night as to the amount of property each had. They reckoned cattle, jewels, arms, cloaks, chess-boards, war-chariots, slaves, and nevertheless found their possessions exactly equal. At last Ailill recollected the famous bull Finn-beannach (white-horned), which, after having ruled Meave's herds for a while, left them in disgust, as being the property of a woman, and joined the cattle of Ailill. Much chagrin was her portion, until she recollected that Daré of Fachtna in Cualgne possessed a brown bull, *Donn Chuailgne*, the finest beast in all Erin. She sent Fergus Mac Roich, with a company, to ask the bull for a year, and he should then be returned with fifty heifers and a chariot worth 63 cows. Daré consented, and lodged Meave's deputies for the night. But getting uproarious in their cups, they boasted that if Daré would not give the bull willingly, they would take it by force. This so annoyed Daré that he sent Meave's embassy back without the bull. The queen was enraged, and at once summoned her native forces, including Ferdia and his Firbolg, and invited Fergus and Cormac to join her with all their followers. This they did, but unwillingly. So the large army moved against Ulster, Meave accompanying them in her chariot—a lady of large size, fair face, and yellow hair, a curiously carved spear in her hand, and her crimson cloak fastened by a golden brooch.

The people of Ulster, meanwhile, were suffering from a periodical febleness that came upon them for a heinous crime committed by them. They were, therefore, in a condition of childish helplessness, and they could neither hold shield or throw lance.

But when Meave, at the head of her exulting troops, approached the fords which gave access to the territory of Daré, there stood Cuchulinn. He demanded single combat from the

best warriors of her army, laying injunctions on them not to pass the ford until he was overcome. The spirit and usages of the time put it out of Meave's power to refuse, and there, day after day, were severe conflicts waged between the single Ultonian champion and the best warriors of Meave, all of whom he successively vanquished. Meave even called in the aid of magic spells. One warrior was helped by demons of the air, in bird shape, but in vain, and the great magician, Caletín and his twenty-seven sons, despite their spells, also met their doom. Cuchulinn further is persecuted by the war goddess, the Morrigan, who appears in all shapes to plague him and to frighten the life of valour out of his soul. Cuchulinn is not behind in daimonic influence, for with the help of the Tuatha-Dè—Manannan especially—he does great havoc among Meave's troops, circling round them in his chariot, and dealing death with his sling. Meave is getting impatient; time is being lost; the Ultonians will soon revive, and Cuchulinn must be got rid off. She calls on Ferdia, the only match there exists for Cuchulinn, but he refuses to fight with his school days' friend. Nay, he would by his vows be forced to defend him against all comers. The queen plies him in every way with promises, wiles, and blandishments; he will get Findabar, her daughter, for wife, and lands and riches; and, alas! he consents, he binding himself to fight Cuchulinn, and she binding herself to fulfil her magnificent promises. Fergus goes forward to apprise Cuchulinn of what occurred, that his friend and companion, Ferdia, was coming to fight with him. "I am here," said Cuchulinn, "detaining and delaying the four great provinces of Erin, since Samhain to the beginning of Imbulc (spring), and I have not yielded one foot in retreat before any one during that time, nor will I, I trust, before him." Cuchulinn's charioteer gets his chariot yoked, with the two divine horses—those mystic animals that the gods had sent for Cuchulinn, the Liath Macha "Grey of Macha," the war-goddess, and the Dub-sanglend. "And then," says the tale, "the battle-fighting, dexterous, battle-winning, red-sworded hero, Cuchulinn, son of Sualtam, sprang into his chariot. And there shouted around him Bocanachs, and Bananachs, and Geniti Glindi, and demons of the air. For the Tuatha-De-Danann were used to set up shouts around him, so that the hatred and the fear and the abhorrence and the great terror of him should be greater in every battle, in every battlefield, in every combat, and in every fight into which he went."

Ferdia's charioteer, who does not wish his master to fight with

his friend, Cuchulinn, hears Cuchulinn coming thundering to the ford, and describes the sound and its meaning to Ferdia in verse, following the introductory narrative. And he was not long "until he saw something, the beautiful, flesh-seeking, four-peaked chariot, with speed, with velocity, with full cunning, with a green pavilion, with a thin-bodied, dry-bodied, high-weaponed, long-speared, warlike *creit* (body of the chariot); upon two fleet-bounding, large-eared, fierce, prancing, whale-bellied, broad-chested, lively-hearted, high-flanked, wide-hoofed, slender-legged, broad-rumped, resolute horses under it. A gray, broad-hipped, fleet, bounding, long-maned steed under the one yoke of the chariot. A black tufty-maned, ready-going, broad-backed steed under the other yoke. Like unto a hawk (swooping) from a cliff on a day of hard wind; or like a sweeping gust of the spring wind on a March day, over a smooth plain; or like the fleetness of a wild stag on his being first started by the hounds in his first field, were Cuchulinn's two horses with the chariot, as though they were on fiery flags; so that the earth shook and trembled with the velocity of their motion."

The heroes met at the ford—Cuchulinn is always connected with ford-fighting. They fought for three days, and on the fourth the fight was terrible and the feats grand; Cuchulinn hard pressed calls for his *gae-bolg*—a feat which Ferdia was unacquainted with, and Cuchulinn slays him. Cuchulinn mourns over his friend's body in piteous strains, and weak with grief and wounds he leaves his place at the ford, which he had defended so long and well.

Meave now passed into Ulster, seized the Donn Chualgne, and sent it to Connaught; she ravaged Ulster to the very gates of its capital, and then began to retire. But now the spell that bound the men of Ulster was broken, they woke and pursued; a great battle was fought in which, as usual, the combatants and arms are described minutely; indeed throughout the *Tain* we are treated to a profusion of colour—of red or yellow hair on the warriors' heads, coloured silk *leiné* or blouses, mantles held by rich brooches, and finely wrought shields. The Queen was defeated, but the Donn Chualgne reached Connaught nevertheless. This wonderful animal finding himself among strange pastures, gave vent to his wonder and vexation in a series of mighty bellows. These brought the Finnbeannach on the scene at once; they fought, the Donn overcame and raising his rival on his horns rushed homewards, leaving detached parts of the Finnbeannach here and there on his way; such as at Athlone, which signifies the ford of the loin. His rage ceased not when he reached Cualgne, but he

went charging against a rock there thinking it was his rival, and thus dashed out his own brains.

Such is the story of the epic of the "Bo Chualgne." This does no justice to the spirit and vigour of the original, its wealth of description of men, arms, and colours, its curious customs, its minutiae, its wordlists of descriptive epithets, all which are characteristic of the Celtic imagination—profuse, minute, and boldly original. As a repertory of manners and customs, it is invaluable. These are in their general form Homeric, literally Homeric; but there are differences—there is always the Celtic smack in the facts seized on and made prominent, and, in other matters, though for instance we have chariots and horses and bronze arms enough, we meet with no body armour, not even a helmet.

In Scotland, Tain Bo Chualgne is little known; the Cuchulinn Cycle altogether, indeed, belongs to the literary rather than the popular epos. But this Society has been lucky enough to get almost the only popular account of the Tain that exists in the Highlands. In the Second Volume of our Transactions, Mr Carmichael gives an excellent version of it, much degraded though it be in the shape of a mere popular tale. Yet it practically repeats every feature of the tale we have told. Macpherson, too, got a copy the tale, and it appears as that inveterate episode, in Book II. of Fingal, but sadly shorn of its dignity, and changed to suit his theme. Cuchulinn, after his defeat by Swaran, attributes his ill-luck to his having killed his dearest friend, Ferda, the son of Damman. Ferda was a chief of Albion, who was educated with Cuchulinn in "Muri's hall" (*sic*), an academy of arms in Ulster. Deugala, spouse of Cairbar, who was "covered with the light of beauty, but her heart was the house of pride," loved Ferda, and asked Cairbar to give her half of his herd and let her join her lover. Cairbar called in Cuchulinn to divide the herd. "I went," he said, "and divided the herd. One bull of snow remained. I gave that bull to Cairbar. The wrath of Deugala rose." She induced Ferda most unwillingly to challenge Cuchulinn to mortal combat. "I will fight my friend, Deugala, but may I fall by his sword! Could I wander on the hills and behold the grave of Cuchulinn?" They fought and Ferda fell.

The eighteenth century sentimentality of Macpherson's Ferda is very different from the robust grief and practical sense shown by Ferdia in his relations with Meave in both the Irish and Highland version of the tale. Ferdia there consents under the influence of wine and female blandishment, but nevertheless takes heavy

guarantees that Meave will fulfill her promises, especially as to the money and lands. Curiously too, in the *Iliad*, the Greeks always fight for Helen *and the riches* she took with her to Asia. There is little sentiment in the matter. But if we argue merely *a priori* as to what sentiments or customs existed in ancient times, we are certain to go wrong, as Macpherson always did.

The rest of Cuchulinn's life is shortly told, and this portion of it is also the one that has taken most popular hold, and hence is known best here. We have mentioned that he left a son unborn in Scathach. This was Conloch. His mother educated him in all warlike accomplishments possible, save only the "gae-bolg." She then sent him to Ireland under "geasa" not to reveal his name, but he was to challenge and slay if need be the champions there. She secretly hoped in this way that he would kill his father Cuchulinn, and so avenge her wrongs. He landed in Ireland, demanded combat, and overcame everybody. He lastly overcame and bound Conall Cernach, next to Cuchulinn the best champion of Erin. Then Conchobar sent for Cuchulinn; he came—asked Conloch his name, but he would not divulge it. Conloch knew his father Cuchulinn, and though Cuchulinn pressed him hard, he tried to do him no injury. Cuchulinn, finding the fight go against him, called, as in his extremity he always did, for the Gae-Bolg. He killed Conloch. Then follows a scene of tender and simple pathos, such as not rarely ends these ballads of genuine origin. The story is exactly parallel to that of Sohrab and Rustem in Persia, so beautifully rendered in verse by Matthew Arnold.

A wild and pathetic story is that of Cuchulinn's death. Meave, determined to avenge herself on him for the *Tain Bo Chualgne*, suddenly attacked him with a force that took her years to get ready. For instance, the six posthumous children of Cailetin, the magician, whom Cuchulinn killed on the *Tain*, appeared against him. The omens were against Cuchulinn's setting out; the divine horse, the *Liath Macha*, thrice turned his left side to him; he reproached the steed; "thereat the Gray of Macha came and let his big round tears of blood fall on Cuchulinn's feet." He went; the *Tuatha-Dè* evidently and plainly deserted him; the magician children of Cailetin had therefore open field. He fell by his own spear, hurled back by the foe. But Conall Cernach came to avenge his fall; and as he came, the foe saw something at a distance. "One horseman is here coming to us," said a charioteer, "and great are the speed and swiftness with which he comes. Thou wouldst deem that the ravens of Erin were above him. Thou wouldst deem that flakes of snow were specking the

plain before him." "Unbeloved is the horseman that comes," says his master, "It is Conall the victorious on the Dewy-Red. The birds thou sawest above him are the sods from that horse's hoofs. The snow flakes thou sawest specking the plain before him are the foam from that horse's lips and the curbs of the bridle." A true piece of Celtic imagination! Conall routs the foe and returns with the heads of the chief men to Emer, Cuchulinn's wife, whom the ballads represent as asking whom each head belonged to, and Conall tells her in reply. The dialogue is consequently in a rude dramatic form.

We now come to the Fionn or Ossianic cycle. The chroniclers, as already stated, place this cycle three hundred years later than the Cuchulinn cycle. Whether we accept the dates or not, the Ossianic cycle is, in a literary sense, later than the Cuchulinn cycle. The manners and customs are changed in a most marked degree. In the Cuchulinn cycle, the individual comes to the front; it is champion against champion, and the armies count for little. Indeed Cuchulinn is, like Hercules and the demi-gods, alone in his feats and labours. But in the Ossianic cycle we have a body of heroes; they are indeed called in the chronicles the Irish "Militia." Fionn is the head and king, but he by no means too much outshines the rest in valour and strength. Some of the Fenians are indeed braver champions than he. However, he alone possesses divine wisdom. And, again, in the Fenian cycle, we no longer have chariots and war-horses. Cow-spoils disappear completely, and their place is taken up with hunting and the chase. On the whole the Fenian cycle has more of a historic air; that is, the history in it can be more easily kept apart from the supernatural; though, again, there are more tales of supernatural agencies by far in it than in the Cuchulinn cycle—fairy tales which have no historical basis. It will be better, therefore, to look at Fionn first as a possibly historical character, and then consider him as the fairy-tale hero.

The literary and historical account of Fionn and the *Feinè* is briefly this. The *Feinè* was the militia or standing army of the Irish kings in the third century. They fought the battles and defended the kingdom from invasion. There were seven battalions of them. Their privileges were these:—From Samhain (Hallowe'en) till Beltane (May-day) they were billeted on the inhabitants; from Beltane till Samhain they lived on the products of the chase, for the chase was all their own. Again, no man could settle his daughter in marriage without first asking if one of the *Feinè* wished her as wife. But the qualifications of Fenian

soldiers were high: he must, first, give security that no *eric*, or revenge, must be required for his death; second, he must be a poet—at least compose a war song; third, he must be a perfect master of his weapons; fourth, his running and fighting qualities must pass test by the band; fifth, he must be able to hold out his weapon by the smaller end without a tremble; sixth, in the chase through plain and wood, his hair must continue tied up—if it fell, he was rejected; seventh, he must be so light and swift as not to break a rotten stick by standing on it; eighth, he must leap a tree as high as his forehead, and get under a tree no higher than his knees; ninth, without stopping, he must be able to draw a thorn from his foot; also, he must not refuse a woman without a dowry, offer violence to no woman, be charitable to the poor and weak, and he must not refuse to fight nine men of any other nation that might set upon him. Cumal, son of Trenmor O'Baisgne, was Fionn's father, and he was head of the militia in King Conn Ced-cathach's time (122-157, A.D.). Tadhg, or Teague, chief Druid of Conn, lived at Almu, or Almhinn (Allen in Kildare), and he had a beauty of a daughter named Muirne. She was asked in marriage by ever so many princes, and amongst others by Cumal. Her father refused her to Cumal, because his magic knowledge told him the marriage would force him to leave Almhinn. Cumal took Muirne by force and married her. The druid appealed to Conn, who sent his forces against Cumal. Cumal was killed in battle at Cnucha by Aed, son of Morna, and Aed himself was wounded in the eye, whence his name of Goll, or one-eyed. This is the celebrated champion and Fenian rival of Fionn—Goll Mac Morna. Her father wished to burn Muirne, evidently because of his prophetic knowledge of personal disaster, but she escaped to Cumal's sister. Here she gave birth to Fionn or Demni, as he was first named. He, when he grew up, forced Tadhg to give him Almhinn as *eric* for his father, and he also got *eric* from Goll, with whom he made peace. Another fact, historically recognisable, is Fionn's marriage to Grainne, daughter of Cormac, son of Art and king of Ireland. She eloped with Diarmad; Fionn pursued them, and after various vicissitudes captured them, but the *Feinè* would not permit him to punish the runaways in any way. Their privileges made the *Feinè* troublesome, and King Cairbre, son of Cormac, tried to disband them, owing more immediately to dynastic troubles, and in any case the Clan Morna, headed by Goll, were at daggers drawn with the Clan Baisgne, Fionn's family. Cairbre, aided by the Clan Morna, met the Clan Baisgne at Gabhra in 284, and a great fight was fought. Oscar

commanded the Clan Baisgne; there was great slaughter and almost extinction for Oscar's side. Cairbre and he mutually slew each other. Ossian and Caoilte were the only survivors of note. The historical accounts place Fionn's death in the year before this battle, though the ballads and popular tradition are distinctly against such a view. Fionn was slain, it is said, at Rath-breagha, on the Boyne, by a treacherous fisherman named Atlilach, who, wished to become famous as the slayer of Fionn. Fionn had retired there in his old age.

Both in Scotland and Ireland there are some historical ballads that connect Fionn with the invasions of the Norsemen, but these can hardly be seriously considered as containing historical truth, that is, if we trust the above account, which places the *Feinè* in the 3rd century. The Norsemen made no invasions into Ireland sooner than the 8th century; that is a historical fact. The period of the Norse and Danish invasions are, roughly, from 800 to close on 1300. The ballads of Manus and Earragon may have a historical basis; there is little supernatural or impossible in them. Manus is a well-known name in both Scotland and Ireland, and, without a doubt, the great Magnus Barefoot, who was killed in Ireland in 1103, is meant. At the same time, the ballad must be rejected as history; it is a popular tale, where St Patrick, Ossian, and Magnus appear as nigh well contemporaries. The popular hero of the romantic tale is Fionn, and hence anything heroic and national that is done, be it in an early age or in a late, is attributed, by the popular imagination, to the popular hero. Manus, a historical character, stuck to the popular fancy, because he was the last important invader of Ireland. It could not be expected that our romantic ballads would not receive both additions and local colouring in coming through the ages of Norse invasion. Fionn and his heroes are lay figures, to which were attached any striking or exciting events that the nation may have had to go through.

So much for the Fionn of history. Let us now turn to the hero of the romantic and fairy tales. Fionn in history, such as it is, is merely a great warrior and champion, but in the popular imagination he belongs to the race of the giants, and has kinship with the supernatural powers. He is in fact a mortal champion moving in a fairy atmosphere. Nor is the popular notion of Fionn of late growth; we shall, indeed, find reason to suspect that it anteceded the historical conception—that what is historical is merely rationalised myth. A charter of the reign of Alexander the Second 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 ffenis, 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 Feine. 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 was 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 the race of the 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 whan he dansit the warld 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 Fionn 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 euhemerist historian. In Campbell’s *Popular Tales*, this is how the *Een* 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.

There are various turns given to the story of Fionn’s birth, but they all agree that his father was killed before his birth, that he was carried off and reared in secret, that he did great youthful feats, that his first name was *Demni*, and that he was called Fionn from his white head. Most tales also tell how he ate the salmon of knowledge. The best form of the whole tale is this. *Cumhal* was going to battle, and in passing a smithy, while his horses were being shod, he went in to see the smith’s daughter. 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; *Cumhal* 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 forth a daughter, 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—running, *cleasa* of all kinds, and arms. She took him one day 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 Cumhal son of Trenmor, and rightful king of Erin." With this she rushed away, taking the boy on her shoulders. They were hotly pursued; Luas Lurgann's swiftness of old was failing her. *Fionn* jumped down, and carried her in turn. 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 for the king, and he asked for a fish to eat. The fisher never yet had caught fish though he had fished for years. A 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 recognised who he was, allowed him to have a small fish of his lot, but he must roast it with the 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 burnt him and he put the thumb in his mouth. Then he knew everything; the fisher was Black Arcan who slew his father. He seized Arcan'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. 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 recognised, 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 slew him, and so Fionn recovered his patrimony and kingdom.

Besides Fionn's powers in knowing present and past events, he was also a great medicine man. He possessed the magic cup, a drink from which could heal any wound, unless from a poisoned weapon. The Dord Fionn was again a kind of wail or music raised when Fionn was in distress. His men, whenever they heard it, came to his help.

The leading heroes among the Feinè were:—
Fionn himself.

Gaul Mac Morna, leader of the Clann Morna. He served under Fionn, but as Goll had killed Fionn's father, they had no great love for each other. Yet Fionn's praise of Goll is one of the best of the ballads ; more especially as showing us what characteristics pleased best the Feinè, or rather the Gaelic people.

Ossian, son of Fionn, the renowned hero-poet.

Oscar, his son, the bravest of the Feinè, youthful, handsome, and kind-hearted.

Diarmad O'Duinn, the handsomest of the Feinè, the darling of the women, "the Adonis of Fenian mythology, whose slaughter by a wild boar is one of the most widely scattered myths of the Ossianic Cycle." He had a beauty spot—"ball-seire"—which if any woman saw, she fell in love with him at once.

Caoilte MacRonan, Finn's nephew ; he was the swiftest of the Feinè. They had always to keep a *speineach* (?) on his foot, for otherwise he would go too fast for the rest.

Fergus Finn-vel, son of Fionn, a poet, warrior, and adviser.

Conan Maol, the Thersites or fool of the Feinè. He is the best marked character of the whole. He was large-bodied, gluttonous, and most cowardly. Everybody has a fling at Conan, and he at them.

The story of the Feinè may be considered under the following heads:—

- (1) Foreign Messengers.
- (2) Distressed people, especially women.

- (3) Foreign combatants and invaders.
- (4) Enchantments—by far the largest class.
- (5) Fights with beasts.
- (6) Battles and internal strifes.
- (7) Ossian after the *Feiné*.

Messengers from Lochlinn play an important part in the ballads. They are called “athachs”; there is one eye in the middle of their forehead, and one hand which comes from the breast, and they have one foot. It may be noted that the god Odin himself appears in the Norse tales in an almost equally monstrous form. The “athach,” on one occasion, invited Fionn and his men to Lochlinn; the king’s daughter was much in love with Fionn. Before they set sail, they provided themselves with daggers, besides their other arms. They went; their arms were piled in an outhouse, but their daggers they secretly kept. At the feast, they were so arranged that one of Fionn’s men was between two Lochlinners. Lochlinn’s king began asking the heroes uncomfortable questions—who slew this son and that son of his. Each hero answered as the case was. Finally, there was a rush to arms, but the *Feinë* with the secret daggers slew their men. The *Feinë* escaped safely home, taking “*nighean Lochlinn*” with them. This story is the foundation of the episode of *Agandecca* in Macpherson’s *Fingal*, Book III.

The *Muileartach* is a sort of female counterpart to the “athach.” She is Manus’ foster-mother, and she came to fight the *Feinë*; and they had a tough job conquering her. She seems to be a personification of the Atlantic sea.

An “athach” appears also another day:—

“Chunncas tighinn o’n mhagh
 An t-oglach mor is e air aon chois,
 Le chochal dubh ciar dubh craicionn,
 Le cheann-bheirt lachduinn is i ruadh-mheirg.”

They asked his name. He told them he was *Lun Mac Liobhain*, smith to the king of Lochlinn, and he put them under *geasa* to follow him to his smithy.

“Ciod am ball am beil do Oheardach?
 Nà’m fearrda sinne g’a faicsinn?”
 “Faiceadh sibhse sin ma dh’ fhaodas,
 Ach ma dh’ fhaodas mise, chan fhaic sibh.”

They set after him, and *Daorghlas* kept pace with him, and when, on reaching the smithy, one of the smiths asked, in reference to

Daorghlas, who this *fear caol* was, Fionn answered that his name was *now Caoilte*. Here they got victorious arms, but they had to be tempered in human blood. Fionn, by a stratagem, got the smith's mother to take the place that fell to him by lot, and she was unwittingly killed. And Fionn's own sword was tempered in the smith's own blood.

“B'e Mac an Luin lann Mhic Cumhail,
 Gum be Drithleannach lann Oscar,
 'S b'i Chruaidh Chosgarrach lann Chaoilte,
 Gum b'i an Liomharrach lann Dhiarmad,
 Agam fein bha Gearr-nan-colann.”

Every hero's sword had a name, as we see from this.

Distressed people came to the *Feinè* for protection. In Macpherson, nearly every other poem presents such, but in the ballads, there is only one good Macphersonic case. This is found in “*Duan na h-Inghinn*,” or *Essroy of the Dean of Lismore*. The daughter of the King of Under-waves Land flies from the love of the son of the King of the Land of Light (*Sorcha*). She comes in a gold “*curach*” to Fionn. Her lover follows on his steed riding on the waves. He fights the heroes and falls. Some ballads represent him as killing the *Nighean*, others that she was with Fionn in the *Feinè* a year. This is nearly exactly the same as Macpherson's *Maid of Craca and Faine-soluis*. It is the only poem of his that agrees with the ballads in any satisfactory respect. But his language differs widely, though the plot is the same.

Foreign invaders are numerous. Sometimes they are single-handed, as in the case of *Dearg*, and his son *Conn* after him. Other times there is a regular invasion. The stories of single invaders are all of a type; he comes, challenges the champions and lays them low in ones, twos, tens, and hundreds. Then *Goll* or *Oscar* goes, and after a stiff fight annihilates him. Their wounds are healed by Fionn. The Kings of *Lochlinn* are the chief invaders. *Manus* we have already considered. *Earragon*, another *Lochlinn* king, got his wife stolen by *Alde*, one of Fionn's men, and came to Scotland to fight them over it. The ballad is called “*Teanntachd Mhor Na Feinè*,” and forms the groundwork of Macpherson's *Battle of Lora*, or as he says himself, calling it *Irish* of course—“It appears to have been founded on the same story with the ‘*Battle of Lora*,’ one of the poems of the genuine *Ossian*”! A most serious invasion of Ireland was made by *Dare Donn* or *Darius*, King of the World, helped by all

the rest of the world. The scene was Ventry Harbour. The battle went on for a year and a day. In some versions, it is a Kilkenny cat business, where everybody is killed and some others besides; for Fionn and his Feinè are represented all as falling, though they were helped even by the Tuatha-Dè. Other forms of it represent the heroes as finally victorious. The ballad in the Dean of Lismore's book is the only Scotch representative of this tale.

Enchantments form the largest class of these poems and tales. There are various "Chases," where the Feinè, singly or altogether, get lost and enchanted. Again, they may be enchanted in a house, as in "Tigh Bhlair Bhuidhe" and the "Rowan-tree Booth." Then some of them may be tricked away, as in the story of the "Slothful Fellow"—An Gille Deacair. Here they land in Tir-fo-Thuinn, and the Happy Land. These stories display the highest degree of imaginative power: they are humorous, pathetic, and at times tragic.

Another class of legends is that relating to the killing of dragons and like 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, and his 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 swallowed by the wolf, but have never heard of his appearing afterwards.

Internal dissension is seen in the armed neutrality maintained between Fionn and Goll. They at times have open strife. But the most serious defection is that of Diarmad, who ran away with Fionn's wife. Of course he refused her at first, but she laid him under *geasa* to take her. This he did. The pursuit began soon after, and they went round Erin. Many feats were performed, some of which were of a magic and supernatural nature. They were caught at last, but Fionn was forced to spare them, because Oscar would not allow him to wreak vengeance at the time. Fionn, however, revenged himself at the hunt of the magic boar. Diarmad killed the boar, escaping unscathed; Fionn was disappointed at this, so he asked Diarmad to measure the boar; he did. Fionn then asked him to measure it *against* the bristles. His foot, which was the only vulnerable part of his body, was stabbed in

the process by the bristles, and as the beast was a magic and poisonous animal—a *Torc Nimhe*—he was fatally wounded. Nor would Fionn cure him though he could. So Diarmad died.

A sad event happened just before the close of the *Feinè's* career. The men went off to hunt, leaving Garaidh at home with the women. The prose tales say that he stayed purposely to find out what the ladies took to eat and drink that always left them so rosy and youthful. In watching for this, he fell asleep, and they pinned his long hair to the bench. Then they raised a battle shout. He got up in furious haste, but, if he did, he left his scalp behind him. Mad with rage, he rushed out, went to the woods and brought home plenty fuel. He locked the women in, and then set fire to the house. The flames were seen by those that were hunting, and they rushed home. If the *speireach* were off *Caoilte*, he might have been in time to save the house. They jumped *Kyle-rhea* on their spears, but one of them, *Mac-Reatha*, fell into the *Kyle*, and hence the name. Wives and children were lost, and the race of great men left alone in the world. Fionn, by bruising his thumb in his mouth, knew it was Garaidh that did the deed. They found him hid in a cave, but he would not come out until he was allowed to choose the manner of his own death. They allowed him. He asked to be beheaded by Oscar on Fionn's knee. Now Oscar never could stop his sword from going through anything he drew the sword upon, and they had to bury Fionn's knee under seven feet of earth, and even then it was wounded. Fionn then journeyed to Rome to get it healed.

When Fionn was away, King *Cairbre* thought he might as well get rid of the *Feinè*. He invited Oscar to a feast. There he wished to exchange spear-heads with him, which was considered an insult in those days :

“ Ach malairt cinn gun mhalairt crainn,
Bu eucorach sud iarraidh oirn.”

They quarrelled ; their troops were got ready and a battle engaged in. Both leaders fell by each other's hands. *Ossian* and Fionn just arrived from Rome to receive Oscar's dying words. The battle of *Gabhra* ended the reign of the *Feinè*.

Fionn himself 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.

Ossian had, however, before this, run away with the fairy Niam to Tir-nan-og, the Land of the Ever-young. Here he remained 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 Feinè 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, ever and anon recounting the tales of the Feinè to Patrick, the son of Calphurn, and disputing with him as to whether the Feinè were in heaven or not.

He tried once by magic means to recover his strength and sight. The Gille Ruadh and himself went out to hunt, and he brought down three large deer and carried them home. The old man had a belt round his stomach with three skewers in it, so as that he should not need so much food. The deer were set a-cooking in a large cauldron, and the Gille Ruadh was watching it, with strong injunctions not to taste anything of the deer. But some of the broth spurted out on his hand and he put it to his mouth. Ossian ate the deer one after the other, letting out a skewer each time; but his youth did not return, for the spell had been broken by the Gille in letting the broth near his mouth.

Are the actors in these cycles—those of Cuchulinn and Fionn—historical personages? Is it history degenerated into myth, or myth rationalised into history? The answer of the native historian is always the same; these legends and tales contain real history. And so he proceeds to euhemerise and rationalise the mythic incidents—a process which has been going on for the last thousand years; mediæval monk and “ollamh,” the seventeenth century historians, the nineteenth century antiquarian and philologist—all believe in the historical character and essential truth of these myths. The late Eugene O’Curry considered the existence of Fionn as a historical personage, as assured as that of Julius Caesar. Professor Windisch even is led astray by the *vraisemblance* of these stories, and he looks on the mythic incidents of the Fionn Cycle as borrowed from the previous Cuchulinn Cycle, and the myths of the latter, especially the birth incidents, he thinks drew upon Christian legend. As a consequence, the myths and legends are refined away, when presented as history, to such an extent that

their mythic character does not immediately appear. But luckily alongside of the literary presentment of them and before it, there runs the continuous stream of popular tradition, which keeps the mythic features, if not in their pristine purity, yet in such a state of preservation that they can be compared with the similar myths of kindred nations, and thus to some extent rehabilitated. This comparison of the Gaelic mythic cycles with those of other Indo-European nations shows in a startling degree how little of the Fionn Cycle, for instance, can be historical fact.

The incidents in the lives of the mythic and fairy heroes of the Aryan nations have been analysed and reduced to a tabulated formula. Von Hahn examined 14 Aryan stories—7 Greek, 1 Roman, 2 Teutonic, 2 Persian, and 2 Hindoo--and from these constructed a formula, called the "Expulsion and Return" formula, under 16 heads. And Mr Alfred Nutt examined the Celtic tales and brought them under the range of Von Hahn's headings, adding, however, at heading 9, two more of his own. Mr Nutt's table is as follows:—

- I. Hero, born out of wedlock, or posthumously or supernaturally.
- II. Mother, princess residing in her own country. [Cf. *beena* marriage.]
- III. Father, god or hero from afar.
- IV. Tokens and warnings of hero's future greatness.
- V. He is in consequence driven forth from home.
- VI. Is suckled by wild beasts.
- VII. Is brought up by a childless (shepherd) couple, or by a widow.
- VIII. Is of passionate and violent disposition.
- IX. Seeks service in foreign lands.
- IX.A He attacks and slays monsters.
- IX.B He acquires supernatural knowledge through eating a magic fish.
- X. He returns to his own country, retreats, and again returns.
- XI. Overcomes his enemies, frees his mother, and seats himself on the throne.
- XII. He founds cities.
- XIII. The manner of his death is extraordinary.
- XIV. He is accused of incest; he dies young.
- XV. He injures an inferior, who takes revenge upon him or upon his children.
- XVI. 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>
I. In marriage (?), posthumously.	Out of marriage, posthumously, and one of twins.
II. Muirne, daughter of Chief Druid	Muirne (?), daughter of a smith. Lives with her father.
III. Cumal, leader of Militia.	King Cumhal: is passing house.
IV. Tadg, Druid, knows he will be ejected by hero.	Greatness foretold by a prophet, and known to be rightful heir to throne.
V. Driven to an aunt's house.	Into the wilderness.
VI.	Nourished by fat and marrow in a hole made in a tree.
VII. By his mother or aunt (?)	By his nurse, Luas Lurgann.
VIII.	Drowns the schoolboys, or overcomes them at shinty, or both. Causes his nurse's death.
IX.	Serves as house steward. [Scholar to Fionn, the Druid.]
IXA.	Slays the boar Beo; kills lake monsters (<i>biasta</i>).
IXB.	Eats of the magic Salmon.
X.	Wanders backwards and forwards over Erin.
XI. Forces Tadg to abandon Almu. Gets headship of Feinè.	Kills father's murderer. Overcomes Cairbre and gets throne.
XII.	Builds forts, <i>dunes</i> , &c.; founds a great kingdom.
XIII. Slain by a fisherman for sake of fame.	Dies, mysteriously slain in jumping lake.
XIV.	
XV.	
XVI.	

A candid examination of these tabulated results must convince one that the historic account is merely the myth in a respectable and rationalised form. The historic account of Fionn and his men is poor and shadowy. In fact, outside the "birth" incidents of Fionn himself, there are only three historical facts, such as they are: (1) The Feinè 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 Cailte killed Cairbre's successor, Fothaidh Airttheach, 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.

The further question as to the origin and meaning of these mythic and heroic tales is, as can be seen, one of Aryan width: the Celtic tales are explained when we explain those of the other Indo-European nations. Until scientists agree as to the meaning of these heroic myths, we may satisfy ourselves with adding our stone to the cairn—adding, that is to say, Cuchulinn and Fionn to the other national heroes of Aryan mythology. Yet this we may say: Fionn son of Cumal (Camulus, the Celtic war-god?) is probably the incarnation of the chief deity of the Gaels—the Jupiter spoken of by Cæsar and the Dagda of Irish myth. His qualities are king-like and majestic, not sun-like, as those of Cuchulinn. He is surrounded by a band of heroes that make a terrestrial Olympus, composed of counterparts to the chief deities. There is the fiery Oscar (*ul-scar*, utter-cutter?) a sort of war-god; Ossian, the poet and warrior, corresponding to Hercules Ogmios; Diarmad, of the shining face, a reflection of the sun god; Caelte, the wind-swift runner; and so on.

The next question is as to the transmission and formation of these mythic tales. Oral tradition is evidently continuous, and is thus unlike literature and history. They are fixed with the times; but popular tales and traditions are like a stream moving along, and, if we fancy the banks are the centuries and years, with their tale of facts and incidents, then naturally enough the stream will carry with it remembrances of its previous, more especially of its immediately previous, history. Hence it is that though these tales are old as the source of time, yet they are new and fresh because they get tinged with the life they have just come through. Hence we may meet with the old heroes fighting against the Norsemen, though the Norsemen appear late in the history of the people.

The Irish literature takes us back over a thousand years at least, and it shows us very clearly how a heroic literature does arise. The earliest Irish literature is of this nature. The narrative is in prose, but the speeches and sayings of the chief characters are put in verse. That is the general outline of the literary method. Of course all the speeches are not in verse; descriptive speeches are often not. Narrative, too, may appear in verse, especially as a summary of a foregoing prose recital. It is a mistake to think that the oldest literature was in verse. Narrative and verse always go together in the oldest forms. But as time goes on and contact with other literatures exists, the

narrative too is changed to verse. Hence our ballads are in their narrative part, as a rule, but rhymed prose, done in late times, three or four hundred years ago, more or less—probably more. These tales and verses have no authors; they are all anonymous. Poets and singers were numerous as a guild in Ireland and Scotland, and were highly honoured; they were the abstracts and chronicles of the time—newspapers, periodicals, and especially novels, all in one. But they were a guild where the work of the individual was not individually claimed. We hear of great bards, but we never hear of their works, unless, indeed, they are introduced as saying or singing something after a narrative or within a prose tale. This literary style remained till very late, and it produced among other things those remarkable colloquies between Ossian and Patrick so well known in later Irish and in Gaelic literature. Patrick asks questions and Ossian answers, going on to tell a tale in verse. But it was not imagined for a moment that Ossian composed the poem; he only *said* those verses—the poet put them in his mouth, nor did Patrick compose his share of the dialogue. The anonymous poet alone is responsible for his puppets. The Dean of Lismore is the first that attributes the authorship of the poetry to those who merely say the poetry. Thus he introduces as authors of the poems Fergus, Caoilte, Ossian, and others. In this way Conall Cernach is made responsible for “Laoidh nan Ceann” though Emer bears her share of the dialogue. The figure of Ossian relating his tales to Patrick took hold of the popular imagination, and Macpherson, in an unfortunate hour, jumped to the conclusion that here was a great poet of antiquity. Immediately the world resounded with the old hero’s name, though he was no more a poet, nor less so, than any others of his heroic companions. It was merely because he happened, so the tales said, to survive till Christian times, that he was responsible for telling those tales. Curiously enough the Gaelic mind, in its earlier literature, always made responsible some such survivor from past times, for the history of these times. Thus, Finntan told the history anterior to and after the deluge, for he lived on from before the deluge till the sixth century. Fergus Mac Roich, Cuchulinn’s friend, was raised from the dead to repeat the Tain Bo Chualgne in the sixth century. And Ossian came back from Tir-nan-Og to tell the Fenian *epos* to Patrick.

The construction of the verse in these ballads must be noted. The true ballad is made up of verses of four lines: four is always the number of lines in the verse of the heroic poetry. The second

and fourth lines end in a rhyme word, and there are four feet in each line. That is the old heroic measure. At times consecutive lines rhyme, and in lyrical passages other measures come in, as, for instance, in Fionn's "Praise of Goll." The feet are now-a-days measured by four accented syllables, but it was quite different in old Goidelic poetry. The rules there were these:—Every line must consist of a certain number of syllables. As a rule the last word was a rhyme-word corresponding to one in the next or in the third line. These rhyme-words bound the lines into either couplets or quatrains. Every line had a pause or cesura in it, and the words before this cesura might rhyme with each other. Accent or stress was disregarded, and this accounts for some of the irregularities in our old ballads in regard to rhyme and metre. Thus, some make the last or unaccented syllable of a dissyllable rhyme with an accented monosyllable. On the whole, the ballads have rectified themselves to suit the modern style of placing the accent or stress on the rhymed syllables, and of having a certain number (4) of accents in the line.

A word as to Macpherson's heroic Gaelic poetry. He has at times the old heroic quatrain, but as often as not his lines are mere measured prose. The lines are on an average from seven to eight syllables in length. Sometimes rhyme binds them together, sometimes not. Evidently three things swayed his mind in adopting this measure or rather no-measure. It was easy, this measured prose; and his English is also measured prose that can be put in lines of like length with the Gaelic. Secondly, he had a notion, from the researches of Dr Lowth on Hebrew poetry, that primitive poetry was measured prose. Hebrew poetry consists of periods, divided into two or more corresponding clauses of the same structure and of nearly the same length; the second clause contains generally a repetition, contrast, or explanation of the sentiment expressed by the first. The result of these responses or parallelisms is a sententious harmony or measured prose, which also appears even in the English Bible. Macpherson was a divinity student when he began his Ossianic work, and not merely does the form of the English translation and Gaelic original show his study of Hebrew poetry, but his poems show distinct imitations—even plagiarisms—from the Bible. Notably is this the case in the poem *Comala*. Macpherson, thirdly, had an idea that rhyme was a modern invention, probably non-existent in Ossianic times. Unfortunately he did not know that rhyme is a Celtic invention, and possibly much older than the period of Ossian and his compeers, if they lived in the 3rd century. Had he known this, we might

now possess heroic Gaelic poetry of the proper type in quatrains and with rhymes; but, instead of this, Macpherson's Gaelic "original" is merely poetic prose—a halt between the Hebrew Psalms and Pope's rhymes. It is an irritating compromise, with good quatrains stuck mid wastes of prose to remind us of "what might have been," and its mere structure is enough to disprove both its antiquity and authenticity.

The consideration of the heroic literature of the Gael cannot be closed without a reference to Macpherson's "Ossian." A mere summary of his position in regard to the heroic cycles is all that need be given. Macpherson always aimed at the antique, but everywhere ended in sham-antique, for, last century, the ideas prevalent in regard to the primitive stages of society were highly Utopian, poetical, and vague—totally unlike the reality which this century has proved such states of society to be. The ultra-naturalism of his time led Macpherson to confine his prisoners in caves, to make his heroes drink from shells, and to cause them to use the bosses of their shields for drums and war-signalling—a piece of gross archaeological nonsense. The whole life of the heroes is open-air, with vague reference to halls. Now what did they eat or drink, or how were they dressed or housed? We know, in the real tales, this often in too minute a fashion; but in Macpherson everything is vague and shadowy. And when he does condescend on such details, he falls into gross errors. He arms his heroes in mail and helmet; now, the real old tales speak of neither, and it is undoubtedly the fact that defensive armour was not used by the Gaelic Insular Celts. Bows and arrows fill a prominent place in his plots; yet bows and arrows were not used by the ancient Gael, nor, indeed, by the ancient Celt. Again, his mythology is unspeakably wrong; ghosts appear everywhere, in daylight or night-time; they are a nuisance in fact. Yet ghosts have no place at all in the real ballads and tales. True, Cuchulinn's ghost is raised by Patrick, and Fergus MacRoich's by some saints later on; but those ghosts are as substantial as when alive, and as gorgeous and glorious. Macpherson's heaven is a mixture of classical reminiscences, with some Norse mythology, and a vague, windy place in cloudland is faintly pictured. And his references to religious rites show that he believed Toland's theories as to the Druids and their altars and circles. Then, the machinery of his poetry is all modern: fogs and mists, locks flowing on the wind, green meteors, clouds, and mountains, storms and ghosts, those eternal ghosts!—maids in armour—always love-sick—and always dying on their lovers'

bodies. And there are further his addresses to natural objects, such as the sun and moon; and his sympathy with nature, and description of lone mountains and moors, have no counterpart in the real ballads. Descriptions we do have in the ballads, minute and painstaking, but they are of persons, dress, houses, arms, or of human interests of some kind. Then his similes and metaphors are done to excess; both are rare, indeed full-blown similes are absent, in the grave directness of the original ballads. Some of his similes sin against the laws of their use, as comparing things to things unknown or imagined, as actions of men illustrated by actions of ghosts riding on winds. Then, thinking that he was at liberty to play any tricks with the history which these myths pretend to hold, and thinking, too, that he had an open field for any vagaries in regard to pre-Christian Irish and Scotch history, he has manufactured history on every hand. Bringing the Scandinavians upon Ireland in the third century is but a small part of his sins. The whole of "Temora," save the death of Oscar, is manufactured in history and plot. "Fingal" is founded distantly on the ballad of Manus, but its history of Ireland is again manufactured, and the terrible blunder of bringing Cuchulinn and Fionn together, though always separate in the tales by years and customs, is enough itself to prove want of authenticity. Most of the poems are his own invention pure and simple, while those whose kernel of plot he imitated, are changed in their epic dress so far as to be scarcely recognisable. In fact, there are scarcely a dozen places where the old ballads can at all be compared to his work. These are the opening of "Fingal" (slightly), Cuchulinn's Chariot, Episodes of Ferda Agandecca (slightly), and Faine-soluis, Ossian's Courtship, Fight of Fingal and Swaran (Manus), Death of Oscar in Temora, plots of Battle of Lora, Darthula, and Carhon, (founded on the Cuchulinn and Conloch story), and these are all that can be correlated in the present editions. There is not a line of the Gaelic given the same as the Gaelic of the ballads. Indeed, Macpherson rejected the ballads as "Irish," and Dr Clerk says that they cannot be of the same authorship as Macpherson's Ossian. And he is right. Yet these ballads were the only poetry known among the people as Ossian's, and it is to them that the evidence taken by the Highland Society always refers as basis for the parts the people thought they recognised of Macpherson's Ossian. Gallie and Ferguson actually quoted them in support of the authenticity, and others name or describe them specially. Yet Macpherson and Clerk reject them as non-Ossianic. Macpherson's Gaelic was written after the English, often long after,

for, in one place, he gives Gaelic in his 1763 edition in a note (*Temora*, VIII. 383-5) quite different from what he gave when he came to write the poem consecutively. The Gaelic is very modern, its idiom is tintured strongly with English, while out of its seventeen hundred words, fifty at least are borrowed, and some forty more are doubtful. The conclusion we come to is simply this:—Macpherson is as truly the author of “Ossian” as Milton is of “Paradise Lost.” Milton is to the Bible in even nearer relation than Macpherson is to the Ossianic ballads. Milton retained the essential outlines of Biblical narrative, but Macpherson did not scruple to change even that. Macpherson’s Ossian is therefore his own poetry; it is pseudo-antique of the type of Virgil’s *Æneid*, and, in excellence of poetry, far superior to the work of the Roman, though in its recklessness of imagery and wildness of imagination, Macpherson wants the classic chasteness and repose that marks Virgil. He deserved the place he appropriated in Westminster Abbey; he knew it was his and not Ossian’s. This last act of his, therefore, eloquently proves that he was in his own eyes the real author of the Ossian which he gave to the world, and which he hesitatingly, though tacitly, claimed in his 1773 preface.

24TH FEBRUARY 1886.

On this date two papers were read. A contribution by Mary Mackellar, Bard of the Society, entitled “Unknown Lochaber Bards,” was read by the Secretary; and Mr Alex. Macdonald, Audit Office, Highland Railway, Inverness, read an essay on Archibald Grant, the Glenmoriston Bard. Mrs Mackellar’s paper was as follows:—

UNKNOWN LOCHABER BARDS.

I cannot do anything like justice to my subject in a limited paper like this, but I hope to give my collection of the songs of those unknown bards in a more extended form in the course of time. In the meantime I will classify the “Unknown Bards of Lochaber” under two heads—those whose names have been lost to fame, whilst a few of their songs lived, and came floating to us—one cannot tell how—through “the dark corridors of time” down to the present day; and those whose names are still locally associated with their effusions, but never heard of beyond the glens of their native country. Foremost among the first-class is that

antique gem, "The desire of the aged Bard," which was undoubtedly composed near the head of Glen-Nevis; but as it is already redeemed from the moth and the rust I will pass it over.

The lullaby was a great element in Gaelic poetry—the words always fraught with love and tenderness, the melodies soothing and plaintive. The following one must have been composed about the year 1520 on a child of the family of Lochiel, and from the genealogy of the child, as given in the lullaby, he must have been "Eobhan Beag Mac Dho'ill 'ic Eobhain," the father of the great Cameron warrior, "Taillear dubh na Tuaighe 'chuir an ruaig air Mac-an-Tòisich"—"The black tailor of the Battle-axe, who put the Mackintosh to flight,"—and the grandson of the famous Chief, Ewen Allanson. The great great grandfather, referred to in the lullaby, must have been "Donald dubh" the Chief who fought at Harlaw in 1411. The lullaby must have been composed by the nurse, who was one the clan. Had it been the mother that composed it, she would have made loving mention of the child's father, but the nurse would ignore him as he died without attaining to the honour of being chief, and she could only feel entitled to be proud of her nursling as the offspring of a line of chiefs. She was very anxious that he would get a charter for his land, and from history we find that this was the very time when the first charters were given to the house of Lochiel.

The lullaby runs as following:—

Hi, ha, ho, mo leanabh
B' fheàrr leam gun sgrìbhteadh dhuit fearann

Hi, ha, ho, mo leanabh,
Ogha Eobhain 's iar-ogh' Ailean.

Hi, ha, ho, mo leanabh
'S iar-ogh Dhonuill Duibh bho'n darach.

Hi, ha, ho, mo leanabh
B' fheàrr gun sgrìobhteadh cinnteach d' fhearann.

Hi, ha, ho, mo leanabh
Ceann-Lochiall 'us Druim-na-saille.

Hi, ha, ho, mo leanabh
'S Coire-bheag ri taobh na mara,

Hi, ha, ho, mo leanabh
Acha-da-leagha 'san Anait,

Hi, ha, ho, mo leanabh,
'S a Mhaigh mhor 's an t-Sron 'san-t-Earrachd

Hi, ha, ho, mo leanabh
'Muic 'us Caoinnich, Craoibh 'us Caillich,

Hi, ha, ho, mo leanabh
'S Murlagan dubh grannda, greannach.

Hi, ha, ho, mo leanabh
'S boidheach d' aodann 's caoin leam d' anail,

Hi, ha no, mo leanabh—
Socrach ciùin a ruin do chadal.

The following is a quaint conceit, and is said to be very old. White-robed Ben-Nevis is described as a bride going to be married to some grey-headed giant ben of "Morar," and when she would go back her white gown the "Lochy" would be swollen, and the "Lundy" running high in pride, and the "Colonel" would have an abundance of brown ale.

Beinn Nibheis am bliadhna brath dol a phosadh,
Eite beag o ho ro, Eite beag o,
Ri fear a' chinn leith a tha thall ann am Morar,
Eite beag o ho ro, Eite beag o,
Eite beag o ho ro, hi ri am bo ho o ro,
Eite beag o ho ro, Eite beag o.

Le 'guntaicean geala 's a ceann-aodach boidheach,
Eite beag o ho ro, Eite beag o,
'Sa neapaigin sioda gu riomhach an ordugh
Eite beag o ho ro, Eite beag o,
Eite beag o ho ro, hi ri am bo ho o ro,
Eite beag o ho ro, Eite beag o.

'S 'n uair theid i ga nigheadh bidh ligh' ann an Lochaidh,
Eite beag o ho ro, Eite beag o,
'S 'n uair theid i ga h-ionnlaid bidh "Lunndaidh" lan
morchuis
Eite beag o ho ro, Eite beag o,
Eite beag o ho ro, hi ri am bo ho o ro,
Eite beag o ho ro, Eite beag o.

'Us tonn air muin tuinn' bidh leann donn aig a' Choirneal
Eite beag o ho ro, Eite beag o.

Ben Nevis is no longer the sacred bride she was then, and we wonder what the poet who sang of her so prettily would say

if he saw the prosaic nature of the head-gear that in the advance of civilisation science has placed upon the locks in which the bed of the stag was wont to be, and which the veil of clouds so frequently enveloped in mystery and darkness. The Colonel referred to must have lived at Torlundy, where—or near where—Lord Abinger's house is now, for the waters of the small river Lundy running near is brown and mossy when in flood.

When the Duke of Gordon raised the 92nd Regiment—then known as the 100th—the beautiful Duchess Jane got many young men in Lochaber to join it, through the sorcery of a kiss from her own rosy lips, but such persuasive sweetness was not the only power used by the house of Gordon to get men. Parents were threatened with the loss of their crofts—or even farms—unless their sons enlisted under the Marquis of Huntly, and many young married men rather than leave their wives and children uncared for, left the crofts to their aged parents and took up house for themselves in Fort-William rather than cause the old home to be broken up. The following is a fragment of a song composed by a sorrowing wife whose young husband seems to have been drowned, when the regiment was on its way to Ireland, shortly after its being raised. A wave seems to have swept him off the deck and she was left, alas! to sleep alone for evermore, and she would give her blessing to every other regiment, but not to the Duke of Gordon's that forced her beloved one away from her and the fair tree of her happiness left without sap and branchless. It is as follows:—

Gur tròm, tròm a tha mi
 Gur tròm a dh'fhàg an t-Earrach mi,
 Gur truime 'n diugh na'n dé mi,
 Tha cumha an déigh nam fear orm.

O 's diullich leam gun ghluais sibh,
 'Nuair bha ghaoth tuath cho gailleanach,
 'Se 'n tonn a rinn do bhualadh,
 'S gur truagh leam gu'n do thachair e.
 Gur trom, trom, &c.

O cha'n 'eil feachd 's an dùthaich,
 Nach dùrachdain mo bheannach air
 Ach Reiscamaid Diùc Gàrdan,
 'O 'n dh' fhògair i mo leannan uam,
 Gur trom, trom, &c.

'Se 'n turas 'thug i dh-Eirinn,
 A dh'fhàg gun chéile cadail mi,
 Mo chraobh tha 'n déigh a rùsgadh
 Gun snothach ùr gun mheangain oirr'.
 Gur trom, trom, &c.

I could not trace the author of the following song either, but it has a fine swing about it when sung by a chorus of hearty Highlanders, waving their pocket handkerchiefs in the orthodox fashion. When the Camerons of Druim-na-Saille got too numerous to remain there with comfort, they lived off to Sunart, and the chieftain of the party that removed took up his abode at Kintrà, where they became known as Sliochd Iain duibh Cheann-trà. This song must have been composed on a gentleman of that family.

Oh hi, hog i o
 Ho ro no ho ro gheallaidh
 Oh hi, hog i o

Fhir a dhìreas a' ghuallain
 Giullain uamsa mìle beannachd,
 Oh hi, &c.

Thoir mo shoraidh gu Ceann-trà
 Far bheil fàileadh a' bharrach,
 Oh hi, &c.

Far am bheil doireachan dlùtha
 'Us enothan a' lùbadh gach meangain,
 Ho hi, &c.

Far am bi a' mhil 's an t-Sàmhradh
 'Sileadh bho gach crànn do'n darach.
 Ho hi hog i o

Far am bi 'n crodh-laoigh 's a' bhàirich
 'Tighinn gu pàirceannan a' bhainne.
 Ho hi &c.

A dh' ionnsaidh talla nan uaislean
 Ga 'm bu dual bhi 'n Druim-na-Saille
 Ho hi &c.

Ach Iain oig 'ic Iain 'ic Shéumais
 Thug thu air na céudan barrachd,
 Ho hi &c.

Boichead 'us buidhead do chuailean
'S do dha ghruaidh mar chaor air mheangan
Ho, hi &c.

'S buidhe 'n té da 'n tug thu luaidh
Ged bhuilicheadh i buaile mhart ort.
Ho hi &c.

A's ged a bhuilicheadh i tri ort
Air leam fhein nach nì gun fhear e.
Ho hi &c.

The next I will mention is my own maternal grandmother, Mary Cameron, for whom I am named, who was well-known in Sunart and Lochaber as a sweet poetess, and as a gentlewoman of great refinement of feeling, and unbounded charity. She was the Mary of whom Ailean Dall sang so sweetly—

“Na 'm faighinn gill' airson ceannach
A bheireadh beannachd gu Màiri.”

Ailean Dall was not the lover represented in the song: it was a farmer from Sunart district, but Mary, with the usual unwisdom of the poet, chose to elope with a much poorer man, in her 19th year. I will give the following few specimens of her verses.

One day when she had, to her great annoyance, to leave her spinning wheel, and her household cares to keep some sheep away from the corn whilst the shepherd, whose duty it was to tend them, was spending the hours in dalliance with his lady-love, who was the housekeeper of a bachelor farmer near at hand, and who was wont to regale her wooer with the best she had in her pantry, my grandmother found vent to her feelings in a song of which the following is a fragment:—

Oh ho ro 'ille dhuinn.
'Ille dhuinn bhòidhich,
Na ho ro 'ille dhuinn

Gu'm bheil mise fo mhulad
'S mo chuidheal na h-aonar;
Oh ho ro &c.

Mo leanaban a' caoineadh
'S nach faod mi bhi 'n còir dhoibh,
Oh ho ro &c.

'S cha bhi thusa gun fhuaraig,
Fhad 's bhios uachdar aig Flòraidh.
Oh ho ro, &c.

'S ma ni aran 's ìm ùr e,
Cha tig tùchadh na d' sgarman.
Oh ho ro, &c.

'S suarach leatsa an spreigh chaorach
'S do ghairdean mu'n òg-bhean,
Oh ho ro, &c.

Ach 'n uair thig an Fheill Màrtuinn
Bi am pàigheadh air bòrd ann,
Oh ho ro, &c.

Lan do dhùirn de phuinnnd Shasnach
Agus craicinn gu clò dhut.
Oh ho ro, &c.

The next one I will give was composed to a small vessel owned by a favourite cousin of her own who belonged to Morven. The name of the vessel was the "Katie." In these times when no light-houses were erected to help the navigation of these channels of the rocky west, shipmasters were obliged to lay their vessels up during the winter. This was evidently the case with the "Katie."

'Nuair theid "Katie" fo h-aodach
Bidh i daonnan aig Calum.
'S tric a choisinn i an t-òr dha—
Tha i eòlach 's gach cala,
Ho i o, na ri iu o, &c.

'S tric a choisinn i an t-òr dha
Tha i eòlach 's gach cala
Eadar Muile's Ceann-t-sàile,
Eilean Mhàrtainn 'us Canaidh.
Eadar Muile, &c.

'S air roc ged a bhuail i,
Cha 'n fhuasgail e 'darach.
Sair roc, &c.

'S 'n uair a gheibh i 'n ruidhe dhireach,
Ni i 'n fhideag a ghearradh.
'S 'n uair a gheibh i, &c.

Air bharra nan garbh-thonn
Do 'n Mhorairne Ghleannaich,
Air bharra, &c.

Far an caith iad an geamhradh
Ri dànnasadh 's ri h-aighear.

She lost three fine young daughters one after the other, and they were buried in "Eilean Fhionain," in Loch-Sheil, where she is also buried by their side. Shortly after the death of the last of the three, she was herself laid on her death-bed. She then composed the song of which the following is a fragment. The air of it is the old plaintive one "Tha mo run air a' ghille." She might be said to have died swan-like singing, for she composed this on the day before her death.

"Tha mo run air an nighinn,
Tha mo ghaol air an nighinn,
Chuir mi taobh ri taobh an triuir;
'S tric snidh' air mo ghruaidhean.

"'S og a rinn mi, ruin, duit farair',
'N uair a shaoil mi bhi ri d' bhanais,
Chairich mi thu 'n Cnoc-nan-Aingeal—
Rinn mi leaba bhuan duit.
"Tha mo run, &c.

"Tha mise fagail an t-saoghail
Annas an robh mi cuairt air aoidheachd,
'S cairidh iad an sud ri 'r taobh mi,
'S och, a ghaoil, cha'n fhuair leam.
"Tha mo run, &c.

"'N uair a thig an gnothach dluth ribh,
Cuiribh fios gu Cnoc-nam-Fluran,
'S cinnteach mi gun tig an triuir as*
De na furain uasal.
"Tha mo run, &c.

"'S cinnteach mi gun tig gun dail as,
Iain mo ghaoil agus *Archy*;
'S gum bi Dotair donn nam blath-shuil
Laidir fo mo ghuallainn.
"Tha mo run," &c.

* The three sons of Druimsallie.

As a specimen of how the different houses or tribes of the clan Cameron claimed a nearer kinship with each other than with the other branches of the clan, I may give the following verse. Most of the gentlemen my grandmother spoke of were of the "Sliochd Iain duibh" family, but she was angry with herself for forgetting one dear friend, even if he was of another branch. The gentleman referred to was Mr Alexander Cameron, tacksman at Meoble, who was of the Macmartins of Letterfinlay.

"C'uide dhichuimhnich mi 'n t-àrmunn
Ged tha e shliochd Iain 'ie Mhàrtuinn ;
Fhuair mi e gu caoimhneil, càirdeil—
Sliochd nan sàr dhaoin-uaisle."

Contemporary with my grandmother was Captain Patrick Campbell who served in the 42nd Highlanders, and who afterwards made his home in Fort-William, where he built the house which he sang of as "An tigh bàn an cois na tuinne," and which is now known as the Imperial Hotel, occupied by Mr Robert Whyte. Captain Campbell let this house to Sheriff Flyter, who was married to his sister, and he built a small house for himself, which he, with his housekeeper, Nic-Mhuirich, occupied in winter, whilst they spent the summer in Glen Maillie, where Bean-nabainnse—as the Captain called his gun—got her powers exercised. The Captain at his death left this little house to his old and faithful housekeeper, and it is still known by elderly people as "Tigh-nic-Mhuirich." It is told of her that when she placed venison before a guest she apologised for placing before them anything so insipid as a bit of a he-goat they had killed. "Cha 'n 'eil so ach tioram. Cha 'n eil ann ach mir de 'n bhoc a bh'air na gobhrabh."—"This is but dry, just a bit of the he-goat we had," was always her saying, but her guests knew how to interpret her words.

Captain Campbell died in Fort-William, and is buried in the Craigs burying-ground. The following is part of the epitaph:—

Sacred to the memory of
CAPTAIN PATRICK CAMPBELL,
late of the 42nd Regiment.

He died on the 13th December 1816.

A true Highlander, a sincere friend, and the best
deer-stalker in his day.

I believe the following song of his has been already in print, but I give my version of it notwithstanding, as it may probably differ

from the other, or it may contain verses not found in the other. Glen Maillie was his favourite resort, where he could stalk the deer and poach the salmon, no man making him afraid.

A ho-rò gur tu mo run ;
Thug mi gaol 's cha b' aithreach leam ;
Mo cheist nionag a' chuil duinn ;
'S toigh leam fhìn mo Mhàiri og.

Gur e mise tha gu tinn,
An cois na mara leam fhìn,
Gun mheagad goibhre no minn
'S mor an t-ìoghnadh mi bhi beò,
A ho ro, &c.

Gur e mise tha fo mhulad
'S an tigh bhàn an cois na tuinne ;
'S mor gu 'm b'fhearr mar bha mi 'n uiridh
'S a' ghleann mhullaich 'sam bi 'n ceo.
A ho rò, &c.

A bhean-na-bainnse* duisg gu luath,
'S fhada leam a tha thu 'd shuain.
Thoir ort Gleann-a-Màilidh suas
'S bheir thu fuaim air damh na cròic.
A ho rò, &c.

Gleann na sithne, glean an fhéidh,
Gleann nan uaislean 's nam fear tréun
'S 'n uair theid iad uile do'n bheinn
Cò ni féum ach Para mòr.
A ho rò, &c.

'S e mo laochan fhéin an cuiridh,
Giomanach air cùl a' ghunna,
Iasgair a' bhric air a' bhoinne,
'S gum faigh Nic-Mhuirich† a leòir.
A ho rò, &c.

'N uair ruigeas tu gualla' Mhaim
'S a sheallas tu bhos 'us thall,
Bheir thu sgrìob do Bhraigh-nan-Allt,
'S bidh an càll air Donull òg.
A ho rò, &c.

* The Gun.

† His housekeeper.

'N uair a dhircas mi 's a' mhaduinn
Gu Gleann-na-cama-garraidh bharraich
Bi mo ghunna caol na m' achlais,
'S bi damh nan cabar fo leòn,
A ho ro, &c.

'S ged a gheibhinnse le buaidh
Nighean Impireadh 'n Taobh tuath
'S mòr gu'n b' fhearr 'bhi taobh a' chuain
Sinte suas ri Màiri òg.
A ho ro, &c.

Dh' fhalbh do mhàthair 's chaochail d'athair,
'S cha'n eil do bhràithrean aig baile ;
'S "ged tha thu gun chrodh gun aighean,"
Mo rùn fhathasd Màiri òg.
A ho rò, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil duin'-uasal a th' ann
Eadar Nis 'us Loch-nan-ceall
Nach bi maoidheadh air mo cheann
'Chionn bhi 'n geall air Màiri òg.
A ho rò &c.,

Cha 'n 'eil uasal no fear fearainn
Eadar Muideart 'us Loch Carunn
Nach' eil an déigh air mo leannan—
Suil a' mheallaidh Màiri òg.
A ho rò, &c.

Ged a gheibhinnse 'n nigh'n bhàn
Le 'buaile cruiddh 'us an cuid àil
'S mòr gum b' annsadh bhi le m' ghradh,
Beul a' mhànrainn, Màiri òg.
A ho rò, &c.

'S an uair a theid mi air mo sgrìob
'S coingeis leam muir agus tìr,
'S coma leam co 'bhios 'am dhì,
Ach mo ribhinn Màiri òg.
A ho rò, &c.

Mar bhi dhomh bhaintighearna bhàn,
Nighean oighre fir mo ghràidh,
Bheirinn fhìn mo sgrìob gun dail
Do Gleann-a-Màilidh a' cheò.
A ho rò, &c.

It is of the same beautiful glen he also sung as follows :—

Fàgaidh mi' m baile 's an t-sàmhradh
'S theid mi do'n ghleann againn fhéin
'S tillidh sinn dachaidh 'sa' gheamhradh
'Chumail nam Frangach bho thir.

'S ann againn tha 'n gleannan tha uaigneach,
Cha'n eil cho neo-luaineach's an tìr,
Cha'n fhaicear duin' ann ach buachaill,
'Us brogaich a' cuartach na frìdh.

Ni sinn ann eur agus cliathadh,
'S cha treabh sinn am bliadhna le crànn ;
Ni sinn 's a' mhaduinn an t-iasgach,
'S am feasgar a fiadhach nam beann.

Gheibh sinn ann cnothan 'us caorann
'Us gheibh sinn ann braonain gu léoir,
Dearcan-fithich air fraoch ann,
'S cha teid sinn 'an tràigh mhaoraich ri 'r beó.

Lochiel appears at this time to have forbidden his tenants to keep goats, and Captain Campbell seems to have had a dispute with the parties in authority on the estate about the matter. The following is a fragment of a song composed on that occasion:—

Ged thug sibh na gobhair gun taing uainn
Cha bhì cùram oirnn mu annlan
Fhad 's a mhaireas Bean-na-bàinnse *
'S a bhios mang aig Dònull.†

Gur tric a bha mise na m' chrùbau
Air chùl an fhéidh anns a' Ghiubhsaich ‡
'S cha bhiodh eagal orm no cùram,
Ach romh shuilean Dhònuill.

'S ioma gealladh thug thu riamh dhomh
Ged is beag a chuir thu 'n gnìomh dhù ;
Dh' aithnich mi gur beag a b' fhiach thu,
'S duine fiadhaich Dònull.

'S olc a chàirich iad mise,
Eadar Dònull 'og 's a chinneadh ;
Bha mi 'n laimh aig fear-a-ghlinne
'S bha 'n seanalair scòlta.

* The Gun. † Lochiel
‡ Lochiel's Deer Forest.

Dh éirich Scotach beag a sgrìobhaidh,
 'S dhànnsadh e air ioghnan dìreach,
 Coltach ri coileach a' chirein,
 A' sgrìobadh an òtraich.

The next I will mention is Duncan Cameron, generally known in Lochaber as Donnacha Ban Bàrd. He was teacher at Lochy-side about the year 1832 and some years afterwards; and he sailed to Australia with some of the first emigrants who went there from Lochaber. He was quite a young man when he emigrated, and for aught I know he may be yet in life in the country of his adoption. The following is one of his songs :—

Ho ro mo rùn gur cannach thu,
 Ho ro mo rùn gur meallach thu
 'S tu 'n òg-bhean bhoidheach chuimir shuaire
 A fhuair mo luaidh 's cha'n aithreach leam.

'S tu'n tuairneag shuaicheant shàr-mhaiseach
 Le d' chuailean cuachach fuinneagach,
 Mu chùl do chinn na laidhe sliom,
 'S gur math thig cir an càradh ann.
 Ho ro mo rùn, &c.

Mar eala 's namh nan linneachan,
 Mar uainean bànn 's an fhìreach thu,
 Do mhuineal min mar chanach slèibh,
 Gu fonnar gle ghlan innealta.
 Ho ro mo rùn, &c.

Mar thorman binn nan alltan thu,
 Mar cheòl nan cno-choill calltainn thu,
 Mar uiseag chiùin bhinneach nan spéur,
 'S mar fhuaim nan téud tha m' annsachd-sa.
 Ho ro mo rùn, &c.

Mar thorman do bhrat neònain thu,
 Mar lili bànn nam mòr bheann thu,
 Mar osag chiùin thar aghaidh fluir
 Tha anail chùbhraidh m' òg-bheansa.
 Ho ro mo rùn, &c.

Mar shoills nan réul do thlath-shuilean
 Mar dhaoimean ann an sgathan iad
 A' sealltuinn caomh le 'n làn do ghaol
 'S gu'm bheil gach aon fo thàire leo.
 Ho ro mo rùn, &c.

When Duncan sailed from Corpach on board steamer, along with many others to join the emigrant ship in the Clyde, the following pathetic and sorrowful song was composed by his brother Alexander. It sounds like the wail of the coronach of the heart-broken mourners for the beloved dead:—

“ Bidh mi cuimhneachadh 's gach aimsir,
Air na dh' aom Dir-daoin o Bhanabhi,
Dilsean gaoil a bhi a' falbh uainn,
'S goirt an tearbadh 'fhuair sinn.

Bha na h-ighneagan òga,
'Caoidh nam fear a gheall am pòsadh,
Dh' fhaoit' an an-shocair a chòmhdach,
Thaom na deòir bho 'n gruaidhean.

Pàrantan 's an àrnain brùite,
'S beag nach d' aom an aois gu ùir iad ;
Chluinnt' an glodhaich 's cha be an t-ioghnadh
'N am bhi tionndadh uapa.

Bha mi fhéin mar fhear a chàch ann
'N am bhi dealachadh bho 'm bhràthair,
'S diomhain fharraid mar a bhà mi
An déigh do 'n bhata gluasad.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh mi 'bhi craiteach
An déigh dhomh dealachadh bho 'n àrmmun
'S mi gun dùraichdeadh 'bhi làimh riut
Ged be'n saile a b' uaigh dhuinn.

Chaidh fear eile null 's an t-samhradh
Ged nach robh mi dlùth 's an am dha
Cha do lughdaich sud mo chàmpar,
'S dh' fhag e fànn mo ghuallainn.

Na fir ghasda, dhreachmhòr, cheò-gheal
A chaidh árach air Srath-Lòchaidh
Nach bu tair am feachd na cònspreidh
Dol an tòir, no cruaidh-chas.

Fir ga'm math ga 'n thig an t-eideadh
'S bòidheche sheallas ri la feille
Breacan ballach nam bas réidhe
Cruinn an séud na guaille.

'S iona fleasgach òg 'us máighdean
 Chaidh a null an ám na fàighreach
 'S mór an ionndrainn iad o 'n òighreachd
 Air an *Staoilear* Cluanai.

A' dol thairis uainn do rioghachd
 Anns an b' aineolach ar sinnsir
 Bidh na caileagan fo mhì-ghean—
 Co ni 'n cirean fhuasgladh?

'S ann Dir-daoin a rinn sibh seòladh
 As an tìr 's an robh sibh eòlach
 Rìgh nan Dùl a bhì 'g 'ur còmhnadh
 'S biodh 'ur dòchas buan ann.

There were many other bards in Lochaber that time would fail me to speak of. Dònnull Bàn Bàrd—the grandfather of the famous Ewen Maclachlan—composed an elegy on Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, which is full of historic interest, and of the most intelligent appreciation of the high and noble qualities of that distinguished chief. It was a Macinnes from Fort-William that composed that sea-song “Leis an Lurgainn o hi.” He had a smack called the “Lurgainn,” and he composed the song after a stormy voyage they had coming from Ireland. Donald Cameron, of Kenlochiel—the great-grandfather of the late J. A. Cameron, of the *Standard*—composed a very beautiful song known as

“Ho gum bheil mo rùn ort a Mhàiri laghach,
 Ged chuir thu do chùl rium gur tù mo roghainn.”

His bride was carried off to Sleat where they tried to force her into a marriage with another, and Donald was made to believe that she had eloped with his rival. She stood firm, however, and was after a few days rescued by Mr Cameron and a number of friends, and she immediately thereafter became his wife.

The cultivation of the gift of poesy is not so common now in Lochaber as it was in the days of my girlhood, when almost every one seemed to be ambitious for either composing a few verses or improvising. One neighbour in Corrybeg asked another whose name was Cameron to ferry him to Ardgour, a request with which he most readily complied, and the result was a few verses composed in praise of himself and his boat as follows:—

Ho mo bhàta laghach 's tu mo bhàta grinn
 Hu ho hò mo bhàta 's tu mo bhàta grinn,
 Ho mo bhàta laghach 's tu mo bhàta grinn,
 Am bàta boidheach lurach cha chuir muir ort strìth.

Gu ma fada bàta aig an armunn fhial,
 A thug dhomh an t-aiseag mu'n ro-phailt a dh'iarr;
 Cha bu leisg a shaothair 'n aghaidh gaoithe 'n iar,
 'S chuir e mi gu sabhailt anns an ait 'm bu mhiann.
 Ho mo bhata, &c.

'S tric a dh' fhalbh thu leatha air do tharsuinn siar,
 A' buannachd an astair a mach a' Lochiall
 'S tu air bòrd a fuaraidh air 'm bu shuarach triall.
 A ghearradh nan cuaintean cho luath ris an fhiadh,
 Ho mo bhata, &c.

'S Camshronach do shloinneadh, cha cheillinn sin uat,
 Do shliochd Iain 'ic Mhàrtuinn, bho 'n Bhràighe ud shuas.
 'S ann a Doch-an-fhasaidh a thainig a chuain,
 'S bu mhath air chul bat iad 'n àm sgailceadh nan cnuachd,
 Ho mo bhata, &c.

Every little occasion called forth a few verses either in praise, or with the more dangerous power of satire. These verses might not be heard of beyond the township in which they were composed. And they were a pure and simple pleasure, and an innocent pastime. Now the songs are frowned upon, and gossipry take their place. Prosaic influences are penetrating the glens—the newspaper, the English sportsman, the Cockney tourist, the daily steamer, and looming in the distance, the railway—declare that the spirit of poesy has all but fled from Lochaber, and ere she takes her departure let us kiss the hem of her shining garments, and bless her for the riches she had so freely lavished to gladden the hearts of the children of our people through all the days of the years that are gone, and let us prove our gratitude in redeeming from the moth and the rust the precious gifts she had bestowed, and which are about to be lost for ever.

Mr Alexander Macdonald thereafter read his paper, which was as follows:—

ARCHIBALD GRANT THE GLENMORISTON BARD.

Perhaps there is not a small glen in Inverness-shire—perhaps not even in any part of the Highlands of Scotland—that has produced so many singers as that little, narrow one that lies in a south-westerly direction between the western shores of Loch-Ness, and the borders of Kintail, namely, Glenmoriston. To account

for this would be undoubtedly a difficult matter, and would be considerably foreign to the object of this paper; but the fact remains none the less true, and at this time there are few families in that Glen who cannot trace themselves directly or indirectly back to local poets as their ancestors. In referring to those, I do not certainly mean to insinuate that they were composers of the first magnitude, but merely sweet, homely warblers, who gave expression to their inward feelings and their impressions from without, in strains peculiarly captivating to those among whom they moved and had their being. For there are poets for each stage of culture. Some of them we find addressing themselves to poets and novelists particularly; others to thinkers and scholars; and a third class to the common, more or less uneducated, members of the human family.

It is to this last class of poets that Archibald Grant, the subject of this paper, belongs; and it would be doing him and his works a most serious injustice to advocate for him a place even among the leading poets of Celtic Scotland. His station is with another class—that class that do not grasp the history and national traditions of the country of the Gael sufficiently to demand any other than a limited hearing. The productions of all those are to be considered as being more locally interesting than otherwise so; and it is as such that they are at all times to be judged. Grant's poems are particularly addressed to the inhabitants of Glenmoriston, and to the people of some of the neighbouring districts, upon the minds of whom only the Bard desired to impress his sentiments, and to whom, accordingly, he exclusively expressed his ideas. His mission was to those, and consequently many portions of it must be essentially unintelligible to outsiders.

I purpose to deal with the life of Archibald Grant in a two-fold aspect: firstly, his life as an ordinary individual; and secondly, his life as a poet. To understand to any extent my treatment of him as a poet, it appears to me absolutely necessary that I should give you as many facts relative to his life as I have been able to collect, and as will serve to be an index to his poetical nature and character.

Archibald Grant, the Glenmoriston Bard, was born in 1785 at Aonach, Glenmoriston, in a small country cottage, the ruins of which can still be pointed out. He was undoubtedly descended from noble and distinguished families. He was in direct relationship with the Grants of Glenmoriston, who are themselves from the same stock as the well-known Grants of Strathspey. The celebrated Archibald Grant of Glenmoriston was

our poet's great grandfather, while it can be certainly proved that strong ties of kinship existed between himself and the famous family of Glengarry, his grandfather, also called Archibald Grant, having been married to one of the daughters of Ardabiodh, a sister to Julia Maeranald, the poetess of Keppoch, who was directly connected with the Glengarry family. Thus, it is clear that nobility and the elements of poetry were combined in the stock from which our Bard sprung.

Grant's grandfather was a man of no ordinary distinction in his day. He resided at a place known by the name of Tombealluidh, where he occupied a holding of considerable extent. In accordance with a custom then indulged in extensively by Highland proprietors, Glengarry placed his first born son, Aonghas Og, under the care of Grant during a certain period of his minority, in order that Grant should bring up the young gentleman, and give him the instruction then required. Grant felt proud of having such honour as this conferred upon him by Glengarry, and from the feelings of intense admiration that he entertained towards that gentleman and all that was his, he loved Aonghas Og most dearly, and never took him up in his arms without composing some lines in his honour. From the fragments of those come down to ourselves we can observe that Grant himself possessed the poetic faculty in no small degree; but I am not aware that he ever composed except when inspired by the enthusiasm of his affection towards his portégé. Now we fancy that we almost hear the good old Highlander breathing his strains anxiously and earnestly into the ears of the boy and saying—

Bobadh 'us m'annsachd,
 Gaol beag agus m'annsachd ;
 Bobadh 'us m'annsachd
 Moch an diugh, ho !

Bheir Aonghas a' Ghlinne
 Air a chinneadh comannda,
 Bobadh 'us m'annsachd
 Moch an diugh, ho !

Bheir sinn greis a's Tombealluidh
 Air aran 'us amblan,
 Bobadh 'us m'annsachd
 Moch an diugh, ho !

And again, how affectionately interested in the child the old man was, when he said :—

Ho fearan, hi fearan,
Ho fearan, 's tu 'th'ann ;
Aonghas og Ghlinnegaraidh,
'S rioghail fearail an dream.

Gu'm bheil fraoch ort mar shuaineas—
'Sann duit bu dual 'chur ri crann,
Ho etc.

'S leat islean, 's leat uaislean ;
'S leat Cuaich gu 'da cheann,
Ho, etc.

'S leat sid 'san Dail-Chaoruinn,
'S Coire-fraoich nan damh seang.
Ho, etc.

'S leat Cnoideart mhor mheabhrach,
Agus Gleabhrach nam meang, Ho etc.

Should we conclude that it was when describing to the young man the pleasures of the chase that Grant sang—

Mo ghaol, mo ghaol, mo ghaol an giullan,
Mo ghaol, mo luaidh fear ruadh nan duine.
Cas a dhireadh nan stuc, o d' ghlun gu d' uilinn,
Lamh thaghadh nan arm 'dol a shealg, na mhonadh.

'O Chluanic 'n fheoir gu sroin Glaic-chuilean,
'Mhaol-chinn dearg thall gu ceann na Sgurra.

'Nuair theid thu do'n fhrith le stri do chuilean
Bithidh damh a' chinn aird gu lar 'us fuil air.

And it may have been, perhaps, when presenting Aonghas Og with his first kilt that Grant addressed the following lines to him :—

Thei'! an t-eideadh, theid an t-eideadh,
Theid an t-eideadh air a' ghille ;
Theid an t-eideadh, crios 'us feileadh,
Theid an t-eideadh air a' ghille,

Adding, in proof of his ever-increasing affection for the boy, the words :—

Cha cheil mi o dhuin' tha beo
Gur toil leam Aonghas Og a' Ghlinne.

This Angus Macdonald of Glengarry was in course of some time returned to his father, accompanied by 21 head of cattle,

which Grant parted with as a last demonstration of his affection for the young man. Memories of Grant's generosity continued to exist in the Glengarry family for generations after. On one occasion when the last chief that graced the halls of Caisteal-an-Fhithich was passing through Glenmoriston, Archibald Grant, the Bard, was pointed out to him. He frankly and warmly shook the Bard's hand, promising him some favours in recognition of the kindness which the Bard's grandfather showed long before to one of his predecessors. Angus Og was killed after the battle of Falkirk (1745), by the accidental discharge of a gun.

Archibald Grant's father, in more respects than one, deserves a passing notice. His name was John Grant. He passed a considerable portion of his life in the army, having been present in the capacity of serjeant at the memorable siege of Gibraltar, in which action he greatly distinguished himself by his bravery and courage. John Grant was a bard of no ordinary power. Many of his productions have been lost and cannot now be recovered; but some of his pieces that are yet to be found in the memories of the oldest persons in the Glen, are highly meritorious. In one of these he refers to his son Archie, the future bard, in a manner from which it can be understood that Archie's sarcastic effusions, addressed to his father when backsliding about the change-house, were taking some effect. Probably the father occasionally forgot to go home at the proper time, rendering it necessary by such conduct to have a visit from his wife and Archie, while enjoying himself with his cronies. This is what he says on the subject—

Iseabail 's Archie 'n drasda bruidhinn rium
 'S fheudar dhomh 'radha gur saighte 'n dithis iad,
 Iseabail 's Archie 'n drasda bruidhinn rium.

Ma theid mi 'n tigh-osd 's gun glac mi ann stop,
 Mu'n dean mi 'leth ol bithidh 'n toir a' tighinn orm.
 Iseabail 's Archie 'n drasda bruidhinn rium.

But by far the best song that John Grant ever composed was when the big sheep were introduced to Glenmoriston—an innovation in land management, to which he evidently was averse. On this occasion he said, apparently referring in the opening lines to one of the Grants of Glenmoriston, then deceased:—

Deoch slainte 'Choirneil nach maireann,
 'Se 'chumadh seol air a ghabhail;
 Na'm biodh esan os ur cionn
 Cha bhiodh na cruinn air na sparran.

Bhiodh an tuath air an giullachd,
'S cha bhiodh gluasad air duine ;
'S cha bhiodh ardan gun uaisle
'Faotuinn buaidh air a chumand'.

Tha gach nachdaran fearainn
'S an Taobh-Tuath s' air a' mhealladh,
'Bhi 'cur cul ri 'n cuid daoin'
Airson caoraich na tearra.

Bha sinn uair a bha sinn miobhail,
'Nuair bha Frangach cho lionmhor,
Ach ged a thigeadh e 'n raoir,
Cha do thoill sibh 'dhol sios leibh.

Ach na'm biodh aon rud ri tharruinn,
Bhiodh mo dhuil ri 'dhol thairis ;
O'n dh' fhalbh muinntir mo dhuthch'
'S beag mo shunnd ris a' ghabhail.

Bidh mi 'falbh 's cha teid stad orm,
'S bidh mi 'triusadh mo bhagaist';
'S bidh mi comhla ri each
Nach dean m' fhagail air cladaich.

Ach a Rìgh air a' chathair,
'Tha 'nad bhuachaill 's 'na d' Athair ;
Bi do gheard air an treud
'Chaidh air reubadh na mara.

'S ach a Chrìosd anns na Flaitheas,
Glac a stiuir 'na do lamhan ;
Agus reitich an cuan
Gus a sluagh leigeil thairis.

John Grant, however, did not emigrate as many others then did, though he seems to have fostered a lingering desire to leave the Glen at that time, seeing that the management of landed property was anything but promising to men in his station. He reconciled himself to the altered circumstances as best he could. A hymn composed by him on his death-bed, is to be found at page 159 of Archibald Grant's collection of songs. Its matter as a spiritual song is excellent.

Besides Archibald, John Grant had by his wife, Isabella Ferguson, one son and two daughters ; but none of them is known to have possessed the least development of the poetical faculty, except the one. In him was concentrated the whole of that

peculiar characteristic which the family inherited. His mother was quite an ordinary woman, though, as a rule, we find remarkable men having more or less remarkable mothers. There are several of her relations still in the Glen.

From the date of his birth till he attained to manhood, Archibald Grant passed his time in Glenmoriston, but not at school getting his mind informed ; for in that benighted age the education of the young was little or nothing better in the Highlands of Scotland than many centuries previously. In his early manhood, Grant, entertaining a fond desire to become a soldier, joined the Glengarry Fencibles, at that time a body of quasi-volunteers raised by Macdonell, the then chief of Glengarry. The enthusiasm with which Grant entered into the exercises of this regiment was extraordinary. Doubtless his mind was early and forcibly impressed with the glowing tales of war and renowned achievements then current in the Highlands. These, along with the vivid descriptions of continental battles, which he would have listened to from the lips of his father, and the numerous songs sung from mouth to mouth in honour of heroes who flourished in the clan feuds of past times, displayed a tempting imagery of war and its glories, transcendently attractive to one, apparently naturally of a romantic and adventurous disposition. Nothing was so enjoyable to our Bard as the memory and occasional reproduction of the military manœuvres through which he was led in Glengarry ; and after the dispersion of the Fencibles, Grant frequently recreated himself by initiating the young men of his acquaintance in Glenmoriston, on his return thither, in the mysteries of discipline, causing no small merriment at times by his rather unpolished use of martial language.

Grant's stay in Glengarry was but short. His connection with the Fencibles having terminated, he returned to his native country, where he betook himself to tailoring for a means of subsistence. We can hardly conceive that he could have selected any occupation that would be more unpropitious to the exercise and development of poetical talent, than that of which he made a choice ; and perhaps the barrenness of his poetry, so far as observations on natural scenery are concerned, can, in no small degree, be attributed to the comparative confinement which his work necessitated, though certain it is that at that time tailors were entirely different from what they are now in the Highlands. Their system of work then was to go from house to house, attending here and there, as their customers required their services. We believe our Bard never became a very good tailor. His know-

ledge of the then existing fashions did not extend much beyond the making of trousers, and even in that he was rather deficient as an artist. But when supplied with soft, broad home-made cloth, and common stocking-worsted, he could perform his duty more or less to the satisfaction of his customers. There were two reasons on account of which he was employed, when others in his line were perhaps overlooked—first, that in that age people were not so refined in regard to dress as they now are ; second, Grant, on account of the delights experienced from his inexhaustible store of Highland legends, folk-lore, and traditional tales, would have had a double claim upon the patronage of the people. In his days that institution, which has in the past done so much towards the moulding of Highland character, and towards the growth of Highland aspirations—the Ceilidh—was in full swing, and Grant's society was doubtless extensively courted by all lovers of Highland manners and Highland history. Yet, with all these advantages, he does not appear to have hoped for much profit from the tailoring, and, to ensure a more substantial means of earning a livelihood, he commenced to deal a little in the selling and buying of cattle. He frequently refers in his songs to some of his experiences of the markets. From his speculations in this line he might have derived much gain, for, as a rule, he never spent money on the "keep" of his cattle. His policy in regard to this was to leave with the tenants all over the Glen sheep and other animals to feed for him, and I am not aware that they ever questioned his self-created right.

Thus, from market to market, and from house to house, Grant passed year after year of his life. His home was at Aonach where his sister, Catherine, kept house for him, he having never been married. While there his pastime probably was composing lines of poetry on all such subjects as every day's experience brought under his consideration. It is much to be regretted that many of those songs have been entirely lost, but a few fragments, not among his published works, are still heard sung by the older natives of the Glen. If at all able to rise and move about Grant never was known to be absent on the day of collecting the rents. Though he might not have any important business to transact at those meetings, yet he always liked to be present, as he says himself—

A chionn 's gu faighinn fhaotainn
Seasamh 'n taobh an rum ac'—
'S toil le triubhais bhì measg adach—
'S cha 'n e gaol na druthaig ;

Ach dibhearsan agus sgialachd,
 'O 'n is miannach leam e—
 'S dheanainn coir dhe 'n lach a dhioladh
 Gar a fiachainn sugh dhi.

Another motive from which he attended those gatherings was his desire at all times to see and converse with the justly beloved Macphadruig,* whom Grant loved and adored as the incarnation of all that was to him good and beautiful. More than one-half of his poems were composed to the name of this gentleman, who, in return, faithfully reciprocated the feelings entertained towards him by his family chronicler and bard. It may now, indeed, be said that Grant's passion for the esteemed proprietor of Glenmoriston amounted to a considerable weakness; but for this several extenuating excuses could be brought forward. Upon a time, when the rents were being collected at Torgoil, our Bard came the way, and finding that Macphadruig had left for Invermoriston, he exchanged a few words with the factor, who, seemingly did not show the same indulgence towards the Bard as he was wont to get. The following sarcastic lines in retaliation were extemporaneously produced:—

Ni mi cleas amadan Mhicleoid—
 Cha teid mi gu mod gu brath;
 Gun Mhacphadruig a bhi romham,
 Cha b'e ceann mo ghnothach each:
 'S ann air a bha beannachadh Dhia,
 'S cha b'ann air an riabhach 'bha 'na aite:
 Chuir esan 'n teaghlach dhe'u rian
 Mu'n robh e sios air Culnancarn.

These verses roused the ire of the factor, and the Bard, in alarm, apologised in verses to be found at page 120 of his Songs.

Towards the latter end of his life, Grant was attacked by rheumatic pains in his legs, and his sister having died, and he being left alone, removed from Glenmoriston to Stratherrick, where he resided in the house of a niece of his. His departure from his own beloved Glen, to a place in which he was necessarily a comparative stranger, must have cost him many a deep sigh. Glenmoriston was the cradle of his youth, and the world of his maturity; and can we doubt that sweet memories of his existence there entwined themselves around his aged soul as the ivy-

* Mac-Phadruig is the name by which every Chief of the Grants of Glenmoriston is locally known.

branches around a tree? But at that time Glenmoriston, much as he loved it, was partially losing its interest to him. The benevolent and kind-hearted Macphadruig had left it some time previously, and an advancing wave of what we now call civilisation was converting the people somewhat from what they used to be in their relation to poets and poetry.

In Stratherrick Grant lived for some years after his removal there. During that time he composed several songs, but they are all lost. Two years before the time of his own death he heard of the decease of Grant of Glenmoriston at Inverness. It is well known that the Bard composed a lament for his dead patron, which was never even heard in Glenmoriston. Soon thereafter Grant became subject to great confusion of mind. His powers of memory became perfectly useless to him, and, altogether, he was rapidly dissolving. He died in July of 1870, in his eighty-fifth year. When tidings of his death reached Glenmoriston all were struck with grief, as if they had lost a near and dear friend. In due time his remains were brought from Stratherrick and interred in the grave-yard of Clachan-Meirheard, Glenmoriston, where not so much as a stone marks his resting-place.

An trom shuaimhneas
 Fo fhailean uaine,
 Tha corp an uasail
 Gun uaill an tamh ;
 A cheann gun smuaintean,
 'S a bheul gun fhuaim ann ;
 A chridhe gun ghluasad,
 'S gun bhuaidh na' lamh.

With reference to Grant's death, the *Inverness Courier* of 21st July 1870, says:—"Last week the mortal remains of Archibald Grant, the Glenmoriston bard, commonly called Archie Tailleir, were consigned to the grave. He was nearly a century old. The Bard, though totally uneducated, was full of traditional story, could compose very spirited verses of poetry; and his wit, humour, and fun were the delight of his countrymen at all meetings, such as weddings, funerals, christening banquets, and rent gatherings. He was a particular favourite of the late lamented J. M. Grant of Glenmoriston and Moy; and was so well liked in the Glen that he was allowed to graze so many sheep *gratis* on every farm. There is a general *tuineadh* for old Archie—

'Ach thriall e a chadal gu brath
 Gu talla nam bard nach beo.'"

Grant was not a big man ; but was known far and wide for his activity. At athletic sports held in different districts around in his time, he was known to have invariably carried off the first prizes for the long and high jumps. When young and agile, he could at any time jump his own height. His person was altogether ordinarily well formed. His head was proverbially small, but high, somewhat pyramidal in shape. His features were good. He was rather eccentric with regard to his dress. He, as a rule, wore tartan suits, with a large white collar extending down to his shoulders, almost the size of our present cloth tippets. He was exceedingly fond of cleanliness, and possessed a very high estimation of himself; though far from being in the least ignorantly conceited. Though he was never at school, he learned somehow to write his own name. He never ceased deploring the total want of education from which he suffered. His memory was extraordinarily capable, and his acquaintance with old traditions and general folk-lore embraced the most of the leading families in the Highlands. He knew the local history of every district and village around for many generations back.

At home, Grant was usually cheerful, evincing a tendency towards a harmless display of homely wit. This is evidenced by the following lines, which he composed at a time when his sister and a neighbouring old maid were discussing the advisability of their attending a ball that was to take place in the vicinity, it having been in those days rather customary with elderly persons to appear at such entertainments. He, overhearing their remarks, said :—

Tha cailleachan liath a' bhaile so
 A' sior ruith gu ballachan ;
 Tha cailleachan liath a' bhaile so.
 A' stri ri fearaibh oga.

'Nuair 'bhios each 's na rumaichean,
 Ag ol air fion nan tunnaichean,
 'S ann bhios mo chuidsa chruinneagan
 Gun fhuran ann 'sa' chlosaid.

'Nuair 'bhios each gu surdail
 A' stracail feadh nan urlar,
 'Sann 'bhios mo chuidsa 's sgug orra
 'Nan suidhe 'n cuil na moine.

At another time while at home Grant was called upon by a

young man who required him to tailor a pair of trousers. His request was stated as follows:—

Gu ma fada maireann beo thu
 'Dhuine choir agus a thaillear,
 'Sann a thainig mi do d' ionnsiudh
 'S mi le m' thriusair air dhroch caradh ;
 'Chuid di air a bheil na cludan
 'N deigh rusgadh air mo mhasan ;
 Cha 'neil math dhuit m' fhaicinn ruisgte;
 'S bheir mi ionmsuidh air do phaigheadh.

To this the poetical tailor replied:—

Tha thu thein 'do ghille tapaidh
 'S tha mi 'faicinn gur a bard thu,
 'S ma bhios mi na's fhearr de'n chnatan
 Ni mi a' gearradh a maireach.

In society Grant was a commonly pleasant individual; but not, I understand, so liberal with his purse as poets are known everywhere to be. When treated well by others the only duty that he considered incumbent upon him to perform in return was the composition of some lines in praise of them, and in recognition of their kindness. He was at all times, it must be confessed, grateful for the slightest favour shown to him; and almost anything was sufficient to form the subject of a song for him. At a time when he was passing along from the Glen to Invermoriston he fell in with a wood contractor, Mr Elder by name, with whom and his workmen he spent some time rather jollily. These gentlemen must have made a favourable impression upon the Bard, for we find him say of them:—

Daoine nach bu bheag oirnn,
 'Siorramh Dubh 's a Masonach,
 Nam biodh coinneamh eil' againn
 Air coille Mhaighstir Eildear.

But he apparently had a word of remonstrance given him by some old women, and his retort was:—

Bha na cailleachan a bha lamh rium
 Lan creidimh agus crabhaidh ;
 Ach dh' fhaoduinn's a bhi ann am Parras
 'Cheart cho sabhailte ri te dhiubh.

It was probably about the same time that he composed the following lines to the wood-cutters in the Glen, who were making a most unusual noise as he was taking the road:—

'Dol sìos no 'dol suas dhomh
 'Sann a bhobhar iad mo chluasan ;
 'Mar bha 'n airce dha 'bualadh
 'Sann tha'n fhuaim tha'n Craig Bhlairi.

Tha na h-eich air am pianadh
 " 'S paighidh 'feamain am fiarach ;"
 'Chuid nach marbhar le gnìomh dhiubh
 Ni Eas-Iarruraidh am bathadh.

A verse is amissing here, in which the Bard introduces a goblin, whom he supposes to have got so terribly frightened at the great noise as to have made up his mind to remove to another part of the country, where he would be entirely free from its influence—

Ach thubhairt am bochdan 's e 'tionndadh
 Gheibh mi ceartas 'san duthaich ;
 Tha fear Phortlâr air mo chulthaobh
 'N duine duthchasach gradhach.

His readiness in repartee and brilliancy in conversation were of a very high order. He chanced one day to fall into a discussion with the Rev. Mr Macbean, of Fort-Augustus, concerning Highland weddings. Grant upheld that dancing and music were absolute necessities for the general success of a wedding, quoting in support of his contention from Scripture that there was a wedding in Cana of Galilee, at which the Redeemer of mankind was present. To this, however, the preacher objected: "Cha 'n eil an Scriobtar a radha gu'n robh ceol agus danns' air a' bhainis a bha 'sin gu ta," to which the Bard quickly replied: "Cha'n eil e 'radha nach robh."

At another time, on a certain Sunday morning, he happened to meet a Glenmoriston "character" known by the name of "Padruig Taillear." Padruig was just then making his way home from the public-house, considerably the worse of drink ; but being ready-witted, and a child of the muse in a small way, he saluted Grant with the following lines :—

Faillt us furan ort 'Illeasbuig,
 'S duine cleasail thu co dhiu ;
 Ach na'm biodh tu air seisean
 'S mi gu'n seasadh air do chul."

These words took well with Grant apparently, for the reply shows decided good humour. It runs—

“Moran taing dhuit a Phadruig,
 'S duine gradhach thu codliu ;
 Ach a mhead 's a chum thu an t-Sabaid,
 Ghabh thu sacramaid do'n lionn.”

Another of his sayings deserves notice. He was one day coming down the road between the Glen and Invermoriston when he saw a man on horseback riding towards him. For some reason or another he crossed from one side of the road to the other just as the man was passing him. Somewhat displeased at the Bard's conduct, the man asked him why did he not walk along the side of the road on which he was at first, to which the Bard quickly retorted—“Saoil nach fhaod mise 'n rathad a ghabhail air a thars-uinn, agus thusa do 'ghabhail air fhad.”

I now come to his poetical work. A special characteristic of his works is that the most of his songs were inspired by the individual character and actions of men whom he himself admired. We can trace this feature in many more of our bards than one ; and must look upon it as having had its beginning with the family chroniclers of ancient times. Our poets could be divided into a few classes ; among which would be numbered pre-eminently that class, from times immemorial, employed as family historians to our chiefs.

A perusal of Grant's works proves that his *forte* was in praising and describing the virtues and deeds of such men and women as appeared to him great and worthy of his notice. We must not, however, suppose that the virtues of individuals were understood by him as by a Shakespeare or a Pope. A poem revealing the peculiar traits of the human mind, or one even moralising upon the uncertainties of life and the destiny of mankind on earth, would have no audience in the Highlands of Scotland some years ago ; whereas a production tracing a man back ancestrally for generations, linking him with a Goll, a Cuchullin, or a Diarmad, and extolling him for the part that his ancestors and he played on the stage of war, would have met with a most cordial reception from all. This was the criterion by which poetry was judged by our forefathers ; and a poet, to meet the requirements and taste of his age, would have to understand his surroundings, and reconcile himself thereto. Grant naturally composed in the strain which his place and age called forth. Were he living now, probably his book would contain very different matter from what is now to be found within its covers. His book, however, is both entertaining and instructive. No minor

bard can be mentioned whose works show such a thorough knowledge of general Highland history as Grant's. From the mythologies of the Feinn to the legendary and traditional tales of recent dates, he knew almost all, adding thereto a considerable sprinkling of actual Scottish history.

His descriptive faculty is comparatively high, but to a certain extent misapplied. Had he produced a greater number of poems and songs upon the subjects generally embraced in what is classically known as pastoral poetry, I make bold to say that he would have been astonishingly successful. From the efforts that he did make in this direction it is easy to observe that natural scenery, with its many beautiful and glorious manifestations, breathed and spoke to him in that peculiar, heaven-born language only to be interpreted by the gifted poet. Let the following lines, in which the Bard addresses his beloved, and discourses on the magnificence of the hills, woods, and glens of his native country, speak for themselves :—

. . . 'Sa ghleannan uaine sluagh gu'n chas,
An t-nisge dluth a' sputadh blath ;
'Sam barr ga bhuaibh cho luath air fas—
Cho nadurrach 's bu choir dha.

'S an crodh air airidh-samhradh reidh
'S na laoigh 'sa' chro fo sgeod nan geug ;
Gach maduinn driuchd a' bruchdadh fear,
Roimh shleibhtichean nam Mor-eas.

A' bhanachraig og is coire fiamh
'Sa falt mu cluais le guaillean sios ;
Gu lubach fainneach, bharr air sniomh
'S gach ciabh air dhreach an oir dhieth.

.
Na h-eoin a' leum bho mhiar gu miar,
'Sa ribheid fhein a'm beul gach ian ;
'San doire gheugach spreidh ga'n dian,
Is sian cha d' thig na'n coir ann.

.
Cubhag dhubh-ghorm feadh nan gleann
'Seinn gugùg air stuc nam beann ;
'Sa mhan le muirn gu lub nan allt
'S gu abhnaichean nam Mor-eas.

'S ni 'n coileach turraraich moch 'sa' Mhart
 'Sa burrachdail air gach torman ard ;
 'San liath-cheare 's i na fiamh da 'gheard
 Air fairidhean nam Mor eas.

Smudan 's e ri turs 'sa' choill—
 'Sann 'shaoil le each gu'n d' fhas e tinn ;
 'Sa smeorach 's i ri ceol d' a chaoidh,
 'Si 'n duil nach beir i beo air.

'S chit' aig anamoichead nan trath
 Grian a boisgeadh thair gach mam ;
 'S na minn 's na h-uain air spuaic nan caru
 'Sa gárleas mu'n nam Mor-eas.

Yet, even in these verses, it will plainly be seen that more attention is given to animate than to inanimate nature. But this must not be considered a great fault, for a poem touching upon the beauties of the earth, like a landscape painting, is never complete without the introduction of animation into its details.

The love element of Grant's poetry is particularly interesting. He must have been, in common with other poets, extremely susceptible to the influence of feminine beauty; and I have reason to believe that no earthly sight could affect his inmost soul more than a beautiful, fascinating woman. She appeared to him on his own confession—

Mar a' ghrian a bhiodh air sleibhtean,
 'Nuair bhiodh na speuran gun smal orr'
 Beagan mu'n d'thig an oidheche,
 'Us i 'toir boisgeadh air gach bealach.

Numerous quotations could be added, each interesting as throwing light upon the Bard's manner of passing time in the society of the fair sex. They are still living in Glenmoriston whose names are associated with some of the Bard's love adventures.

There remains one conspicuous feature of his poetry still to be referred to, namely, sarcasm. Sarcasm, of itself, is no part of true poetry. Yet, in the mouth of a poet, sarcasm has often been found to prove a powerful weapon for the suppression of corruption and crime. Grant, happily, had no cause to exercise his sarcastic wit particularly for this object, but he always thought it his duty to treat any incident of local interest with that saturation of sarcasm that never fails to take effect where the whole matter is to be understood. From a number of songs composed

from this impulse, I quote a few verses to show his success in this respect. The composition from which they are reproduced concerned an accident which befell three men of his own acquaintance on their return from Falkirk, where they had been attending a cattle market. The accident with which they met was that they lost the steamer in Glasgow, which was to take them home, and this, of course, inconvenienced them much in those days of limited travelling facilities. When the tidings came to the ears of Grant, he was in no way disposed to sympathise with the unlucky trio. He rather took occasion to make the whole country laugh at them, when he said:—

'S ghabh sibh gu port an Glaschu
'Chumail coinneamh ri luchd chasag ;
'Nuair nach d' rug sibh air a' Phacaid
Bha sibh airsnealach gu leor.

'S truagh a dh' eirich do na chaithean
'Bh' air a "Ghlen-Albinn" nach fhac iad ;
'S gun deanadh iad a dh-or a sgapadh
Na dheanadh beairteach e ri 'bheo.

Rachadh iad timchioll na Maoile,
Sud am beachd a bh' aig na daoine,
Gus a faiceadh iad gach ioghnadh
A bha'n taobhsa dhe'n Roinn-Eorp'.

Bha iad a g' inns' ann an tighean
Gu'm bu chloinn iad do Dhiuchd Athol,
'S gun robh iad 'sa' h-uile rathad
'Gabhail aighear agus spors.

'S thainig iad do dh' Inbhiraora,
'S chur Mac Cailean orra faoilte ;
Gun robh carpatan d'a sgaoileadh
Agus aodach air gach bord.

Ach labhair a *waiter* gu h-iargalt'—
"Sann agaibh tha na coin chriona ;
Gar iongantach nach e mial-choin
'Th'aig cloinn iarlaichean air rop."

'S fhreagair iadsa gu briagha,
"Gur e th' againne coin ianaich
Thainig a talmhainnean fiadhaich,
'S cha'n fhac' thu h-aon riabh dhe'n t-seors."

Ach gur e *waite* bu ghlice
'S labhair e re each gun fhios doibh—
“ Cha chreid mi nach fhaic mis 'iad
Anns an Eaglais Bhric le drobh.”

Thainig naigheachd 'an taobh-tuath so
Le cho fad 'sa' bha iad uatha
Gu'n canadh gach neach a chual' e
Nach robh na daoine uaisle beo.

It would be unnecessary for me to expatiate further upon the several other elements constituting Grant's poetry. His patriotism pervades all his works so fully that a paper could be written upon that alone. I now feel that I have said quite enough regarding himself and his songs. Perhaps I should state, however, before concluding, that some useless repetitions and cripple verses apparent in his book are traceable to his utter want of education. His songs were published under great disadvantages. Among other things, an extraordinary feeling of religious belief was taking hold in Glenmoriston just as they were being collected, which proved directly against the success of the undertaking. The book, undoubtedly, contains many grammatical mistakes and printer's errors which could have been avoided. But if we were not possessed of the songs of Archibald Grant, as they are, it is most probable that we should be without them altogether.

3RD MARCH 1886.

On this date Mr Angus Fraser Macrae, 172 St Vincent Street, Glasgow, was elected an ordinary member. Thereafter Mr P. H. Smart, Art Master, Inverness, read the first part of a paper on “Celtic Art.” As Mr Smart is to take up the subject on a future date, we do not give the introductory part in this volume.

10TH MARCH 1886.

On this date Mr William Maccord, Collector of Customs, Inverness, was elected an ordinary member, while Mr Colin Chisholm, factor's office, Highland Railway, was elected an apprentice member.

Thereafter Mr William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, read a paper entitled—

A FAMOUS MINISTER OF DAVIOT, 1672-1726.

In Roman Catholic times the parishes of Daviot and Dunlichity, which were united in 1618, were separate charges, Daviot being what was called a common or mensal church, and Dunlichity a parsonage. After the Reformation the parishes were for a time served by readers, but in 1579 Hugh Gregory was parson of Dunlichity, and since his time the parishes have not, except for an occasional short period at the death or removal of a minister, been without an ordained clergyman.

The Strathnairn lairds early ranged themselves on the side of Protestantism, and the people followed the lairds; but notwithstanding this, old customs died hard, and for a long time darkness and superstition prevailed. Even as late as 23rd November 1643, it was reported to the Presbytery of Inverness "that there was in the Paroch of Dunlichitie ane Idolatrous Image called St Finane, keepit in a private house obscurely," and the brethren of the Presbytery appointed Mr Alexander Thomson, minister of the parish; Mr Lauchlan Grant, minister of Moy; and Mr Patrick Dunbar, minister of Dores, "to try iff possible to bring the said Image the next Presbitrie day." These gentlemen were successful in their search, and on 7th December Mr Thomson "presentit the Idolatrous Image to the Presbitrie, and it was delyverit to the ministers of Inverness with ordinance that it should be burnt at their merkat corse, the next Tuysday, after sermone." It is not clear from this minute, whether Tuesday was a day ordinarily set apart for preaching, or whether the "sermone" was specially ordained to be preached in connection with the discovery and destruction of the image; but in any case poor St Finane was doomed, and at a meeting of Presbytery held in Inverness on 21st December "the ministers of Inverness declairit that according to the ordinance of the Presbitrie the last day, they caused burne the Idolatrous Image at the Merkat Corse, after sermone, upon Tuysday immediately following the last Presbitrie day." How unfortunate it is that it was not preserved for a place of honour in one of our museums!

Mr Thomson, who was the means of the removal of St Finane from his obscure temple, was himself deposed three years later. He was succeeded by the Rev. Alexander Rose, who was succeeded by the Rev. Alexander Fraser, who in his turn gave place, in the year 1672, to the Rev. Michael Fraser, the subject of this paper.

For years previous to Mr Fraser's induction, Episcopacy was

the creed by law established. The people of Daviot and Dunlichity were strongly attached to it, but their minister, Mr Alex. Fraser, who was never an admirer of bishops, latterly openly advocated Presbyterianism, with the result that he got into trouble with the ecclesiastical authorities, and lost his influence over his rough parishioners, among whom he found it difficult to exercise the somewhat strict Church discipline of the time. John Mackintosh, a brother of the Laird of Aberarder, was especially a sore thorn in the minister's flesh. Mackintosh, having incurred the censure of the Church, Mr Alexander was in the year 1671 ordained by the Presbytery to give him three public admonitions from the pulpit, and the first admonition was administered with such good will that—to quote the minister's own words—"immediately after divyn worshipe ye said John Mcintoshe in presence of ye whole congregacione cam and said to him at ye church dore, you base raskall! how durst yee bee so pert as to abuse me yis day? Yee wes too bold to doe it. Yee might have used your own equalls so, and not me." The minister took the gentlemen present to witness; but Mackintosh's Highland pride had been sorely wounded, and instead of apologising, he again addressed the parson—"You base raskall! Think you will I eat my words? Were not for little to mee I wold bruiss your bones!" For these insults and threats the offender was subsequently fined; but no peace came to the minister. His objections to Episcopacy weighed more and more heavily on his conscience, and in May 1672 he resolved to quit his charge. The Presbytery took him in hand, and dealt tenderly with him; but he refused to serve under a bishop, and by September his church was declared vacant. Next month, on 20th October, a letter from the Bishop was read before the Presbytery, proposing Mr Michael Fraser as minister of the united parish. Mr Michael had not at the time gone through the "trials" which were necessary before he could be ordained, but the Bishop desired the Presbytery to accelerate these—"that is to say, that Mr Michael have his common head Wednesday immediate after his addition, and his populare sermon and the tryell of the languages, with his questionarie tryalls, the Presbyterie meeting yreafter. Mr Michael is appointed to have his theses in readiness against the next day, the subject of his commone head being *De peccato originali*."

The young divine speedily passed through these trials to the satisfaction of the Presbytery, and in December Mr Roderick Mackenzie, minister of Moy, was appointed to preach him into the united parishes of Daviot and Dunlichity.

But the Bishop, in presenting him to the incumbency, encroached on the rights of Sir Hugh Campbell of Cawdor, ancestor of the present Earl of Cawdor, and on 26th February 1673, that gentleman appeared personally before the Presbytery at Inverness, and "produced three several charters each of them containing his right of patronage to the Parochin of Dunlechitie, and in respect the saids kirks of Dunlechitie and Daviot are united in ane parochin, alledged this to be his vice of the patronage, and right to present a minister to these united parishes now vacand through the depositione of Mr Alexr. Fraser, late minister yrof, who was presented by the Bishope of Morray, and protested against the admisionne, collatione, and institution of Mr Michael fraser to the saidis united kirks or cure." Campbell offered to present the Rev. Donald Macpherson, minister of Cawdor, to the vacant charge; but the moderator declared that Mr Michael would be admitted minister of the parish on 4th March 1673, and accordingly on that date he was so admitted in presence of a considerable number of the brethren, who were ordered to attend "to bear witness to his admisionne."

The Thane of Cawdor, however, was not prepared to submit to these high-handed proceedings; and in the end the Bishop yielded, and on 4th June the following letter was read at a meeting of the Presbytery:—

"ELGINE, 25th April 1673.

"Reverend Breyrn,

"If I had seen the Laird of Calders right sooner to the patronage of Dunlechitie, it might possiblie have prevented some of our differs anent the planting of that kirk. But now having seen the Laird of Calder's forsd right (and out of our desyre to settle things amicablie), I thought fitt to show you that I have resolved and promised to remove Mr Michael Fraser, betwixt and the fifteenth day of October next, that the Laird of Calder may present ane other the next vice to the united kirks of Dunlechitie and Daviot, and this is not to derogate from Mr Michael, or to inferr any blame on him, who is found to be sufficientlie qualified.

—Your affectionat broyr in Christ,

MURDO, Bp. of Morray.

But Mr Michael acted his part so well that before October he made a place for himself in the affection of the people, and Cawdor, having gained his point, presented him anew to the charge. The Presbytery visited Daviot on 9th September, when the gentle

men and elders of the parish reported of him that they were very well satisfied with him in doctrine, discipline, life, and conversation. Mr Michael returned the compliment to the elders, and "they were exhorted to continue in well-doing, in hopes to receive the crown of righteousness." These notices reveal pleasant relations between the clergyman and his people, and these relations continued during his long and troubled incumbency of fifty-four years.

No sooner was Fraser safely settled than he left the parish on a visit to his brother Robert, who was an Advocate in Edinburgh, and so long did he remain away that he was called before the Bishop and sub-Synod at Elgin in November 1674, and ordered to be publicly rebuked before his congregation on 27th December. But the congregation was not so exacting as congregations are now-a-days, and the rebuke had very little effect. The minister left them very much to the freedom of their own will—frequently absenting himself from the parish, and devoting his time more to his favourite study of painting than to the teaching of his flock. Evil rumours reached the Presbytery of the sad state of the parish, and a visitation was ordered to be made on 11th May 1675; but the parishioners were perfectly satisfied with the freedom which they were enjoying, and when the Brethren met at Daviot "ther cam no elders or people present from neither of the paroches except Donald Macbain, of Faily." This slight was reported to the Bishop, by whose order the Presbytery again visited the parish on 9th November. But this trip was not more successful than the last, for the only parishioners present were Angus Mackintosh of Daviot, Lachlan Mackintosh of Aberarder, Duncan Macphail of Inverarnie, and the faithful Donald Macbain of Faily. These gentlemen "declared that the visitatione was intimated be their minister two severale Lord's Days, but in respect of the shortness of the day, and this day being the terme day of Martimes, that they could get none of the people to keep this diet, and so intreated the Presbytrie to prorogate their visitation to summer, when the day is at the lenth, and that all the people will be most willing to keep any diet then, and especially if they meet in the parish of Dunlechitie."

"The brethren taking this slighting of their meeting to consideration," ordered such of their number as were to attend the ensuing meeting of the Synod on 24th November, to report the matter. This they did, and it being suspected that the minister's love of art was in some way accountable for the sad state of affairs in the parish, he was enjoined by the Synod, in time coming

to "abstaine from all limning and painting, quhich hitherto has diverted him from his ministerial employments." It is to be hoped, however, that the parson did not obey this injunction too implicitly, and that, without neglecting his ministerial duties, he found time to limn such pictures as were a source of pleasure to himself and his parishioners.

In January 1676 Mr Michael informed the Presbytery that the Bishop had left it to the brethren to decide when to attempt another visitation of the parish. The brethren, however, had had too much experience to again appoint a day without consulting the people, and on 21st June the Moderator was instructed "to wryt to the heritors of Daviott and Dunlechety to know what tyme they may conveniently keep the appoynted visitation at Dunlechety, and to return ther answer to the next Presbytery, lest the brethren as formerly travell there in vayne." The reply, which was read at the next meeting—19th July—is striking:—"Seeing they are necessitat to abyd in the glens to shelter and keep ther bestiall and goods ffrom the Lochaber and Glencoarobbers, yt it is impossible for either the gentlemen, elders, or people to keip the said visitation untill att least yr harvest be done, and then they will unanimous meit at Dunlechety any dyett the Presbytery appoynts, and in the mean tyme before the said visitation meitt, yt the heritors are willing to meitt with a select number from ye Presbytery, that a forsable way may be taken for a manse to ther minister qreby hee may bee encouraged to reside still amongst them."

The manse question was an urgent one, for there was no place of rest for the minister in the parish. At a previous meeting, the Presbytery ordered him "to reside in his parish of Daviot, and to build a chamber for himselfe to that effect;" but the order was not obeyed. The Presbytery now, as suggested by the heritors, appointed a committee, consisting of the Rev. James Fraser, Kirkhill (the author of the Wardlaw Manuscript), and several others to meet the heritors at Gask, and confer with them as to the immediate erection of a manse; but the heritors would not appoint a day, alleging that they were "busie about ther harvest," and at last the Presbytery themselves appointed the first Tuesday in October. This meeting, however, does not appear to have been held; but on 7th November the long delayed visitation took place at Dunlichity. A somewhat sad state of matters was disclosed. The minister had not celebrated the Lord's Supper since his entry to the parish, and he did not reside in the parish for the reason that "he had not a manse to lodge

in." The heritors, however, intimated that they had resolved to build a manse at Daviot, and "that they are content to stent themselves for building of a sufficient manse in the sowme of three hundred merks [about £16. 6s. sterling] in hand befor the work be begun, as also to furnish upon their own expenses men and horses to lead all the timber to Daviot from Strathspey or Inverness, beside the hewen work yt is requisit to be in the house. This condescendence satisfied the minister, who was to build the manse himself upon the receipt of the money," and "the bretheren exhorts both minister and heritors to fulfill their engagements, herein that the minister may dwell and reside among his people." Whether the heritors contributed the three hundred merks, or whether the minister received the money and found some other use for it, I am unable to say; but in any case the arrangement was not carried into effect, and, as we shall see, the manse was not erected till 1681, when the Presbytery went about it themselves in the usual manner.

In the year 1678 Mr Michael got into trouble with the Bishop, who suspended him for a time, but he was restored to his parish, and on 10th May 1681, the Presbytery met at Daviot, for the purpose of "appretiating" a manse. As it may interest some of you to know how this was gone about in the olden time I shall quote the minute. "Having met with such heretors as were there present, [the brethren] all went to the parish church of Daviot, qr after invocation of ye Lord's name, the Moderator enquired the minister of the place if he had given timeous intimation and advertisement to the parishioners of the said meeting; answered affirmative; as also the heritors, elders, and deacons present confirmed the same. The Moderator enquired further if he had brought with him massons, carpenters, smiths, glasiars, and oyr workmen usually called for apretiation of manses; answered affirmatively; the which workmen being all present were deeply sworne one by one with uplifted hands to deale uprightlie and honestlie in ye said appretiation according to their skill and knowledge, all this being done with consent of the herietors present nemine contradicente. The Moderater tooke instrument in Hector Fraser Notar Publick's hand, and ye said workmen were immediately thereafter directed to the said manse with the said notar as clerk, to appretiat the samen." And the workmen having thus estimated the cost of the manse, the amount was allocated on the heritors, and the work proceeded with.

Early in 1682 the Bishop started on a tour of inspection through his extensive diocese, and on 16th May he and the

brethren of the Presbytery of Inverness visited Daviot. The list of the office-bearers of the united parishes, as given up to his lordship, is interesting. The elders were—Lachlan Mackintosh of Aberarder; Fergus Mckillvray of Dounmaglash; Alexr. Mckintoshie of Fàrr; Eun Mckpherson of Flichity; Robert Shaw of Tordarroch; John Mckintosh in Elrig; Angus Mckphail in Inverarmy; William Mckilvray in Lergs; Donald Mckbean of Falzie; Donald Mckbean, younger of Falzie; and six others; while the deacons numbered six, including an Alexander Mackay. The result of the Bishop's enquiries as to the state of the parish was not satisfactory. The minister had still an itch for wandering away from the parish; the church was ruinous "wanting thack in some places, the windows not glassed;" there were no "necessaries for the Lord's supper;" there was no schoolmaster "because there was no incuragement for one, nor no mediat centricale place qr they could fix a schoole to the satisfaction of all concerned;" and the only really hopeful feature in the report is that the church officers "caried soberly and Christianly as they ought, and faithful in their duty."

As soon as the Bishop departed, Mr Michael thought he would take another holiday, and on this occasion he travelled into England, where he remained for a considerable time. After his return he apparently remained quiet until the troublous times which immediately preceded the Revolution of 1688. Mr Angus Macbean, one of the ministers of Inverness, and son of Macbean of Kinchyle in our vicinity, began in the year 1687 to have some doubts as to the scriptural authority of Episcopacy; and after he had absented himself from several meetings of Presbytery it is minuted on 3rd August that he "did disown the Government of the Church of Scotland as it is now established by law, by Archbishops, Bishops, and Presbyters." The Rev. Mr Marshall, Inverness, and Mr Michael were appointed to confer with Mr Macbean, and endeavour to make him return to his Episcopalian ways; but Mr Macbean was obdurate, and, accused of beginning a schism in Inverness, which is described as "one of the most loyall, orderly, and regular cities in the nation," proceedings were taken against him under the special direction of Mr Michael, who was sent to Edinburgh in February 1688 to lay the matter before the Archbishop of St Andrews. At a Presbytery meeting on 7th March a letter is read from Fraser "showing him to be actively going about the affair entrusted to him," and on the 27th of the same month, another letter from him is submited enclosing an Act deposing Mr Macbean as a minister

of the Gospel. The Act, which is given at length in the Presbytery Records, is a very interesting document, but it is beyond the scope of my paper to enter into it. Mr Michael worked zealously for his church, but its fall was near. The last meeting of the Inverness Presbytery of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, as by law established, was held on 19th September 1688, when our minister preached a sermon on the text "Therefore, brethren, we were comforted over you in all our affliction and distress, by your faith." But the comfort was shortlived. In a few weeks the Prince of Orange landed in England, and before the end of December established Episcopacy in Scotland, and the ancient Stuart dynasty came to a common end.

Immediately after the Revolution, Presbyterianism was re-established, and Mr Alexander Fraser, the old minister of Daviot, claimed the incumbency. Mr Michael, however, firmly refused to remove. In 1694 the parish was declared vacant by the Committee of Assembly; but Mr Michael cared little for such declarations, and he adhered to his people, who, in their turn, loyally stood by him; and in spite of all opposition he continued the *de facto* minister of the united parishes till his death in 1726. A strong Jacobite and a keen Episcopalian, he never ceased to hope for the return of the old kings, and the restoration of his beloved Church. In 1715 it appeared as if his dreams were to be realised. Early in September of that year the Earl of Mar had his famous hunting, at which James, son of the now deceased King James the Second, was proclaimed King; and in a few weeks the Earl had a considerable army ready to fight for the old line. Among the first to rise were the Mackintoshes, who, under their Chief, and the famous Brigadier Mackintosh of Borlum, seized Inverness on the 13th September, and took possession of such public money and arms as they could find. Next day The Mackintosh, who claimed the services of the tenants on the estate of Culloden, wrote to Mrs Forbes of Culloden in the following terms:—"You cannot be a stranger to the circumstances I have put myself in at the tyme, and the great need I have of my own men and followers wherever they may be found, wherefor I thought fitt, seeing Culloden is not att home, by this line to entreat you to put no stopp in the way of these men that are, and have been, my followers upon your ground. Madamae, your compliance in this will very much oblige your most humble servant, L. Mackintosh." And then, he significantly adds, by way of postscript—"If what I demand will not be granted, I hope I'll be excused to be in my duty." But such threats had no effect on the lady of Culloden, and she refused The Mack

intosh's demand, and on the 17th he and his forces appeared before her house and laid siege to it. They were here joined by Mr Michael Fraser, who, though sixty-five or seventy years of age, could not sit by his fire-side while such good work was being done for the cause which he had so much at heart. I cannot tell you of the part he took in the struggle better than by quoting the account contained in the records of Presbytery meetings held after the war came to an end.

On 13th November 1716 "several ministers of the Presbytery represented that they were informed by good hands that Mr Michael Fraser, incumbent at Daviot, not only was openly disaffected to his Majesty King George, but that ever since the late happy Revolution he avowed his enmity at our happy Constitution; that he neglected in the publick worship to pray for our former sovereigns King William and Queen Mary, and Queen Anne, when these sovereigns were upon the throne, and that he never prays for King George in publick, nor his Royal family, though required by law. Yea, to let all the world know his enmity at our Constitution, he joined the rebels at the house of Culloden, upon the seventeen and eighteen days of September 1715 years, whom he aided and comforted with his presence and advice, in giving them most wicked, savage, inhuman, and barbarous council, and that he was the bearer of a most insolent and treasonable message to the Lady Culloden, threatening the said Lady, if she did not surrender and give up the house of Culloden to Mackintosh, who commanded the rebels that invested the house the saids days, that Mackintosh would certainly take it by storm, that all her people would be plundered, their houses would be burnt, their corns destroyed, and cattle driven, and that many of the best of her men might be taken or killed in the storming of the house; that the lands of Culloden ought to pay homage to the Laird of Mackintosh, being sold by his predecessors to Culloden's predecessors with that express burden: that all the fencible men should be the followers of Mackintosh when he had use for them, and now Mackintosh had use for them to serve the King; and reckoned that prudence and compassion on the poor people which he thought the Lady did not want, should oblige her to surrender and send out her men with arms and provisions with the said Mackintosh, otherwise ruine was unavoidable, seeing she had not a sufficient force to hold out against the beseigers, with a great many other things too long here to be inserted."

The Presbytery ordered Mr Michael to be served with a libel,

and summoned before them at next meeting; and also ordered witnesses to be cited. And on 4th December the trial of "Michael Fraser, Intruder at Daviot," proceeded. The accused objected to the proposed witnesses, on the ground that they were servants and tenants of the Laird of Culloden, who vowed "that he would do what in him lay to be alike with him;" but after a long discussion the Presbytery resolved to admit their evidence, whereupon Mr Fraser left the meeting. The evidence of the witnesses was, however, taken. William Forbes, cousin german to the Laird of Culloden, after being "sworn and purged of malice and partial council, deponed that he saw the said Mr Michael Fraser coming from Mackintosh to the gates of Culloden upon the seventeen day of September 1715, in company with young Caloichie (Kyllachy), and that knocking at the gate, he demanded access, which was denied him by the deponent and others; upon which he desired to speak with my lady, who being informed, came accordingly to the gate; and the deponent declares that the said Mr Michael spok to the lady through one of the gun holes, in manner following, to wit, that he was sent by Mackintosh to desire her ladyship to send out of the house these that were of Mackintosh clan, with fifty stand of arms and twenty bolls of meal, and that she should send out immediately a barrel of ale, and bread conform, to supply Mackintosh men who were standing before the house in arms—all which the lady absolutely refused."

This evidence was corroborated by other witnesses, one Logie Cumming deponing that he heard Mr Michael say "that the Laird of Mackintosh insisted on three demands, namely, four men out of each Daugh (Davoeh) of the Lands of Culloden, conform to use and wont; and having noticed that there was a great many arms in the Castell of Culloden, desired fifty guns; and being likewise informed that there was abundance of victuall in the said house, demanded some meal to be provision for his men for some days"—thus showing not only that The Mackintosh claimed the services of his clansmen, according to clan customs, no matter on whose lands they resided, but also that, as superior of the lands of Culloden, he in terms of the ancient feudal law of military tenure, insisted on the services of a certain number of men for a certain measure of land.

Mr Michael evidently saw that the decision of the Presbytery was to be against him, and he therefore thought it expedient to make a show of submission; and he promised to resign on the condition "that when the Presbytery should be in readiness to

settle the said parish with a man agreeable to the Presbytery, he should give way without trouble or disturbance." With this the Presbytery was satisfied, and the proceedings came to an end. He was apparently left unmolested until February 1721, when certain complaints were made against him, and against the ministers of Dores and Glen-Urquhart, who were also Episcopalians. Again the matter was brought up on 5th September 1721, when it was resolved to make a Presbyterial visitation of Daviot on 3rd October—Mr James Leslie, minister, of Moy, being appointed to preach at Daviot on 17th September, and intimate the visitation; and Mr Farquhar Beaton, Croy, to perform the same duties at Dunlichity on 1st October. These gentlemen met with a warm reception. Mr Leslie reports:—

"Upon the 17th of September 1721, I came to the church of Daviot prepared to preach there, according to appointment, at the ordinary time. I began worship, having but a very few hearers, the body of the congregation sitting at a hill-side near the church. As I proceeded in worship I was interrupted, and the hearers disturbed, by the throwing of stones in at the door, windows, and through the open roof of the church. Whereupon, being obliged for our safety to remove, I continued the rest of the divine worship in a corner of the church-yard, with no small disturbance and hazard, both to myself and hearers."

"Upon the first day of October," reports Mr Beaton, "I repaired to the Church of Dunlichity, prepared to preach there according to appointment; and considering what maltreatment Mr Leslie met with at Daviot, and suspecting that few of the parishioners of Dunlichity would attend worship, some of my own parishioners followed me to that place. With some difficulty I gott access to the church, and had no sooner begun worships than by stones thrown in, the pulpit was broke about me, and some of my parishioners wounded. Being obliged to remove for our safety, we were assaulted by a multitude of men and women, with swords, staves, and stones, some of our number wounded, and others barbarously beaten."

This was something to daunt the bravest spirit; but the members of Presbytery still ventured within the bounds of the troublesome parish, and met at Daviot on 3rd October, where they were met by the heritors, wadsetters, and other parishioners, including the Laird of Mackintosh, William Mackintosh of Aberarder, Farquhar Macgillivray of Dunmaglass, Angus Shaw of Tordarroch, Donald Macbean of Faillic, Angus Macintosh of Culclachie, the Laird of Flichity (whose name is not given), and

“great numbers of the parishioners.” The Presbytery explained to the people that they had come “to confer with them ament the expeditious and comfortable settlement of a gospel minister in these united parishes, which they must look upon as legally vacant;” and referred to the act of the Committee of Assembly in 1694, and Mr Michael’s demission in 1717. Dunmaglass, on behalf of the parishioners, answered that Mr Michael had been their minister “without having aught to say against him since his incumbency,” and craved that he should be left with them; and the minister himself gave in a paper arguing that the parish had never been properly declared vacant, and that he was no intruder. The Presbytery, looking to the treatment which Messrs Leslie and Beaton had received, and probably dreading violence themselves, adjourned to meet next day at Inverness; and at this second meeting Mr Michael presented a petition, in which, after a discussion of the questions at issue, he “intreats the reverend brethern to take his age and great family and mean circumstances in the world, and the law troubles he met with from Provost Clarke and as yet by his representatives, so to heart as to give him some time in his foresaid charge, which, by the course of nature, cannot be long.”

The meeting, after long deliberation, appointed the ministers of Inverness to lay the whole circumstances before Mr Duncan Forbes, advocate, (afterwards the well-known Lord President), who was then at Culloden, and to obtain his opinion and advice, and for that purpose to lay before him an extract of the Committee’s Act of 1694, which found Daviot vacant. But the fates were evidently on the side of the poor old minister. The Moderator wrote to Edinburgh for an extract of the Act of 1694, but the reply received was that no such extract could be given, as the minutes of the Committee were destroyed by fire in 1701. At meeting after meeting, the case was brought up without any progress being made; while on 6th February 1722 a letter was read from The Mackintosh and sundry other gentlemen of the parish, “earnestly intreating the Presbyteries forbearance with Maister Michael Fraser, and obliging themselves to an active concurrence with the Presbytery in the event of his death, which, now in the course of nature, cannot be long.” The Presbytery resolved to report the matter to the next Synod “and in the meantime they appoint Mr Macbean and Mr Shaw in name of the Presbytery to write to the Laird of Mackintosh a return to the said letter, and remonstrate to him the usage and rude treatment” given to the minister in the previous harvest.

This is the last reference I find to the case in the records of the Presbytery. The poor old minister stuck to his charge till April 1726, when, after a stormy career of fifty-four years in the parish, death gave the summons against which there is no appeal. Let us hope that the last four years of his life, during which the records are quiet regarding him, were really a period of peace and comfort to him. His death, however, did not bring about the anticipated peace in the parish; for, when the Rev. Lachlan Shaw of Cawdor (the historian of the Province of Moray), went to declare the church vacant on 22nd May 1726, he had to report to the Presbytery "that he found great numbers, some in the churchyard, others in the open fields, with the kirk door locked, the key carried off, and could not be found; while the people behaved so rudely that he could not worship in the churchyard without being disturbed by them; and so returned home." Long after his death the memory of kind Mr Michael remained green in the parish; and it is only by his enthusiasm in the cause of Episcopacy, and his great influence over his people, that we can account for the fact that, contrary to the rule in other parts of the Highlands, from his time until now Strathnairn has not been without a considerable number of native Gaelic-speaking Episcopalian within its bounds.

Mr Fraser not only "limned and painted," but he also made a small venture in literature, by publishing a sermon on "Christ's Kingdom." Of his six sons and five daughters, one son—Robert—took to the sea, and on board the war ship "Pearle" fought for that King for whom his father refused to pray.

17TH MARCH 1886.

On this date Dr Ogilvie Grant, Inverness, was elected an ordinary member of the Society; and after transacting some routine business, Mr John Macdonald, supervisor, Dingwall, read the following paper on

SMUGGLING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The origin of distillation is surrounded by doubt and uncertainty, like the origin of many other important inventions and discoveries. Tradition ascribes it to Osiris, the great god, and, perhaps, the first King of Egypt, who is said to have reclaimed the Egyptians from barbarism, and to have taught them agriculture and various arts and sciences. Whether the tradition be true or

not, all will admit the beauty and fitness of the conception which ascribed to the gods the glory of having first revealed to poor humanity the secret of distilling the water of life, as *aqua vitæ* or uisge-beatha, whose virtues, as a source of solace, of comfort, of cheer, and of courage, have been so universally recognised and appreciated. Truly, such a gift was worthy of the gods.

But however beautiful the tradition of Osiris, and however much in accord with the eternal fitness of things the idea that the gods first taught man the art of distillation, a rival claim has been set up for the origin of the invention. It does not require a very lively imagination to picture some of the gods disrelishing their mild nectar, seeking more ardent and stimulating drink, visiting the haunts of men after the golden barley had been garnered, and engaging in a little smuggling on their own account. But even this reasonable view will not be accepted without challenge. The *Britannica Encyclopedia*, in its article on alcohol—not written by Professor Robertson Smith—states that the art of separating alcohol from fermented liquors, which appears to have been known in the far East, from the most remote antiquity, is supposed to have been first known to and practised by the Chinese, whence the knowledge of the art travelled westward. Thus we find the merit of the invention disputed between the gods and the Chinese. I am myself half inclined in favour of the "Heathen Chinese." That ingenious people who, in the hoariest antiquity, invented the manufacture of silk and porcelain, the mariner's compass, the art of block-printing and the composition of gunpowder, may well be allowed the merit of having invented the art of distilling alcohol. Osiris was intimately connected with the agriculture of Egypt, and among the Chinese, agriculture has been honoured and encouraged beyond every other species of industry. So that if the Egyptian grew his barley, the Chinaman grew his rice, from which the Japanese at the present day distil their saké. Instead of being an inestimable blessing bestowed by the gods, it is just possible that the art of distilling alcohol, like the invention of gunpowder, may be traced to the heathen Chinese, and may be regarded as one of the greatest curses ever inflicted on mankind. Where doctors differ, it would be vain to dogmatise, and on such a point every one must be fully persuaded in his own mind. Whether we can agree as to alcohol being a blessing or a curse, we can agree that the origin of distillation is at least doubtful, and that, perhaps, no record of it exists.

Early mention is made in the Bible of strong drink as distinguished from wine. Aaron was prohibited from drinking wine

or strong drink when going into the Tabernacle. David complains that he was the song of the drinkers of strong drink. Lemuel's mother warns her son against the use of strong drink, and advises him to "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto him that is heavy of heart. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more" - words which, with characteristic tact and unerring good taste, our own National Bard used as motto for "Scotch Drink," and paraphrased so exquisitely :—

"Gie him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair ;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care ;
There let him bouse and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves and debts,
An' minds his griefs no more."

But the strong drink of the Bible was not obtained by distillation. The Hebrew word "Yayin" means the wine of the grape, and is invariably rendered "wine," which was generally diluted before use. The word "Shechár," which is rendered "strong drink," is used to denote *date wine* and *barley wine*, which were fermented liquors sufficiently potent to cause intoxication, and were made by the Egyptians from the earliest times. The early Hebrews were evidently unacquainted with the art of distillation.

Muspratt states that there is no evidence of the ancients having been acquainted with alcohol or ardent spirits, that, in fact, there is every reason to believe the contrary, and that distillation was unknown to them. He quotes the case of Dioscorides, a physician of the time of Nero (A.D., 54-68) who in extracting quicksilver from cinnabar, luted a close cover of stoneware to the top of his pot, thus showing that he was unacquainted with the method of attaching a receiver. *Muspratt* further states that neither poets, historians, naturalists, nor medical men make the slightest allusion to ardent spirits. This is more significant as the earliest poets and historians make constant references to wine and ale, dilate on their virtues, and describe the mode of their manufacture.

The Egyptians, however, are said to have practised the art of distillation in the time of Dioclesian (A.D. 204-305), and are supposed to have communicated it to the Babylonians and Hebrews, who transmitted it westward to the Thracians, and Celtae of

Spain and Gaul; but it was unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans. The distillation of aromatic waters is said to have been known from very remote times to the Arabians. The word "alcohol" is Arabic, meaning originally "fine powder," and becoming gradually to mean "essence," "pure spirit," the "very heart's blood," as Burns says of John Barleycorn. You remember the exclamation of poor Cassio when he sobered down after his drunken row—"O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!" We have now got a name for the intoxicating element of fermented liquors, and call it *alcohol*, which may go some way to prove that the Arabians were early acquainted with the art of distillation. A rude kind of still, which is yet employed, has been used for distilling spirits in Ceylon from time immemorial, and Captain Cook found among the inhabitants of the Pacific Islands a knowledge of the art of distilling spirits from alcoholic infusions.

It is said the art was first introduced into Europe by the Moors of Spain about 1150. Abucasis, who lived about that time, is spoken of as the first western philosopher who taught the art of distillation, as applied to the preparation of spirits. In the following century Arnoldus de Villa Nova, a chemist and physician, describes distilled spirit, and states that it was called by some the "water of life;" and about the same time Raymond Lully, a chemist, noticed a mode of producing intoxicating spirit by distillation. But for my purpose the most interesting fact is that shortly after the invasion of Ireland by Henry II. in 1170, the English found the Irish in the habit of making and drinking *aqua vitæ*. Whether the Irish Celts claim to have brought the knowledge of the art from their original seat in the far East, or to have more recently received it from Spain I do not know, but, without having access to purely Irish sources of information, this is the earliest record I find of distilled spirits having been manufactured or used in the British Islands. Whether Highlanders will allow the Irish claim to Ossian or not, I fear it must be allowed they have a prior claim to the use of whisky.* *Uisge-beatha* is no doubt a literal translation of the Latin *aqua vitæ* (water of life), supposed to be a corruption of *acqua vite* (water of the vine). "The monasteries being the archives of science, and the original dispensaries of medicine, it is a natural surmise that the term *acqua vite* was there corrupted into the Latin and universal appellation, *aqua vitæ* (water of

* My attention has been called to the fact that in Mr Skene's "Four Ancient Books of Wales," the Gael are in some of the 6th or 7th century poems called "distillers," "furnace distillers," "kiln-distillers."

life) from its salutary and beneficial effects as a medicine ; and from the Latin tongue being the general conveyancer of scientific discovery, as well as of familiar correspondence, the term *aqua vite* may have crept into common use to signify an indefinite distilled spirit, in contradistinction to *acqua vite*, the mere extract of the grape."—(*Muspratt*.) Whisky is simply a corruption of the Gaelic *uisge* or *uisge-beatha*. The virtues of Irish whisky, and directions for making it, both simple and compound, are fully recorded in the Red Book of Ossory, compiled about 500 years ago. Uisge-beatha was first used in Ireland as medicine, and was considered a panacea for all disorders. The physicians recommended it to patients indiscriminately, for preserving health, dissipating humours, strengthening the heart, curing colic, dropsy, palsy, &c., and even for prolonging existence itself beyond the common limit. It appears to have been used at one time to inspire heroism, as opium has been used among the Turks. An Irish knight, named Savage, about 1350, previously to engaging in battle ordered to each soldier a large draught of *aqua-vite*. Four hundred years later we find Burns claiming a similar virtue for Highland whisky :—

“ But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is royal George’s will,
An there’s the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.”

And again in that “ tale of truth,” “ Tam o’ Shanter ”—

“ Wi’ tippenny we fear nae evil ;
Wi’ usquebae we’ll face the devil.”

A similar idea is expressed in Strath-mathaisidh’s Gaelic Song, “ Comunn an Uisge-bheatha : ”—

“ Bidh iad làn misnich ’us cruadail,
Gu h-aigiontach brisg gu tuasaid,
Chuireadh aon fhlichead ’san uair sin
Tearlach Ruadh fo’n chrùn duinn.”

By this time you are wondering what has become of the smugglers and Highland whisky. Although I did not expect to find that Adam, who, of course, spoke Gaelic and was no doubt a thorough Highlander, had engaged in smuggling outside the walls of Eden, or that the plucky Maclean, who sailed a boat of his own at the Flood, had an anchor of good old Highland whisky on

board, yet, when I innocently undertook to write this paper, I must admit that I was under the impression that there was some notice of Highland whisky long before the 12th century. I had in view Ossian, sometime in the third or fourth century, spreading the feast and sending round the "shell of joy" brimming with real Highland uisge-beatha, "yellowed with peat reek and mellowed with age." After some investigation, I am forced to the conclusion that the Fingalians regaled themselves with *ale* or *mead*, not with whisky. There is nothing to show that they had whisky. The "shell of joy" went round in stormy Lochlin as well as in streamy Morven, and we know that ale was the favourite drink of the Scandinavians before and after death. "In the halls of our father, Balder, we shall be drinking ale out of the hollow skulls of our enemies," sang fierce Lodbrog. The scallop-shell may seem small for mighty draughts of ale, but our ancestors knew how to brew their ale strong and, as to the size of the shell, we learn from Juvenal that in his time shells were used by the Romans for drinking wine. Egyptian ale was nearly equal to wine in strength and flavour, and the Spaniards manufactured ale of such strength and quality that it would keep for a considerable time. However anxious to believe the contrary, I am of opinion that Ossian's shell was never filled with real uisge-beatha. But surely, I thought, Lady Macbeth must have given an extra glass or two of strong whisky to Duncan's grooms at Inverness, when they slept so soundly on the night of that terrible murder. I find that she only "drugged their possets," which were composed of hot milk poured on *ale* or sack, and mixed with honey, eggs, and other ingredients. At dinner the day after the murder Macbeth calls for *wine*,—"give me some wine, fill full:" so that wine, not whisky, was drunk at dinner in Inverness 800 years ago. There is no mention of whisky in *Macbeth*, or for centuries after, but we may safely conclude that a knowledge of the process of distillation must have been obtained very early from Ireland, where whisky was distilled and drunk in the twelfth century.

At a very remote period Highlanders made incisions in birch trees in spring, and collected the juice, which fermented and became a gentle stimulant. Most of us, when boys, have had our favourite birch tree, and enjoyed the *fon*. The Highlanders also prepared a liquor from the mountain heath. Lightfoot, in his *Flora Scotica*, (1777) says—"Formerly the young tops of the heather are said to have been used alone to brew a kind of ale, and even now I was informed that the inhabitants of Islay and Jura still continue

to brew a very potable liquor by mixing two-thirds of the tops of heather to one-third of malt. It is a matter of history that Britain was once celebrated for honey, and it is quite probable that, when in full bloom and laden with honey, a fermentable infusion could be obtained from heather tops. Alcohol cannot, however, be obtained except from a saccharine basis, and I fear that any beverage which could have been extracted from heather itself must have been of a very teetotal character. Mixed with malt something might be got out of it. Now heather is only used by smugglers in the bottom of their mash-tun for draining purposes. I have often wondered whether Nature intended that our extensive heaths should be next to useless. The earliest mention of the drinking and manufacture of whisky in the Highlands is found in the famous "Statutes of Icolm-Kill" which were agreed to by the Island Chiefs in 1609. The Statutes, as summarised in Gregory's *Western Highlands and Islands*, are quoted in Mackenzie's *History of the Macdonalds*. "The fifth Statute proceeded upon the narrative, that one of the chief causes of the great poverty of the Isles, and of the cruelty and inhuman barbarity practised in their feuds, was their inordinate love of strong wines and aqua-vitæ, which they purchased partly from dealers among themselves, partly from merchants belonging to the mainland. Power was, therefore, given to any person whatever to seize, without payment, any wine or aqua-vitæ imported for sale by a native merchant; and if any Islander should buy any of the prohibited articles from a mainland trader, he was to incur the penalty of forty pounds for the first offence, one hundred for the second, and for the third the loss of his whole possessions and moveable goods. It was, however, declared to be lawful for an individual to brew as much aqua-vitæ as his own family might require; and the barons and wealthy gentlemen were permitted to purchase in the Lowlands the wine and other liquors required for their private consumption."

For some time after this, claret appears to have been the favourite drink. The author of *Scotland Social and Domestic*, states that notwithstanding the prohibition of 1609 against the importation and consumption of wine, the consumption of claret continued, and the Privy Council in 1616 passed an "Act agans the drinking of Wynes in the Yllis," as follows:—

"Forsamekle as the grite and extraordinar excesse in drink-
ing of wyne commonlie vsit amangis the commonis and tenentis of
the yllis is not onlie anc occasioun of the beastle and barbarous
cruelties and inhumaniteis that fallis oute amangis thame to the

offens and displeasour of God and contempt of law and justice, bot with that it drawis numberis of thame to miserable necessite and powertie sua that they ar constraynit quhen they want of thair nichtbouris. For remeid quhairof the Lords of Secret Counsell statvtis and ordains, that nane of the tenentis and commonis of the Yllis sall at ony tyme heirefter buy or drink ony wyne in the Yllis or continent nixt adiacent, vnder the pane of twenty poundis to be incurrit be every contravenare *toties quoties*. The ane half of the said pane to the King's Maiestie and the vther half to their maisteris and landislordis and chiftanes. Commanding heirby the maisteris landislordis and chiftanes to the sadis tenentis and commonis euery ane of thame within thair awine boundis to sie thir present act preceislie and inuolablie kept, and the contravenaris to be accordingle pvnist and to vplift the panis of the contravenaries to mak rekning and payment of the ane half of the said panes in Maiesteis exchequir yierlie and to apply the vther half of the saidis panes to thair awne vse."

In 1622 a more stringent measure was passed, termed an "Act that nane send wyne to the Ilis," as follows:—

"Forsamekle as it is vnderstand to the Lordis of secreit counsell that one of the cheiff caussis whilk procuris the continewance of the inhabitants of the Ilis in their barbarous and inciuile form of leeing is the grite quantitie of wyne yeirlye caryed to the Ilis with the vnsatiabile desire quhair of the saidis inhabitants are so far possesst, that quhen their arryvis ony ship or other veshell thair with wyne they spend bothe dayis and nightis in thair excesse of drinking, and seldome do they leave thair drinking so lang as thair is ony of the wyne rest and sua that being overcome with drink thair fallis out money inconvenientis amangis thame to the brek of his Maiesteis peace. And quhairas the cheftanes and principallis of the clannis in the yllis ar actit to take suche ordour with thair tenentis as nane of thame be sufferit to drink wyne, yitt so long as thair is ony wyne caryed to the Ilis thay will hardlie be withdrane from thair evil custome of drinking, bot will follow the same and continew thairin whensoever thay may find the occasioun. For remeid quhairof in tyme comeing the Lordis of secreit Counsell ordanis lettres to be direct to command charge and inhibite all and sindrie marsheantis, skipparis and awnaris of shippis and veshells, be oppin proclamation at all places neidful, that nane of them presoume nor tak vpon hand to carye and transporte ony wyne to the Ilis, nor to sell the same to the inhabitants of the Ilis, except se mekle as is allowed to the principall chiftanes and gentlemen of the Ilis, vnder the

pane of confiscatioun of the whole wyne so to be caryed and sauld in the Ilis aganis the tenour of this proclamatioun, or els of the avall and pryceis of the same to his Maiesties vse."

"These repressive measures," the author continues, "deprived the Hebrideans of the wines of Bordeaux, but did not render them more temperate. They had recourse to more potent beverages. Their ancestors extracted a spirit from the mountain heath; they now distilled *usque-beatha* or whisky. Whisky became a greater favourite than claret, and was drunk copiously, not only in the Hebrides, but throughout the Highlands. It did not become common in the Lowlands until the latter part of the last century. The Lowland baron or yeoman who relished a liquor more powerful than claret formerly used rum or brandy."

Whisky was little used among the better classes for upwards of a hundred years after this. "Till 1780," says the same author, "claret was imported free of duty, and was much used among the middle and upper classes, the price being about fivepence the bottle. Noblemen stored hogsheads of claret in their halls, making them patent to all visitors, guests received a cup of wine when they entered, and another on their departure. The potations of those who frequented dinner-parties were enormous; persons who could not drink remained at home. A landlord was considered inhospitable who permitted any of his guests to retire without their requiring the assistance of his servants. Those who tarried for the night, found in their bedrooms a copious supply of ale, wine, and brandy to allay the thirst superinduced by their previous potations. Those who insisted on returning home were rendered still more incapable of prosecuting their journeys by being compelled, according to the inexorable usage, to swallow a *deoch-an-doruis*, or stirrup-cup, which was commonly a vessel of very formidable dimensions."

That claret was the favourite drink among the better classes to the end of last century is remarkably corroborated by Burns's song of "The Whistle"—

"The dinner being over the claret they ply,
And every new cork is a new spring of joy."

The competitors having drunk six bottles of claret each, Glenriddle, "a high-ruling elder, left the foul business to folks less divine." Maxwellton and Craighdarroch continued the contest and drank one or two bottles more, Craighdarroch winning the whistle. Burns is said to have drunk a bottle of rum and one of brandy during the contest. There is a Highland story which would make a good companion to the foregoing Lowland picture. The time is

much later, perhaps sixty years ago, and the beverage whisky. The laird of Milnair, near Alness, visited his neighbour the laird of Nonikiln. Time wore on, and the visit was prolonged until late at night. At last the sugar got done, and toddy is not very palatable without sugar. In those days no shop was nearer than Tain or Dingwall, and it was too late to send anywhere for a supply. Convivialities were threatened with an abrupt termination, when a happy thought found its way into Nonikiln's befogged brain. He had bee-hives in the garden, and honey was an excellent substitute for sugar. A skep was fetched in, the bees were robbed, and the toddy bowl was replenished. The operation was repeated until the bees, revived by the warmth of the room, showed signs of activity, and stung their spoilers into sobriety. Dr Aird, Creich, I understand, relates this story with great gusto.

There can be no doubt that till the latter part of last century, wine, ale, rum, and brandy were more used than whisky. Ian Lom, who died about 1710, in his song "Moch 's mi 'g eiridh 'sa Mhaduinn" mentions "gucagan fion," but makes no reference to whisky. Lord Lovat having occasion to entertain 24 guests at Beaufort in 1739, writes—"I have ordered John Forbes to send in horses for all Lachlan Macintosh's wine, and for six dozen of the Spanish wine."—(Transactions, Vol. XII). Colonel Stewart of Garth writing about 1820, says—"Till within the last 30 years, whisky was less used in the Highlands than rum and brandy, which were smuggled from the West Coast. It was not till the beginning, or rather towards the middle of last century that spirits of any kind were so much drank as ale, which was then the universal beverage. Every account and tradition go to prove that ale was the principal drink among the country people, and French wines and brandy among the gentry. Mr Stewart of Crossmount, who lived till his 104th year, informed me that in his youth strong frothing ale from the cask was the common beverage. It was drunk from a circular shallow cup with two handles. Those of the gentry were of silver, and those used by the common people were of variegated woods. Small cups were used for spirits. Whisky house is a term unknown in Gaelic. A public-house is called Tigh-Leanne, *i.e.*, ale house. In addition to the authority of Mr Stewart, I have that of men of perfect veracity and great intelligence regarding everything connected with their native country. In the early part of their recollections, and in the time of their fathers, the whisky drank in the Highlands of Perthshire was brought principally from the Lowlands. A ballad composed on an ancestor of mine in the reign of Charles I., describes the laird's jovial and hospit-

able manner, and along with other feats, his drinking a brewing of ale at one sitting. In this song whisky is never mentioned, nor is it in any case, except in the modern ballads and songs."

Here is a verse of it:—

Fear Druim-a'-charaidh,
 Gur toigh leis an leann ;
 'S dh'oladh e 'n togail
 M' an togadh e 'cheann.

All the evidence that can be gathered goes to show that the manufacture and use of whisky must have been very limited until the latter part of last century. This is clearly shown by the small quantities charged with Excise duty. On Christmas day 1660, Excise duty was first laid on whisky in this country, the duty in Scotland being 2d., 3d., and 4d., per gallon according to the materials from which the spirits were made. No record exists of the amount of duty paid until 1707, when it amounted only to £1810 15s. 11d., representing about 100,000 gallons, the population being 990,000. No record of the quantity charged exists until 1724, when duty was 3d. and 6d. In that year 145,602 gallons were charged, the duty amounting to £3504. 12s. 10d., the population being little over one million. Last year the population was 3,866,521, the gallons of whisky charged 6,629,306, and the duty £3,314,680. 10s. Since 1724, 160 years ago, the population of Scotland has increased nearly four times, the quantity of spirits charged for home consumption forty-five times, and the amount of duty over nine hundred and forty-seven times. In proportion to population, the people of Scotland are now drinking eleven times as much whisky as they did 160 years ago, so that our forefathers must have been much more temperate than we are, must have drunk more foreign wines and spirits or ale, or must have very extensively evaded the Excise duty.

Although much of the whisky manufactured at this time must have been distilled on a small scale within the homes in which it was consumed, there is early mention of public distilleries. In 1690 reference is made to the "Ancient Brewery of Aquavity," on the land of Ferintosh, and there is no reason to doubt that Ferintosh was the seat of a distillery before the levying of the Excise duty in 1660. The yearly Excise of the lands of Ferintosh was farmed to Forbes of Culloden in 1690, for 400 merks, about £22, and the history of the privilege is interesting. As in later times, Forbes of Culloden sided with the Revolution party, and was of considerable service in the struggle which led to

the deposition of James II., he was consequently unpopular with the "Highland Rebels," as the Jacobites were termed by the loyalists, and during his absence in Holland, his estate of Ferintosh, with its "Ancient Brewery of Aquavity" was laid waste, in October 1689, by a body of 700 or 800 men, sent by the Earl of Buchan and General Cannon, whereby he and his tenants suffered much loss. In compensation for the losses thus sustained, an Act of Parliament farming to him and his successors the yearly Excise of the lands of Ferintosh, was passed as follows:—

At Edinburgh, 22nd July 1690.

Our Sovereign Lord and Ladye, the King and Queen's Majesties and the three Estates of Parliament:—Considering that the lands of Ferintosh were an Ancient Brewery of Aquavity; and were still in use to pay a considerable Excise to the Thesaury, while of late that they were laid waste of the King's enemies; and it being just to give such as have suffered all possible encouragement, and also necessary to use all lawful endeavours for upholding of the King's Revenue; Therefore their Majesties and the Estates of Parliament for encouragement to the possessors of the said Lands to set up again and prosecute their former Trade of Brewing and pay a duty of Excise as formerly; Do hereby Ferm for the time to come the Yearly Excise of the said lands of Ferintosh to the present Heritor Duncan Forbes of Culloden, and his successors Heritors of same for the sum of 400 merks Scots, which sum is declared to be the yearly proportion of that annuity of £40,000 sterling payable for the Excise to his Majestie's Exchequer. The brewing to commence at the term of Lambas next to come, and payment to be made to the ordinary Collector of Excise for the Shyre of Inverness." Another Act was passed in 1695 continuing and confirming the privilege, after the Excise was "raised off of the Liquor and not of the Boll?"

The arable lands of Ferintosh extended to about 1800 acres, and calculating 5 bolls of barley to the acre, and a profit of £2 per boll, the gain must have been considerable. Mr Arnot states that more whisky was distilled in Ferintosh than in all the rest of Scotland, and estimates the annual profit at about £18,000. Such a distinguished mark of favour, and so valuable a privilege were sure to raise envy against a man who was already unpopular, and we find the Master of Tarbat complaining to Parliament, *inter alia*:—

"That Culloden's tack of Excise wrongs the Queen's Revenue in 3600 merks per annum.

“That his tack of Excyse wrongs his neighbours, in so far as he can undersell them, and monopolise the brewing trade.

“That his loss was not above a year’s rent.”

In answer Culloden states :—

“That he understands the meaning of the Act to be for what grows on his own lands.

“That whatever grain shall be carried from any place into his land (except it be to eat or sow), shall be lyable to Excyse.

“That the amount of the loss sustained by himself and tenants was £54,000 Scotch, as ascertained by regular proof.”

After the establishment of a Board of Excise in 1707, frequent representations were made to the Treasury to buy this right, in consideration of the great dissatisfaction it created among the distillers, who did not complain without cause, as in 1782 the duty paid was £22, while according to the current rate of duty £20,000 should have been paid. (*Owens.*) These representations prevailed, and the Act 26, G. III., cap. 73, sec. 75, provided for the purchase as follows :—

“Whereas Arthur Forbes of Culloden, Esq., in the county of Inverness, is possessed of an exemption from the duties of Excise, within the lands of Ferintosh under a certain lease allowed by several Acts of Parliament of Scotland, which exemption has been found detrimental to the Revenue and prejudicial to the distillery in other parts of Scotland, enacted That the Treasury shall agree with the said Arthur Forbes upon a compensation to be made to him in lieu of the exemption, and if they shall not agree, the barons of Exchequer may settle the compensation by a jury, and after payment thereof, the said exemption shall cease.”

In 1784 the Government paid £21,000 to Culloden, and the exemption ceased after having been enjoyed by the family for nearly a century. Burns thus refers to the transaction in “Scotch Drink,” which was written in the following year—

“Thou Ferintosh! O sadly lost!
 Scotland laments frae coast to coast!
 Now colic grips and barking hoast
 May kill us a’;
 For loyal Forbes’ chartered hoast
 Is ta’en awa!”

The minister of Dingwall, in his account of the parish, written a few years after the abolition of the exemption, tells that during the continuance of the privilege, quarrels and breaches of

the peace were abundant among the inhabitants, yielding a good harvest of business to the procurators of Dingwall. When the exemption ceased, the people became more peaceable, and the prosperity of attorneyism in Dingwall received a marked abatement. (Dom. An. of Scot., Vol. III.)

Colonel Warrant, who kindly permitted me to peruse the Culloden Acts, stated that the sites of four distilleries can be still traced in Ferintosh. An offer of £3000 recently made for permission to erect a distillery in the locality was refused by Culloden, who feared that such a manufactory might be detrimental to the best interests of the people. Although there is no distillery, nor, so far as I am aware, even a smuggler in the locality, an enterprising London spirit-dealer still supplies real "Ferintosh," at least he has a notice in his window to that effect. This alone is sufficient to show how highly prized Ferintosh whisky must have been, and we have further proof in Uilleam Ross' "Moladh an Uisge-Bheatha" (1762-90):—

"Stuth glan na Toiseachd gun truailleadh,
 Gur ioc-shlaint chòir am beil buaidh e;
 'S tu thogadh m' inntinn gu suairecas,
 'S cha b'e druaid na *Frainge*."

And again in his "Mac-na-Bracha"—

Stuth glan na Toiseachd gun truailleadh,
 An ioc-shlaint is uaisle t'ann;
 'S fearr do leigheas na gach lighich,
 Bha no bhitheas a measg Ghall.
 'Stoigh leinn drama, lion a' ghlaine,
 Cuir an t-searrag sin a nall,
 Mac-na-brach' an gille gasda,
 Cha bu rapairean a chlann.

The duty had been 3d. and 6d. per gallon from 1709 to 1742. It had been raised gradually until in 1784, when the Ferintosh exemption ceased, it was 3s. 11¼d. and 15 per cent., the gallons charged in that year being 239,350, and the duty paid £65,497. 15s. 4d., the population being 1,441,808. Owing to the difficulty and cost of collection in the thinly populated portions of Scotland, the duties, while low, had been farmed out for periods not exceeding three years. Mr Campbell of Islay farmed the Excise Revenue of that island for a small sum as late as 1795, and even so late as 1804 the Commissioners were wont to receive lists of the names of persons recommended by the heritors of the Highland parishes, from

which they elected two persons for each parish, to supply the parochial consumption from spirits distilled from corn grown in the vicinity. But prior to these dates the general farming of the duties had ceased, the Commissioners took the management in their own hands, and, as the duty was gradually increased, it was levied and collected by their own officers, much to the inconvenience and discontent of the people. A graphic picture of the state of matters caused by the high duties and stringent regulations is given by Burns, in his "Earnest Cry and Prayer," written in 1785, a year after "Forbes' chartered boast was taen awa"—

"Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On Aqua-vitæ,
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

"Paint Scotland greeting owre her thistle ;
Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whistle,
An' —— Excisemen in a bussle,
Seizin' a still,
Triumphant crushin't like a mussle
Or lampit shell.

"Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard *Smuggler** right behind her,
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
Colleagung join,
Picking her pouch as bare as winter
Of a' kind coin.

"Tell you guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's,
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's
Nine times a week,
If he some scheme like *tea* and *winnocks*,
Wad kindly seek."

No doubt the poet's strong appeal helped the agitation, and before the end of the year the duty was reduced to 2s. 7½d., at which it remained for two years. Matters, however, were still

* "Smuggler" is here used in its proper sense—one who clandestinely introduces prohibited goods, or who illicitly introduces goods which have evaded the legal duties. Although popularly used, the term "Smuggler" is not correctly applicable to an illicit distiller.

unsatisfactory as regards the Revenue. The provisions of the law were not only inadequate, but the enactments were so imperfectly carried out that the duty was evaded to a considerable extent. With the view of facilitating and improving collection, Scotland was divided in 1787 into Lowland and Highland districts, and duty charged according to the capacity of the still instead of on the gallon. When we are again about to divide Scotland for legislative purposes into Lowland and Highland districts, it is interesting to trace the old boundary line which was defined by the Act 37, G. III., cap. 102, sec. 6, as follows:—

“A certain line or boundary beginning at the east point of Loch-Crinan, and proceeding from thence to Loch-Gilpin; from thence along the great road on the west side of Lochfine, to Inverary and to the head of Lochfine; from thence along the high road to Arrochar, in county of Dumbarton, and from thence to Tarbet; from Tarbet in a supposed straight line eastward on the north side of the mountain called Ben-Lomond, to the village of Callendar of Monteith, in the county of Perth; from thence north-eastward to Crieff; from thence northward along the road by Amblree, and Inver to Dunkeld; from thence along the foot and south side of the Grampian Hills to Fettercairn, in the county of Kincardine; and from thence northward along the road to Cutties Hillock, Kincardine O’Neil, Clatt, Huntly and Keith to Fochabers; and from thence westward by Elgin and Forres, to the boat on the River Findhorn, and from thence down the said river to the sea at Findhorn, and any place in or part of the county of Elgin, which lies southward of the said line from Fochabers to the sea at Findhorn.”

Within this district a duty of £1. 4s. per annum was imposed upon each gallon of the still’s content. It was assumed that a still at work would yield a certain annual produce for each gallon of its capacity. It was calculated that so much time would be required to work off a charge, and the officers took no further trouble than to visit the distilleries occasionally, to observe if any other stills were in operation, or if larger ones were substituted for those which had been already gauged. The distillers soon outwitted the Excise authorities by making improvements in the construction of their stills, so that instead of taking a week to work off a charge, it could be worked off in twenty-four hours, afterwards in a few hours, and latterly in eight minutes. These improvements were carried so far that a still of 80 gallons capacity could be worked off, emptied, and ready for

another operation in three and a-half minutes, sometimes in three minutes. A still of 40 gallons could be drawn off in $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, until the amount of fuel consumed and consequent wear and tear, left it a matter of doubt whether the distiller was a gainer (*Muspratt*.) To meet those sharp practices on the part of distillers, the duty was increased year after year until in 1814 it amounted to £7. 16s. 0 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per gallon of the still's content and 6s. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., two-thirds additional on every gallon made. This mode of charging duty made it so much the interest of the distiller to increase the quantity of spirits by every means possible, that the quality was entirely disregarded, the effect being a large increase of illicit distillation consequent upon the better flavour and quality of the spirits produced by the illicit distiller. In sheer desperation the Government in 1814 (54, G. III., cap. 173, sec. 7), prohibited the use of stills of less capacity than 500 gallons, a restriction which increased the evil of illicit distillation. Colonel Stewart of Garth clearly shows how the Act operated.—

“ By Act of Parliament, the Highland district was marked out by a definite line, extending along the southern base of the Grampians, within which all distillation of spirits was prohibited from stills of less than 500 gallons. It is evident that this law was a complete interdict, as a still of this magnitude would consume more than the disposable grain in the most extensive county within this newly drawn boundary; nor could fuel be obtained for such an establishment without an expense which the commodity could not possibly bear. The sale, too, of the spirits produced was circumscribed within the same line, and thus the market which alone could have supported the manufacture was entirely cut off. Although the quantity of grain raised in many districts, in consequence of recent agricultural improvements, greatly exceeds the consumption, the inferior quality of this grain, and the great expense of carrying it to the Lowland distillers, who by a ready market, and the command of fuel, can more easily accommodate themselves to this law, renders it impracticable for the farmers to dispose of their grain in any manner adequate to pay rents equal to the real value of their farms, subject as they are to the many drawbacks of uncertain climate, uneven surface, distance from market, and scarcity of fuel. Thus hardly any alternative remained but that of having recourse to illicit distillation, or resignation of their farms and breach of their engagements with their landlords. These are difficulties of which the Highlanders complain heavily, asserting

that nature and the distillery laws present unsurmountable obstacles to the carrying on of a legal traffic. The surplus produce of their agricultural labour will therefore remain on their hands, unless they incur an expense beyond what the article will bear, in conveying to the Lowland market so bulky a commodity as the raw material, and by the drawback of prices on their inferior grain. In this manner, their produce must be disposed of at a great loss, as it cannot be legally manufactured in the country. Hence they resort to smuggling as their only resource. If it be indeed true that this illegal traffic has made such deplorable breaches in the honesty and morals of the people, the revenue drawn from the large distilleries, to which the Highlanders have been made the sacrifice, has been procured at too high a price for the country."

Matters became so grave, that in 1814 and 1815 meetings of the county authorities were held in the Highlands, and representations made to the Government pointing out the evil effects of the high duties on spirits, and the injudicious regulations and restrictions imposed. Among other things it was pointed out that the Excise restrictions were highly prejudicial to the agricultural interests of the Highlands. In face of so many difficulties the Government gave way, and in 1815 the distinction between Highlands and Lowlands, and the still duty were discontinued, but the high duty of 9s. 4½d. per gallon was imposed. In 1816 stills of not less than 40 gallons were allowed to be used with the view of encouraging small distillers, and next year the duty had to be reduced to 6s. 2d., but illicit distillation was carried on to such extent, that it was considered necessary, as the only effective means of its suppression, to further reduce the duty to 2s. 4d. in 1823. In that year there were 14,000 prosecutions in Scotland for illicit distillation and malting; the military had to be employed for its suppression, and revenue cutters had to be used on the West Coast. Later on, riding officers were appointed.

It is difficult to conceive the terrible amount of lawlessness, of turbulence, of loss and injury connected with such a state of matters, and cases are known where not only individuals but communities never recovered temporal prosperity after successful raids by the military, cutters and gaugers. But matters had fortunately reached their worst, and illicit distillation has since gradually decreased until very recently. The reduction of the spirit duty, the permission to use smaller stills, and the improvement in the Excise laws and regulations removed the principal causes which led to illicit distillation. The high duty operated as a bounty to the illicit distiller, and its reduction reduced his

profits. The permission to use smaller stills encouraged farmers and others with limited capital, who could not erect large distilleries, to engage in a legitimate trade on a small scale, which afforded a ready market for barley of local growth, and provided whisky for local consumption. The relaxation of the Excise regulations led to an improvement in the quality of the whisky made by the licensed distiller, and the quality was further improved by the permission in 1824 to warehouse duty free, which allowed the whisky to mature prior to being sent into consumption. These and minor changes led to the decrease in smuggling in the Highlands shown in the following list of detections :—

In 1823	there were	14,000	detections	Duty	6s 2d to 2s 4d
In 1834	"	692	" ...	duty	3s 4d
In 1844	"	177	" ...	"	3s 8d
In 1854	"	73	" ...	"	4s 8d
In 1864	"	19	" ...	"	10s 0d
In 1874	"	6	" ...	"	10s 0d
In 1884	"	22	" ...	"	10s 0d

The decrease in illicit distillation since 1823, concurrent with the large increase in the spirit duties, is a remarkable proof of the great improvement which has taken place in the morals of the Highland people. The change has been due to various causes, but mainly to the spread of education, and the influence of enlightened public opinion. In some cases the landlords and clergy used their influence direct, the former embodying stringent clauses in the estate leases against illicit distillation, and the latter refusing church privileges to those engaged in smuggling, as in the Aultbea district of Gairloch parish by the Rev. Mr Macrae and the Rev. Mr Noble. In a few localities the smuggler's means were exhausted by the frequent seizures made by energetic officers.

As might have been expected, there has gathered round the mass of lawlessness represented by the foregoing list of detections a cluster of stories of cunning and daring, and wonderful escapes, which casts a ray of interest over the otherwise dismal picture. From a large number that are floating about, I can only give a few representative stories, but I see present several gentlemen who can easily supply the deficiency from well-stocked repertoires.

After a School Board meeting held last summer, in a well-known parish on the West Coast, the conversation turned on smuggling, and one of the lay members asked one of the clerical members "Did not good, pious men engage in these practices in times gone by?" "You are right, sir, far better men than we

have now," replied the Free Kirk minister. This is unfortunately true as the following story will prove. Alasdair Hutcheson, of Kiltarlity, was worthily regarded as one of the *Men* of the North. He was not only a pious, godly man, but was meek in spirit and sweet in temper—characteristics not possessed by all men claiming godliness. He had objections to general smuggling, but argued that he was quite justified in converting the barley grown by himself into whisky to help him to pay the rent of his croft. This he did year after year, making the operation a subject of prayer that he might be protected from the gaugers. One time he sold the whisky to the landlord of the Star Inn, down near the wooden bridge, and arranged to deliver the spirits on a certain night. The innkeeper for some reason informed the local officer, who watched at Clachnaharry until Alasdair arrived about midnight with the whisky carefully concealed in a cart load of peats. "This is mine," said the officer, seizing the horse's head. "*O Thighearna! bhrath thu mi nu dheireadh,*" ejaculated poor Alasdair, in such an impressive tone that the officer, who was struck by his manner, entered into conversation with him. Alasdair told the simple, honest truth. "Go," said the officer, "deliver the whisky as if nothing had happened, get your money, and quit the house at once." No sooner had Alasdair left the Inn than the officer entered, and seized the whisky, before being removed to the cellar. I would recommend this story to the officers of the present day. While they ought not to let the smuggler escape, they should make sure of the purchaser and the whisky. There can be no doubt that "good, pious" men engaged in smuggling, and there is less doubt that equally good, pious men--ministers and priests—were grateful recipients of a large share of the smuggler's produce. I have heard that the Sabbath work in connection with malting and fermenting weighed heavily upon the consciences of these men. A remarkable instance of straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel.

John Dearn was a man of different type, without any pretension to piety, and fairly represents the clever, unscrupulous class of smugglers who frequently succeeded in outwitting the gaugers. John was very successful, being one of the few known to have really acquired wealth by smuggling. He acted as a sort of spirit dealer, buying from other smugglers, as well as distilling himself. Once he had a large quantity of spirits in his house ready for conveyance to Invergordon to be shipped. Word came that the officers were searching in the locality, and John knew his premises would receive marked attention. A tailor who was in the habit of working from house to house happened

to be working with John at the time. Full of resource as usual, John said to the tailor, "I will give you a boll of malt if you will allow us to lay you out as a corpse on the table." "Agreed," said the plucky tailor, who was stretched on the table, his head tied with a napkin, a snow-white linen sheet carefully laid over him, and a plate containing salt laid on his stomach. The women began a coronach, and John, seizing the big Bible, was reading an appropriate Psalm, when a knock was heard at the door. "I will call out," said the stretched tailor, "unless you will give me two bolls," and John Dearg was done, perhaps, for the first time in his life. John went to the door with the Bible and a long face. "Come in, come in," he said to the officers, "this is a house of mourning—my only brother stretched on the board!" The officers apologised for their untimely visit, and hurried away. "When did John Dearg's brother die?" enquired the officer at the next house he called at. "John Dearg's brother. Why, John Dearg had no brother living," was the reply. Suspecting that he had been outwitted, the officer hurried back, to find the tailor at work, and all the whisky removed and carefully concealed.

A good story is told of an Abriachan woman who was carrying a jar of smuggled whisky into Inverness. The officer met her near the town and relieved her of her burden. "Oh, I am nearly fainting" groaned the poor woman, "give me just one mouthful out of the jar." The unsuspecting officer allowed her the desired mouthful, which she cleverly squirted into his eyes, and she escaped with the jar before the officer recovered his sight and presence of mind.

The following story told me by the late Rev. John Fraser, Kiltarlity, shows the persistence which characterised the smugglers, and the leniency with which illicit distillation was regarded by the better classes. While the Rev. Mr Fraser was stationed at Erchless shortly before the Disruption, a London artist, named MacLain, came North to take sketches for illustrating a history of the Highlands then in preparation. He was very anxious to see a smuggling bothy at work, and applied to Mr Robertson, factor for The Chisholm, "If Sandy M'Gruar is out of jail," said the factor, "we shall have no difficulty in seeing a bothy." Enquiries were made Sandy was at large, and, as usual, busy smuggling. A day was fixed for visiting the bothy, and MacLain, accompanied by Mr Robertson, the factor, and Dr Fraser of Kerrow, both Justices of the Peace, and by the Rev. John Fraser, was admitted into Sandy's sanctuary. The sketch having been finished, the factor said

"*Nach eil dad agad Alasdair?*" Sandy having removed some heather produced a small keg. As the four worthies were quaffing the real mountain dew, the Rev. Mr Fraser remarked. "This would be a fine haul for the gaugers—the sooner we go the better." It was the same Sandy who, on seeing a body of Excise officers defile round the shoulder of a hill, began counting them—*uon, dha, trì*, but on counting seven his patience became exhausted, and he exclaimed, "*A Tighearna, cuir sgrìos orra!*" A Tain woman is said to have had the malt and utensils ready for a fresh start the very evening her husband returned home from prison. Smugglers were treated with greater consideration than ordinary prisoners. Their offence was not considered a heinous one, and they were not regarded as criminals. It is said that smugglers were several times allowed home from Dingwall jail for Sunday, and for some special occasions, and that they honourably returned to durance vile. Imprisonment for illicit distillation was regarded neither as a disgrace, nor as much of a punishment. One West Coast smuggler is said to have, not many years since, suggested to the Governor of the Dingwall jail, the starting of smuggling operations in prison, he undertaking to carry on distillation should the utensils and materials be found. Very frequently smugglers raised the wind to pay their fines, and began work at once to refund the money. Some of the old lairds not only winked at the practice, but actually encouraged it. Within the last thirty, if not twenty years, a tenant on the Brahan estate had his rent account credited with the price of an anchor of smuggled whisky, and there can be no doubt that rents were frequently paid directly and indirectly by the produce of smuggling. One of the old Glenglass smugglers recently told Novar that they could not pay their rents since the black pots had been taken from them.

Various were the ways of doing the unpopular gaugers. A cask of spirits was once seized and conveyed by the officers to a neighbouring inn. For safety they took the cask with them into the room they occupied on the second floor. The smugglers came to the inn and requested the maid who attended upon the officers to note where the cask was standing. The girl took her bearings so accurately, that by boring through the flooring and bottom of the cask, the spirits were quickly transferred to a suitable vessel placed underneath, and the officers were left guarding the empty cask. An augur hole was shown to me some years ago in the flooring at Bogroy Inn, where the feat was said to have been performed, but I find that the story is also claimed for Mull. Numerous clever stories are claimed for several localities.

An incident of a less agreeable nature ended fatally at Bogroy Inn. The officers made a raid on the upper end of Strathglass, where they discovered a large quantity of malt concealed in a barn, which the smugglers were determined to defend. They crowded behind the door, which was of wicker-work—*dorus-caoil*—to prevent its being forced open by the gaugers. Unable to force the door, one of the officers ran his cutlass through the wicker work, and stabbed one of the smugglers, John Chisholm, afterwards called *Ian Mor na Garvaig*, in the chest. Fearing that serious injury had been done, the officers hastened away, but, in the hurry, one of the men fell over a bank, and was so severely trampled upon and kicked by the smugglers, that he had to be conveyed to Bogroy Inn, where he died next day. Ian Mor, who only died a few months ago, showed me the scar of the wound on his chest. He was another man who had gained nothing by smuggling.

Time would fail to tell how spirits, not bodies, have been carried past officers in coffins and hearses, and even in bee-hives. How bothies have been built underground, and the smoke sent up the house lum, or how an ordinary pot has been placed in the orifice of an underground bothy, so as to make it appear that the fire and smoke were aye for washing purposes. At the Falls of the Orrin the bothy smoke was made to blend judiciously with the spray of the Falls so as to escape notice. Some good tricks were played upon my predecessors on the West Coast. The Melvaig smugglers openly diverted from a burn a small stream of water right over the face of a high cliff underneath which there was a cave inaccessible by land, and very seldom accessible by water. This was done to mislead the officers, the cave being sea-washed, and unsuitable for distillation. While the officers were breaking their hearts, and nearly their necks, to get into this cave, the smugglers were quietly at work at a considerable distance. On another occasion the Loch-Druing and Camustrolvaig smugglers were at work in a cave near the latter place, when word reached them that the officers were coming. Taking advantage of the notoriety of the Melvaig smugglers, a man was sent immediately in front of the officers, running at his hardest, without coat or bonnet in the direction of Melvaig. The ruse took, and the officers were decoyed past the bothy towards Melvaig, the smugglers meanwhile finishing off and removing their goods and utensils into safe hiding.

After dinner, Tom Sheridan said in a confidential undertone to his guests, "Now let us understand each other; are we to drink

like gentlemen or like brutes?" "Like gentlemen, of course," was the indignant reply. "Then," rejoined Tom, "we shall all get jolly drunk, brutes never do." A Glen-Urquhart bull once broke through this rule. There was a bothy above Gartalic, where the cattle used to be treated to draff and burnt ale. The bull happened to visit the bothy in the absence of the smuggler, shortly after a brewing had been completed, and drank copiously of the fermenting worts. The poor brute could never be induced to go near the bothy again. Tom Sheridan was not far wrong.

I am surprised to find so little reference to whisky and smuggling in our modern Gaelic poetry and literature. There is no reference in earlier writings. In fact, both are more indebted to Burns for their popularity than to any of our Highland writers. Dugald Buchanan (1716-1768) has a reference to drinking in his celebrated "Claigeann." Rob Donn (1724-1812) has "Oran a Bhotuil," and "Oran a Bhrannaidh." Allan Dall (1750-1829) has "Oran do'n Mhìsg," Uilleam Ross (1762-1790) has "Moladh an Uisge-Bheatha," and Mac-na-Bracha, and Fear Strath-mhathasaidh has "Comunn an uisge-Bheatha." But their songs are not very brilliant, and cannot be compared with Burns' poems on the same subject. Highland whisky and smuggling do not appear to hold a befitting place in Highland song and literature.

We have seen that the manufacture and consumption of whisky on an extensive scale in the Highlands is comparatively recent. So far as can be ascertained, the quantity was not large even 100 years ago. Since the beginning of the 17th century the Highland people were in the habit of distilling in their homes for their own private use, and no doubt to this practice is due to a great extent the prevalence of illicit distillation among them at one time. As late as 1859 every household was allowed to have a bushel of malt for making ale, and cottagers are to be again exempted from the brewing licence recently imposed upon them. Such a privilege as the Ferintosh exemption must have exercised an evil influence among the people. They must have looked upon illicit distillation as a very venial offence when Government would grant permission to manufacture whisky practically duty free. As a rule spirits were distilled from the produce of their own lands, and the people being simple and illiterate, ignorant alike of the necessity for a national Exchequer, and of the ways and means taken by Parliament to raise revenue, they could not readily and clearly see the justice of levying a tax upon their whisky. They drew a sharp distinction between offences created by English statute and violations

of the laws of God. The law which made distillation illegal came to them in a foreign garb. Highlanders had no great love or respect for the English Government. If the Scottish Parliament could pass an Act to destroy all pewits' eggs, because the birds migrated South, where they arrived plump and fat, and afforded sport and food for the English, it need not cause surprise if Highlanders had not forgotten Glencoe, Culloden, Butcher Cumberland, the tyrannical laws to suppress the clans, and the "outlandish race that filled the Stuart's throne."

While a highly sentimental people, like the Highlanders, were in some degree influenced by these and similar considerations, the extent of illicit distillation depended in a great measure on the amount of duty, and the nature of the Excise regulations. The smuggler's gain was in direct proportion to the amount of the spirit duty; the higher the duty the greater the gain and the stronger the temptation. We have seen how the authorities of the time, regardless of the feelings and the habits of the people, and of the nature and capabilities of the Highlands, imposed restrictions which were injudicious, vexatious, and injurious; which not only rendered it impracticable for the legal distiller to engage profitably in honest business, but actually encouraged the illicit distiller. We have seen how particularly under the operation of the still licence, the legal distiller, in his endeavours to increase production, sacrificed the quality of his spirits, until the illicit distiller commanded the market by supplying whisky superior in quality and flavour. To this fact, more than to anything else, is due the popular prejudice which has existed, and still exists in some quarters, in favour of smuggled whisky. There can be no doubt that while the still licence was in force from 1787 to 1814, and perhaps for some years later, the smugglers' whisky was superior in quality and flavour to that produced by the licensed distiller. But this holds true no longer; indeed, the circumstances are actually reversed. The Highland distiller has now the best appliances, uses the best materials, employs skill and experience, exercises the greatest possible care, and further, matures his spirit in bond—whisky being highly deleterious unless it is matured by age. On the other hand the smuggler uses rude imperfect utensils, very often inferior materials, works by rule of thumb, under every disadvantage and inconvenience, and is always in a state of terror and hurry which is incompatible with good work and the best results. He begins by purchasing inferior barley, which, as a rule, is imperfectly malted. He brews without more idea of proper heats than dipping his

finger or seeing his face in the water, and the quantity of water used is regulated by the size and number of his vessels. His setting heat is decided by another dip of the finger, and supposing he has yeast of good quality, and may by accident add the proper quantity, the fermentation of his worts depends on the weather, as he cannot regulate the temperature in his temporary bothy although he often uses sacks and blankets, and may during the night kindle a fire. But the most fatal defect in the smuggler's appliances is the construction of his still. Ordinary stills have head elevation from 12 to 18 feet, which serves for purposes of rectification, as the fusel oil and other essential oils and acids fall back into the still while the alcoholic vapour, which is more volatile, passes over to the worm, where it becomes condensed. The smuggler's still has no head elevation, the still head being as flat as an old blue bonnet, and consequently the essential oils and acids pass over with the alcohol into the worm, however carefully distillation may be carried on. These essential oils and acids can only be eliminated, neutralised, or destroyed by storing the spirits some time in wood, but the smuggler, as a rule, sends his spirits out new in jars and bottles, so that smuggled whisky, if taken in considerable quantities, is actually poisonous. Ask any one who has had a good spree on new smuggled whisky, how he felt next morning. Again ordinary stills have rousers to prevent the wash sticking to the bottom of the pot and burning. The smuggler has no such appliance in connection with his still, the consequence being that his spirits frequently have a singed, smoky flavour. The evils of a defective construction are increased a hundred-fold, when, as is frequently the case, the still is made of tin, and the worm of tin or lead. When spirits and acids come in contact with such surfaces, a portion of the metal is dissolved, and poisonous metallic salts are produced, which must be injurious to the drinker. Paraffin casks are frequently used in brewing, and it will be readily understood that however carefully cleaned, their use cannot improve the quality of our much-praised smuggled whisky. Again the rule of thumb is applied to the purity and strength of smuggled spirits. At ordinary distilleries there are scientific appliances for testing these, but the smuggler must guess the former, and must rely for the latter on the blebs or bubbles caused by shaking the whisky. On this unsatisfactory test, plus the honesty of the smuggler, which is generally an unknown quantity, the purchaser also must rely. This is certainly a happy-go-lucky state of matters which it would be a pity to disturb by proclaiming the truth. Very recently an order came from the

South to Inverness for two gallons of smuggled whisky. The order being urgent, and no immediate prospect of securing the genuine article, a dozen bottles of new raw grain spirit were sent to a well-known smuggling locality, and were thence despatched South as real mountain dew. No better proof could be given of the coarseness and absolute inferiority of smuggled whisky.

But the physical injury caused by drinking an impure, immature whisky, and the pecuniary loss sustained by purchasing a whisky of inferior quality and unknown strength at the price of good honest, spirit, are nothing compared to the moral aspect of the case. Let me quote again from Stewart of Garth (1821), "I must now advert to a cause which contributes to demoralise the Highlanders in a manner equally rapid and lamentable. Smuggling has grown to an alarming extent, and if not checked will undermine the best principles of the people. Let a man be habituated to falsehood and fraud in one line of life, and he will soon learn to extend it to all his actions. This traffic operates like a secret poison on all their moral feelings. They are the more rapidly betrayed into it, as, though acute and ingenious in regard to all that comes within the scope of their observation, they do not comprehend the nature or purpose of imports levied on the produce of the soil, nor have they any distinct idea of the practice of smuggling being attended with disgrace or turpitude. The open defiance of the laws, the progress of chicanery, perjury, hatred, and mutual recrimination, with a constant dread and suspicion of informers—men not being sure of nor confident in their next neighbours—which results from smuggling, and the habits which it engenders, are subjects highly important, and regarded with the most serious consideration and the deepest regret by all who value the permanent welfare of their country, which depends so materially upon the preservation of the morals of the people."* This is a terrible picture, but I am in a position to vouch that it is only too true. The degradation, recklessness, and destitution which, as a rule, follow in the wake of illicit distillation are notorious to all. I know of three brothers on the West

*Dealing with the subject of smuggling, Buckle in his "History of Civilisation," says:—"The economic evils, great as they were, have been far surpassed by the moral evils which this system produced. These men, desperate from the fear of punishment, and accustomed to the commission of every crime, contaminated the surrounding population, introduced into peaceful villages vices formerly unknown, caused the ruin of entire families, spread, wherever they came drunkenness, theft, and dissoluteness, and familiarised their associates with those coarse and swinish debaucheries which were the natural habits of so vulgar and so lawless a life."

Coast. Two of them settled down on crofts, became respectable members of the community, and with care and thrift and hard work even acquired some little means. The third took to smuggling, and has never done anything else; has been several times in prison, has latterly lost all his smuggling utensils, and is now an old broken-down man, without a farthing, without sympathy, without friends, one of the most wretched objects in the whole parish. Not one in a hundred has gained anything by smuggling in the end. I know most of the smugglers in my own district personally. With a few exceptions they are the poorest among the people. How can they be otherwise? Their's is the work of darkness, and they must sleep through the day. Their crofts are not half tilled or manured; their houses are never repaired; their very children are neglected, dirty, and ragged. They cannot bear the strain of regular steady work even if they feel disposed. Their moral and physical stamina have become impaired, and they can do nothing except under the unhealthy influence of excitement and stimulants. Gradually their manhood becomes undermined, their sense of honour becomes deadened, and they become violent law-breakers and shameless cheats. This is invariably the latter end of the smuggler, and generally his sons follow his footsteps in the downward path, or he finds disciples among his neighbours' lads, so that the evil is spread and perpetuated. Smuggling is, in short, a curse to the individual, and to the community.

I admit that some are driven to engage in smuggling by dire poverty. Necessity has no law, and constant grinding poverty leads a man to many things of which he cannot approve. "My poverty, and not my will, consents," was the apology of the poor apothecary of Mantua when he sold the poison to Romeo.

"These movin' things ca'd wives and weans
Wad move the very heart of stanes,"

pleaded Burns when forced to allow "clarty barm to stain his laurels." Agur prayed to be delivered from poverty, "lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." The hardships and temptations of the abject poor are terrible, and God forbid we should at any time become so inhuman in our dealings with them as to shut up the bowels of our compassion, or forget to temper justice with mercy. I tell you frankly that the highest sense of duty would hardly sustain me in suppressing the smugglers of the West Coast, unless I had also a strong and deep conviction that if I could dissuade or prevent them from

engaging in smuggling, I would be doing them the greatest possible service. When arguing with one of these smugglers, as to the evil and dishonesty of his ways, he replied, "The village merchant has kept my family and self alive for the last twelve months, and would you blame me if I made an effort to pay him something? There is no fishing and no work, and what am I to do?" Here was an appeal to the common feeling of manhood which no fellow could answer. This year another smuggler whose wife is physically and mentally weak, and whose children are quite young, said to me in touching tones, "If we are to be hunted like this, either get something for me to do or *cuir an gunnarium*—shoot me." This was bad enough, but I can tell you something that affected me even more. The officers were passing by a certain township just as a brewing was in operation. They noticed movements which aroused their suspicions, but as the evening was growing dark they made no search for the bothy, and walked on as if they had observed nothing. On passing by an old woman with a creel, sitting on a stone, they heard sounds, half sighs, half groans, which were doubtless inarticulate expressions of gratitude and thankfulness that the gaugers had not observed the bothy. Poor, old, deluded woman! Little did she know that the gaugers had quietly taken their bearings and laid their plans. Having given the smugglers time to get into full working order, they returned and destroyed the bothy with its full complement of brewing utensils and materials. These things grieve me much. However deluded and wrong a man may be, we cannot help respecting a determined effort to make the best of things, if they cannot be altered; and the circumstances of the poor people on the West Coast are not easily changed for the better. Their abject poverty, their enforced idleness during a long inclement winter, the wildness and remoteness of the localities where they reside are all temptations to engage in anything that may be profitable and exciting. There can be no doubt that smuggling, when successful, is profitable in a pecuniary sense. Barley can be this year bought for 23s. a quarter, from which can be obtained some 14 or 16 gallons of whisky, which can be sold at 18s. or 20s. a gallon. Allowing for all contingencies, payment of carriage, liberal consumption during manufacture, and generous treating of friends and neighbours, some £8 or £10 can be netted from an outlay of 23s. This is no doubt a great temptation. In addition to the very poor, two other classes engage in smuggling, with whom there can be no sympathy whatever. The ne'er-do-well professional smuggler who is entirely re-

ardless as to the right or wrong of the illegal traffic, and well-to-do people, who engage in the traffic through sheer wantonness, just for the romance of the thing, on the principle that "stolen waters are sweet." I know a few of both classes. Their conduct is highly reprehensible, and their example most pernicious to their poorer neighbours.

With the smuggler I class the purchaser of the wretched stuff. He aids and abets, becomes a partner in guilt, and is equally tainted. Without a ready market the smuggler's occupation would be gone, and no small share of the dishonesty attaches to the purchaser. Whoever buys for gain, or to gratify a debased sentiment, is encouraging the smuggler in his lawless ways at the risk of loss and penalty. David would not drink the water brought from the Well of Bethlehem at the risk of his three mighty men's lives, but the drinkers of smuggled whisky are actually draining the moral and physical life-blood of the poor smuggler. Both the legitimate trader and the Revenue suffer by this illegal traffic. The trader has no remedy, but the taxpayer must make up every penny of which the Revenue is defrauded. If the general community would engage in frauds of this kind, the whole country would become demoralised. Integrity and honesty, the very foundation of society would be sapped, and the whole would collapse into chaos. Something like this on a small scale actually occurs in some of the townships on the West Coast. A few successful runs cause envy and jealousy, and whenever a detection is made some one is blamed for giving information. Mutual confidence and friendliness disappear, and every one distrusts and suspects his neighbour until the little township becomes a sort of pandemonium. Even families are victims of dissensions. I know a case where father and mother are opposed to a son who engages in smuggling, and two cases where wives disapprove of their husbands engaging in smuggling, but entreaties and warnings are disregarded.

Some six years ago we were hoping such a deplorable state of things was fast passing away, but since the abolition of the Malt Tax in 1880, there has been a marked revival of smuggling in the Highlands. Prior to 1880 the manufacture of malt, which occupied from 14 to 20 days, was illegal except by licensed traders, and during the manufacture the smuggler was liable to detection. Malt can now be made openly, or be bought from brewers, distillers, or malt dealers, so that the illicit distiller is liable to detection only during the four, five, or six days he is engaged in brewing and distilling. This very much facilitates illicit distilla-

tion, and increases the difficulty of making detections and arrests. This has doubtlessly been the direct and principal cause of the revival, but it has been indirectly helped by the injudicious and indiscriminate reduction of the Preventive Force in the Highlands immediately prior to 1880. During some years previously few detections had been made, and, for economical reasons, the staff was reduced, so that in 1880, on the abolition of the Malt Tax, those who engaged in smuggling had it pretty much their own way. The reduction of the Preventive Staff was not only a short-sighted policy, but a serious blunder. The old smugglers were fast dying out, and if the Preventive Force had been kept up, neither they nor younger men would have attempted illicit distillation again. Since 1880 a fresh generation of smugglers has been trained, and time, hard work, and money will be required to suppress the evil. Indeed, in some places it will only die out with the men. The fear of being removed from their holdings has had much influence in limiting illicit distillation, and I very much dread a reaction when security of tenure is obtained under the Crofters' Bill. I feel so strongly on this point that, with all my objection to landlord restrictions, I would gladly see a stringent prohibition against smuggling embodied in the Bill. We need not look for complete cessation until the material condition of the people is improved. It is to be hoped the day of deliverance is now near at hand. But much can be done in various ways. The hollowness and falsity of the mischievous sentiment which has been fostered round about smuggled whisky, can be exposed. Its necessarily inferior, if not deleterious character, can be pointed out. All interested in the material, physical, and moral elevation of the Highland people should seriously consider that the habitual evasion of law, whether statute or moral, has an influence so demoralising, so destructive to the best and highest feelings of a man's nature, that smuggling must be utterly ruinous to the character of those who engage in it or connive at it. Teachers, clergymen, and indeed all can do much to present illicit practices in their true light, and render them unpopular and distasteful. Much can be done by educating the young and giving their thoughts a turn and taste for honest work, and when chance offers, providing them with situations. We could almost afford to let the old smugglers die in their sin, but the influence of their example on the young is simply awful. I very much regret having to state that the Highland clergy, with one exception, are guilty of the grossest neglect and indifference in this matter. Like Gallio, they care for none of those things. I understand that smugglers are formally debarred from the Communion Table

in one Highland parish, but this is the extent of clerical interference, and the clergy cannot be held guiltless as regards smuggling. Highlanders have many things laid to their charge which require to be explained and justified. This Society has among its objects the vindication of the character of the Gaelic people, and the furtherance of their interests, and I make no apology for appealing to you individually and collectively to use your influence and efforts to free the Highland people from the stigma of lawlessness and dishonesty, and from the inevitable demoralisation which are inseparable from illicit distillation *alias* smuggling.

24TH MARCH 1886.

On this date the following were elected ordinary members of the Society—Dr Duncan Mackay, Inverness; Mr J. J. Carter, Inland Revenue Collector, do.; Mr Arthur Medlock, jeweller, do.; and Mr Macdonald, Attova, Pennsylvania.

Thereafter the Rev. Alex. Bisset, Stratherrick, read a second paper on “The Gael—His Characteristics and Social History.” Mr Bisset’s paper was as follows:—

THE GAEL—HIS CHARACTERISTICS AND SOCIAL HISTORY.

PART II. *

When I had the honour and the great pleasure of addressing you last, the subject I took was “The Gael.” Having on that occasion examined the origin of the Gael, and the settlement of the same in Caledonia, I propose this evening to cull out some of the leading features in his character as these strike us, as being more particularly illustrated in the history of this most interesting people. Now, the first point which occurs to me in looking into the character of the Gael is his deep sense of religion. When we remember that man was created by God to know, love, and serve Him, it is assuredly highly creditable to the Gael to find in him, throughout the whole course of his history, a lively and keen appreciation of the homage and duty he owes his Creator.

From the earliest traces we have of the Gael we find him deeply imbued with religious sentiment, and from the exhaustive treatment of the subject of Celtic Mythology by Mr Macbain, in his articles in the “Celtic Magazine,” we see how widespread and

* For Part I. *vide* Transactions, vol. xi., p. 288.

lasting, however much distorted and mistaken, was the idea of rendering homage to the Supernatural. When the light of Christianity dawned upon the Celts, we find the labours of the early missionaries blessed with extraordinary fruits, notwithstanding the selfish and interested opposition of the Druidical Priesthood. The career of St Columba, the apostle of the Scottish Gael, is indeed wonderful; and the rapid spread of Christianity even in his own life-time is attested by the number of churches dedicated to God under his patronage. A compiler of a history of the Catholic Church in Scotland, specifies no fewer than twenty-four churches dedicated to St Columba in former ages, besides many more in modern times, dedicated to his memory, both by Catholics and Protestants.

The veneration in which St Patrick is held by the Irish Celt, wherever he is found, strongly indicates the deep religious instinct of the Celtic race: whilst the numerous churches, the noble abbeys, and the majestic cathedrals which once filled and adorned this country throughout its length and breadth, and which even in their ruins are pointed out with pride, testify to the zeal, generosity, and religious enthusiasm of our forefathers.

And in passing, I cannot but express the intense feelings of regret which all lovers of whatever is great, and beautiful in art, must feel when they read in the dark pages of the history of our country, the blind fanaticism and reckless fury, which, under the cloak of religion, brought about the ruthless spoliation and the shameful demolition of these national monuments.

Coming to later times, we find amid all the vicissitudes of fortune which have checkered the career of the Gael, amidst broils and dissensions, domestic and civil, amidst strifes and rivalries, religious as well as political, that the religious character of the Gael never disappears. But never, perhaps, before was the deep religious feeling of the Gael more prominently and more loudly asserted than it has been in our own day, when the almost unanimous voice of the people is raised to insist on the maintenance of a national recognition of religion, nor must we overlook the laudable efforts that are being put forth to remove those causes of religious differences and dissensions which are unhappily so rife amongst us, and so opposed alike to the spirit and the letter of the Christian Religion. As, when united, the Gaels have proved themselves victorious on every battle-field, and have made their very name a terror to their enemies, so it is a healthy sign and a source of consolation to find them uniting and stirring themselves to oppose the lurking foe that seeks to sap the very

foundations of revealed religion. Next to his sense of duty to God, deference to authority forms the most striking feature in the character of the Gael, whether we consider that authority as vested in the head of a family, in the person of a chief, or in that of the Sovereign. The traits of filial attachment, of self-sacrifice and generosity on the part of children towards their parents and their family cannot be over estimated. The warm home, however humble, is never forgotten, and the filial reverence due to parental authority far from waning with the advancing years of the parents only becomes stronger. The pecuniary assistance to their parents afforded by devoted sons and daughters out of their small and hard earned wages to supplement the scanty returns from the croft, or the meagre support drawn from a handicraft has been a subject of admiration and a theme of praise to many. Colonel Stewart, in his military annals, makes frequent allusions to the disinterestedness and generosity of Highland soldiers in saving out of their small pay considerable sums to be remitted to their homes. Nor was the generosity of the Highlander confined to the parental home: the chief likewise was nobly and dutifully supported with all the pecuniary assistance at the disposal of his devoted followers. And here we have the second, and perhaps the greatest object of the staunch fidelity of the Gael, viz., his Chief.

Fidelity to Chief.—Strong as was the tie which united the Scottish Highlander to his family, it is doubtful if it equalled with him in sacredness and constancy, that which bound him to his chief. His attachment to his family sprang from the natural affection inherent in human nature, common to us all, which binds parents to their children, and children to their parents, but to his chief he adhered with a chivalrous, manly, inviolable fidelity which braved in his cause every difficulty, and made light of every sacrifice, even of life itself; rather than endanger the honour or be wanting in that fealty and devotedness which he owed to the head and leader of his family. That particular individuality by which he was distinguished from any other of his neighbouring clans, and made of that clan to which he happened to belong a distinct and independent state, as it were, in the midst of a host of other petty states whose aims and interests seldom harmonised—all this sense of self-importance and family distinction he derived from his Chief. He (the chief) was the revered scion and lineal representative of that ancient stock to which each separate clan traces its origin; whilst he was regarded at the same time as the loving father and faithful guardian of his clan; whose every

interest he made his own, to receive in turn from each member, young and old, a subjection and obedience of the most devoted kind. We need only glance at the history of the clans to see how faithfully and heroically they served their chiefs in every crisis and emergency, whilst there are not wanting examples of Highlanders, providing at the sacrifice of their own lives, for the safety of their chiefs. How sad it is to think how little had been done on the part of many of those same chiefs to repay such devoted fidelity. With regret must it be said that many of them from selfish and sordid motives sacrificed that position of trust and severed those ties of affection which mutually bound the body to the head, the children to the father, the clansman to his chief.

Fidelity to the Sovereign.—As the natural outcome of loyal devotion to home and chief, we have the most attached loyalty on the part of the Gael to his Sovereign. The undying attachment of the Scottish Gael to the Stuart Dynasty, while there remained a ray of hope of the restoration of that family, has emphasised the loyalty of the Gael, and has stored it in records of imperishable fame. In the ballads and songs relating to the Jacobite rising, we meet the outpourings of sentiments of the most loyal and loving attachment of the subject to his Sovereign ever perhaps expressed. Future generations will point to these episodes as the period in his history which marks out most prominently the characteristic fidelity of the Gael. In a doleful effusion of the time, we read—

'Thearlaich òig, a mhic Rìgh Seumas,
 Chunna mi 'n tòir mhòr an dè ort;
 Iadsa sughach 's mise deurach
 Le uisge mo chinn tighinn teann gum' leursainn.
 Mharbh iad m' athair, mharbh iad mo bhrathair,
 Mhill iad mo chinneadh, a's sgrìos iad mo chairdean,
 Loisg iad mo dhuthaich, a's ruisg iad mo mhathair,
 Ach cha chluinntè mo ghearan na'n tìgeadh tu 'Thearlaich.

And our present much-loved Sovereign has no more devoted and lovingly loyal subjects than the Highlanders of Scotland. Although at the present day there may be an appearance of a want of submission to constituted authority in some parts of the Highlands, and especially in Skye, the respect shown to her Majesty's Marines during their recent stay in that Island proves that the opposition arises from an impression on the part of the people that the Police Force is employed exclusively in the interest of landlords to enforce what is in these hard times felt to be oppres-

sive exactions. We may, however, confidently expect a speedy solution of this difficulty from the legislative enactments about to be passed in Parliament, where so much interest is excited in the subject of the land question.

Honour.—Next to the noble fidelity of the Gael I will place his high sense of honour. This distinguishing and beautiful trait of character in the Gael we sometimes hear stigmatised as Highland pride. A sense of pleasure derived from the remembrance and rehearsal of deeds of bravery, of examples of generosity and of noble actions, may indeed be termed laudable pride, and in this sense of the term we may take honour and Highland pride to be synonymous. As the honour of parents reflects on their children, so in the wider sense the honour belonging to the clan, whether derived from its chief or from the noble deeds of its individual members, reflects on the whole body. Here we have strong motives to urge individuals to persevere in tact, and hand down unsullied the good name and character of their family, whether in its limited or in its wider sense. Here, also, we find the reason of what appears to our southern neighbours to be the silly family connection, and the long line of ancestry in which the Celt takes so much pride. From this source likewise springs that stimulus to individual effort on the part of each member of the clan to emulate the good deeds of his ancestors, and to eschew in his own person whatever might tend to bring disgrace on his family name. Female honour and virtue were held as specially sacred, and the utter sense of degradation of shame and isolation of the unfortunate and unhappy female who had lost her virtue is strongly painted in the pitiful wail of her who said—

Bithidh mi tuilleadh gu tùirseach denrach,
Mar eala bhàn 's i an deigh 'reubadh,
Guileag bàis aic' air lochan feurach,
A's càch gu leir 's iad an deigh 'treigsinn.

Hospitality.—Highland hospitality is proverbial, and among our ancestors it must have appeared in the light of a sacred duty. Whether this duty is any other than that which is imposed by our duties as Christians, and rendered stronger by the necessities of circumstances may be a question, but certain it is that to a genuine Gael the pleasure of dispensing his hospitality, equals, if it does not surpass, that of the recipient of his favours. So imperative was the duty of hospitality that feuds and bitter dissensions were frequently suppressed in order to discharge with becoming honour and dignity the paramount duty of host.

Love of Country.—The attachment of the Celt to his native land is indeed a strong point in his character, and the Scottish Gael in this respect vies with his brother Celts, and dearly loves “The land of brown heath and shaggy wood—the land of the mountain and the flood.” The author of “Six months in Italy,” remarks that among all the nationalities he met with in the College of Propaganda, and students are found in it from every clime, he found the love of home strongest among the youths from Switzerland, the Mountains of Lebanon, and from Scotland, thus showing the love of home strongest amongst the inhabitants of mountainous districts. It is sad to think how many pangs, and how much real grief have resulted from this tender attachment of the Gael to his native land.

Military Prowess.—Perhaps the widest reputation the Highlander enjoys, is that which he has made for himself by his Military prowess, and undaunted courage. How much this vast Empire is indebted for its power abroad, and its stability at home to these two qualities of the Gael the military annals of our country bear ample testimony. This subject needs only to be mentioned, for wherever the name of the Gael is heard his qualities as a patriot and soldier are well known.

Many other interesting qualities in the character of the Gael suggest themselves, but those I have ventured to mention are certainly conspicuous. It may be said that this picture of the Gael is purely imaginary, and that at least in these days no such type of character exists. The more is the pity. It must be owned that in the process of becoming Saxonised, the Gael has lost many of the noble and distinct qualities which distinguished his forefathers. It must not, however, be forgotten that gifted with a knowledge of the language, not of the Saxon as such, but of that commercial life and enterprise which his own native gifts and talents have helped so much to extend and develop in this kingdom, and throughout the whole British Empire, the Gael is to be found in the very foremost ranks of success, honour, and distinction. How many Gaels could be mentioned who have distinguished themselves in every walk in life! I have dwelt, perhaps, too long on the characteristics of the Gael, but I will not detain you with his social history further than to say that, as this subject has been so ably and comprehensively treated before by Mr John Macdonald,* I do not feel justified in trespassing any further on your time and patience.

* See Transactions, vols. x. and xi.

31ST MARCH 1886.

On this date Bailie Chas. Mackay, Inverness, read an introductory paper on "Stratherrick—its People and Traditions." Bailie Mackay having agreed to resume the subject next session, the publication of the first part is postponed, in order that the paper may appear in the next volume in its completed form. On the same date the Secretary, on behalf of Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., read a paper on changes in the ownership of land in Ross-shire between 1756 and 1853. Sir Kenneth's paper was as follows:—

CHANGES IN THE OWNERSHIP OF LAND IN ROSS-SHIRE—1756-1853.

The history of land-tenure in the Highlands is a subject on which there seems to be very material disagreement. Mr Chamberlain, speaking at Inverness in September 1885, said that until comparatively recent times the chief held the land in trust for his clan, and "the arbitrary claim to absolute possession and disposition of the soil has only sprung up within the last hundred years." On the other hand, Novar, in a lecture which he lately gave in Edinburgh, said that all available evidence went to show that private property in land was very generally established before the tribal system was broken up and the clans had been called into existence; and he indicated that a chief's power as the head of a clan, and his rights as a lord of the soil, were not necessarily co-extensive—instancing the case where Fraser of Fraserdale's tenantry deserted him at Perth to join their chief, Lovat, at Inverness, and that of Maclean of Coll who retained his power as chief after losing his lands. Lately, when looking over the rental of the Lordship of Huntly (A.D. 1600-1607), which is printed in the fourth volume of the Spalding Miscellany, my attention was attracted by an entry where Lochiel (Allane Cameron M'Quildouy) is set down as a rentaller of the Gordons paying eighty merks for the forty-merk land of Mamore, to which entry this curious note is appended: "Memorand, Thair ar fyve merk land moir nor the fourtic merk land in Mamoir for the quhilk Allane hes payit nothings, thairfoir to be tryitt."

That the possession of his land by the Chief of the Camerons was somewhat precarious is a conclusion difficult to avoid. From the same rental we learn that Mackintosh in 1607 accepted from Huntly a set of the "the Coigs," at the head of Strathdearn, for

three years. Here again the limitation of the term of set implies that there was no perpetuity of tenure at a fixed rent. Nor is Mackintosh's a solitary case of the sort. A John Mackintosh of the same date got a three years' set of Dunachton, and other instances of sets for limited periods will be found in this rental in the parish of Kingussie. It is almost superfluous to remark that if there were sub-tenants on these lands, their tenure could not have been better than that of those from whom their right was derived. Huntly's own right and that of his sub-feudatories may, if you please, be held to have been usurped, but if so the usurpation takes us back to the fifteenth century. The similar right of the Earl of Ross takes us back to the twelfth century. A friend has lent me a memorandum on the early tenure of land in Ross-shire, from which I take the following extract:—

“Estates in Ross-shire may be classed with reference to the origin of the feudal title into two divisions, viz., those which have been derived from the *Earls* and from the *Bishops* of Ross respectively.

“The Earldom of Ross was one of the earliest territorial Earldoms of Scotland. In its limits it was practically co-extensive with the present Sheriffdom.

“The Earls, whose family name was Ross, were of Celtic origin, and were probably chiefs of leading authority in the district prior to the creation of the feudal Earldom in the middle of the twelfth century. After that creation, in accordance with the plan of the feudal system, the Earl held the whole district of the Crown for service of ward and relief, the subordinate chiefs of the clans, Mackenzies, Munroes, and others, holding in their turn of the Earl for military service to him. That these rights were made and transferred by Charters and Sasines in ordinary feudal form is instructed by various old Charters preserved among the muniments of the older Ross-shire families.

“The Earldom of Ross was resigned by John, Lord of the Isles, into the hand of the Crown, *ad perpetuam remanentiam* in the year 1476. The mid-superiors being thus removed, the subordinate chiefs came to hold their lands directly from the Crown. The more important of them afterwards had their Estates erected into Baronies, and in their turn gave out lands to vassals. The lands which had belonged in property to the Earls of Ross, were put under the charge of a Crown Chamberlain, who periodically settled accounts of his intrusions in Exchequer.

“Various property-lands of the Earldom of Ross were feued

out by King James the VI. to Sir William Keith, Master of his Wardrobe, and created in his favour into a Barony of Delny, about the year 1588. William Keith, perhaps in virtue of an understanding to that effect, appears to have sub-feued the lands to the old tenants, as occupiers, for the annual payment to him, or to the Crown in his relief, of just the same feu-duties for which he was himself bound. The Barony of Delny, consisting of the reserved mid superiorities, passed from Keith to the family of Innes, and from them to the Mackenzies of Tarbat.

“*The Bishoprick of Ross* was founded or restored by King David I. in the early part of the twelfth century, and was richly endowed with lands and teinds in every part of the county. Following the universal practice of the old clergy at the time of the Reformation, John Leslie, last Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross (1566-96) feued out nearly all the landed property of the See. Some of these grants may have been given from favour—the majority, more probably, were extorted by the influence of local landowners. There is not as a rule the same preference for the old occupier as in the case of the Crown or Delny feus.

“In the Exchequer Rolls, now being published, there is a good deal of information to be derived as to the nature of the rents received by the Crown for the property-lands of the Earldom of Ross after 1476. The feu-duties payable to the Crown under the Charters of the Barony of Delny are very similar to the old rental duties.

“In the same way, by comparing the feu-duties in the Charters granted by the Crown as coming in place of the Bishop, with the rental of the Bishoprick of Ross given up at the Reformation, 1561, it is seen that these duties are practically the same as the rents paid by the old tenants of the Bishops of Ross. If, therefore, there were crofters settled on any of these lands, they must have held their crofts under the tenants or rentallers of the Crown and the Bishop.”

I have given this extract at greater length than to some may seem necessary, because for those unacquainted with the subject it conveys a succinct account of the early land-tenure of Ross-shire.

It can hardly be questioned, that if the vassals and tenants of the Earls of Ross held the land in trust for anyone, it was for their feudal lord and not for their sub-feudatories or sub-tenants. It is, however, sometimes said that the ancient charters from which we construct history were mere paper rights receiving little practical recognition in the everyday life of the people, and it may be admitted that in some cases it was so. When Dean Munro speaks, in 1549, of

Raasay "pertaining to M'Gyllychallam of Raasay be the sword and to the bishope of the iles be heritage" we feel that he may be covertly intimating that in this particular case the Bishop found some difficulty in getting his dues from his vassal; and we have more solid authority than this to go upon. In 1597 an Act was passed by the Scots Parliament, evidently directed against the vassals and rentallers of the annexed Earldom of Ross, calling on the inhabitants of the Isles and Highlands to show their titles. The preamble is in these terms:—"Considering that the inhabitantes of the Hielandes and Iles of this Realme quhilkes ar for the maist parte of his Hienesse annexed propertie, hes nocht onelie frustrate his Majestie of the zeirlic payment of his proper rentes and dew service properlie addebted be them to his Majestie, foorth of the said Landes: Bot that they have likewise through their barbarous inhumanitie maid, and presentlie maiks the saidis Hielandes and Iles (quhilkis ar maist commodious in themselves, alsweill bee the fertilitie of the grounde as be rich fishinges bee sea) altoquidder unprofitable baith to themselves and to all utheris his Hienesse Lieges within this Realme:" &c. His Highness of course knew well enough of the deficiency of his rents, and the barbarous inhumanity of some of the Islanders had in the previous year been brought under his notice in a petition presented to him by Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail against Torquil Dow of the Lews. Torquil Dow appears besides to have been one of those who had "frustrate" his Majesty of his rents, and who omitted to show his titles in conformity with the new Act, and in 1598 his lands were confiscated and granted to a company since known as that of the "Fife Adventurers." It is in everyone's knowledge that this company could not make good the possession conferred on it by Royal Charter, though subsequently Mackenzie of Kintail, to whom they assigned it, did so. Non-observance of the law was therefore in this case abnormal and temporary, for in the end, the law asserted itself, and it is reasonable to suppose that as it was in this case so must it always have been. Failure to recognise rights which the law conferred, could only have been exceptional even in those tumultuous times. Family traditions in the Highlands, as the members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness must be well aware, lay constant stress on the possession of titles, "*coraichean*," as they are called, a word which does not mean equitable rights but written Charters, those very paper-titles which we hear sneered at by persons who do not know the important place they occupy in Highland legend. In the history of my own clan, written by the editor of the *Celtic Magazine* from the gathered-up traditions of the past, one instance at least will

be found where these titles occupy a prominent place. Very eventful scenes are described as having had their origin in the accidental rescue of Lovat's Charter-chest from the flames by his nephew the young Mackenzie of Kintail; who had it then suggested to him that he should try and recover his own. I have myself no doubt that turbulent though the Highlanders were, the validity of the paper-rights was generally admitted, and that if there ever was an epoch when the chief held the land in trust for his clan, it was at a period antecedent to what for us in the Highlands are historic times. And I may add that one circumstance which in popular estimation supports the view to which Mr Chamberlain gave expression, does not bear examination. The Chiefs of the Grants, the Frasers, the Clan Chattan, &c., may seem to-day to own an undue proportion of the soil, but it will be found that the size of their estates is owing less to the extent of their original grants, than to subsequent accumulation effected by marriage and by purchase. That there were some estates which were large in their origin is unquestioned. Most of these have been split up, and yet property in land has till within the last few years kept accumulating in even fewer hands. My attention having been called to this, and desiring to trace the changes in the distribution of land in Ross-shire, I lately undertook an examination of such of its Valuation Rolls as were accessible to me. It is the result of that examination which I propose to lay before the Gaelic Society to-night. The examination occupied some time; but the main results may be so shortly stated, that I have ventured to interpose the foregoing remarks on a kindred subject, though they may hardly seem, perhaps, to form an appropriate preface.

The forfeiture of the Earldom of Ross took place upwards of a century and a-half before the date of the earliest Valuation Roll which has come down to us. The rentallers of the Earldom had all been converted into feuars long before this roll was made up, and we there meet with the successors both of the feuars and of the older vassals of the Earldom, as proprietors in the modern sense of the word. Except as a matter of history the Earldom has no practical connection with the system of land-ownership which has prevailed during the last two centuries. In the progress of events, with the fall in the value of specie, and the increased productive capacity which the application of labour and capital had given to the soil, the feu-duties had come to be little more than quit-rents. Forfeiture of tenure for their non-payment ceased therefore to be an eventuality of which account need be taken, and the names we find in the Valuation Rolls are those of persons who for the time

were in absolute possession. In many cases it is true they were only life-renters; and we find not uncommonly that dower-lands were given to widows in place of jointure. Such lands sometimes fell back to the original estate, and sometimes became the portion of a younger child; but, in any case, they were for the time under separate management, and thus tended to restrict monopoly in the soil.

The earliest Valuation Roll of Ross-shire, of which there is any record, is that of 1644, a copy of which has been preserved for us by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh in his volume of *Antiquarian Notes*. I happen to possess copies of the Rolls of 1756, of 1793, and of 1853. Lately I had an opportunity of inspecting also the roll of the Collector of Land-Tax for Ross-shire, in which the changes in the ownership of land had been corrected down to 1883. These rolls relate to the County of Ross, exclusive of the parts of Cromarty and Nairn locally situated within it. Let me say a few words on their nature and origin.

The object with which they were made up was to form a basis for the direct taxation of land. In early times such taxation was rarely resorted to, being treated as an extraordinary source of income to which recourse was to be had only in great emergencies. Down to the middle of the seventeenth century such taxes as were levied on land in Scotland were assessed on what was known as "the old extent,"—a valuation believed to have been made by Alexander III. about 1280, in view of a general aid towards his daughter's dowry. The Church lands, however, were not included in this valuation, and they contributed on another basis. But in 1643 the Convention of Estates in voting a supply of 1,200,000 merks Scottish money for the support of the army in Ireland, deemed it expedient to levy the money, "not as the taxations have been, or by the division of temporalities and spiritualities," but "conform to a particular roll made and set down thereanent, and subscribed in presence of the said Estates by the Lord Chancellor, to remain on record of the books of collection and convention." Under this Act, which is dated the 15th August 1643, Commissioners are appointed for each county, "with power to such Commissioners to use all legal ways to inform themselves of the just and true worth of every person or persons their present year's rent of this crop, 1643, to landward, as well as of lands and teinds as of any other thing whereby yearly profit or commodity ariseth, and that the worth of any person or persons their lands, teinds, and other commodities where gressums and interesses have been payed, be valued and set down

not only as they pay to the heritors, liferenters, and other their masters, but as the same are worth and may pay presently without respect of gresssums or entresses, and to divide the said rolls on particular parishes by making a roll for every severall parish within the said shyre. Which roll shall contain every particular person's name, surname, and designation with the said year's rent and commodity within the said parish, whether in victual, money, or other commodities, and the said victual and commodities to be converted into money by the said Commissioners," &c., &c.

The roll printed by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh is said to be that of the year following the passing of this Act, and a note at the close of the roll refers to the proportioning of the cess among the different counties and burghs detailed in the Act, as having been agreed upon at a meeting of the shires in the month preceding its enactment. We may, therefore, I think, assume that the preparation of the Valuation Roll, printed in the "Antiquarian Notes," followed on the passing of the Act of 1643, and that it contains the actual rent or annual value of the land of that year in terms of the Act.

Revised valuations are said to have been made in 1649, 1655 or 1656, and again in 1660, but the Acts which authorised them have not come down to us; and after the restoration of Charles II. the Acts of the Convention of 1643 were annulled, and the valuation of that year of course fell with them.

In 1667 the Convention of Estates enacted the first of that series of statutes under which the present Land tax became established in Scotland. The amount of supply was fixed at a cess of £72,000 Scots a month, and from this time forward supply is granted at first intermittenly, but towards the close of the century more or less regularly in terms of so many month's cess. The average annual amount of supply shortly before the Union was six months' cess. At the Union it was fixed at a sum which was practically eight months' cess, and at that amount it has since remained in so far as it has not been redeemed.

The Act of 1667, which, as I have said, may be looked on as the first of the regular Supply-Acts under which the Land-Tax became established, granted to his Majesty twelve months' cess, which was "ordered to be raised and payed by the several shires and burghs of this kingdom, according to the valuation in the year of God, one thousand six hundred and sixty, and at the proportions under-written," these proportions being detailed in the Act. The roll actually made up in 1660 has not been preserved, but the amount of cess proportioned according to it among the

different counties and burghs is frequently entered in the Acts of supply. There were some corrections made on these proportions up to 1695, but they were so trifling in amount that they do not call for notice. Practically our apportionment of to-day is that of 1667, and our valued rent-roll is recognised as that of 1660 in accordance with which the proportions were originally allocated. On that valuation not only the land-tax but all local assessments without exception were levied down to the passing of the Poor-Law Act of 1845; and some ecclesiastical assessments are still regulated by it. Though the amount of the valuation in each parish remains unchanged, its allocation among the heritors has been revised from time to time by the Commissioners of Supply as properties changed hands; and the valued rent-rolls thus become a simple means of tracing the passage of property from one owner to another. Had we a complete set we could without difficulty follow all the changes in land-ownership that have taken place. As it is I am able with the help of the roll of 1793 to assign to their respective owners in 1756 the Ross-shire Estates that appear in the roll of 1853, excepting only those in the Parish of Rosemarkie where there are a large number of small proprietors and where a division of the teinds has altered the valuation of each separate parcel of land. I have not, however, been able to trace back the changes to 1644, because there is no correspondence between the valuations of 1644 and 1660, neither are the designations of the several estates sufficiently particularised in the older roll to admit of the identification of their extent. When I speak of the Valuation Roll made up between the years 1660 and 1855, it must be understood that I refer not to the *real rent* but to the *valued rent* as fixed in 1660. The Valuation Rolls issued from time to time between these years *vary* from one another only in their detail of the *distribution* of property. *The total value is always the same.* On comparing the valuations of 1644 and 1660, however, this striking fact appears, that at the later date the values had greatly fallen. In Ross-shire the valuation of 1644, exclusive of the Lews, amounted to £102,025; in 1660 it was only £66,793, showing a depreciation of nearly 35 per cent.

One is at first tempted to conclude that the valuations had been made on different bases, but yet the Scottish Parliament having reverted in 1643 from the old extent to the actual annual value, it does not seem probable that that equitable basis of taxation should have been departed from in the subsequent revisals down to the year 1660. On the other hand, if we consider that the intervening sixteen years had been years of great political excitement—having witnessed the beheading of Charles I., the setting-up of

a republic, and the restoration of the monarchy—it will not seem unreasonable to suppose that the prosperity of the country may have been affected by the general turmoil, and the security of property have been so shaken that some fall in rents might naturally have been anticipated. It is the extent of the fall which is at first sight surprising. The cause for surprise diminishes, however, when we reflect that in this year (1886) rents are suffering a similar reduction consequent on a fall in prices. I have had no opportunity of consulting books of reference in regard to rents or prices during the time of the Commonwealth, but a friend has referred me to an extract from the audit-books of Eton College, published in David Macpherson's *Annals of Commerce* (1805), where the price paid at Windsor for wheat and malt of the first quality is given for a great part of the seventeenth century. Unfortunately, the quotations for the years 1642-46 inclusive, are missing, and I have not succeeded in finding other sources of information. In 1647 the average price of the quarter of wheat (which at Windsor contained 9 bushels) was 73s. 8d.; in 1648 it was 85s., from which point it fell steadily to 26s. in 1654, when it began to rise again. In 1660 the average price was 56s. 6d. In Windsor market, therefore, the value of wheat in the six years succeeding 1648 was depreciated to the extraordinary extent of nearly 70 per cent.; and, notwithstanding the rise which then took place, its price in 1660 was about 33 per cent. below that of 1648. Assuming that the high prices of 1647-48 were to some extent current as early as 1644, and that the range of prices in Scotland and England did not materially differ, the fall from the rent of 1644 which we find in the valuation of 1660, would be sufficiently accounted for by the variations in the price of agricultural produce, of which wheat may be taken as an indicator. I have little doubt, therefore, that the valuation of 1660, equally with that of 1644, represents the actual value of the time.

I here give a statement of the valuations of 1643 and 1660 side by side for each of the parishes in Ross-shire, premising however that I have a doubt whether in all cases the parish areas are identical in the two valuations. The adjoining parishes of Gairloch and Lochbroom for instance, taken together, show a fall of about 25 per cent., but while the fall in one had been 45 per cent., the other had an actual increase of 8 per cent. Where there is no reason to suspect discrepancies in the parochial areas, it will be noticed that the greatest reductions on the old valuations generally occur in the low-lying arable parishes; whence we may conclude that there had been a greater depreciation in the price of corn than in the price of cattle. Here is the statement:—

PARISHES.	Valued Rent of 1643.	Valued Rent of 1660.
Alness	£4810 18 8	£2891 0 0
Avoch	4328 12 8	2531 6 4
Contin	4014 11 8	3779 6 8
Dingwall	1326 0 0	799 19 0
Edderton	2373 10 0	1528 10 0
Fearn	6170 15 10	3379 3 11
Fodderty	4922 0 0	1679 13 4
Gairloch	3134 13 4	3400 0 0
Killearnan	1836 10 0	1873 12 7
Kilmuir Easter	3946 6 8	1754 0 0
Kiltearn	5205 9 4	3149 9 6
Kincairdine	5078 10 0	1650 15 0
Kintail and Glenshiel	2738 13 4	3932 0 6
Kilmuir Wester and Suddie	3805 19 6	2925 8 7
Loch Alsh	1393 6 8	2900 0 0
Loch Broom	5397 6 8	2923 13 4
Loch Carron and Applecross	3504 0 0	4031 10 0
Logie Easter	2871 0 0	1259 15 0
Nigg	5519 5 4	4205 11 0
Resolis	2543 10 0	448 6 6
Rosemarkie	5019 1 8	3725 3 8
Rosskeen	5112 11 0	3711 15 0
Tain	3866 13 4	1659 10 0
Tarbat	6937 10 0	2388 17 6
Urquhart and Logie Wester	2894 10 0	1811 5 0
Urray	3273 16 8	2453 18 0
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£102,025 2 4	£66,793 10 5

The following tabular statement shows the number of heritors, including life-renters, in each of the Ross-shire parishes at the respective periods when the five Valuation Rolls I have referred to were made up.

PARISHES.	Number of Heritors.				
	1643	1756	1793	1853	1883
Alness	16	9	6	3	3
Avoch	11	6	5	3	1
Contin	11	11	8	9	13
Dingwall	4	2	1	1	1
Edderton	7	6	5	3	3
Fearn	17	14	10	8	7
Fodderty	11	8	7	5	5
Gairloch	6	5	6	3	3
Killearnan	4	2	2	2	2
Kilmuir Easter	14	8	6	5	4
Kiltearn	13	10	6	6	8
Kincairdine	17	8	8	6	6
Kintail and Glenshiel	3	1	2	4	4
Kilmuir Wester and Suddie (Knock ayne)	15	10	8	5	5
Loch Alsh	3	1	1	1	1
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
— Carry forward	152	101	81	64	66

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PARISHES.	Number of Heritors.				
	1643	1756	1793	1853	1883
Brought forward	152	101	81	64	66
Loch Broom	12	8	6	6	7
Loch Carron and Applecross	9	6	5	2	5
Logie Easter	8	5	5	2	4
Nigg	21	11	9	7	7
Resolis	6	4	5	4	4
Rosemarkie	30	20	16	21	20
Rosskeen	14	7	8	7	5
Tain	13	6	4	3	5
Tarbat	13	8	4	4	4
Urquhart and Logie Wester	12	4	2	2	2
Urray	11	8	10	11	10
	301	188	155	133	139

It will be observed in the foregoing tables that while there are exceptions to the rule, the general tendency towards the accumulation of property in fewer hands was on the whole pretty constant down to the middle of the present century. But the above figures must be taken with some reservation, as many of the heritors had property in several parishes. I have endeavoured to count up the actual number of heritors and life-renters in the county at these several periods, and without guaranteeing the absolute accuracy of the computation (for it is not always easy in the earlier rolls to identify a name which, though perhaps referring to the same person, may be given in different parishes with different designations) yet the number may be taken as practically correct.

In 1643 there were 211 Heritors and Liferenters in the County.

1753	113	''	''	''
1796	83	''	''	''
1853	70	''	''	''
1883	85	''	''	''

The result for the whole County is thus even more marked than for the individual parishes. There is a steady decrease from 1643 to 1853 in the number of heritors, the numbers in the latter year being not more than one-third of those in the former year, while since 1853 the increase has been perceptible. I have made no distinction between the heritors and liferenters. The latter were liable to direct taxation for rogue money, ecclesiastical assessments, and Land-tax on the amount of their valued rent, and had the same absolute control of their properties as any entailed proprietor.

I have already remarked that as the Valuation Roll of 1644 gives the rentals of the different heritors *in cumulo*, and as the total valuations of the several parishes do not correspond with

those of the subsequent Valuation Rolls, the extent to which property has changed hands since 1643 cannot be ascertained from the face of these documents; but I have taken the roll of 1756 and compared it with that of 1853, and I append a statement showing the valued rent of the different estates in Ross-shire in the latter year, and the way in which they were apportioned and held in the earlier one. It might have been more interesting to have brought the figures down to 1883, but I had not obtained access to the roll of that year when I was instituting the examination. There is moreover this to be said in favour of adopting 1853 as a date for comparison, that about that time a change in the forces which until then had affected the distribution of landownership seems to have come into operation. It was in the history of land tenure in Ross-shire a sort of turning point, at which accumulation was checked and repartition began.

I have, however, picked out from the roll of 1883 the valued rents of the lands in Ross-shire which have changed hands by purchase since 1756, and I give the result in the following table :

PARISHES IN ROSS-SHIRE.	Amount of valued Rent held in 1883 in direct succession since 1756.		Amount of valued Rent which has changed hands between 1756 and 1883.		TOTAL.
	£	s	£	s	
Alness	£955	0 0	£1,936	0 0	£2,891 0 0
Applecross	1,927	0 0	1,927 0 0
Avoch	2,531	6 4	2,531 6 4
Contin	1,081	19 6	2,697	7 2	3,779 6 8
Dingwall	799	19 7	799 19 0
Edderton	1,045	0 0	483	10 0	1,528 10 0
Fearn	959	14 6	2,419	9 5	3,379 3 11
Fodderty	362	10 0	1,317	3 4	1,679 13 4
Gairloch	2,396	10 0	1,003	10 0	3,400 0 0
Glenshiel	2,015	18 7	2,015 18 7
Killearnan	531	16 4	1,341	16 3	1,873 12 7
Kilmuir Easter	760	0 0	994	0 0	1,754 0 0
Kiltearn	858	12 11	2,290	16 7	3,149 9 6
Kincardine	1,040	0 0	610	15 0	1,650 15 0
Kintail	1,916	1 11	1,916 1 11
Knockbayne	1,285	6 4	1,640	2 3	2,925 8 7
Loch Alsh	2,900	0 0	2,900 0 0
Loch Broom	516	0 0	2,407	13 4	2,923 13 4
Loch Carron	2,104	10 0	2,104 10 0
Logie Easter	426	0 0	833	15 0	1,259 15 0
Nigg	1,112	10 0	3,093	1 0	4,205 11 0
Resolis	200	0 0	248	6 6	448 6 6
Rosemarkie	290	5 0	3,434	18 7	3,725 3 7
Rosskenc	234	10 0	3,477	5 0	3,711 15 0
Tain	175	0 0	1,484	10 0	1,659 10 0
Tarbat	50	0 0	2,338	17 6	2,388 17 6
Carry forward ...	£14,280	14 7	£48,247	12 9	£62,528 7 4

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PARISHES IN ROSS-SHIRE.	Amount of valued Rent held in 1883 in direct suc- cession since 1756.	Amount of valued Rent which has changed hands between 1756 and 1883.	TOTAL.
Brought forward	£14 280 14 7	£48,247 12 9	£62,528 7 4
Uiquhart	1,124 0 0	687 5 0	1,811 5 0
Urray	764 6 0	1,689 12 0	2,453 18 0
	£16,169 0 7	£50,624 9 9	£66,793 10 4
The Lews		5,250 0 0	5,250 0 0
	£16,169 0 7	£55,874 9 9	£72,043 10 4

Of the total valued rent, amounting with the Lews to £72,043, land representing £55,874 (not far short of 80 per cent.) had passed through the market in those 127 years, and much of it had been sold more than once.

The appended statement showing how the Ross-shire estates of 1853 were distributed 97 years earlier, will, I hope, be found of interest in the study though it can hardly be made so at a meeting. I would particularly call attention to the fact that in 1756 the landowners are described as possessing a large proportion of their lands *in vice* of a previous possessor, and most frequently even that previous possessor does not appear in the roll of 1643.

In conclusion I gather from these Valuation Rolls evidence that property in land in Ross-shire has been constantly changing hands, and to an extent very much greater than is popularly supposed; that families who were great landowners little more than a century ago have disappeared, and others have risen in their place, and that the great estates of to-day are made up of many smaller estates or part of estates; that up to the middle of this century property in land was getting into fewer and fewer hands, but that during the last thirty years the tendency has been to a wider distribution of ownership. That at all events since 1643 rents have fluctuated in Ross-shire, just as in other places, in accordance with prices and other circumstances which determined the demand at the time for the hire of land, and have not been fixed at a customary amount, established by usage as is sometimes assumed; and that the Valuation Roll of 1643, made up at a time when the clan system was still in full force, bears witness to a distribution of the ownership of land in Ross-shire under which the tenantry of the different Chiefs can have formed but a small proportion of the population, and shows, therefore, that the clan-forces must have been largely if not mainly drawn from lands in respect of which the Chief had neither the rights nor the liabilities of ownership.

The following is the statement prepared by me, to which I have been referring:—

STATEMENT SHOWING the VALUED RENTS of the DIFFERENT ESTATES in the COUNTY of ROSS (exclusive of the parts of the COUNTIES of CROMARTY and NAIRN locally situated therein) in the YEAR 1853, and the way in which those ESTATES were apportioned and held in 1756.

ROSS-SHIRE VALUED RENT ROLL,
SHOWING THE CHANGES BETWIXT 1756 AND 1853.

1853.		Alness Parish.		1756.	
H. A. J. Munro, Esq. of Novar	£2077 5 0	George Munro of Novar for Novar		£200 0 0	
		Do. in vice of Assent...		190 0 0	
		Do. do. of Swordall.		195 0 0	
		Do. do. of Fowlis...		16 10 0	
		Do. do. of Culcraigie for Achachean		14 10 0	
				<hr/>	
				£616 0 0	
		The Heirs of Mr Duncan Munro for Contlich....		565 0 0	
		Do. for Teachirn		128 0 0	
		Do. in vice Leimlair...		25 0 0	
		Do. for Culcraigie.....		83 0 0	
		Do. for Fyrish		70 10 0	
		John Munro of Culcairn in place of M'Killigan		92 10 0	
		Mr George Mackenzie of Inchculter for Assent.		380 0 0	
		Hugh Munro, part of Teaninich (£449 since split)		110 0 0	
		Mr Albert Munro, in vice of Culcraigie (part of £29 10s since split)....		7 5 0	
				<hr/>	
				£2077 5 0	
General Munro of Teaninich	783 15 0	Hugh Munro for his lands of Teaninich (the re- mainder of £449 split as above).....		£339 0 0	
		Duncan Simson, in vice of Davocheairn		185 10 0	
		Mr Albert Munro for Coull.....		225 0 0	
		Do. in vice of Culcraigie (part of £29 10s as above)		22 5 0	
		Mr James Munro in vice of Culcraigie.....		12 0 0	
				<hr/>	
				783 15 0	
A. Matheson, Esq. of Ardross, M.P.	30 0 0	Munro of Lealdie		30 0 0	
				<hr/>	
	£2891 0 0	Sum of the Parish of Alness.....		£2891 0 0	
Number of Heritors 3.		Number of Heritors 9.			

Applecross Parish.

1853.		1756.	
Thos. Mackenzie, Esq. of Apple- cross.....	£1546 0 0	Applecross.	£1546 0 0
McBarnet of Tor- ridon	381 0 0	Mackenzie of Torridone	381 0 0
	<u>£1927 0 0</u>	Sum of the Parish of Applecross.....	<u>£1927 0 0</u>

Number of Heritors 2.

N.B.—Diabeg in this parish, of which the valued rent is £82 3s 9d, is entered in Gairloch in *cumulo* with Sir Kenneth Mackenzie's other lands there.

Number of Heritors 2.

N.B.—These entries appear under the head of Lochcarron, with which Parish Applecross seems then to have been conjoined.

Avoch Parish.

1853.		1756.	
Sir J. J. R. Mac- kenzie of Scat- well, Bart.....	£1756 8 9	Sir Lewis Mackenzie of Scatwell.....	£1013 0 0
		Do. in vice of Seafort..	45 0 0
			<u>£1058 0 0</u>
		Ballmaduthie	250 0 0
		Lady Dowager of Balla- maduthie in his vice...	379 0 0
		John Matheson of Ban- adgefield (part of £213 since split).....	69 8 9
			<u>£1756 8 9</u>
A. Mackenzie, Esq. of Avoch.	631 6 4	John Mackenzie for Avoch	£274 17 2
		Do. for Knockmurie...	49 19 2
		Rosehaugh.....	306 10 0
			<u>631 6 4</u>
Sir James Mathe- son, Bart., vice Bennetsfield....	143 11 3	John Matheson of Banadgefield (part of £213 since split as above).....	143 11 3
	<u>£2531 6 4</u>	Sum of the Parish of Avoch	<u>£2531 6 4</u>
Number of Heritors 3.		Number of Heritors 6.	

Parish of Contin.

1853.		1756.	
Sir Alex. Mac- kenzie of Coul, Bart.....	£1076 11 3	Sir Alexander Mackenzie of Coull.....	£1075 0 0
		Deduct Wester Corrie- vouillie, now Ord's....	19 14 10
			<u>£1055 5 2</u>
		Thomas Mackenzie of Ord, in vice of Seafort, £61 6s 8d (of which now Coul's).....	21 6 1
			<u>£1076 11 3</u>
Carry forward ...	£1076 11 3	Carry forward	£1076 11 3

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Parish of Contin—Continued.

1853.		1756.	
Brought forward.	£1076 11 3	Brought forward.....	£1076 11 3
J. M. Balfour, Esq. of Strathconan	807 0 0	Seaforth.....	£668 0 0
		Colin Mackenzie of Hil- town, in vice of Delnies for Cashachan.....	39 0 0
		Colin Mackenzie of Hil- town.....	100 0 0
			<hr/>
			807 0 0
Sir Evan Mac- kenzie of Kil- coy, Bart.....	537 14 4	Kilcoy for his part of Auchnasheen, in vice of Davochmaluag and Banadgiefeld (part of £200 since split).....	£100 0 0
		Alexander Mackenzie of Davochmaluag, for his part of Auchnasheen, £100 (less £8 2s 2d since transferred to Gairloch).....	91 17 10
		Thomas Mackenzie of Highfield, for Meickle Scatwell, in vice of Tor- ridone and Lentron, £440 (of which Strath- crombell is).....	75 16 6
		Colin Mackenzie of Hill- town, in vice of Sea- forth.....	270 0 0
			<hr/>
			537 14
Sir J. J. R. Mac- kenzie of Scat- well, Bart.....	637 7 2	Scatwell £216 (less, Glas- charn £23 4s 7d).....	£192 15 5
		William Mackenzie of Strathgarve, in vice of Culcoy (part of £400)..	224 8 3
		Thomas Mackenzie of Highfield for Meickle Scatwell, in vice of Tor- ridone and Lentron (part of £440).....	220 3 6
			<hr/>
			637 7
Duncan Davidson of Tulloch.....	136 3 11	Lady Kinraig, in vice of Tulloch.....	£75 0 0
		Balnaduthie.....	35 0 0
		Wm. Mackenzie of Strath- garve, in vice of Culcoy (for half of Garreran part of <i>cumulo</i> valua- tion of £400).....	26 3 11
			<hr/>
			136 3
Carry forward....	£3194 16 8	Carry forward.....	£3194 16

Parish of Contin—Continued.

1853.		1756.	
Brought forward.	£3194 16 8	Brought forward	£3194 16 8
Mrs Douglas of Scatwell	167 4 7	Thomas Mackenzie of Highfield, for Meikle Scatwell, in vice of Tor- ridone and Lenton, £440 (of which effeirs to Meikle Scatwell proper).....	£144 0 0
		Scatwell, £216 (of which Glascharn).....	23 4 7
			<hr/> 167 4 7
Macbarnet of Al- ladale	100 0 0	Kilcovie, for his part of Auchnasheen, in vice of Davochmaluag and Ban- adgefield, £200 (of which for half of Loanacorriechrubie).....	100 0 0
Sir Kenneth Mac- kenzie of Gair- loch, Bart.....	8 2 2	Alex. Mackenzie of Davochmaluag, for his part of Auchnasheen, £100 (of which for Glacknasquier).....	8 2 2
Thos. Mackenzie of Ord.....	309 3 3	Thos. Mackenzie of Ord Do., in vice of Seaforth, £61 6s 8d (of which £21 6s 1d trans- ferred to Coull).....	£100 0 0 40 0 7
		Sir Alex. Mackenzie of Coull £1075 (of which effeirs to Wester Cor- rievoillie).....	19 14 10
		William Mackenzie of Strathgarve, in vice of Culcoy, £400 (of which effeirs to Ord's portion)	149 7 10
			<hr/> 309 3 3
	£3779 6 8	Sum of the Parish of Contin.....	£3779 6 8
Number of Heritors 9.		Number of Heritors 11.	

Dingwall Parish.

1853.		1756.	
Tulloch	£799 19 0	The Laird of Tulloch for Tulloch	£384 19 0
		Do. for the Lady Chis- holm's jointure lands..	250 0 0
		The Lady Kincaraig in Tulloch's vice.....	165 0 0
			<hr/> £799 19 0
	£799 19 0	Sum of the Parish of Dingwall	£799 19 0
Number of Heritors 1.		Number of Heritors 2.	

*Gaelic Society of Inverness.***Edderton Parish.**

1853.		1756.	
Sir Charles Ross of Balnagown, Bart	£1105 0 0	The Laird of Balnagown for his lands there... ..	£1045 0 0
		David Ross of Priesthill, for Muckle Daan	60 0 0
			----- £1105 0 0
Alex. Matheson, Esq. of Ardross, M.P.....	350 0 0	Easterfearn's Creditors for Easterfearn.....	200 0 0
		Shandwick's Heirs for Mid Fearn.....	100 0 0
		The Heirs of Baillie Robert Ross for Little Daan	50 0 0
			----- 350 0 0
R. B. Macleod, Esq. of Cadboll	73 10 0	Cadboll for Edderton.....	73 10 0
	-----		-----
	£1528 10 0	Sum of the Parish of Edderton	£1528 10 0
Number of Heritors 3.		Number of Heritors 6.	

Fearn Parish.

1853.		1756.	
Macleod of Cad- boll.....	£1511 7 7	Cadboll for Hiltown and Tullich, in vice of Cul- unuald	£175 17 6
		Do. for the Drums of Fearn	20 0 0
		Do. for Paips quarter of Meikle Reny	39 6 8
		Do. for the lands of Ballanuckie, in vice of M'Culloch of Glas- tullich.....	281 15 10

			£517 0 0
		(Deduct, transferred since to Balnagown).....	7 16 0

			£509 4 0
		The Laird of Pilton for Muldarg, &c.	953 3 7
		The Heirs of Wm. Ross of Shandwick for Bal- blair	49 0 0

			£1511 7 7
Carry forward....	£1511 7 7	Carry forward	£1511 7 7

Fearn Parish—Continued.

1853.			1756.		
Brought forward.	£1511	7 7	Brought forward	£1511	7 7
W. H. Murray of Geanies	336	2 0	George Ross of Pitkerry for Northfield	£45	6 2
			Inverhassly for Pitkerry, in vice of John Davidson	44	10 0
			Do. for the half Davoich lands of Meikle Reny	35	16 2
			Do. for Denoon's quarter of Meikle Reny..	22	5 2
			Balnagown for the Abbey of Fearn, £376 15s (of which now transferred to Geanies)	188	4 6
					336 2 0
Rose of Rheiny	266	18 6	Rodk. M'Culloch of Glastullich for Turridone and Little Milnetown.	100	0 0
			Do. for Little Reny	133	11 10
			Do. for the South quarter of Little Reny	33	6 8
					266 18 6
Major Rose of Morangie	175	17 6	Robt. Ross of Aenhaclloch for Balintore	175	17 6
Ross of Aldie	64	9 0	William Ross of Aldie for his quarter of Pitkerry	15	9 0
			Do. for Stronach's ox-gate of Little Allan.	49	0 0
					64 9 0
Balnagown	543	19 10	Balnagown for the Abbey of Fearn, £376 15s (less the half transferred as above to Geanies)	188	10 6
			Do. for Balgore	144	0 0
			Simon Mackenzie of Scotsburn for Little Allan..	183	13 4
			The Heirs of Baillie Donald Ross for his part of the Drums of Fearn, in vice of James Ross	20	0 0
			Other lands transferred from Cadboll as above	7	16 0
					543 19 10
Munro of Allan	325	8 6	David Munro for Duff's part of Meikle Allan	£118	0 0
			Easter Fearn's Creditors for Fowlar's part of Meikle Allan	114	10 4
			Do. for Monroe's wester quarter thereof	92	18 2
					325 8 6
Robertson of Monteagle	155	1 0	John Urquhart of Mount-Eagle for Easter Little Allan	155	1 0
	£3379	3 11	Sum of the Parish of Fearn	£3379	3 11
Number of Heritors	8.		Number of Heritors	14.	

Fodderty Parish.

1853.		1756.	
D. Davidson, Esq. of Tulloch.....	£796 4 0	Davochmaluag (part of a valuation of £310).....	£197 0 8
		Gairloch, in vice of Da- vochcairn	99 10 0
		Do. for Davochpollo....	157 10 0
		The Laird of Tulloch for his land in Fodderty....	175 10 0
		Inchcoulter for Davoch- carty	166 13 4
			£796 4 0
Seaforth	423 0 0	Seafort for his lands there (part of £415)	£165 0 0
		Do. in vice of the Mrs of Ardoch.....	100 0 0
		Baillie Alexander Mac- kenzie of Dingwall, in vice of Lord Seafort ...	125 0 0
		Rod. Dingwall of Ussie..	33 0 0
			423 0 0
J. M. Balfour, Esq. of Strathconon.	250 0 0	Seafort for his lands there (remainder of £415)	250 0 0
Coul	112 19 4	Davochmaluag (remainder of £310 as above).....	112 19 4
Kilcoy	97 10 0	Kilcoy for Cullin and Achnalt.....	97 10 0
	£1679 13 4		£1679 13 4
Number of Heritors 5.		Sum of the Parish of Fodderty	£1679 13 4
		Number of Heritors 8.	

Gairloch Parish.

1853.		1756.	
Sir Kenneth Mac- kenzie of Gair- loch, Bart. . . .	£2559 0 0	The Laird of Gairloch for himself.....	£1549 0 0
		N.B.—This is <i>in cumulo</i> with Diabaig in Apple- cross, £82 3s 9d.	
		Do. in vice of Coul...	710 0 0
		Roderick Mackenzie of Carn Sairie	100 0 0
		The Laird of Gairloch (for Mellon, with half the Water of the Island of Ewe).....	75 0 0
		Do., more for his other lands (the other half of the Water of the Island of Ewe).....	75 0 0
		N.B.—The two last items are taken from Lochbroom in the roll of which Parish they were erroneously entered in 1756.	
			£2559 0 0
Carry forward....	£2559 0 0	Carry forward.....	£2559 0 0

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Parish of Kilmuir Easter.

1853.		1756.	
Sir Charles Ross of Balnagown, Bart	£851 10 0	Balnagown for Balnagown	£679 0 0
		David Ross of Priesthill for Rives	50 0 0
		Do. for Parkhill and Badibea.....	92 0 0
		Simon Mackenzie of Scots- burn for Dalnaclaach..	30 10 0
			<hr/>
			851 10 0
Major Charles Robertson of Kindeace.....	396 10 0	Mr Wm. Baillie for Ken- rive and Torralea, in vice of Culrain	£196 0 0
		John Martin, for Inch- furie.....	143 10 0
		Do. for Cabrichie ...	57 0 0
			<hr/>
			396 10 0
Cadboll.....	250 0 0	Alex. Bayne of Delny, for the lands of Delny	250 0 0
J. Ogilvie, Esq. of Newmore....	175 0 0	The heirs of John Munro of Newmore, for Ballintraid	175 0 0
Kincraig.....	81 0 0	John Mackenzie of Kincraig, for Broom- hill.	81 0 0
			<hr/>
	£1754 0 0	Sum of the Parish of Kilmuir Easter	£1754 0 0
Number of Heritors 5.		Number of Heritors 8.	

Parish of Kiltearn.

1853.		1756.	
Sir Chas. Munro of Fowlis, Bart.	£2027 9 6	Sir Harry Munro of Fowlis in vice of his father....	£420 0 0
		Do. his old valuation...	435 2 0
		Do. for Balcladich.....	20 0 0
		Do. for Drummond ...	150 0 0
		Mr Duncan Munro's	
		Heirs for Lemlair	324 0 0
		Do. for Ardule	60 0 0
		Do. for Wester Fowlis	336 7 6
		Do. for Pollock	82 10 0
		Wm. Munro for Teanaird	34 0 0
		David Bethune for Cul- niskee	33 10 0
		Alex. Munro for Kiltearn	84 12 0
		Do. in vice of Swordale	47 8 0
			<hr/>
			£2027 9 6
John Munro of Swordale.....	112 0 0	John Munro for the lands of Milltown.....	£78 0 0
		Do. in vice of Swordale	34 0 0
			<hr/>
			112 0 0
Carry forward	£2139 9 6	Carry forward.....	£2139 9 6

Parish of Kiltearn—Continued.

1853.		1756.	
Brought forward.	£2139 9 6	Brought forward ..	£2139 9 6
S. F. Mackenzie of Mountgerald	383 10 0	The Heirs of Mr Colin Mackenzie of Mountgerald for Meikle and Little Cleynes	383 10 0
Balcony.....	176 13 8	Inchcoulter for Balcony, £341 (of which Novar has now £164 6s 4d)...	176 13 8
Novar.....	367 6 4	The Heirs of Capt. George Munro of Culcairn in vice of Don. M'Findlay and John Munro	115 0 0
		Do. for Teanowar	88 0 0
		Inchcoulter for Balcony, £341 (of which now Novar's)	164 6 4
Tulloch.....	82 10 0	John Munro for the lands of Killichloan	367 6 4 82 10 0
	£3149 9 6	Sum of the Parish of Kiltearn	£3149 9 6
Number of Heritors 6.		Number of Heritors 10.	

Parish of Kincardine.

1853.		1756.	
Balnagown.....	£940 0 0	The Laird of Balnagown for his whole lands there	£940 0 0
Novar.....	302 15 0	The Laird of Culrain for his lands there	£202 15 0
		Do. for the half of Achnagart.....	50 0 0
		The relict of Mr George Munro for the other half of Achnagart	50 0 0
Kindeace	108 13 4	David Ross of Invercharron for his whole lands, £204 (less the next entry).....	108 13 4
Ross of Inverchar- ron	95 6 8	David Ross of Invercharron for his whole lands (less the part disposed of as above).....	95 6 8
Pitcalny	100 0 0	Alex. Ross of Pitcalnie for Amat.....	£50 0 0
		Do. for Corranmullyz,	50 0 0
Ardross	104 0 0	Inverhassly in vice of Morangie for Dibidall	£35 0 0
		The Heirs of Hugh Ross of Braelangwell in vice of Pitkerry	35 0 0
		James Cuthbert of Miln- craig in vice of Achna- cloich	34 0 0
	£1650 15 0	Sum of the Parish of Kincardine	£1650 15 0
Number of Heritors 6.		Number of Heritors 8.	

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Parish of Kintail.

1853.

1756.

The Chisholm.....	£322	10	0
Seaforth.	5	13	5
Alex. Matheson, Esq. of Ardross	1587	18	6

Seaforth, £3366; includ- ing £2015 18s 1d in Glenshiel, which leaves here.....	£1350	1	11
Do. in vice of Dornie ..	141	0	0
Do. „ of Macrae of Conchra.....	100	0	0
Do. in vice of Inverinat	175	0	0
Do. „ of Camslonie	150	0	0

£1916 1 11

£1916 1 11

Sum of the Parish of Kintail £1916 1 11

Number of Heritors 3.

Number of Heritors 1.

Parish of Knockbayne (formerly Suddie and Kilmuir Wester).

1853.

1756.

J. F. Mackenzie, Esq. of Allang- grange.....	£752	10	0
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George Mackenzie of Allangrange.....	£300	0	0
Do. (entered in Killear- nan in 1756).....	452	10	0

£752 10 0

Kilcoy	746	3	2
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The Laird of Kilcoy (£510 5s 8d in Suddie, less £236 16s 4d now entered in Killearnan).	£273	9	4
Belmaduthie (in Suddie).	162	0	0
Mackenzie of Mureton (in Suddie).....	213	6	10
John Mackenzie of Kil- coy in vice of Highfield (Kilmuir Wester).....	97	7	0

746 3 2

Mr Graham of Drynie	608	3	4
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George Graham of Dry- nie for Drynie, &c.....	£269	8	4
Mackenzie of Pitlunaig, for Pitlunaig, &c.....	90	0	0
The Heirs of Captain Hugh Fraser, in vice of Mr Wm. Duff for Kil- muire	248	15	0

608 3 4

Colonel Baillie of Redcastle	358	12	1
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Reidcastle (£669 in Kilmuir Wester of which sum £310 7s 11d now entered in Killearnan)	358	12	1
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358 12 1

Scatwell.....	460	0	0
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Mackenzie of Suddie..	£278	10	0
John Matheson of Benage- field.. ..	181	10	0

460 0 0

£2925 8 7

Sum of the Parish of Knockbayne £2925 8 7

Number of Heritors 5.

Number of Heritors 10.

Parish of Lochalsh.

1853.	1756.
Alexander Matheson, Esq. of Ardross, M. P.. £2900 0 0	Lord Seaforth..... £2675 0 0 Do. for Murchison of Auchtertyre 225 0 0
£2900 0 0	Sum of the Parish of Lochalsh £2900 0 0
One Heritor.	One Heritor.

Parish of Lochcarron.

1853.	1756.
Thos. Mackenzie, Esq. of Applecross..... £1804 10 0	John Mackenzie of Delvine, in vice of Lord Seaforth..... £1253 0 0 Mr Aeneas Macaulay, minister of the Gospel at Applecross, for Seaforth (Sanachan)..... 50 0 0 John Mackenzie of Delvine, in vice of Culcovie, in the room of the Earle of Marr..... 501 10 0
Macbarnet, vice Matheson of Attadale 300 0 0	Davochmaluag..... £56 0 0 Matheson of Farnach, in vice of Davochmaluag. 244 0 0
£2104 10 0	1804 10 0 300 0 0
Number of Heritors 2.	Sum of the Parish of Lochcarron £2104 10 0 Number of Heritors 4.

Parish of Lochbroom.

1853.	1756.
Hugh Mackenzie, Esq. of Dundonnell £990 9 9	Mackenzie of Dundonald in vice of Fairburn (Isle of Gruinard, part of £225) £40 13 3 Do. in vice of Keppoch (for Keppoch)..... 50 0 0 The Heirs of James Mackenzie of Keppoch (for Kildonan, &c.) 83 6 8 Kenneth Mackenzie of Dundonald for Derimuick 139 0 0 Do. in vice of Redcastle (Achtadonell) ... 350 0 0 Do. in vice of Simon Mackenzie of Loggie... 162 0 0 Mackenzie of Ballon for Larich - in - Teavour, (Strathnasealg part of £81) 23 16 6 Alex. Mackenzie of Sand, in vice of Keppoch..... 66 13 4 Do. in vice of Dundonald come in vice of Fairburn (Monkcastle, Glenarigolach, & Rhidorch). 75 0 0
£990 9 9	£990 9 9
Carry forward. £990 9 9	Carry forward £990 9 9

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Parish of Lochbroom—Continued.

1853.		1756.						
Brought forward.	£990	9	9	Brought forward.....	£990	9	9	
Banks of Letterewe	241	10	3	Mackenzie of Dundonald in vice of Fairburn (Fisherfield part of £225 as above)	£184	6	9	
				Mackenzie of Ballon for Larich - in - Teavour, (Strath-na-Sealg part of £81 as above).....	57	3	6	
								241 10 3
Davidson of Tulloch.....	1035	13	4	Mackenzie of Ballon.....	£566	13	4	
				Mackenzie of Achilty (half of Achlunachan).	85	0	0	
				Mackenzie of Ballon for the other half of Ach- lunachan	85	0	0	
				Mackenzie of Achilty in vice of Leckmelm	100	0	0	
				Do. in vice of Dundon- ald and Leckmelm	100	0	0	
				Mackenzie of Dundonald in vice of Kilcovie, (Auchindrean)..	99	0	0	
								1035 13 4
Mackenzie of Coul	516	0	0	Sir Alex. Mackenzie of Coul for his lands (Inverlael, &c.).....				516 0 0
Seaforth.....	100	0	0	Kilcovie for feu-duties of Lochbroom.				100 0 0
Letterewe.....	40	0	0	Murdoch Mackenzie of Letterewe in vice of Seaforth... ..				40 0 0
	£2923	13	4	Sum of the Parish of Lochbroom.....	£2923	13	4	
Number of Heritors 6.				Number of Heritors 8.				

Parish of Logie Easter.

1853.		1756.						
Sir Charles Ross of Balnagown, Bart.....	£1132	15	0	Balnagown for Loggie... ..	£166	0	0	
				Do. for Pitmaduthy ...	260	0	0	
				Simon Mackenzie of Scots- burn for Alladale.....	207	0	0	
				Thos. Ross for the lands of Calrosie.....	75	17	6	
				Do. for Drumdatt in vice of Cambuscurry...	75	17	6	
				Rodk. M'Culloch for his lands of Glastullich... ..	191	0	0	
				Do. for Balloan in vice of Mr Robert Ross.....	157	0	0	
								£1132 15 0
Shandwick.....	127	0	0	Inverchassly for Drumi- gillie.....	£100	0	0	
				Do. in vice of Mr Robt. Ross's heirs.....	27	0	0	
								127 0 0
	£1259	15	0	Sum of the Parish of Logie Easter.....	£1259	15	0	
Number of Heritors 2.				Number of Heritors 5.				

Parish of Nigg.

1853.		1756.	
Ross of Shandwick	£1791 0 0	Inverchassly for Anker-ville.....	£527 0 0
		Do. for Shandwick	100 0 0
		Hugh Rose of Kilravock, for the lands of Culliss and Rarichees	896 5 8
		James Ross of Culliss, in vice of Mr John Balfour for his part of sds. lands	144 11 4
		Do. in vice of his father for his part of the sds. lands	123 3 0
			<hr/>
			£1791 0 0
Sir Charles Ross of Balnagown, Bart.....	676 0 0	The Laird of Balnagown for Inverchassley's wadset	£431 0 0
		Do. in place of Mr James Mackenzie	245 0 0
			<hr/>
			676 0 0
Humphrey, Esq..	404 0 0	Duncan Ross for his lands of Meikle Kindeace.....	404 0 0
G. W. H. Ross, Esq. of Cromarty.....	401 5 0	George Ross of Pitkerry, for Culnauld and Dunskeath.....	356 5 0
		Do. for Annat.....	45 0 0
			<hr/>
			401 5 0
Ross of Pitcalnie. Murray of Westfield.....	317 10 0 496 16 0	Alex. Ross of Pitcalnie, for his lands..	317 10 0
		Thomas Gair of Damm, for his part of Nigg..	£162 16 0
		Cadboll, for Urquhart's quarter of Nigg	87 0 0
		Mr James Fraser, for Pitcallion	215 0 0
		David Reoch, for his part of Pitcallion.....	32 0 0
			<hr/>
			496 16 0
R. B. Æ. Macleod of Cadboll	119 0 0	Cadboll, for the Milns of Kindeace and Pitcallion	119 0 0
			<hr/>
			£4205 11 0
Number of Heritors 7.		Sum of the Parish of Nigg.....	£4205 11 0
		Number of Heritors 11.	

Parish of Resolis.

1853.		1756.	
L. M. Mackenzie, Esq. of Findon.	£100 0 0	Scatwell for Wester Culbo	£100 0 0
R. Urquhart, Esq.	100 0 0	Kinbeachie	100 0 0
J. S. Mackenzie, Esq. of Newhall	193 3 6	Sir John Gordon, for St. Martins.....	£93 3 6
		Do. for Easter Balblair.	100 0 0
			<hr/>
			193 3 6
C. Lyon - Mackenzie, Esq. of St. Martins.....	55 3 0	Mr William Duff, for Druncudden...	55 3 0
			<hr/>
			£448 6 6
Number of Heritors 4.		Sum of the Parish of Resolis.....	£448 6 6
		Number of Heritors 4.	

1853.		Parish of Rosemarkie.		1756.	
J. F. Mackenzie of Allangrange Minister of Rosemarkie on behalf of the poor of Chanonry...	£113 13 5		Allangrange for Constables' fees.....	£110 10 0	
Miller, Esq. of Kincurdy.....	211 6 3½		The Poor of Chanonry in vice of the Countess of Seaforth.....	45 0 0	
R. Mackenzie, Esq. of Flowerburn.....	1899 7 4		Andrew Miller for Kincurdy.....	134 15 0	
			The Minister of Rosemarkie for the Chancellor's quarter teinds ...	£50 0 0	
			Do. for the Chanter's quarter teinds.....	54 0 0	
				104 0 0	
Fowler of Raddery vice Leslie of Findressie..	510 2 8½		George Jamieson in vice of M'Dermit.	25 15 0	
J. Baillie of Dochfour.....	617 1 2		Seaforth for his lands there.....	£111 0 0	
			More in vice of Hugh Dallas.....	25 0 0	
				136 0 0	
Sir J. J. R. Mackenzie of Scatwell.....	126 11 4		The Heirs of Alex. Ray in vice of Gollan Adam Gordon of Ardoch in vice of John Miller.....	116 14 0	
P. Maclean, Esq. of Hawkhill...	66 12 5		The Heirs of Hugh Baillie in vice of Mony-penny.....	162 16 0	
Mr And. Hood..	45 2 7		Rosehaugh for his lands.....	1096 3 6	
Mr Alex. Mackenzie of Woodside.....	18 15 3		Kenneth M'Ever's heirs.....	38 6 8	
D. Junor.....	37 0 5		Ardoch in vice of Donald Simson for Broomhill.....	257 3 8	
Mr Jas. Grigor, Chancellor's Croft.....	7 0 5		John Mackenzie in vice of Drynie.....	18 2 6	
Mr James More.	7 9 4½		The Heirs of George Houstown.....	27 0 0	
D. & J. Junor...	10 1 4		The Laird of Findracie.....	1060 15 0	
Mr Jas. Bremner	1 10 8		The Heirs of Duncan Forbes.....	128 5 0	
Mr Hugh Macallan.....	0 16 8		Cadboll in vice of Mr M'Culloch of Priesthill.....	16 10 0	
Mr Ken. Leitch	1 11 6		Alexander Smith.....	6 14 0	
Mr J. Mackeddie	1 11 6		Bernard Mackenzie for Kinmock.....	120 0 0	
Mr Don. Junor.	1 6 3½		The Dowager of Belmaduthie for her life-rent lands.....	50 0 0	
Roderick Clark.	0 19 8				
Rev. W. Mackillican of Kincurdy.....	0 17 5½				
	£3725 3 8		Sum of the Parish of Rosemarkie.....	£3725 3 8	

N.B. The teinds, amounting to £104, having now been apportioned over the Heritors, no two sums correspond, as witness the first two entries on each side which are for the same subjects. Hence the difficulty here of tracing the changes of property from the Valuation Rolls alone.

Parish of Rosskeen.

1853.

1756.

R. B. Æ. Macleod, Esq. of Cadboll	£1180 0 0	Sir John Gordon, for Invergordon	£816 0 0		
		Do, for Rosskeen and Achintoull	364 0 0		
				£1180 0 0	
A. Matheson, Esq. of Ardross, M.P.	1217 17 3	John Mackenzie of Ardross, for Ardross	£670 10 0		
		George Munro of Culrain, for Nonakilm (part of £84 10s)	12 18 0		
		The heirs of John Munro, for Newmore (part of £450)	31 19 3		
		James Cuthbert of Milncraig in vice of Achnacloch	300 0 0		
		The Heirs of Mr Duncan Munro, for Culkenzie ..	112 10 0		
		James Cuthbert of Milncraig, for Tollie and Strathrusdale	90 0 0		
				1217 17 3	
Major Rose of Morangie	213 1 6	George Munro of Culrain, for Culcain (part of £295 15s)	£141 9 6		
		Do, for Nonakilm (part of £84 10s as above) ...	71 12 0		
				213 1 6	
G. W. H. Ross, Esq. of Cromarty	289 0 0	The Heirs of Duncan Munro, for Obsdale		289 0 0	
F. M. Gillanders, Esq. of Newmore	572 6 3	The Heirs of John Munro, for Newmore (remainder of £450 as above)..	£418 0 9		
		George Munro of Culrain, for Culcain (remainder of £295 15s as above)...	154 5 6		
				572 6 3	
Rod. Mackenzie, Esq. of Kincaig	234 10 0	John Mackenzie of Kincaig, for Kincaig		234 10 0	
Major Robertson of Kindeace	5 0 0	William Baillie of Roschall in vice of Culrain		5 0 0	
	£3711 15 0	Sum of the Parish of Rosskeen	£3711 15 0		

Number of Heritors 7.

Number of Heritors 8.

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Parish of Tain.

1853.		1756.	
G. M. Ross, Esq. of Aldie.....	£600 10 0	Wm. Ross of Aldie, for Aldie.....	£65 10 0
		Do., for Balnagall.....	370 0 0
		Do., for Pithoggartie ...	165 0 0
			600 10 0
R. B. & E. Mac- leod, Esq. of Cadboll.....	235 0 0	Cadboll, for Balquith....	£175 0 0
		Easter Fearn's creditors, for Kirkskeath.....	60 0 0
			235 0 0
Major Rose of Morangie.....	824 0 0	The heirs of Roderick Dingwall, for Over Cam- buscurry	£110 0 0
		Cadboll, for Nether Cam- buscurry	180 0 0
		Inverhassly, for Tarlogie	330 0 0
		Do., for Morangie	120 0 0
		Thomas Ross of Cal- rossie, for Pituylies....	84 0 0
			824 0 0
	£1659 10 0	Sum of the Parish of Tain.....	£1659 10 0
Number of Heritors 3.		Number of Heritors 6.	

Parish of Tarbat.

1853.		1756.	
W. H. Murray, Esq. of Geanies	£1832 7 6	The heirs of Coll Ur- quhart, for Easter Ar- boll	£575 0 0
		Alexander Ross of Pit- calnie, for Wester Ar- boll	225 0 0
		Hugh Macleod of Genzies, for Genzies	546 7 6
		Duncan Fraser of Auch- nagairn, for Seafield...	486 0 0
			1832 7 6
And. Munro, Esq. of Rockfield ..	234 0 0	Thomas Mackenzie of Highfield, for Little Tarrell.....	234 0 0
Aldie.....	188 10 0	Wm. Ross of Aldie, for the wester half Davoch of Wester Genzies.....	188 10 0
Cadboll.....	134 0 0	Heirs of Dingwall of Cam- buscurry, for Hiltown	£84 0 0
		The Laird of Cadboll, in vice of David Ross.....	50 0 0
			134 0 0
	£2388 17 6	Sum of the Parish of Tarbat.....	£2388 17 6
Number of Heritors 4.		Number of Heritors 8.	

Parish of Urquhart and Logie Wester.

1853.

1756.

L. M. Mackenzie,
Esq. of Findon. £1034 0 0

Sir Lewis Mackenzie of Scatwell £1034 0 0
(Sir Lewis is also entered in vice of
the Lady Dowager for £179, which
was afterwards taken out, as the
£1034 already includes it.)

Gairloch 777 5 0

The Laird of Gairloch, for
Bishopkinkell..... £90 0 0
Lady Kiucraig, in vice of
Gairloch..... 580 0 0
Kileoy, for Loggie Riech,
in vice of John Tuach. 107 5 0

777 5 0

£1811 5 0

Number of Heritors 2.

Sum of the United Parishes..... £1811 5 0

Number of Heritors 4.

Parish of Urray.

1853.

1756.

Seaforth £966 1 7

Seafort (part of £554
13s 4d for Brahan)..... £391 0 0
Do. in vice of the Mrs
of Ardoch..... 69 0 0
Do. in vice of Mr
Mason..... 50 0 0
Fairburn (part of £633
9s 8d)..... 411 11 7
Alexander Mackenzie of
Lentron's heirs, for the
half of Arcan..... 44 10 0

£966 1 7

J. F. Gillanders,
Esq. of High-
field..... 402 7 1

Highfield for Kinchili-
drum 200 0 0
More for do..... 100 0 0
Fairburn (part of £633
9s 8d for Balvraid)..... 82 3 1
Thomas Mackenzie, for
Ord (part of £100 for
Tormuichk) 20 4 0

402 7 1

Thos. Mackenzie,
Esq. of Ord..... 275 16 0

Thomas Mackenzie, for
Ord (£100 less Tor-
muichk as above) 79 16 0
Do. in vice of Seafort
for the Mills 140 0 0
Gerloch in vice of Davoch-
cairn..... 56 0 0

275 16 0

Carry forward ... £1644 4 8

Carry forward..... £1644 4 8

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Parish of Urray—Continued.

1853.		1756.	
Brought forward.	£1644 4 8	Brought forward	£1644 4 8
Scatwell, for Ault- derg.....	3 0 9	Fairburn (part of <i>cumulo</i> rental of £633 9s 8d).....	3 0 9
Strathconan, for Inverchaoron...	163 13 4	Seafort (remainder of £554 13s 4d as above).....	163 13 4
Dochfour, for Tarradale.....	223 18 0	Mackenzie of Lentrán's heirs in vice of Applecross (part of £321 15s).....	223 18 0
Muirton, for Wr. Fairburn.....	150 0 0	Kilcoy, for Wester Fairburn in vice of Davochmaluag.....	150 0 0
Meikle Scatwell, for Achonagie..	59 9 9	Fairburn (part of <i>cumulo</i> rental of £633 9s 8d as above).....	59 9 9
The Chisholm's, for Rhindown..	97 17 0	Mackenzie of Lentrán's heirs (£321 15s less Tarradale as above).....	97 17 0
Monar.....	77 4 6	Fairburn (remainder of <i>cumulo</i> rental of £633 9s 8d).....	77 4 6
Coul, for Little Moy.....	34 10 0	Sir Alex Mackenzie of Coull, for Little Moy.....	34 10 0
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	£2453 18 0	Sum of the Parish of Urray.....	£2453 18 0
Number of Heritors 11.		Number of Heritors 8	

Lewis.

1853.		1756.	
Sir James Mathe- son, Bart. M. P.	£5250 0 0	Seaforth for the whole.....	£5250 0 0
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	£5250 0 0		£5250 0 0
One Heritor.		One Heritor	

7TH APRIL 1886.

On this date Mr Roderick Maclean, factor, Ardross, read a paper on "The Parish of Rosskeen." It was as follows:—

THE PARISH OF ROSSKEEN.

The Parish of Rosskeen is situated on the northern shore of the Cromarty Firth, along which it extends a distance of five miles from the east end of Saltburn to the River Alness. It is wedge-shaped, 18 miles long from south-east to north-west, and about 5 miles broad near the east end. It comprises an area of 54 square miles, of which about 15 square miles are arable. The lower part of the parish is partially flat and partially undulating. The soil is of average richness in the lower portions, but poor in some of the higher portions, especially where the cultivation extends to from 600 feet to 1000 feet above the sea level. The

inland portions are hilly, some of the eminences reaching heights of 2300 feet. A valley stretches along the south-west side a length of 15 miles, the first seven miles from the sea called the valley of the Alness, the next 4 miles Strathrusdale, and the remaining 4 miles Glackshellach. Nearly parallel to the valley of the Alness along the north side of the parish is the valley of the Achna cloich water, extending to about 6 miles.

In the beginning of the present century the area of arable land was comparatively small. In the possession of new proprietors and industrious tenants, however, rapid changes have taken place, especially within the last forty years, since Sir Alexander Matheson became the principal heritor. Miles which were then covered with boulders, scrub, and bog are now clothed with verdure, and numerous hill-sides are covered with flourishing woods.

From remains found in mosses, there are evidences of extensive forests having existed in the valleys centuries ago.

In one place in particular, called "a' Chrannich," the wooded place, on the Estate of Ardress, large logs of bog oak are turned up in peat-cutting, a piece of which, sent to the Forestry Exhibition in Edinburgh in 1884, was awarded a certificate.

The topography is principally descriptive and historical. I refrain from giving the derivation of Rosskeen, as I am not quite sure of it. A few of the names of the places may be interesting. Commencing at the lower end of the parish, and following successively inward, we have to begin with Saltburn. "Alltan-an-t-Saluinn," a small stream at whose mouth smugglers used to dispose of salt to the inhabitants when it was taxed: hence the name.

INVERGORDON, named after the first of the Gordons who were proprietors of the place. The Gaelic name is "Ruthanach-breachie," the little speckled point. In the end of the last century, where Invergordon now stands there were only three houses, occupied by the ferryman and two crofters. The neighbouring farm is called Inverbreakie, the speckled Inver. The hand of the improver has so changed the face of the country here that the "Inver" cannot be certified, but is supposed to have been north of Invergordon Castle, where a small stream entered a swamp, now all arable.

KINCRAIG.—"Ceann-na-Creige," the end of the rock. This name must have been translated, as there is no conspicuous rock at the place.

NEWMORE.—"An-fheith-mhor," the big bog, which still exists at the south side of this estate, and from which the estate derives its name. .

OBSDALE.—"Ob-an-dail," the bay in the flat. The bay and the flat are still there, but the name is now changed to Dalmore, the large flat, and the village to Bridge-End of Alness.

ALNESS, of old spelled "Anes." The name of this river in the charter granted by James VI. to Sir Robert Munro of Fowlis in 1608 is "Affron," a corruption of "M'ath bhron," my next sorrow. The tradition is that a woman crossing the river in a flooded state on a temporary foot-bridge (put up for their own convenience by the masons who were erecting the first stone bridge there) with a child in her bosom and leading another child by the hand, let slip the child she was leading; calling out "Och mo bhron," och my sorrow, and in her attempt to save the child that was being carried away, let the other fall into the water, calling out "Och m'ath bhron"—Och my next sorrow. Both children were drowned, and from this circumstance the river got the name. I have read several derivations of "Alness," but none of them is correct. I feel convinced the following is the correct derivation:—

The river in the last 600 or 700 yards of its course divided itself into several branches, somewhat in the form of a delta, forming one or more islands. The old district road, of which there still remains a portion, passed below Teaninich House, and there being no bridge, the river had to be forded. Thus we have the "Ath," ford, and "Innis" the Island, naturally changing to Athnish, corrupted to "Anes," and furthur corrupted into Alness.

NONAKILN.—"Nini-cil." The church dedicated to St Ninian.

MILLCRAIG (of old and in the Crown charter "Culkenzie")—"Cuil-Choinnich." The origin of this name is worth noticing. Malcolm Ceann-mor in his war with Macbeth solicited the assistance of a chief, Donald, from the foot of the River Roe in Ulster (hence Donald Munro), and for his services received a grant of the lands from the Peflery at Dingwall to the Alness river, extending northwards to beyond Wyvis, still called Ferrindonald, but having too little land to supply all his followers, he feued a portion on the east side of the River Alness. He then got them all supplied but one—"Coinneach Ard," tall Kenneth. Kenneth of course could not be left landless, and in consulting his assistants in dividing the land, he said "C'ait am faigh sinn cuil do Choinneach," where shall we get a nook for Kenneth? A suitable nook was found. The name "Cuil Choinnich" still sticks to the corner, and Kenneth is honoured by the Estate being named after his corner.

There are a good many people in the district of the name of Aird, who are said to be descendants of Kenneth.

KNOCKNAVIE.—“Cnoc an fheith bhuidhe,” the hill of the yellow bog. The bog is now drained, but yellow fog still grows there.

ACHNACLOICH, named after a large granite boulder. There is a loch here in which, when low, the remains of a Crannaig or lake dwelling can be seen, and about 200 yards east of the loch the castle of the lairds of Achnacloch stood, now all removed except a portion of the dungeon. Hugh Ross of Achnacloch got a Charter of the lands of Tollie from Charles I. in 1635. Ardross Castle now stands on the site of Tollie House—“Cnoc an doire leathain,” “The hill of the broad oak clump.” This name indicates that oak trees grew here, and at an elevation of over 1200 feet. On the south-east face of the same hill there can be traced the remains of a croft at the elevation of over 1100 feet. Old men told me that 80 years ago the rigs could be traced. Now, except in good seasons, we cannot get corn to come to maturity at 600 feet, so much has the climate changed, and so much for the physical knowledge of a few of our legislators and (though perhaps well meaning) blind leaders of the blind.

PREAS-A'-MHADAIDH, the wolf's bush. The name of a clump of hazel and birch bushes which was removed about thirty-four years ago. It was situated about three-quarters of a mile north-east of Ardross Castle. The last wolf in Scotland was killed here. When I was a young lad I got the information of the killing of this wolf with that degree of freshness which convinced me of the circumstance not having been far back. The story is that an old maid at four o'clock on a New-Year's morning going to a neighbour's house for the loan of a girdle to cook a bannock for herself, took a path through this clump. At a sharp curve in the path, for some natural cause she stooped. On her return by the same path she suddenly espied the wolf scraping the ground where she stooped, and in her desperation struck him with the edge of the girdle in the small of the back, and bolted to the house she came from. The alarm was raised, and all who could wield bludgeons or other weapons of destruction hastened to the place, when they found the brute sprawling, trying to escape. He was soon dispatched, and thus “the last of his race” in Scotland ignominiously fell under the hands of an old woman. As far as I could trace, this occurred about the beginning of the last century. She was the sister of a man whose great-great-grandson is now employed as a carpenter at Ardross. A hill about four miles north-west of this place is called “Cnoc-a'-mhadaidh,” where the wolf had his den.

GLAICKSHELLACH, the sauchy glen. Not a tree or bush exists here now, and even the heather is stunted. There are several

interesting reminiscences connected with this glen. On the ridge south of this glen, which forms the march between the parishes of Rosskeen and Alness, there is a conspicuous piece of Schist rock *in situ* cropping up, called "Clach-nam-ban," the stone of the women. The tradition is, that before the Reformation, four women were in the depth of winter proceeding from Glencalvie, in the parish of Kincardine, to the Roman Catholic Chapel at Kildermorie, in the parish of Alness, and carrying with them bundles of hemp. When near this rock they were overtaken by a severe storm of snow and drift. They took shelter in a cleft of the rock and perished there. Their bodies were not found till the snow melted several weeks after. The party in search of them were led to the spot by seeing one of the bundles of hemp suspended from a stick which the women found there, and erected as a guide to their friends, who, they knew, would search for their remains.

At the foot of the same hill, north-east of this rock, is to be seen a small green patch called "Achadh-a'-bhad-dhuibh," the field of the black clump, which, about 90 years ago was a little croft, occupied by an old woman, the solitary resident in the glen. At the time above stated, in the month of July, a man passing through the glen observed something like a bundle of clothes in the potato plot. Curiosity led him to see what it was, and there he found the old woman dead. It would appear that she had no food, and went to try if she could find a few tubers to the potato shaws to appease her hunger. A sort of a coffin and a rude bier were made, and a few people collected to bury her, but going along the hill-side to the place of burial at Kildermorie, the insufficiency of both coffin and bier shewed itself by the body falling through to the ground. My informant, who was there, told me that they turned the coffin upside down and put the body in again, adding "people were not so proud then as they are now; they carried stumps of nails in their pockets, and as many nails were found among the party as made the box secure."

On the side of the glen, opposite to this croft, is to be seen a portion of the hut, which was occupied by a herd employed by the Ardross tenants when they had this glen as common pasture ground. This man was a notable character, and a careful herd, for he always returned from the grazing the same number of cattle as he got to it. Somehow a few of them would have changed colour, but animals of the same changed colour would be missing in other quarters, perhaps 20 miles or more away. I heard a great many anecdotes about this man, but I refrain from mention-

ing more than two or three, lest I should offend, and these only to show that the man had natural abilities, which, it is to be regretted, he had not the opportunity of applying for good:—

The harvest of 1817 was late, and the crops a failure. The following year many felt the scarcity of food. Money was scarce also among the poor. Our friend, the herd, was among the sufferers, and having heard that a well-to-do farmer, residing a few miles off, had meal to dispose of, he went to ask the farmer for a boll till he would be able to pay. "I have meal to dispose of," said the farmer, "but should I give you, you will never pay me." "I will," said the herd, "the first money I can lay my hands upon will be yours." "Well," said the farmer (who was noted for cuteness), "if you tell me the cleverest piece of handiwork you committed, I'll trust you." "Good," said the herd, "the smartest turn I ever did was to relieve yourself of a stot, and sell him to you." "Never," said the farmer; but said the herd, "don't you remember a black stot belonging to you having gone amissing?" "Yes." "And you remember of me selling to you thereafter a speckled stot?" "Yes." "Well, it was the same animal." "I'll give you the meal for nothing if you tell me how you did the trick." "Done," said the herd. "The stot happened to come to my byre. I took a few bunches of salt herrings out of the brine and bound them to the animal's body. In a few days the black hair under the herrings rotted out, and on their removal white hair grew instead." The herd was not asked to pay for the meal.

Our friend on one occasion passed through the East Coast of Sutherlandshire, and on his way home took a fancy to a fine Highland cow with a docked tail. He managed to conceal himself and the cow for a day or two, till, as he supposed, the search would be over, and then took the road to the Meikle Ferry, but before doing so cut a tail from a dried hide he fell in with somewhere, and neatly bound it to the stump of the living cow. He entered the ferryboat with the cow, and just as the boat was to start, a man sprung in who closely scrutinised the cow and said, "I lost a cow three days ago, and were it not that that cow has a tail (mine had only a stump), I would say she is mine." "But the cow is mine," said the herd. The man approached the cow and again said, "were it not she has a tail I would swear she is mine." The herd saw that matters were getting rather too hot for him, and just as the man was about laying his hand on the tail, the herd took out his knife, whipped off the tail above the joining, and threw it into the sea. "There she is now a bleeding tailless cow, and swear is she yours." Of course the man could not, for the evidence was gone.

On another occasion, when hard up, on his way to the Muir of Ord Market, he took under his care a fine colt he found grazing on the Novar parks. The animal was soon sold at a fair price and paid. To oblige the buyer he agreed to see it stabled and fed; but while the buyer was regaling himself in the company of his friends, he slipped away with the colt to Inverness and sold it again. He managed to get the animal again under his care, and by daylight next morning it was quietly grazing on the park from which it was taken, without any one noticing its absence.

Our hero died in 1855 at the great age of 101. I saw him a few years before he died—of middle height, straight and active, considering the many wintery storms he had stood.

Further west in Glackshellach, on the border of the road made there recently, is an enormous granite boulder, so shaped at one end that it has been taken advantage of to form the wall and roof of one side of a shelter stable. About the middle of last century a man named Alexander Campbell, better known as "An t-Iomharach mor," big Maciver, while going through the glen on his way to Glencalvie, where he resided all his life time, was overtaken by a severe storm of drifted snow. Fearing that he might lose his way, he sat beside this boulder for twenty-four hours, till the storm abated—his dress being the kilt and his covering a plaid. This man was born in 1699. The year of his death is not accurately known, but is supposed to have been 1822 or 1823, in the month of May. In 1819 Lord Ashburton, who rented the shootings of Rosehall, in Sutherlandshire, heard about him and invited him to Rosehall. He proudly accepted of the invitation, and arrived at the shooting lodge between six and seven o'clock in the morning, after having walked over ten miles across the hills. His Lordship was so much taken with Campbell that he gave him a present of 120 newly coined shillings—a shilling for every year of his age. Campbell was greatly elated both by the present and the attention paid to him. He carefully stored the shillings to meet the expense of his funeral. He could easily walk forty miles a day, after passing his hundredth year, without much fatigue. I saw his grandson, who died at the age of ninety-two, and his great-grandson is an Ardross crofter.

ARCHÆOLOGY.—From its Archæological remains the parish appears to have been early peopled. Large sepulchral cairns were numerous, many have been wholly removed, but of a few there are still preserved the outer rings and principal centre stones.

DALMORE CAIRN.—Commencing at Dalmore we have in a field there the cist measuring about $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $2\frac{1}{2}$ by 2 feet of one which

was removed about 1810. It was about 60 feet diameter, and 15 feet high. What remains of it is now enclosed by a stone wall.

MILLCRAIG CAIRN.—The next we come to is on the farm of Milleraig, about a mile north of Bridge-End of Ainess. Four large central stones—one measuring 9 feet by 6 feet, the outer circle and a considerable quantity of small stones remain. The diameter is 76 feet. No living person saw it entire, so that its height is not known.

KNOCKNAVIE CAIRN.—A mile further up on the west shoulder of Knocknavie are the remains of what was once a large cairn. From the existing stones it would appear that there were two cists, each measuring about 9 feet long by 2½ feet broad. The diameter was 74 feet, and the height about 20 feet. This cairn was removed in 1826 to build a neighbouring march dyke between the estates of Milleraig and Culcairn. To come to an amusing incident connected with the removal of this cairn we must go back a couple of centuries, and introduce an historical fact. In August 1633, Sir Robert Gordon, uncle of the then Earl of Sutherland, was acting as referee adjusting the march between the estates of Hugh Ross, the laird of Achnacloch, and of the laird of Newmore, when a party of Argyllshire marauders, who were under the leadership of one Ewen Aird, were seized for depredations committed by them. Brown, in his "History of the Highlands," Vol. I., 306, states—"In their retreat they destroyed some of the houses in the high parts of Sutherland, and on entering Ross, they laid waste some lands belonging to Hutcheon Ross of Achnacloch. These outrages occasioned an immediate assemblage of the inhabitants of that part of the country, who pursued these marauders and took ten of them prisoners. The prisoners were brought to Achnacloch, where Sir Robert Gordon was at the time deciding a dispute about the marches between Achinloch and Neamore. After some consultation about what was to be done with the prisoners, it was resolved that they should be sent to the Earl of Sutherland who was in pursuit of them. On the prisoners being sent to him, the Earl assembled the principal gentlemen of Ross and Sutherland at Dornoch, where Ewen Aird and his accomplices were tried before a jury, convicted and executed at Dornoch, with the exception of two young boys who were dismissed. The Privy Council not only approved of what the Earl of Sutherland had done, but they also sent a commission to him and the Earl of Seaforth, and to Hutcheon Ross of Achnacloch."

To what extent the Laird of Achnacloch exercised his power as commissioner is not recorded, but one traditional case is not-

able. He occupied a large portion of Glackshellach as a sheiling. About two years after he got his commission, two wayfarers entered the hut which belonged to him in the glen, and being hungry asked of the dairymaid a little food for which they offered payment. She refused, whereon one of the men took possession of a cheese, leaving as much money as he considered it worth. The dairymaid despatched a messenger to the laird to give information of what she called the robbery. The men were pursued, overtaken at Contullich, in the parish of Alness, brought to Achnacloich, summarily tried, hanged on the top of Knocknavie, and buried in the Cairn above referred to. We now pass on to 1826, when the cairn was being removed. A youth of about 20 years, employed at the removal of the cairn, on pulling out a stone from the face, let down a large fall, when out rolled a grinning skull. The youth was horrified, and leaving his horse ran off to his father, who was emptying a load about 200 yards away from the cairn. The father, who was a plucky fellow, castigated the son for his cowardice in running away from a bone, but on the two of them returning to the cairn, the father received no less a shock than the son, for there was the skull with its upturned empty eye sockets in a state of vibration, put in motion by a field mouse that got jammed among the nasal bones. Information was given to the managers of the neighbouring estates, who came the following day, and had all the bones removed and buried close by the cairn. These were the bones of the two men who were hanged by the Laird of Achnacloich, the finding of which verifies the tradition. The man who got the first fright is still alive, and is my informant.

An incident in connection with the settling of the march between Achnacloich and Newmore is worth mentioning. A large boulder, conveniently situated, was fixed upon as one of the march stones (it is to be seen on the margin of the road from Achnacloich to Tain), and is still the march stone. Both parties had a host of old and young men accompanying them to point out the old marches and to bear in remembrance the new. On the side of the laird of Achnacloich was a smart boy, to whom the laird said, "Will you remember this to be the march stone?" The boy said he would. "Put your hand flat upon it," said the laird. The boy did so, and, before he was aware, the laird drew his sword, and cut off the boy's fingers, saying, "You will remember it now," and he did remember it, and told it to others who told it to succeeding generations; and the stone is called "Clach ceann na meoir," the stone of the finger ends, to this day.

DALNAVIE.—The next we mention, though not a cairn, was

an interesting place of sepulture. Whilst trenching waste land on the farm of Dalnavie in 1847, the workmen came upon a number of urns at a uniform depth of about sixteen inches. They were surrounded by a low circular turf fence about eighteen yards diameter. In the centre was a large one, which would contain about a gallon, and a beautifully formed stone axe was found beside it. The central urn was surrounded by fifteen other urns, which would contain about half-a-gallon each. Through carelessness the urns were all destroyed. I understand the axe was sent to the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh.

STITENHAM.—About half-a-mile north of Dalnavie a large cairn was removed in 1847-48. It was 108 feet diameter, and 20 feet high. In September 1880 a search was made for the cist, when a very interesting discovery was made. Having been engaged in the search, I am in a position to give a correct description of it.—

A grave was dug in hard boulder clay 12 feet long, 7 feet 9 inches wide, and 8 feet deep, rounded at the corners. The whole of the bottom was covered with a layer of flags, on which was formed a cist of thick flags, 8 feet long, 2½ feet broad, and 2 feet deep. The covers were large—one weighing about half a ton. Around and above the cist was filled with stones to a height of about 5 feet from the bottom. From the stones to the natural surface of the ground was filled with a portion, the clay turned out. Over this, and extending about 6 feet beyond the cutting all round, was a layer of tenaceous blue clay in the form of a low mound, 2 feet thick in the centre, and over the blue clay a layer of black earth 18 inches thick. From the form of the cist it is clear that the body was laid at full length in it. The body was wholly decomposed; only a small quantity of carbonate of lime and black animal matter remained adhering to the bottom flags. A few crumbs of decayed oak having been found at the head and foot of the cist suggests that the body was encased in a coffin. The only relics found were three beautifully formed arrow-heads, and a thin circular piece of shale about two inches diameter, apparently a personal ornament. About 150 yards south-west of this cairn, the workmen employed at trenching the moor in 1847 found what was evidently a smelting furnace, and among the debris turned out two beautifully formed sets of moulds for casting bronze spear-heads. They are preserved in a cabinet in Ardross Castle. The material is steatite, of which a vein exists in the banks of a burn flowing by the Ardross Estates Office.

KNOCKFIONN.—On the face of the hill, called Knockfionn, above Easter-Ardross, there is a large cairn, which has not been

opened, and on the summit of this are the remains of what appeared to be a small fortification of stone, said to have been one of Fingal's strongholds.

MAINS OF ARDROSS.—In 1848, a large cairn, “Carn Fionntairneach,” on the farm of Ardross, similar to the one at Milleraig, was wholly removed. As well as the central cist, there were several others in the body of the cairn, proving after burials. A number of bones in good preservation were found, and a few flint arrow heads.

On the same farm there is an interesting grave preserved. It is 16 feet long and 4 feet broad, enclosed by six large flag stones—two at each side, and one at each end. At the request of an officer of the Royal Engineers in 1876, it was carefully opened by digging a longitudinal trench, when it was discovered that two bodies were buried, the one at the foot of the other, in graves each about 7 feet long, by 2 feet broad, and only about 2 feet deep from the surface to the bottom. There are side walls about a foot high, and a division of a foot between the two bodies. The bodies were probably covered with flags, as disintegrated clayey slates were turned out in digging. The only remains found were a few teeth where the heads lay, and a thin layer of bituminous like matter, the whole length of the graves. A few hundred yards to the west of this grave there existed about 200 small cairns, said to have been raised over men who fell in a battle fought there long long ago, each being buried where he died. They have been all removed in improving the land.

The cists without cairns discovered in the district are numerous, notably those at Dalmore described by Mr Jolly in the “Transactions of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, 1878.” A group at the site of Achnacloich Castle, which contained pottery, a group north of Achnacloich loch, which have not been properly searched, as the tenant of the farm protested against such sacrilege, especially because the man who discovered them in trenching the moor immediately ran home, and kept to his bed for a couple of months. At Baldoon, on an eminence north of the source of the Achnacloich burn, are the remains of a cairn which, I think, has been a small stronghold. The name “Baile-'n-duin” suggests this. The cairn was oval, 52 feet by 42 feet. Near the centre is an elongated oval of ten standing stones. It measures 16 feet long by 8 feet broad, divided into two compartments of 8 feet each, by two standing stones, having a space of two feet between them, evidently a door. No living person saw or heard of this cairn being other than it now is, so that what has been removed of it

must have been done long ago. I propose to search the floor, when, perhaps, something may be found to lead to the object of its erection.

CLACH-A'-MHEIRLICH.—About a mile and a half west of Invergordon, in a field north of the County road, is a standing stone called "Clach-a'-mheirlich," the thief's stone. There is an archaic device upon it said to resemble a portion of Bramah's foot.

Though a few hundred yards beyond the march of the parish of Rosskeen, there are two interesting cairns I would not wish to overlook. They are situated in the valley extending from Ach-na-loich to Scotsburn, at Kenrive, in the upper part of the parish of Kilmuir. A tradition is common among the old people of the district that in a hostile incursion of the Danes in the ninth or tenth century, the Danes, who were put to flight by the natives, made their final stand here, where they were all slain, hence the name "Cearn-an-ruidhe," the end of the chase. One of the cairns, the most interesting of them, is now nearly removed, but a description can be given of what it was. About thirty years ago the crofter on whose land the cairn stood had his attention attracted towards it by his dog chasing a rabbit thither. The dog's persistent barking at a hole near the top of the cairn induced the man to go to the dog's assistance, and after removing a few stones with the intention of getting hold of the rabbit, he discovered a vault, but superstitious awe prevented him from prosecuting his search alone. He got the assistance of a canny neighbour who joined in a private exploration, expecting a lucky find which would keep them in comfort during the remainder of their lives. They removed the stones from above the vault, and at the depth of a few feet, came upon a flag stone; which, on being removed, made an opening large enough for them to get down. Their find was only a layer of black earth. A man who frequently visited the vault gave me a description of it. It was about nine or ten feet long, over five feet wide, had side walls of large flagstones, five feet high, the roof formed of flagstones corbelling inwards and finishing with large flags closing in both sides at a height of about eight feet from the floor.

Such a discovery as this was not, in the opinion of the two worthies (now both dead), a thing that ought to be divulged, and for a space of eight years it was found to be a very convenient malt deposit and whisky warehouse, and might have been so still had not Preventive Officer Munro, and his assistants, discovered the "bothy" in a naturally formed cairn in the face of the hill, north of the farm offices of Inchandown.

Sixteen years ago a portion of the cairn was removed to build the dyke in the march between the estates of Newmore and Kindeace. The vault was exposed to the public about twelve years ago, when stones were removed to build a new house for the tenant who now occupies the land. When I visited the place a month ago, the weather was so frosty that I could not search the floor for remains, which I believe are still there, for I understand no search was made. In the remaining portion of this cairn there is apparently another similar vault with the roof fallen in. Two other cists measuring about 4 feet by 3 feet, and 2 feet deep, formed in the ordinary way of single flags, are exposed, one at the north side of the removed vault, and the other at the east end of the unopened vault. The diameter of the cairn was 80 feet, and the height about 15 feet. Some of the remaining stones are of large size, one in an upright position of mica schist measures 7 feet 6 inches by 5 feet and 2 feet thick, and another, which apparently formed part of the roof of the unopened vault, of granite, measures 7 feet by 5 feet, and one foot thick.

The other cairn is situated about 150 yards east of the one described above, and is supposed to cover the remains of the common soldiers who fell in the battle. No portion of it has been removed. It is oblong, measuring 70 yards long, 22 yards broad at the east end, 14 yards broad at the west end, and about an average of 8 feet high.

SMUGGLING.—Many humorous stories are told of the smugglers in the upland parts of the parish. I give two as examples.—

About seventy years ago two worthies, John Holm and Sandy Ross (Uaine), who resided a short distance east of the Strathrusdale river, went to enjoy a day with a friend who had his bothy in full work at the west side of the river. After having partaken of their friend's good cheer as much as made them tellingly affectionate towards each other, they left for home. On coming to the river, which was slightly flooded, John said to Sandy, "Sandy, as I am the youngest and strongest, stand you on that stone, and come on my back, that I may carry you over dry." Sandy obeyed, but John took only three steps when he fell into the water, and before they recovered their footing, both were wet to the skin. "I am sorry I fell," said John, "but come you to the stone again, and get on my back, that I may take you over dry." Sandy went to the stone and mounted again, but they proceeded half-a-dozen yards only when the mishap was repeated. John again expressed regret, and insisted on the attempt being made the third time, which, fortunately, proved successful, and

John, in throwing Sandy from off his back, said, "I am glad, Sandy, after all our mishaps, that I took you over dry!"

My other story is an occurrence of fifty-five years back. The smuggler was Donald Ross (Mac Eachain), who died in Strathrusdale about twelve years ago. He had his bothy at the base of a rock on the north side of Kildermorie loch. Two young gentlemen—one of whom went for the first time to see a bothy at work—paid Donald a visit. As they were approaching the bothy, Donald, always on the alert when at work, espied them, and suspecting them to be questionable characters, moved out cautiously to reconnoitre. Recognising one, he rushed out, with his bonnet under his arm, welcoming and praising them in the most flattering terms, finishing with, "Such two pretty young gentlemen I never saw; come down from your horses till I see who is the prettiest." They obeyed, and then Donald gave the finishing touch by saying, "You are both so pretty, I cannot say who is the prettiest." During the few hours spent by the party in the bothy, Donald felt himself so elated that he drank so much of the warm stream flowing from the worm as to make him top heavy. To get him cannily to his house, it was proposed that he should be mounted behind one of the young gentlemen. This done, and Donald left without side supports, he lost his balance and fell. He was put up again with the same result, but in his second fall his head came against a rock, which brought him a little to his senses. Cautiously coming to his feet, and looking up to the rider, he said, "May all good attend us; truly, Mr Munro, we ought to be thankful that the ground is soft."

ECCLESIASTICAL.—Before the Reformation there were three places of worship, and three priests officiating in the parish. One at Rosskeen, one at Nonakiln, and one at Ardross. After the Reformation the three were made into one charge, the minister being appointed to officiate two consecutive Sundays at Rosskeen, one at Nonakiln, and once a month as might be convenient for him at Ardross. The chapel at Rosskeen was condemned in 1829, and a new church was in 1832 built. Underneath the back wing of this chapel, the Cadboll family built their burial vault, which has been renovated and beautified by the present proprietor two years ago. Before the suppression of smuggling in the parish, this vault was frequently the abode of *spirits* as well as of the dead. The beadle, who had charge of the key, was sworn to secrecy, and the vault converted to a warehouse. The church-yard is near the sea, a stream passes by it, into which, at high water, the tide flows deep enough to float an ordinary boat. Sales were made, the

warehouse emptied during night, and the cargo delivered along the coast before daylight.

The chapel at Nonakiln ceased to be used as a place of worship in 1713. An incident in connection with the last service held in it is illustrative of the tenacity with which superstition still sticks to a few of us.—

The story is that the farm manager at Invergordon Castle was frequently annoyed by a bull, belonging to a neighbouring farmer, being found frequently trespassing on the Invergordon lands. At last the manager threatened that the next time the animal would be found straying there he would be shot. On a Sunday in December 1713, the manager on his way to the Chapel at Nonakiln, saw the bull on the forbidden ground. He returned to his house, loaded his gun, and shot the animal. He then proceeded to the church. Before he arrived the service commenced, and as he was lifting the latch of the church door, part of the roof gave way, but did not fall in. The worshippers were all alarmed, and a few of them hurt in their exit. One of my informants, who is still living, wound up the tale with this expression, savouring of superstition—"Cha leigeadh an Eaglais a steach e airson gun do mharbh e tarbh air la na Sàbaid." ("The church would not allow him to enter because he killed a bull on the Sabbath day.") His idea is that the sacred edifice would not sanction the man's presence because he broke the Sabbath. The roof fell in the following year. The west gable and a portion of the side walls are still remaining.

The chapel at Ardross must, to an archæologist, be the most interesting of the three. It was situated on the farm now called Achandunie, and known by the name of "Seapal-dail-a'-mhic." It has been wholly removed, except a portion of the foundation. From what remains the ground area is found to measure 42 feet by 24 feet. The interest connected with it is, that it is placed in the centre of a Druidical place of worship, measuring 112 feet by 66 feet. Only two of the stones remain standing. They are of sandstone split out of one block, and measuring 5 feet 6 inches high, 3 feet 8 inches broad, and 1 foot thick. A few large stones are lying covered by the debris of the ruins, the rest have been removed. This fact confirms the account of the early Cukdee Missionaries, having been in the habit of meeting the people at Druidical places of worship, who, after they were converted to Christianity, built churches in which to worship at the Druidical standing stones; and this is the reason why so many of our churches in the Highlands are to this day known as "An clachan," from the standing stones.

There are only two other Druidical circles now in the parish, one at Stittenham House, and the other at the west end of Strathrusdale. In each the three concentric circles can be traced, but only a few of the stones remain.

The people were very wild and lawless in those times. I have collected many anecdotes about them, but as my paper is already too long I will finish with a few sentences about the Episcopal Minister of the Parish. His name was John Mackenzie, better known as "Iain Breac," brother of the first Mackenzie of Ardrross, who was son of the laird of Kildun near Dingwall. Mr John Mackenzie was appointed curate in 1664 or 1775. He conformed in 1689 after the Revolution, and lived till January or February 1714, a month or two after the chapel of Nonakiln was deserted. The religious instruction of his flock gave him little concern. After the dismissal of the congregation almost every Sunday at Nonakiln, a fair was held for the disposal of cattle, harness, implements of tillage, &c. The curate mingled with the people at these fairs, and occasionally entered into their games. The most noteworthy record about him is that he was so strong as to lift a firloft measure full of barley ($1\frac{1}{2}$ bushels) on his loof. His successor, Mr Daniel Beaton, who was translated from Ardersier to the parish in March 1717, was in every respect a contrast. He was so small in stature that he is generally spoken of as "Am Beutanach beag," but he was a sincere Christian, an industrious worker, and a gospel preacher; and before many years of his incumbency passed, the Parish was to a large extent civilized. His memory is still fragrant among pious old people.

16TH APRIL 1886.

On this date R. B. Finlay, Q.C., M.P., was elected a life member of the Society; while Miss Mary Fraser, 1 Ness Walk, Inverness. Miss Catherine Fraser, 28 Academy Street, and Rodk. Fraser, contractor, Argyle Street, Inverness, were elected ordinary members. Thereafter the Secretary read (1) a paper on "Etymological Links between Welsh and Gaelic" by Canon Thoyts, Tain; and (2) a paper on "The Dialects of Scottish Gaelic," by Donald Mackinnon, M.A., Professor of the Celtic Languages and Literature in the University of Edinburgh.

Canon Thoyt's paper was as follows:—

ON ETYMOLOGICAL LINKS BETWEEN WELSH
AND GAELIC.

On being requested to write a paper on some Celtic subject, to be read before the Gaelic Society of Inverness, my first impulse was to plead my utter incompetency to undertake such a work ; and, in now endeavouring to comply with that request, I must at once state that I do so with the greatest diffidence. So far from aspiring to be, in any sense, an authority on Celtic matters, I am merely a humble student of the Gaelic language ; and that only so far as concerns my pastoral work, and the services of the Church. Hence I venture to beg for myself a large share of indulgence from those who may either hear or read this paper.

In what I shall say, I am fully aware that I shall be merely, as it were, touching the fringe of a very wide subject ; and my object is rather to start some discussion on a matter which is most interesting and instructive (in my opinion), and on which I myself want to learn very much more, than to lay down my opinions with a confidence (not to say impertinence) which would be, in my case, unseemly in the extreme.

No doubt there *must* be etymological links of connection between all Celtic languages, since they all spring from a common source ; the connection between the Irish and the Scottish Gaelic is, of course, so very close as to constitute them practically one and the same language—each being merely a different dialect of that language ; the difference being no greater than, even if as great as, that which exists between the various provincial dialects of English, in counties so widely apart as (for instance) Yorkshire and Somersetshire, or Cumberland and Hampshire. I know nothing of the Manx language ; but from the fact of places in the Isle of Man having distinctly Gaelic names (as I have been informed), I should gather that it is very closely akin to either the Irish or the Scottish forms of the Celtic tongue. The connection between our own Gaelic and the Welsh is *not*, at first sight (to ordinary people at least), so very plain and obvious. In some measure, no doubt, this arises from the *spelling* ; which, on both sides, tends to obscure the derivation of words. I imagine that to an ordinary student of Gaelic, the extraordinary combinations of letters in many words of the Welsh language must utterly mystify him, when he attempts to pronounce them intelligibly ; and probably Gaelic would present the same difficulty to a Welshman—as it certainly does, possibly in a much greater degree, to a

Lowlander or an Englishman. I suppose one of the most universal words in Celtic languages is the word "Eglais"; we find it in the Welsh "Eglwys," in the Cornish "Eglos," in the French "Eglise," in the Latin "Ecclesia," which is itself, of course, simply the Greek "ἐκκλησία."

But to confine myself to the Welsh. I propose to give a few parallels between it and the Gaelic, which I have come across casually, in the "Leabhar na h-urnuigh choitchionn" of the Episcopal Church.

<i>Welsh.</i>	<i>Gaelic.</i>
1. Daw Dad o'r nef	1. O Dhe an t-Athair n��imhe
2. Drindod	2. Trionaid
3. Pechodau	3. Peacadh
4. Bobl	4. Pobull
5. Esgobion	5. Easbuigean
6. Diaconiaid	6. Deaconan
7. Oen Duw	7. Uan Dhe
8. Trugarh�� wrthgm	8. (Dean) tr��cair oirnn
9. Clyw	9. Cluinn
10. Cyflawna	10. Coimhli��n
11. Gras	11. Gr��s
12. Jesu Grist	12. Iosa Criosd
13. Yspryd	13. Spiorad
14. Clustian	14. Cluasaih (cluasan)
15. Yn rasol	15. Gu grasail
16. Maddeu	16. Maith
17. trwy	17. tr��
18. dau neu dri	18. d�� no tri
19. Marwol	19. Mairbh��teach
20. Yn holl amser	20. Ann nile aimsir
21. Credaf	21. Creideam
22. Creawdwr	22. Crutheadair
23. uffern	23. ifrinn
24. Meirw	24. Mairbh
25. Cymmun	25. Comh-chomunn
26. Maddeuant	26. Maitheanas
27. Dy fawr drugaredd	27. Do mh��r thr��cair

This list might, of course, be largely extended; and especially by anyone who knew the exact pronunciation of the Welsh, and thus could trace further links of connection than the words themselves present to us on paper. It is singular that although there is a distinct parallel between the two languages, in the case of two of the orders of the sacred ministry, "Easbuigean," and "Deaconan" (Nos. 5 and 6 in the above list of words), the word for "sagairt" is altogether different—"Offeiriaid." And yet the *idea* is the same; for, as we can trace the Latin "Sacerdos" under the Gaelic "sagart," so under the Welsh "Offeiriaid" we

can trace the Latin verb "Offero," which exactly describes the *office* of the priest (*sagart*), whose chief duty is to "offer" (I use the word in its technical and theological sense) the Holy Sacrifice in the Eucharist. I fear that I may seem here to be touching on controversies of doctrine; but I wish merely to explain what seemed to me to be the *connection of ideas* between the two words in question.

This instance, at any rate, leads us on to another most interesting branch of this subject; which is to trace, generally, the derivation of words in both Gaelic and Welsh from the Latin, or even, in some cases, from the Greek. Thus (to confine ourselves to a few instances from the short list of words already given), *nef* (Welsh) and *néamh* (Gaelic) are evidently each derived from *νεφαλή* (and its cognate Latin word *Nebula*); *Drindod* and *Trionaid* in like manner come from *Trinitas*; *Pechodau* and *Peacadh* from *Peccatum*; *Bobl* and *Pobull* from *Populus*. *Esgob* and *Easbuig* from *Episcopus* are, perhaps, not quite evident at first sight; on the other hand *Diaconaid* and *Deaconan* are specially clear, as derivatives of *διακονος*. *Gràs* (which is identically the same word in both languages, though pronounced with more stress and length of quantity in the Gaelic than in the Welsh) is simply the Latin *gratia*, "writ short." *Yspryd* and *spiorad* come from *spiritus*; *marwol* and *mairbh teach* (possibly) from *mortalis*; *credaf* and *creideam* from *credo*; *creawdwr* and *cruthadair* from *creator*; *uffern* and *ifirinn* from *infernus*; *cymmun* and *comh-chomunn* from *communio*.

It need hardly be remarked that in tracing the etymological connection between Gaelic and Welsh, or between each of them and Latin, the letters P, K, and T, are interchangeable with their cognate letters B, G, and D, or with their aspirates Ph (= F), Ch, and Th:—thus *Drindod*—*Trionaid*; *Bobul*—*Pobull*; and in the case of *Esgob*—*Easbuig* there is actually a transposition; yet in each case the etymology and the derivation are clear. In like manner we can trace the connection between *nef* and *neamh* with *nebula*.

There are, here and there, traces of Celtic to be found even in the heart of England. When I was south, in October last, I happened to come across a parish Directory of Warwickshire; and in it I looked up a parish in which I was interested, called "Tysoe." I remembered having heard long ago, that this most un-English name was of British derivation; but I certainly was not prepared to find it given in a book of that kind, in pure Gaelic, as "Tigh-soluis." In the same parish is the historical "Edge Hill," the highest part of which is called "The Sun-rising;" so the tradition of the "House of Light" would seem to have been

handed down, in some measure, in the talk of the natives, many long centuries after their parish first got its name. I may mention, in passing, that there is a portion of the fine parish church in that place, which in the opinion of the late Sir Gilbert Scott (no mean authority in archæological matters) is at least 1000 years old.

It would be interesting to know whether in the names of such places as Covent-ry, Davent-ry, Oswest-ry (the last of these being close on the Welsh border), the "ry" is equivalent to "righ;" and if so, what is the derivation of the other part of each of these names? No doubt if light could be thrown on the obscurities of modern spelling, we might find much that was deeply interesting in the unearthing of old Celtic names. I was told lately (and my informant was a Gaelic-speaking priest of our church in Lochaber) that the famous "Rotten Row" in London is simply a corruption of "Rathad-an-Righ;" whether this is so or not, is of course matter of opinion, but it is at least an interesting, if a novel, interpretation. A much more direct derivation seems to show itself in the case of "Clun," a parish in the county of Shropshire, bordering on Montgomeryshire; we can trace in it the word "cluain" (pasture-land), which exactly describes the character of that locality. Passing a little further south, into Herefordshire, we come upon another little parish (or rather hamlet)—Dinmore, which is situated on the top of a high hill; *here* again its name gives its description—"Dùn-mòr," little as the Sassenachs who now inhabit the place may be aware that it is a description! It is not a very "far cry" from the borders of Wales into Lancashire, and on the line between Liverpool and Manchester is a station called "Eccles;" we have no difficulty here in recognising, in its English form, our old friend "Eaglais" or "Eglwys." It may, perhaps, be objected that these are not, strictly speaking, instances of "etymological links between Gaelic and Welsh;" but, rather, isolated instances of *Gaelic* words in England. But, at any rate, they are *generically* Celtic; and as for the most part, they occur either close to the Welsh border, or at no great distance from it, one cannot help thinking that they are survivals of a period in the remote past, when the ancient Welsh, or British tongue resembled our Scottish Gaelic much more closely than it appears to do now; and that when, at the Saxon invasion of Britain, the Celts were driven into different corners of the country, some into Wales and others into Cornwall, and so cut off from each other, and from their Celtic fellow-countrymen in the north, the variety between the different dialects of their language became gradually more and more divergent—though *even yet*, as I have already tried to

show in my quotations from the Welsh and Gaelic Prayer-Books, there is a strong etymological connection between them—clearly manifesting their common source.

Some few Celtic words seem also to have survived in a connection where we should least of all expect to find them ; and that is amongst (what are commonly termed) “slang” words in ordinary conversation. Let me give one or two examples. We may imagine a school-boy having something explained to him by one of his fellows, which he cannot see the meaning of ; and he will likely enough answer—“I don’t *twig* that at all”—but, vulgar and unclassical as the word “twig” may seem at first sight, it does not need much ingenuity to trace the Gaelic word “tuig,” or to substitute for the above sentence “cha’n eil mi a’ tuigsinn,” as its Gaelic equivalent. Again, another very common expression, which is certainly more or less “slang,” is to “ransack” a drawer, or a cupboard, for the purpose of finding something that had been lost ; here, again, may we not at once discern, under its English spelling, the Gaelic word “rannsach” ? Similarly the word “grab,” which is commonly regarded as English slang, is in reality a Gaelic verb ; in this case there may be a slight difference of meaning—apparently, at any rate ; the slang word means “to seize,” the Gaelic word “to obstruct,” or hinder:—yet, when a thing is seized or grabbed, it is to the hindrance or obstruction of the wishes of the person from whom it is taken. I cannot think that these are fanciful resemblances ; in two cases the similarity of form is very close, in the third case it is identical. But it is, to say the least, what one would hardly expect to find in our slang vocabulary, words evidently belonging to that grand old Gaelic language which we venerate so much. Several other words occur to my mind, as being derived either directly, or indirectly, from the Gaelic ; but I think my meaning is sufficiently illustrated by the words already quoted, as well as by the names of places previously submitted for your consideration.

I cannot pretend to have done more than “skim the surface,” as it were, of this deeply interesting subject ; others, far more competent than myself in philological research, will, I hope, give us ere long the benefit of their observations on these matters ; and if my own few remarks shall lead to further papers, more interesting and more exhaustive, my object in bringing them before you will have been attained. I think that there is a special interest (not to say *fascination*), in discovering, or trying to discover, all the links of connection, in language or ideas, that unite us in some measure with the ancient Celtic race in any of

its branches ; or that show the unity and might of that great stem, from which the branches sprang, in tracing to a common origin the *now*-divergent forms of their (doubtless), *once* identical language. For while Saxons, and Danes, and Normans, and Dutch, and Germans, are strangers and aliens on British soil (though all combine in forming that individual of most complex nationality—an Englishman !), the Celts can in the truest sense of all look on Great Britain as their fatherland ; and their magnificent language (now stigmatised by Lowlanders and Englishmen as *barbarous*), was formerly universal throughout the land.

Professor Mackinnon's paper was as follows:—

ON THE DIALECTS OF SCOTTISH GAELIC.

Some thirty years ago the question used to be often asked—Where was the best Gaelic spoken? whether at Inveraray or at Inverness? My home was in Argyle, and I need hardly say what the answer would be in that quarter. A large majority of the members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness render linguistic allegiance to the Northern Capital, and will perhaps wonder how such a question could ever have been asked. One's judgment is, however, subject to modification even upon such a delicate matter as this by increasing knowledge and reflection. It was my good fortune, early in life, to become intimately acquainted with a dialect of Scottish Gaelic far removed from my own; and three years ago I had the rare privilege of hearing, over the length and breadth of the Highlands, old men who knew no language but Gaelic speak of the ordinary affairs of their daily life and occupation in the dialects of their respective districts. After such experience, if I were to answer briefly the question which I used to hear in the days of my boyhood, I should be disposed to say that there is less Gaelic spoken both in Inverness and in Inveraray than I should have wished, and that the quality as well as the quantity of the dialect spoken in both places might, with advantage, be improved.

The object of the present paper is not, however, to discuss the relative merits and demerits of the Northern and Southern Dialects. My purpose takes a wider range. I desire to urge the immense importance, philological and literary, of a knowledge of all the dialects of Gaelic. My aim is to try to prove that the subject is deserving of scientific study, and to endeavour to per-

suade such of my countrymen as have opportunity and an interest in these matters to make a systematic investigation of it. It is not, happily, so necessary now as it was even twenty years ago to warn Highlanders against being carried away with the childish idea that such an inquiry as this will be barren of result because the facts are to be gathered about our own doors. Neither in Nature nor in Science, only to our imperfect vision, is the Gaelic proverb true—"’S gorm na enuic tha fada bhuainn." The laws of language are the same all the world over: the vocal chords of the Celt are affected by the same conditions as those of other men. Philological science as well as patriotic sentiment might dictate the message which Ossian charged Blackie to deliver to the Highland people—

And say to my people, Love chiefly the beauty
 That buds by thy cradle and blooms at thy door;
 Nor deem it a pleasure, and praise it a duty,
 To prink thee with foreign and far-gathered lore.
 On the bank where it grows the meek primrose is fairest,
 No bloom like the heather empurples the brae;
 And the thought that most deep in thy bosom thou bearest
 In the voice of thy fathers leaps forth to the day.
 Be true to the speech of the mother that bore thee,
 Thy manhood grow strong from the blood of the boy;
 Be true to the tongue with which brave men before thee
 Took the sting from their grief and gave wings to their joy.

It is difficult to say where dialect ends, and where language begins. We all know in a rough and ready way what is meant by the words. Minute shades of difference in accent, perhaps even in diction, are sometimes observed among members of the same family. In separate parishes and towns such differences become quite marked. When they reach a certain point, which cannot, perhaps, in any particular case be very clearly defined, we call them a difference of *dialect*. When dialects diverge to such an extent as to become mutually unintelligible, we call them different *languages*. But in actual fact, the words are used in a more or less loose way. For example, the Dane understands the Swede and *vice versa*, yet we treat Danish and Swedish as separate languages. The Romance Languages are, in a sense, all dialects, being descendants, of Latin. Some of them, such as Portuguese and Spanish, are mutually intelligible, and yet we regard Spanish and Portuguese as different languages. To come nearer home. The Goidelic branch of Celtic is to all intents and pur-

poses a different language from the Brythonic branch. No amount of natural intelligence will enable a Highlander to understand a Welshman, or an Irishman to read a book in the Armoric dialect. But on the other hand, are the three divisions of which the Goidelic branch of Celtic is composed—are Gaelic, Irish, and Manx three languages, or three dialects of one speech? Few among us could understand two Irishmen or two Manxmen discussing, with all the fervour of the Celt, a knotty point in politics or theology; and yet if any of us were alone on a desert island with an Irishman or a Manxman, we would contrive, by means of our common Goidelic speech, to understand each other. And if you take a passage from the Gaelic, Irish, and Manx Testaments, you will find it intelligible in them all, and will at once say that these three are but three varieties of one language:—

GAELIC.

IRISH.

MANX.

GNIOMHARA NAN ABSTOL.

GNIOMHARTHA NA
NEASBAL.

JANNOO NY HOSTYLLYN.

XXVII.

XXVII.

XXVII.

39. Agus an uair a bha'n làir teachd, cha d'aithnich iad an fearann: ach thug iad an aire do lùib àraidh aig an robh tràigh, anns an robh mhiann orra, nam b'urrainn iad, an long a chur gu tìr.

39. Agus ar néirghe don ló, ní raibh fios na tíre sin aca: ahd tugadar caladháirighe dha nairé ann a raibh tráigh, ann ar áontuigheadar an lung do shathadh, dá madh éidir rú.

39. As tra va'n laa er ject rish, cha bione dauc yn cheer: agh chrouncee ad ooig dy row lesh traie, raad v'ad kiarit, my oddagh eh ve, yn lhong y roie stiagh.

40. Agus air togail nan acraichean doibh, leig iad ris an fhairge i, agus an uair a dh'fhuasgail iad ceanglaichean na stiùire, agus a thog iad am prìomh-sheòl ris a' ghaoith, sheòl iad chum na tràighe.

40. Agus ar dtógbhail na nancaireadh dhóibh, do leigeadar an lung fán bhfairrge, agus ar sgaoileadh cheangluightheadh na sdiúire dhoibh mar an gcéudna, do thógbhadar an prìomhseól ris an ngáoth, agus do thríalladar chum na trágha.

40. As tra v'ad er droggal ny akeryn, lbig ad ee lesh y cheayn, as feaysley coyrdyn y stiurey, hug ad seose yn shiaull-mean gys y gheay, as ren ad son y thalloo.

41. Agus air tuiteam dhoibh ann an ionad àraidh far an do choinnich dà fhairge a chéile, bhuail iad an long air grunn; agus air sàthadh d'a toiseach sa' grunn, dh'fhan e gun charachadh, ach bhriseadh a deireadh le ainneart nan tonn.

41. Agus ar dteagmháil a nionadh dhóibh ionar bhuáil dá fháirge fá chéile, do bhuáileadar an lung fá thalamh; agus ar ndaingniughadh do thosach na luinge dhan sí gan chorruhadh, agus do sgaoileadh a deireadh ó chéile ré haimhneart na dtonn.

41. As taghyrt er boayl raad va daa hiey cheet noi-ry-hoi roie ad y lhong er grunt; as va'n toshiagh eck soit cha shicky, nagh row ee scughey, agh va'n jerrey eck brisht lesh niart ny tonnyn.

Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the Scottish Highlands, are separated from each other by a broad belt of sea. Were it otherwise, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to follow the boundary between Irish, Manx, and Gaelic. Over large tracts of country where different languages prevail, we find the border dialects partaking largely of the character of the adjacent tongues. French, Spanish, and Italian, though closely related, are different languages, each with its own dialects distinctly marked. Along the border line between France and Italy the *patois* of the people is neither a French nor an Italian dialect, but a mixture of both—a dialect which again is hardly intelligible either in the west of France or in the south of Italy. A similar state of matters exists on the frontier between France and Spain. And even among ourselves, though the sea separates us from Ireland, an Islayman would probably find a native of the glens of Antrim more intelligible than a native of Assynt or Tongue.

Within the narrow precincts of the Isle of Man, Dr Kelly, the grammarian and lexicographer, observes that on the north side the language was considered most pure, and Dr Sachaverell, once governor of the little “kingdom,” wrote that in the northern part of the island they spoke a deeper Manx, as they called it, than in the south. In the Irish language the existence of dialects has been acknowledged from the very earliest times. Fenius Farsaidh who, according to the legend, was king of Scythia and school-master of Senaar, ordered, we are told, his Lieutenant and Inspector-General, Gaedhal, to divide the language into five dialects. Without going quite so far back as this, we find Irish scholars for the last two or three hundred years recognising four dialects, one for each province, which they have characterised thus:—

Tá blas gan cheart ag an Muimhneach ;
 Tá ceart gan bhlas ag an Ulltach ;
 Ní fhuil ceart ná blas ag an Laighneach ;
 Tá ceart agus blas ag an g-Connachtach.

That is to say—In Munster there is correct accent, but not correct idiom ; in Ulster there is the idiom without the accent ; in Leinster there is neither the one nor the other ; while in Connaught there is both. These main dialects again split up into sub-dialects, so that, as in English and Lowland Scotch, each district in Ireland has its special linguistic peculiarities.

The same state of matters exists among ourselves. In the Highlands not only has each county its distinctive characteristics in sound, diction, and idiom, but every parish has its shibboleth.

In my own Island home the people pronounce *sin* and *nis* as if the proper spelling were *sean* and *neis*: *sean thu neis* being the local phrase for "there you are now." Their neighbours in Mull and Islay twit the natives of Colonsay for their vulgarism in this particular, but it so happens that *sin* is spelled in the "Book of Deer" *sain* and *sen* — a very gratifying discovery to me, who can in consequence make a plausible claim to being a countryman of the author of the Gaelic entries on the margin of that venerable document. In the Scottish Highlands, the geographical configuration of the country and the tribal organisation that prevailed would help to accentuate the differentiating tendency inherent in all languages. The country was but thinly peopled. It was without roads, and frequent communication between different districts, especially on the mainland, was impossible. Between different tribes friendly intercourse was possible only when they were at peace, which, in the case of neighbouring clans, did not always happen. Perhaps amid the storms of the far past, more than one sub-dialect may have sunk in northern waters; but the wonder is how our Gaelic language in the Highlands has escaped the fate of so many languages in similar circumstances elsewhere—of being broken up into several widely-divergent dialects, and finally disappearing altogether. Paradoxical as it may appear, perhaps the very system of clanship which in ordinary circumstances would tend to disintegration, helped, as it existed in the Highlands, to preserve the unity of the language. We had few readers and fewer books; but there was a considerable mass of traditional literature in prose and verse which was the common property of the Goidelic race, and which, there is reason to believe, was extensively known among the people. The clan, whether large or small, formed a society in itself. It contained all the elements, civil and social, which make up a community. It had its chief or ruler, its upper and lower classes with their distinctive rights and privileges, but bound together by ties of blood and common interest. It had its bard and historian, men who received more or less of a literary training, and whose duty it was to know the traditional literature of the race, as well as to preserve the history and sing the praises of the clan. There would undoubtedly be rivalry between the bards, as well as between the chiefs, of neighbouring clans. The unity of the language was preserved by this literary caste or guild. The constant intercourse between the various members of the clan, rendered necessary by their small numbers and common interests, was a literary education of no small value. In the pre-

face to his edition of Rob Donn's poems, the late Rev. Dr Mackintosh Mackay quotes a most interesting letter from Mrs Mackay Scobie of Keoldale, which shows that the admirable custom of maintaining friendly intercourse between various classes of society survived the fall of the clan system in the far north. The lady writes—"I perfectly remember my maternal grandfather, who held the wadset lands of *Skerray*, every post-day evening go into the kitchen, where his servants and small tenants were assembled, and read the newspapers aloud to them; and it is incredible *now* the propriety and acuteness with which they made remarks and drew conclusions from the politics of the day." Mrs Scobie in this way accounts for the remarkable knowledge of public events which the Reay country bard undoubtedly possessed; and, indeed, it is hardly credible to us now that two men so well informed as Rob Donn and Duncan Ban Macintyre were unable to read a word in any language.

The Gaelic dialects are usually divided into three. The late Rev. John Forbes, minister of Sleat, in the preface to his grammar, recognises, for example, a *Northern*, an *Interior*, and a *Southern* dialect. This division is accepted and reproduced by Dr Murray in an interesting paper on the "Present Limits of the Celtic Language in Scotland," contributed to the *Revue Celtique* some twelve years ago. (*Revue Celtique*, volume II., page 178.) I am satisfied that the threefold division cannot, without considerable confusion, be maintained. Mr Forbes himself admits that one of the characteristic marks of his Northern dialect is found in the Southern division—the substitution of *o* for *a*. *Call*, he says, is pronounced *coll* in the north, but so is *gabh* pronounced *gõ* in Perth. A still more remarkable case, of which Forbes does not seem to have been aware, is that the letter *c* in *mac*, &c., is pronounced exactly in the same way in Sutherland as in Kintyre and Arran (*mak*), while the liquid sound of *n* in *duine* which prevails in the far north, is also heard in the Southern Isles. I do not myself attach much importance to the number of dialects into which our Scottish Gaelic could be divided. It would perhaps be as easy to distinguish thirteen dialects as three. Arran and Kintyre, for example, break away from the rest of the southern division drawn by Forbes in the case of two prominent sounds. One of these I have mentioned, the pronunciation of *c* after a broad vowel, which in Kintyre and Arran is sounded like *k*, in the rest of Argyle like *chk*: *mac* is *mak* and *machk*, *sac* is *sak* and *sachk*. In the same district the tenuis *c* in initial *ch* sinks to the medial *g*: *mo chas* is *mo ghas* in Kintyre. The sound of *ao*, to which, as

pronounced in Argyll and Perth, there is no corresponding sound in English, is in Arran that of *a* in "Mayor"—*maor* and *saor* are *maer* and *saer*. These words were written *maer*, *saer*, in Middle Irish, the spelling of the Zeussian MSS., and of the older Irish inscriptions being *ai*, *oi*, *oe*. As we proceed North this sound becomes attenuated to *aoi*. Macrae in 1688 wrote *saoghul*, *sivill*, a form which fairly represents the pronunciation of Lewis to-day. In some parts of Ireland and in the Isle of Man the sound is not unlike that heard in the North Highlands. O'Donovan (Gram. p. 16) represents it by *uee* as in *queen* for Connaught, and by *üēü* for Ulster and Meath.

To the philologist a knowledge of the dialects is essential, and this is now universally admitted. The method of the science is the comparative method; and while for the so-called dead languages we are content to take the warrant of grammars and dictionaries for lost words and vanished forms, the final appeal for the meaning of a word, and especially for its sound, must be, in the case of a living tongue, to the lips of the people. Dialects are accordingly studied of recent years with a genuine scientific purpose. On the Continent not a language but has had its most obscure sub-dialects investigated by competent men. At home good work has also been done. The North-eastern Scottish dialects have been examined by Mr Gregor (*The Dialects of Banffshire, &c.*, by the Rev. Walter Gregor, 1866); the Southern dialects by Dr Murray (*The Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland, &c.*, by J. A. H. Murray, 1873); while several treatises on the English provincial dialects have been published by Skeat and others. You can hardly turn a page of Curtius' great work, the *Grundzüge des Griechischen Etymologie*, without finding abundant evidence of the splendid use to which that eminent philologist has turned his marvellous knowledge of the Greek dialects.

It is of the utmost importance that the dialects of our own Scottish Gaelic should be thoroughly investigated, not only for the purposes of philological science, but upon purely literary grounds. Our Celtic philologists, Stokes and Windisch and Zimmer and Rhys and Geddes, know the Gaelic idioms through our grammars and dictionaries only. These are not always correct, and they are far from being sufficiently full and detailed. Besides, our published literature does not by any means exhaust the resources of the language, or make the student of Gaelic independent of the dialects.

We are quite safe in speaking of our Gaelic tongue as branching off into two main dialects, a *Northern* and a *Southern*. The

differences in pronunciation, diction, and idiom which prevail within the respective bounds of these two divisions are very marked, though in particular localities they shade into each other. The boundary between the two is a waving line, but, roughly speaking, it may be described as passing up the Firth of Lorn to Loch Leven, then across country from Ballachulish to the Grampians, thereafter the line of the Grampians. The country covered by the Northern dialect was of old the country of the Northern Picts. The portion of Argyleshire south of the boundary line, with Bute and Arran, formed the Kingdom of Dalriada. The Gaelic district south of the Grampians belonged to the Southern Picts. This two-fold division has very probably an historical basis, as well as a very distinct geographical boundary. It owes its origin to the settlement of the Dalriadic Colony in South Argyll; and its continuance to the greater influence of Irish literature within the Southern district.

By the aid of a few examples, for in a single paper one can only glance over such a wide field, I shall endeavour to show how a study of the sounds, forms, words, and idioms preserved in our dialects can be turned to profitable use in throwing some light on the past history of our people; in supplying additional and reliable material to the science of Celtic Philology; and in providing valuable assistance to the student who desires to master Scottish Gaelic.

I. SOUNDS—Turn for a moment to our sounds. Irish scholars are placed under a great disadvantage in studying the sounds of their language in the far past, because their magnificent literature has been written now for well nigh a thousand years upon a pretty uniform orthographical system, which, unfortunately, is very far from being phonetic. The great mass of Gaelic Manuscripts, and almost all our printed literature, are written more or less uniformly in the Irish orthography. But happily there have been preserved two MSS. of considerable size, written phonetically. One of these was written in the Northern dialect by Duncan Macrae in 1688-1693* ; the other and much larger and better known is the Dean of Lismore's MS., which was written in the Southern dialect in 1512-1530. We have thus a reliable record of Gaelic pronunciation for 370 years. By the aid of some deviations from orthodox Irish orthography observed in the Book of Deer, and some words and names borrowed into the Icelandic literature, we get a glimpse at the pronunciation of our ancestors 700 years ago.

The most marked distinction in sound between the Northern

* See "The Fernaig Manuscript" in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, volume xi.

and Southern dialects is a greater tendency in the former to what Professor Rhys calls diphthongization, and which is attributed to a more delicate sensitiveness to musical sounds. The test sound between the two dialects is the prevalence in the North of an *ia* sound, where the South is content with the original long *e*. In some words the diphthong *ia* has not developed from a vowel; *biadh*—(gen. *bìdh*) must have been originally *bivata*—to judge from its correlatives Lat. *vivo*, Gr. *bìtos* for *bifotos*, and Skt. *givani*, so that in this case the vowel *a* is an essential part of the word. The *a* in *sgian* (gen. *sgine*) is again due to the regressive influence of a lost suffix. But in a large class of words, Irish as well as Gaelic, *é* appears as *ia*—*fiadh*, *grian*, *cian*, &c., &c. In such cases the *e* asserts itself in the genitive, *fèidh*, *gréine*, *céin*, &c., &c. The distinction between the two dialects is that the Northern dialect extends the application of this phonetic principle much further than southern Gaelic and Irish, scores of words being pronounced with an *ia* sound in the North where the South retains the *é*—*beul*, *bial*; *feur*, *fiar*; *breug*, *briag*; *eud*, *iad*, &c., &c.

The distinction dates from old times. Macrae's Manuscript (1688) conforms in this respect to the northern pronunciation of to-day; the Dean of Lismore's (1512) to the southern. We can go farther back. *Niall*, a man's name, has the *ia* sound in Irish and Gaelic, North and South, and was so written in the Book of Armagh in the beginning of the ninth century. The word is written in Norse *Njal*. The Gaelic word for cloud is *neul* in the south, *nial* in the north. In Icelandic poetry this word has been preserved, and is spelled *niól* (*Corpus Poeticum Boreale* I., p. 86). One of the Treshinish Islands (on the north-west of Mull) is spelled in Scottish charters *cairiburg*, *kernaburg*. The word appears in the Sagas as *kjarnaborg*, *Bjarnaborg* (Orig. Par. II., Pt. 1, p. 322). These very significant sounds appear to me to prove not merely that our two Gaelic dialects had their distinctive sounds before the Norwegian invasion; but also that the Norsemen borrowed the words, not from Irishmen, but from Highlanders, and from the northern Highlanders. As corroborative proof take another name. The Irish *colman* (little *colum*) appears in the *Landnámabok* as *kalman* (cf. Gaelic names given in *Cleasby's Icelandic-English Dictionary*, last page, and notes on these names by Whitley Stokes in *Rev. Celt.* III., p. 186). This is also our sound, one of the main phonetic distinctions between Gaelic and Irish being the partiality of the former for *a* where the latter preserves the older *o*: *cas* for *cos*; *clach* for *cloch*; *facal* for *focal*, &c. I may further point out that Mr Vigfusson, the well-known Icelandic scholar, in his dis-

sertations in the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, seems almost to prove the colonization of Iceland by Norsemen from the North-west Highlands, by an examination of the subject matter of the old Icelandic literature.

As further examples of the greater tendency to diphthongisation among the Northern Highlanders may be noticed the dissyllabic sound in *trom* (*troum*), *mall* (*maull*), *fion* (*fian*). Even so the Irishman says *foine*, and the Englishman *nou* (for *no*), *paiper* (for *paper*), giving the long vowel a diphthongal sound. Through the same principle, *o* long has become in Irish and Gaelic *ua*; *hora*, *vair*; *glossa*, *gluas*; *slogh*, which we still use occasionally, has become *sluagh*; *os*, the preposition, appears as *ua* in *suas*, *nuas*, *uasal*; the first syllable in *Boadicea* is *buaidh*; the *Clota* of Ptolemy is now *Cluaidh*. A feature common to all languages is loss of sound. The nations strive after ease of utterance. The ultimate law in phonology is the law of least effort; the very prevalent law of laziness. In the Celtic tongues we have reduced the original *pitar* to *athair*, that is to say, of three consonants we have killed and buried one, and maimed, all but strangled, a second. A Celtic throat has within historic times transformed *patrem* to *père* on the soil of France. We first aspirate our consonants; we then vocalize them. As between the two dialects of Scottish Gaelic vocalization proceeds if anything at a more rapid pace in the North Highlands than in the South. Take for example *m* in medial sound. It first becomes *mh*; and if the flanking vowels are short the aspirated consonant soon becomes vocalised, as *e. g.* in *domhan*, *cumhann*, where *mh* serves now merely to divide the syllables. But where the preceding vowel is long (and in some cases even where it is short), the *mh* is sounded in the South. In the North Highlands *mh* becomes *u*. The greater part of Ireland and the Isle of Man join the North Highlands in this instance. *Samhradh* (summer) is, for example, pronounced *savradh* in South Argyll and Arran. Over the whole of the rest of the Highlands and in Ireland the pronunciation is *sa-u-radh*; and in the Manx dictionary the word appears as *sourey*.

Sometimes, it must be confessed, we are bewildered rather than edified by the apparent caprice and lawlessness which prevail. The Latin word *peccatum* appears in Gaelic orthography as *peacadh*. As always happens in the case of borrowed words, the flexional syllable is dropped. The tenuis *t*, flanked by vowels, sinks into the medial, and is aspirated, *dh*; the double consonant *cc* secures that *c* appears in Gaelic unaspirated; the accent is shifted forward so that the long accented syllable *āt* appears as

the short, toneless, aspirated *adh*. How is the word pronounced? Written phonetically it would appear in Arran and Kintyre as *pékäv*, in Knapdale as *péhdäv*, in Sutherland as *pékù*, and in the North of Ireland as *péhdù*. In the Isle of Man the final syllable is hardly audible—the word is spelled *peccah*; in Perth it entirely disappears—*pechd*. On the other hand, in North Argyll and Inverness the word is pronounced pretty full as spelled—*péhdùth*; while in Kintail the aspirated *dh* hardens into a *g*—*péhdüg*. Here we have the sound of *dh* final going through almost all possible gradations, from the unaspirated, soft guttural in Kintail to the extremest limit of attenuated vocalization in the Isle of Man, and disappearing altogether in Perth.

II. FORMS.—I proceed to notice some grammatical forms which our Gaelic dialects have preserved. Like its Indo-European sisters, the Celtic language was once highly inflected; and, like all inflected languages, its sounds and forms are slowly “weathering away,” to borrow a favourite metaphor of the late great philologist, Georg Curtius of Leipzig. Sometimes a grammatical form is preserved in the literature long after it has disappeared from the spoken tongue; sometimes it lies imbedded in stereotyped phrases or in obscure dialects, never having been admitted into the standard literature, or long ago discarded from it; sometimes as if possessed of the power of transmigration, a doctrine, by the way, which Pythagoras is said to have borrowed from the Celts, the form remains to animate a neighbouring word long after it took its departure from that of which it once formed the soul. Our language furnishes copious instances of all these cases:—

(1) Take that most venerable form—the dative plural in *ibh*—a living representative of an old Indo-European form, and having its co-relatives in the Latin *ibus* and the Greek *phi(n)*. In the Gaelic Manuscripts written or transcribed under the influence of the Irish school, this form is almost invariably used, in the case of substantives and adjectives used substantively. Through the same influence it found a firm footing in our translation of the Scriptures. It is given as the regular, almost the only, form in all our Gaelic grammars. What has been its position, meanwhile, in the speech of the people? In the Southern district the form is now confined (1) to set phrases, where it is heard not merely in the dative, but in the nominative and vocative plural—*fhearaibh*, *mar fhiachaibh*, *an caraibh a chéile*, &c., &c.; (2) in rhetorical and poetical phraseology—*Anns na h-àrdaibh*;

“’S ioma car a dh’ fhaodas tigh’n air na fearaibh.”

An Argyllshire man, unless when "orating," makes the dat. pl. like the nom. pl. I never heard *casuibh*, or *cluasaibh*, or *sùilibh*, or *srònaibh*, in the common speech of the people. I heard *casan*, and *cluasan*, and *suilean*, and *sronan*. But in the South, where the form has been preserved, it is pronounced. In the North the sound of *ibh* has disappeared even more absolutely than in the South, it has become vocalized—*fhearuibh*, *mar fhiachaibh* is *fhearua*, *mar fhiachu*. But, as it were in compensation, the vocalized sound is preserved in the North in cases where the fuller form has entirely vanished in the South, e.g., *daoiniu*, for the Southern *daoine*, a living witness, maimed though it be, of this primeval form.

Such is the state of matters to-day. Nor has it been different for centuries back. This form has entirely disappeared from the Manx dialect—the dat. pl. of nouns is like the nom. pl. in the Manx grammar. In 1815 Mr Lynch, author of an Irish Grammar, wrote that an Irishman who would say *do na caiplibh* instead of *do na capaill* would be laughed at. But in the case of some monosyllables the same competent authority states that the *ibh* form was used in the nom. and in the dat. pl.—the people said *na fearuibh* and *do na fearuibh*. Nay more, O'Donovan (*Gram.* p. 84) finds that "even in the best Manuscripts the dat. pl. is frequently formed by adding *á* or *ú* to the nom. sing. *la naemhu evern* (with the saints of Ireland); *fris na righu* (to the kings)," the very idiom of Sutherland to-day.

The Ossianic portion of the Dean of Lismore's MS., and the political ballads of Macrae's MS.—that is, the popular literature of the people, bear precisely the same testimony. In both MSS. the prepositional pronoun preserves the *bh*—*dhoibh* and *duibh* are spelled *zeive* and *duive*. In the Dean's MS. the form *ibh* is represented, in nouns, by *ow* or *ew*, and is given occasionally for the nominative, as well as for the dative, plural; *er feanow* (*air Fianuaibh*), *eg mathew* (*aig maithibh*): *feanow* (*Fianuaibh*) appears also in the nominative case. In Macrae's MS. *u* stands for the Dean's *ow* and *ew*; *do chedu* (*do cheudaibh*); *lea launthu* (*le launuaibh*); *err vahru* (*air bharruibh*). Macrae gives in consecutive lines the full form *ibh* and the vocalized form *u*:—

"Le mhiltibh de shlòghraidh
'S a shròilte ri crannu."

Elsewhere *miltibh* appears in the nominative, and *cachaibh* in the genitive! In a Lochaber song, written not later than the first half of last century, and printed in the Proceedings of the Society

of Antiquaries (iii. p. 367), there are four instances of dative plural. They are written thus:—*er mo hulin* (*air mo shùilcan*); *l'm chluhsan* (*le m' chluasan*); *er do chartive* (*air do chàirdibh*); *er in cartiv* (*air an càirdibh*). Such is the evidence from the popular poetry of the Highlands, North or South, for the last 400 years—proof perfectly conclusive that this relic of the far past has been used by the people for centuries back as sparingly as it is to-day.

(2) We have here an instance of a grammatical form retaining a position in the written literature which the living speech does not warrant. It is a fault, but a fault that leans to virtue's side. I shall now give one or two examples of genuine forms which our dialects have preserved, but which have not obtained a place in the standard literature, under the mistaken idea that they were provincial and vulgar.

Take *ceann* 'head,' a masculine *o*-stem. The dative singular of this class of nouns is now like the nominative. Of old, the dative of *ceann* was *ciunn*. The form still survives in a few phrases, and is written *cionn*, but to the present day the pronunciation in the North-west Highlands is *ci-u-unn*. "*O chionn tri bliadhna*" is "three years ago;" "*an ceann tri bliadhna*" is "three years hence;" "*air mo chionn*" is "awaiting me;" "*air mo cheann*" is "on my head." Duncan Macintyre, when singing the praises of the soldier's life, to which, except the fighting, he was passionately attached, thus speaks of King George—

"Bheir e 'n t-airgiod 'n ar dòrn duinn,
'S cha'n iarr e oirnn dad g'a *chionn*;
Gheibh sinn anart is aodach
Cho saor ris a' bhùrn."

"*Os cionn*" is the form given in Bedel's Bible (1585), and in the first Gaelic translation "*os cionn*" is given in the text, with "*os ceann*" in the footnote (Genesis i. 7, Ed. 1783). Dr Stewart, the grammarian, though a good linguist and a very able man, was without a knowledge of the old forms of Gaelic or of its modern dialects. He looked on *cionn* as a provincialism and corrupt variant of *ceann*, and wrote an elaborate note (Gr. p. 133., Ed. 1812) to show that the form ought to be disused. In deference to his criticism, *os ceann* appears now in the text of the standard editions of the Gaelic Bible, with *os cionn* in the footnote.

Instances of disused declensional forms meet us on every hand. *Bràighe*, e.g., "the breast," "the top," "an upland," was of old *brage*, *braget* (neck), an *nt*-stem, like *cara*, *carat* (a friend) now *caraid*—the oblique case having in the last instance become

the nominative. *Bràighe* appears in the Dean of Lismore's MS. in the aspirated form *vrai*, and in the form *brae* it has entered English. The word is now indeclinable, but traces of the old flexion still survive. Iain Lom, and the popular poets almost down to our own day, use *bràghad* occasionally for "throat," "neck," "breast."

"Thig an sop á m' bhràghad."

Losgadh-bràghad, "heartburn"—literally, "the burning of the throat;" and *ramh-bràghad*, "the bow oar," preserve the old case-ending of the genitive. *Braighid* is the *hames* of a horse's harness (in some districts the *collar*), and in a transferred sense a *captive*, i.e., he who wears the *braighid*, with *braighdeanas* (captivity). The *d* of this word is preserved in *Braid-Alba*; and if I mistake not, in the *Braid Hills*, near Edinburgh, i.e., "The Uplands."

Teine (fire) a *t*-stem is now indeclinable. Of old it was *tene*, genitive, *tened*. In the south we say *teinidh* (pronounced *teinich*) in the oblique cases to the present day, i.e., the old *d* aspirated: *taobh an teinidh*, *uir teinidh*, *r' a theinidh*, &c. So *lene*, *lened*, "a shirt," is now indeclinable according to our grammars and dictionaries. But the Argyllshire man works as a *leinidh* (pronounced *leinich*), i.e., literally "out of his shirt," and tells you so any summer day. In Gillies's Collection (p. 287) occurs the phrase, "*Dà choin gheal agus Diarmud*," and in some districts of Perth an impudent person is "*cho mìomhail ris a' choin*," both forms being remnants of the old Dual and Dat. sing. of *cù* an *on*-stem.

Munro and Forbes justly complain that the forms of the Gaelic verb, even in the mutilated shape in which our dialects have preserved them, have not all been admitted into the Gaelic Scriptures: "*thàtar*" or "*thathas a' togail an tìghe*," e.g., would be preferable to *tha an tigh 'g a thogail*. And even Stewart seems to regret the omission of the impersonal form of the verb, in such a phrase as *Faicear am bàta tighinn, 's gabhar thun a' chladaich*.

(3) Perhaps the most characteristic feature of the Celtic dialects, among the European tongues, is the manner in which they have preserved evidence of the previous existence of sounds and forms which have long ago disappeared on the road of phonetic decay which all languages travel. Traces of the lost forms show themselves in a variety of ways. Sometimes when the terminal syllable was lopped off, the vowel made a backward leap and established itself in the truncated word—very probably in order to preserve to the eye the evidence that the sound of the consonant remained unchanged: *ciunn* e.g., is for an older *cinnu*; *bàird* was formerly *bardi*; *Maolain*, gen. of *Maolan*, appears on an inscrip-

tion in Ireland as *Mailagni*—the flexional stage of classical Latin and Greek. The genitive of the Latin noun *modus* is *modi*. Now in Gaelic *modi* would be pronounced *moji*. When the terminal syllable *i* was dropped the sound would be *moj*: this could be represented to the eye only as *moid*. So *bardi* would be *barji*; and, when in process of flexional decay, the word was abbreviated into *barj*, the monosyllable could only be represented to the eye as *baird*.

Sometimes the cast off syllable drifted on to the adjacent word, and its ghost still meets you at the landing-place. It is the neighbour that feels the touch of the vanished form; the echo of the sound that is still is heard—next door. In the Celtic languages when two words are placed in certain grammatical relations, they become, so to speak, temporarily welded into one. They are placed under the bond of a common accent, and are treated phonetically as one word. The phonetic laws which obtain within a single word rule within this group or grammatical unit, as it has been called. For example, it is a law in Celtic phonology that a single consonant flanked by vowels aspirates. In the word *máthair*, *t* having a vowel on either side, has become *th*—*mater*, *mathair*. If we take the possessive pronoun *mo* (my) and place it and *máthair* in grammatical relation, the two words become a *unit*, and phonetically one word. In the new combination, *mo* + *máthair*, the *m* of *mathair* appears as a consonant flanked by vowels, and is aspirated—*mo mhathair*—the *m* becoming *mh* in this temporary combination, precisely as *t* became *th* in the individual word, and for the same reason. It is as if you said in English “mother,” but “my vother.” We thus explain the peculiar feature in Celtic grammar known as initial aspiration. In modern Gaelic initial aspiration has become in great part, through the force of analogy, a matter of grammatical rule rather than one of phonetic law; but still, when we find a preposition like *gun*, or an adjective like *ceud* causing the aspiration of the following word (e.g. *gun mhaith*, *ceud ghin*), we feel justified in saying that these and similar words once ended in a vowel, and that the law of vocalic auslaut is still in force, although the vowel disappeared many centuries ago.

A more remarkable instance of the initial mutation of consonants, and one more germane to our subject, is due to the disturbing influence of the nasal *n*. Within the word, in inlaut, *n* in Gaelic assimilates *d*—*benedictio*, *benedacht*, *bendacht*, *bennacht*; before *s*, *n* disappears—*mensis*, *mios*, *mensa*, *mias*; before *c* and *t* it disappears, converting the *c* and *t* in the process into the corre-

sponding mediæ—quinque is *cuig*, and *linguo* is *leig*; *argentum* becomes *airgiod*, and *parliament* *parlamaid*; before *b*, *n* becomes *m*, the *m* in process of time absorbing the *b*—*an* + *beairt*, is *aimbeairt*, and is pronounced *aimeairt*, “’s òg l’aim(b)eairt.”

In Scottish Gaelic, from whatever cause, final *n* does not assert its influence on the initial consonant of the following word with anything like the regularity or potency which obtains in the other Celtic dialects. In Irish and Welsh grammars you find the initial mutation of consonants, due to the influence of a primitive nasal termination, set forth with the regularity of the multiplication table. The cases in Gaelic are so few and so apparently irregular that our grammarians ignored them. But we have “eclipsis,” as the Irish grammarians have happily termed this phonetic law, in Scottish Gaelic. The *n* of the article is changed to *m* in the nom. sing. and gen. pl. before labials and *m*—*an bàta*, *crò nam meann*. Similarly, in certain phrases, such as “*gu ma maith a bhithas tu;*”

“*Gu ma slàn a chi mi mo chailin dileas donn;*”

gu’n bu (or *ba*) becomes *qu’m bu* (*ba*), and by-and-bye the *m* assimilates the *b*—*gu ma*—as in *ain* + *beairt*, *aimbeairt*, *aimeairt*. Even so we say *Leabhar na Salm*, the *n* of the article disappearing before the *s* of the following word (*Salm*), as in the individual word *mensis*, *mios*. We write “*an téid thu leam, a rìghinn Iurach,*” but we say “*an déid*”—the *n*, though not itself disappearing, converting the *t* of the following word to *d*, as in *argentum*, *airgiod*; we write “*an ceart uair,*” but we say “*an geart uair*”—the *c* of “*ceart*” changed by the influence of the *n* of the preceding word to *g*, as in *quinque*, *coig*. Careful observation of the pronunciation of the people would furnish many additional instances. A clergyman, a native of Perth, pronounced “*Eilean nan con,*” in my hearing quite distinctly, “*Eilean nan gon.*” I had recently occasion to read some Gaelic sentences written by children living in the west of Sutherland. The orthography was often phonetic, and frequently initial *d* was “eclipsed” by the terminal sound of a preceding word. In some parts of Skye, and in Lewis especially, the principle is carried much further than in the Highlands generally. A Skye-man says, not *an duine*, but *a nuine*—precisely as the Welshman says, not *fy Dafal* (my sheep), but *fy nafal*. The Lewisman says, not *bealach nam bó* and *goth nam beann*, but *bealach na mò* and *goth na meann*—precisely like the Irish, and for the same phonetic reason.

III. WORDS AND IDIOMS.—As I have said, the value of the dialects of a language for the purposes of philological science is

now universally acknowledged. But the study of the Gaelic dialects is important on literary grounds as well. In the case of a literature like the English literature, whose stores are inexhaustible, the most exacting aspirant to literary distinction ought to be satisfied with the wealth of diction and idiom which a long roll of illustrious men have placed at his disposal. The young Highlander who is ambitious to distinguish himself as a Gaelic speaker or writer is in a different position. Gaelic literature, excellent in its way, is limited in quantity and narrow in range. The translation of the Scriptures, by far the noblest monument of the resources of the language, is a great work, the work of great men. Of it and of them we Highland people have just cause to be proud. But this great undertaking was executed under considerable disadvantages. The amount of standard Gaelic literature published in the last century was very limited. We have no Shakespeare, and if our Homer existed at the time in Gaelic, it was known to the world in the other languages of Europe only.* The translators of the Scriptures into Gaelic belonged to the same district of country—Killin, Glenorchy, and Athole. A thorough knowledge of the dialects was unattainable, and, according to the ideas of the time, the idioms of the people were considered vulgar. Writing under such conditions, these excellent scholars failed to use many forms, words, and idioms characteristic of Scottish Gaelic, while they adopted others from the Irish translation which, whether native to the Irish idiom or not, were foreign to ours.

An example or two will illustrate what I mean. The passage from the New Testament which I quoted above consists of only three verses, but it contains two words, one of which can hardly be said to be a Gaelic word, the other a very good one, but wrongly used. The sailors of the vessel in which St Paul was wrecked are said to have hoisted the *prìomh-sheòl* to the wind. The Greek word ἀπρέμων thus peculiarly rendered into Gaelic, is rarely met with and the precise meaning is perhaps doubtful. In the authorised English version the word is translated *mainsail*. The late Mr Smith of Jordanhill, author of "The Voyage and Shipwreck of St Paul," rendered the word by *foresail*, and the English revisers have adopted this translation. We could say in Gaelic *seol-meadh-oin* with the authorised English version, or *seol-toisich* with the revised version, both words being perfectly familiar to every High-

* The translation of the Bible into Gaelic was completed in 1801. By that date Ossian was published, in whole or in part, in Latin, English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, and Greek. It was printed in Gaelic in 1807.

land fisherman. But *prìomh-sheòl*, the word used, is known to nobody. It is a compound made up of *prìomh*, the Latin *primus*, meaning *first*, whether in time, place, or rank; and *seòl*, like the corresponding English word *sail*, both noun and verb. I am not aware that the uncouth hybrid has ever been used in Gaelic except in this passage, nor do I think that it was worth the while of Irish scholars to manufacture the word or of our translators to borrow it, though it had been more needed and better suited for its purpose than it is. The Manx translation is *seol-meadhoìn*.

Again, we are told that after the fore part of the ship stuck fast, the stern was being broken up by the *violence* of the waves. The Greek word *βία* rendered *violence* in English, is translated *ainneart* in Gaelic. This is again a compound word made up of the prefix *an*, and the substantive *neart*. Now *neart* is one of our oldest and best words. The root appears in Greek in *άνήρ*, a *man*, and in Latin in the proper name *Nero*. *An* is an Indo-European prefix. It appears in Greek as *an* and *a*; in Latin as *in*, and in English as *un*—the general meaning being *privative* or *negative*. In Gaelic the prefix is used chiefly in a privative sense—*moch*, “early;” *anmoch*, “unearly;” i.e., “late;” *abaich*, “ripe;” *anabaich*, “unripe.” Occasionally it intensifies the meaning of the root syllable: *teas* is *heat*, but *ainteas* is *excessive heat*. Very frequently it turns the meaning *in malam partem* like English *mis*, and Gaelic *mi*: *cainnt*, e.g., is *speech*, but *anacainnt* is not *silence*, it is *speech* put to a bad use, *railing*. Such is the force of the prefix in *ainneart*. In Scottish Gaelic *ainneart* is not *neart* negatived, nor *neart* intensified, it is *neart* misdirected or misapplied; it is not *violence* but *oppression*. Accordingly, the word can only be applied to the doings of an intelligent agent, and is as much out of place in describing the action of the waves of the sea as it would be in characterising the attack of a wild animal. Here, again, the Manx translation has simply *neart*.

No one who has read the Gaelic Bible from its literary side, but must have felt that the picturesque phraseology of the people might have been often used to improve the translation as well as to enliven the style. In that solemn passage, e.g., where our Saviour rebuked the winds and the sea, we are told there was a *great calm*—*γαλήνη μεγάλη* is the beautiful phrase used. Now, in the mouth of a West Highlander—*γαλήνη*, i.e., *the stillness of the sea* is expressed not by the general term *cuinne*, the word used in Matthew, but by the specific term *fèath* (*fiath*), the word given in the corresponding passage in Mark and Luke. And when the wind is hushed, and the waves have gone to sleep; when sky and

hill are reproduced in the crystal depths in all their infinite diversity of form and colour; when not even the shadow of a breath dims the face of the faultless mirror; the Highland fisherman resorts to the language of figure in order to picture the scene. He does not say *fèath mòr* as you find in Mark, but *jèath geal*—the very metaphor which Homer puts into the mouth of Ulysses in order to account for the perfect stillness that reigned within the harbour of Lamos (Od., x. 94)—

λευκή δ ἦν ἀμφὶ γαλήνη
 “For there was a *white* calm around.”

Again, in the Epistle of Jude, Enoch is described as the *seventh* from Adam *i.e.* the seventh *in descent*; but the English, like the Greek, is quite intelligible in the elliptical form. Not so the Gaelic. Our translators supply the *lacuna* thus, “An seachdamh *pearsa* o Adhamh”—a phrase which means whatever you may mean by it. But when Lachlan Macvurrich gave his pedigree to the Committee inquiring regarding the authenticity of Ossian's poems he used different phraseology. He described himself as “an t-ochdamh *glun* deug o Mhuireach a bha leanamhain teaghlach Mhic 'Ic Ailein,” this metaphor being our idiom to express descent in line. It was only by a slavish adherence to the Irish translation that Highland gentlemen, whose forefathers lived in tribes, and who could trace their own pedigrees back almost to Enoch and Adam, could ever have fallen into such a blunder as this.

If we turn from words to phrases we find the same state of matters in considerable profusion—native idioms rejected in favour of foreign idioms. One of the most elementary rules of Gaelic syntax is, that when one noun governs another in the genitive case, the article can attach itself only to the latter—*an long mhor*, but *long mhor nan tri chrann*. Yet we have to this day “*a' cuimhneachadh nan cuig aran nan cuig mìle*. . . . *no nan seachd aran nan seachd mìle*,” offending the taste of the Gaelic reader. In the classical tongues, nouns in apposition agree in case. It is not so in Gaelic—the specifying noun is put in the nominative case, *fearann Sheumais do mhac*, not *do mhic*. But in Scripture the invariable idiom is *Litir an Abstoil Phòil* (instead of *Pòl*) *a chum nan Romanach*, &c. Let me take one final illustration from the construction of *agus*—a word which is far more flexible in Gaelic than *and* is in English. Like the Latin *ac* and *atque*, *agus* expresses “equality” and “comparison”—*cho fhada* 's *cho fhada* (so long *and* so long) is *equally long*; *fhad* 's *is beò mi* (as long *and* I live) is “as long as

I live. The particle even expresses "separation"—*fhuair mi réidh* 's *e* is "I have got quit of (*and*) him." Its most frequent construction is, of course, as an ordinary copulative conjunction. But when two conceptions are linked together very closely in time, or place, or even as cause and effect, and expressed in the other languages by the present participle, or the participle with the absolute case, or a dependent sentence, the ideas are connected in Gaelic idiom by *agus*. In the Scriptures the absolute case is the favourite construction—*air teachd a nuas o'n bheinn dha, lean cuideachd mhòr e*; *air dol do'n luing dha, chaidh e thar an uisge*. Here unquestionably the Gaelic idiom would prefer *agus*. You do not say *air dhonh éirigh chuir mi orm m' aodach*, nor *air dha freagairt, thubhairt e*; but *dh'éirich mi 's chuir mi orm m' aodach*: *thubhairt e 's e freagairt*. The same idiom is found in Scotch, and, not unlikely, borrowed from Gaelic—"Let me alane *and* me nae weel" is an exact translation of *leig leam 's gun mi gu maith*.

"Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhin"

is paralleled by Burns:—

"How can ye chant, ye little birds,
An' I sae weary, fu' of care?"

The pious and judicious Dr Alexander Stewart when commenting on the exclusion of some forms and idioms from the Scriptures accounted for the omission by the "scrupulous chasteness of the style." The style that embraces forms and idioms which the people do not use and rejects those which they do use, is a phase of chastity, the issue of which is annihilation, and not a pure and healthy life.

Let me not, however, be misunderstood. I consider that the late Dr Ross of Lochbroom and the northern clergy had reason to be dissatisfied with the scanty recognition which their dialect received in the Gaelic Scriptures. Personally I have always had great sympathy with an excellent lay preacher who lived in Assynt some forty years ago, and who, when reading to the people, used the English Bible and translated into the local idiom as he went along. Our translators went to Ireland rather than to Ross-shire for their diction and idiom, and in my judgment these distinguished men made a great mistake. But he would be a bold man who would advocate a change now in our Gaelic translation in all cases where improvement is possible. Feelings and associations cluster around the sacred volume, which even cold science must acknowledge and respect. But my argument is this—if this book

which in its human aspect, of which alone I would presume to speak, contains the record of as grand a literature as the world has ever seen, which has been translated by our best scholars and ablest men, which is and always will remain our standard work in Gaelic—if this book could in numberless instances, as I have tried by an example or two to show, be improved in its diction and idiom by borrowing from the speech of the people, it follows that the study of the language as it has been preserved in the various dialects is an absolute necessity to the student who desires to master Scottish Gaelic.

Besides, be the ultimate law of the universe what it may, Becoming, not Being, is the ultimate law of language. Sounds are dropped, forms are disused, words are discarded in all languages—the loss being made up by new combinations of home growth, and by foreign loans. In languages with a flourishing literature the vanishing forms are stereotyped, and every new acquisition registered. In the case of Gaelic we have the loss, but not the compensation. The language has never been fully utilised in the published literature, and we have neither newspapers nor periodicals through which one district can communicate to another its characteristic words as well as its special views and needs. The common word *can*, to *say* or *sing*, forms no part of the diction of South Argyle. *Gabh oran* is the phrase used when you invite a friend to sing a song. I once heard a countryman of my own, painfully helpless in English, ask a Saxon brother very pressingly to *take a song*. The admirable northern word *eus* (overmuch) is not even in Armstrong's Dictionary, nor another to fill its place. If you take up Rob Donn's Poems, or Mackenzie's "Beauties," or, better still, Campbell's Tales, though these works by no means exhaust the resources of the dialects, you will be amazed to find the number of beautiful and expressive words in common local use which are not only strange to you, but which are not to be found in any Gaelic Dictionary. You will also unfortunately find the local author frequently borrowing uncouth expressions from English, in ignorance of the fact that admirable words to suit his purpose are in free circulation across the nearest ferry or over the neighbouring moor. Rob Donn, *e g.*, gives *bàghan* and *bunndaist* and *prac* to the south, if the south would only accept them; but surely he ought to accept in return *searmonachadh* and *foirfeach* and *mìle*, and leave such *strainnsearan* as *préisgeadh* and *eilldeir*, not to speak of *sùsdan*, in their native land.

Finally, in addition to the want of a rich standard literature, and of free literary inter-communication in the Highlands, it is the

fact that the old economy, and by consequence the old language which it cherished, are, for good or for evil, passing away. Probably for good and evil; but let us hope that here also the evil will be overcome by the good. It would be interesting to trace the effect of the Reformation upon our Gaelic diction. The Catholics have preserved, among other words, *aifrionn*, a loan from the Latin, to designate the mass. I played my first games at shinty in *Glaic-nan-aifrionn*, in a purely Gaelic speaking parish where probably not a single individual knows the meaning of the word. *Càin* in early times meant *law*. The old Irish laws were called *Càin Pàtraic*, and we have still the saying, *A' chain a bha aig Pàruig air Èirinn*, which is explained to mean the body of laws which the Saint gave to his adopted country. The word afterwards came to mean a charge upon land. It was often applied to a portion of the rent paid in kind; and *kain hens* is a well-known term in Lowland Scotch. *Càin* means now in some districts a *tax*, in others a *fine*. In my native parish the word is restricted to the blacksmith's dues, which are paid in kind. So in South Argyle *toinneamh* is the miller's share of the meal for grinding it; and *bunndaist*—literally *poundage*—is applied by Rob Donn to designate the weaver's portion. The growing of flax and the manufacture of linen have disappeared in Colonsay within my own recollection. The *simidean* is on the way to the museum, but the *seiceil* can again be turned to practical use in giving the final dressing to the tangled heads of candidates for Parliament. The spinning of wool is decreasing, and the weaving and dressing of woollen cloth is being rapidly transferred to the mills. Here is an interesting section of our lyric poetry—the waulking songs—being hushed for ever, and the whole vocabulary of a native industry in process of translation to the region of metaphor—the *calanas* of the good-wife, with her *cuigeal* and *fearsaid*, her *cìreadh* and *tlàmadh* and *clàdadh*, her *eachan* and *crois*, *crann-deilbh*; and the weaver with his *beairt* and *slinn* and *coimhead* and *spàl* and *iteachan* and *fudhagan* and *gogan-treiscin* and *dlùth* and *inneach* and *eige*, and a hundred more of useful articles and good Gaelic words. That most fascinating phase of Highland rural life—the *airidh*—which has produced so many beautiful lyrics, and especially those of the joyous and merry class, of which Gaelic possesses too few, is to most of us only a memory, if even so much. About the end of last century the *airidh* formed an essential part of the rural economy of the tenantry in the heart of Inverness-shire. Mrs Grant of Laggan describes it, and was equally captivated by the poetry and the profits of the *shielings*. This phase

of life has hardly passed away as yet in the outer isles, and the literary, one might say the ceremonial, beauty of it, as well as its social charms, are happily described and illustrated by Mr Carmichael in an interesting paper entitled "Grazing and Agrestic Customs in the Outer Hebrides" which he furnished to the Crofters' Commissioners, and which is printed in the Appendix to their Report

The argument might be pursued and pressed on other grounds, on patriotic as well as on linguistic grounds, but for the present I have, perhaps, said enough. A thorough and systematic investigation of our Gaelic dialects is of the highest importance. Many members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness are, from early training, special opportunity, and interest in the subject, peculiarly fitted to deal with it. I beg most earnestly to recommend it to their attention.

21ST APRIL 1886.

On this date the Secretary (Mr William Mackenzie) read— (1) a paper entitled "Some Unpublished Letters of Simon, 12th Lord Lovat," contributed by Donald Cameron of Lochiel; and (2) a paper on "Granting Diplomas of Gentle Birth, &c., by Scottish Kings—Case of Lieut.-Colonel Monro of Obsdale, 1663," by Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.

Lochiel's paper was as follows:—

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SIMON 12TH LORD LOVAT TO LOCHIEL OF THE '45.

The interest which attaches to all that concerns the history, or illustrates the character of the celebrated Simon Lord Lovat renders it unnecessary to offer to the members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness any apology for the following contributions to a study of the public and private life of that extraordinary man. The following extracts are taken from a packet of letters given some years ago to the writer of this paper through the courtesy of the representative of a family allied to his own as well as to that of the author of the letters. By far the greater number of documents contained in the packet consist of letters addressed by Lord Lovat to the Lochiel of '45, and are almost all of a private nature, reference to topics connected with current political events being few and far between. It is, indeed, probable that in the stormy period immediately succeeding the date of most

of the letters (1743-44) all those which might in any degree compromise those adherents of the Stuart cause who had escaped the vengeance of the Government were destroyed. It seems unlikely, except on this hypothesis, that so confidential a correspondence should have been maintained between two Highland chiefs whose intimacy was so close, and yet that all those topics which, to a large extent, occupied the thoughts of men at that time should be studiously avoided.

There are, however, a few other letters addressed to Macleod of Macleod, the commencement to which is somewhat quaint. Lovat seems always to have begun his letters to that chief thus—“My dear mother’s chief,” his mother being Sibylla, fourth daughter of John Macleod of Macleod. In reference to this, it is curious to observe the extreme punctiliousness which a hundred and fifty years ago marked the style of correspondence even between the most intimate friends. The following extract may be given as an example of the courtesies of correspondence then prevalent, but hardly ever brought to such perfection as in the present instance. Every letter in the collection begins in this way, or something very like it:—“My very dear Cusin,” or, “My dear Laird of Lochiell” or “Lochziell”—“I received the honour of your letter, dated the 7th of this month, and I am exceedingly overjoyed to know that you keep your health; but I am very sorry that my dear Cusin your worthy lady is still tender and has a cough. I pray that Heaven may recover her health, for your comfort, and the good of your children, and for the satisfaction of her friends and relations. I am very sure she has no friend or relation in the world that wishes Her Ladyship better than I do, and I beg leave to assure you and her, and all the lovely Bears, of my most humble duty and affectionate respects.”

Subjoined is a specimen of the conclusion of one of the letters, and it may indeed be said that in many cases the complimentary portion of the letter often occupies as large a space as half the rest of its contents:—

“I was overjoyed by my cousine Gortuleg that you and my very dear cousine, the Lady Lochiel, and your lovely Bairns were in health. Gortuleg makes panegericks on your friendship and good advices. You will always find him a very honest man, and much your faithful servant. I beg leave to assure you and my dear cousine, the Lady Locheil, and the dear young ones, of my most affectionate humble duty and best respects and good wishes. My Jenyie joins with me in these dutiful respects and good wishes. And I am much more than I can express, with most

unfeigned attachment and unalterable respect, my dear Laird of Lochiel, your most affectionate cousine and most obedient and respectful humble servant,

“LOVAT.”

That Lovat was accustomed to administer compliments in strong doses is corroborated by the compiler of the “History of the Chiefs of the Grants,” who says (vol. 1, p. xxi.)—“Too much importance will not be attached to the letters of Simon Lord Lovat by those who are acquainted with his peculiar style. It was his wont to indulge in expressions of admiration, and even adulation, towards such of his friends as he particularly fancied.”

The letters were, however, not all couched in the affectionate terms of the above extract. When any incident occurred to arouse the anger or jealousy of the Northern Chief, he would adopt a much cooler, not to say freezing tone, and he was in the habit of exaggerating his grievances equally with his assurances of affection when so disposed. Thus, in 1736, he begins his letter—“My dear sir” (in place of “my dear cousin” or “my dear Laird of Lochiel”). The grievance complained of in this letter is apparently the usual one between Highland chiefs, at that time—a raid or foray in which the members of one clan suffered from the depredations of neighbours who were supposed to be on terms of friendship or alliance. After referring to certain friendly overtures which Lovat made, he goes on to say:—

“You cannot but be convinced of the great and singular love and regard I have for your person and family, and of my extraordinary patience in suffering so long such a terrible and manifest insult without endeavouring to resent it. But now, my dear cousin, I must freely and frankly tell you that my patience is worn out, and that I cannot longer forbear endeavouring to do myself and my kindred justice. But before I begin such a disagreeable undertaking, I send two principal gentlemen of my name that are my Baillies and Chamberlains, and are well known to you, Alexander Fraser of Bellnain, and William Fraser of Belloan, to get your final and positive answer of peace or war which will determine me. The proposition that John Fraser was so silly as to make to me to send money to those Ruffians to ransom the cattle, and bring them back, in my humble opinion is as great an insult as the first. However, I have bore, patiently all those affronts till now, in hopes that the Laird of Lochiel, my nearest relation and my good friend, would give me redress, and that the Clan of the Camerons would not willingly and wilfully make war against the Clan of the Frasers, their old friends and allies who fought their battles against the Macdonalds and the

Mackintoshes. I am very sure that your father and grandfather would be very averse to such a war with a kindred that they loved as much as any in the Highlands. I will not insist on the many occasions that I showed myself a friend to your person and family. But this I can say frankly, that no chief or gentleman in Scotland has given greater proofs of being a true and zealous Cameron than I have done, and if I have met with grateful returns I know best myself. However, I am such a generous enemy as that I will let you know freely what way I am to proceed to get satisfaction of those Bandity who robed and plundered my country in a most inhumane manner.

“I will first address myself to my freind the Earl of Ilay as Minister of State, and to Genll. Wade as Commander in Chief in Scotland, if they get me redress I will go no furdur, but if they do not I will apply myself to the King and Privy Council, who I truly think would be glad of any handle to suppress a Highland Clan. I doubt not in the least, but I'll have sufficient redress given me, either by the Earl of Ilay and General Wade, or by the King and the Privy Council; and I shall be mighty sorry to be obliged to apply to King or Council upon such an extraordinary occasion, since it cannot but hurt your country and kindred in ane eminent manner, and I take God to witness that it will be much against my grain and against my inclinations to carry on a war against you and your kindred, whom, till now, I thought the greatest support I had in the Highlands. But I truly rather dy in the field with my sword in my hand than not get redress of this insult, and if the Government and the legall authority does not do me justice, which I am persuaded they will in a very conspicuous manner, then nature must dictate what I must do afterwards.”

There is also a very curious letter illustrative of the times, which relates to the abduction of a young woman. After congratulations on Lochiel's safe arrival at Achnacarry, after a somewhat arduous journey from Edinburgh, and a reference to a dispute with Glengarry, Lovat proceeds to give an account of the affair as follows:—“A young lad, a merchant in Inverness, a gentleman's son of Foyers' Family, having made proposalls of marriage to the only daughter of the deceased Baillie William Fraser, who is provided to a considerable portion, he got such encouragement and hopes of success from the girl, the mother and her brother, that he made the thing known to his friends as a concluded match. But soon thereafter, upon some private reasons, all the three struck out from the Bargain, and would not hear of it. Upon this the lad applied to his friends, and particularly to Gor-

tuleg, to sollicite for him, who engaged me to do the same by letters. But all we would do in the affair was to no purpose. At last the mad lad having persuaded his friends in Stratherrick that he had engaged the girl's affections, and that it was only owing to her mother and brother that she did not declare for him, he prevailed, with all the gentlemen of Foyers' Family, to undertake the carrying her off from her mother's house, and which, accordingly, he and they execute about 8 o'clock on Saturday night in a forcible and desperate way, against the girl's own will, and carry'd her to Stratherrick, where, in spite of all that can be done, they still detain her, in order to force her to marry this fellow. Upon my having notice of it from Inverness on Sunday night, and that it was done so barbarously, against the girl's consent, I sent my Chamberlain to Inverness on Monday morning with letters to some of the Magistrates and my friends in town to have their advice what I would do in the matter, but before he reached Inverness I had a most clamorous letter from the Magistrates, who have taken this as a most terrible insult upon them and their Borrough, informing me of the whole affair, and begging a warrand and orders to rescue the girl from the hands of these People. This request I immediately granted, and sent my Secretary by three o'clock to Inverness Tuesday morning to wait on the Magistrates, and show them my written orders and warrand to Balnain and Belloan for sending back the girl to Inverness, which he accordingly did, and then delivered the same to Belloan who was at Inverness, and went straight to Stratherrick to put it in execution. I at same (time) sent a double of this order by express to Gortuleg, who is in Badenoch, and dispatched a trusty Domestick to Stratherrick with a general order to all the gentlemen of the County to concur and exert themselves in bringing back the girl to Inverness, and have last night sent the same secret (?) orders again to them for this purpose. But all this had no effect, so mad and infatuate are all those that have dypt in this cursed affair that I am just now informed by express that they have carry'd the girl to Fort-Agustus to have the marriage compleated there by the Chaplain of the Regiment in that place, so that in spite of all that I can do without making my Clan enter in blood among themselves, these unhappy gentlemen have ruined themselves inevitably, for that little insolent upstart the Provost of Inverness, who would wish to see me and all my people at the Devill, will prosecute every man for their lives that have been active in this desperate affair, and all my enemies in Inverness and elsewhere will be fond to support him in it, and endeavour to give hurtful impressions of

me and my people to the whole kingdom. As it is an affair of the last consequence to me and my people, I shall let you know afterwards what will become of it."

The following letter exhibits in a curious light to those who live in the days of household suffrage the nature and value of a vote in 1741, and the extraordinary exertions which were made by the great Families to increase their influence by acquiring superiorities:—

"MY DEAR LAIRD OF LOCHZIEL,

"I received the honour and pleasure of your return by my express, and I give you a thousand thanks, my dear cousine, for the concern that you take in my honour and interests. I own that both are more at stake in this county at present than they have been for these five and twenty years past, and you cannot imagine how much I am vexed at the desertion of two pitiful scoundrels* of my name, who do not deserve that any gentleman should drink with them. This oblidges me to give you the trouble to use all your efforts with your cousine Glenmoriston; and if you and your uncle do prevail with him, he will find it very much for the interest of his person and family, ffor M'Leod and I will freely and frankly do for him more than the Laird of Grant is

* Lord Lovat alludes to the same circumstance in a letter addressed to Charles Fraser of Inverallochy on 3rd January 1741. One of the "scoundrels" was Fraser of Fairfield, whom Lovat described as "an unnatural traitor, an infamous deserter, and an ungrateful wretch to me, his chief, who had done him such signal services. And if I never had done him any other service, but getting him one of the best ladys in the world, your worthy sister, to be his wife (which cost me both pains and expence), who had bore him good children, he should be hanged for deserting me to serve any Grant that ever was born, or any other Scotsman." In a letter to the same of date 25th February, Lovat says of Fairfield—"A little money or an advantage to his private interest would not only make him sell all mankind, but Christ Jesus, if he was again upon earth, for he has no belief in God, nor in a future being." In view of the election, Lovat states in the letter of 3rd January that he has signed dispositions to Strichen, Inverallochy, and Farraline, to be barons of the shire, for "I am resolved that the Lord Lovat shall be always master of the Shire of Inverness in time to come." Doubts having arisen as to whether Sir Alexander Macdonald and Glengarry would qualify, his lordship says—"In that case we will lose our election; but I entreat that you speak seriously to my Lord [Aberdeen] that he may engage Glenbucket to write strongly to Glengerry [Glengerry was Glenbucket's son-in-law] to persuade him to take the oath. *I know he has no regard for them, so he should not stand to take a cart load of them, as I would to serve my friends.*"—See Miscellany of the Spalding Club, Vol. II.

inclined, or will do, as I give a demonstration of in the inclosed letter to your uncle. Glenmoriston should remember that if it was not for my person allennarly [alone], he would not have had a vote this day for Glenmoriston, nor would he have had the Superiority of one fur [furrow] of it, ffor when Grant was buying the estate in the Exchequer, he told the Glenmoriston's brother, who is dead, that he must get the Superiority of all Glenmoriston to himself; but as Glenmoriston desired me to attend him to the Exchequer, and to assist him in his affairs and circumstances, upon Grant's desiring his whole superiority, I told him that it was a most tyrannick demand, and that I would by no means allow of it, that Glenmoriston was my near Relation by your family, and since he desired me to stand by him I would by no means see him wronged, and if he did not leave him the superiority of his estate, I would overbid him in the Exchequer, and buy Glenmoriston Estate and give it back to himself. When he found that I was angry and in earnest, he told me that he would give the superiority of that estate with the property to Glenmoriston, but that he hoped that if the estate could make two votes that he would get one of them. I told him that Glenmoriston might do that as he thought fit. The late Glenmoriston was so sensible of this that he swore that he would stand by me against all the Grants on earth, and this Glenmoriston knows, that I always used him as an affectionate cousine, and never refused to do him any service that he asked of me, and if he now follows your advice and your uncle's, I will certainly be his steadfast friend while I live, and I humbly think that at any time I can be more useful to him, to all intents and purposes, than the Laird of Grant.

“My dear Cousine, you see how much I am concerned in this affair, so I earnestly entreat that, with the same ardour that I love your person, family and concerns, you may work for me to gain this point, that my honour and interest are so much engaged in, and it will be such a singular mark of affectionate friendship as I never will forget while there is breath in me, ffor though I would do for M'Leod much as for my Brother or son, yet in this election I am in a particular manner concerned myself, and my family and kindred. If we gain it, and beat the Grants, my family gets honour and reputation by it, but if they beat us they will triumph, and both I and my interest in this shire will be thought despicable in the south, and by the great men I have joined myself to. I can say no stronger things to you, my dear Cousine, so I conclude with trusting to your friendship, which I am very sure is sincere towards me.”

It appears that in 1742 Lovat lent his house in Edinburgh to Lochiel, and the following reference to its merits and depreciation of its worthiness for "his dear cousine" is quaint enough to deserve transcribing. After referring to the "terrible journey" and "voyage" to the "Metropolis," Lovat goes on to say:—"It gives me a singular pleasure to know from yourself that my little house accommodates your lady and children. I wish it was the best in Edinburgh for your sake and theirs. It is certain that what is of it is good. It is both warm, and the large room is very lofty and well lighted. I am sorry it is not better furnished, but you have in it everything that I had except worn bed cloathes and a few necessaries for my kitchine that I could not get here for money, there is one advantage that my dear cousin, the Lady Lochiel, will have, that it has the easiest stair in Edinburgh, and that it is situated in the best part of the town. Would to God that it was the best in it in every shape for your sake and hers."

Lovat is determined that the rules of good manners shall be observed by his daughter, for he writes in the same letter:—

"I am very angry at my daughter, Siby, that she did not go and pay her respects to the Lady Lochiel how soon ever she heard that she came to town, but I hope the Lady Lochiel will excuse her youth and bashfulness. I have ordered her to be more in her duty in time to come, and to pay her respects every other day to the Lady Lochiel."

There are three letters referring to Cluny's marriage with his daughter. Lovat appears to have had great confidence in Lochiel's judgment in the matter, but no doubt he is also anxious to avail himself of the acquaintance which that chief seems to have had with the circumstances of the young lover. Prudent fathers are not confined to the 19th century. The following letter, however, represents the lover as either very bashful or somewhat unskilful in his addresses, as he was a whole week at Beaufort without finding an opportunity of "popping the question."

"MY DEAR LAIRD OF LOCHIEL,—

"As I sincerely have greater confidence in you than in many other men on earth, you know, for several reasons, that I have past grounds for this confidence that I have in you, this entire trust that I have in your friendship for me, and in your absolute honour and integrity and uprightness of heart, obliges me to send you this express to acquaint you that your cousine, Cluny Macpherson, came here, and, after staying some days, he

desired to speak to me by myself, which I very easily granted. After some compliments, he very civilly proposed to marry my daughter Jenyie, who is with me. I was truly a little surpris'd; I told him all the obliging things I could think, and told him that I would never let my daughter marry any man if he was of the first rank of Scotland beyond her own inclinations. So that he must speak to herself before I give him any other answer than that I was oblig'd to him. But the house being very throng with strangers, he could not get spoke to her though he stayed a week here. I advis'd him to make his visit a visit of friendship since he had not been here of a long time, and not to speak to her till he should make one other visit, and that in the meantime, since I had as great confidence in his cousine Lochiel as he had, that I would runn one express to you to know your opinion and advice which he was pleas'd with, and said he would likewise write to you. I therefore beg of you, my dear cousine, that you let me know candidly and plainly your sentiments without the least reserve, as you know I would do to you. I am quite a stranger to the gentleman's circumstances, only that I always heard that they were not very plentiful. But whatever may be in that, as the connection that his family has with yours, was the motion that did engage me to do all the good offices in my power to all the Macphersons when they were much pursuite (!) by the Duke of Gordon, so that same argument disposes me to be civil to him, and whatever may happen in his present view I am resolv'd to behave to him so kindly, so as to persuade him that I have a greater regard for him and his family on your account than I have for most people in the Highlands. The gentleman's near concern in you, if people knew my writing, might construct it by going in headlong to this affair. But I assure you, my dear cousine, that the plain case is, that I am fully convinc'd that if he was your Brother, it would have no byass with you, to advise me to an affair that would not be honourable and fit for my family, as I am fully convinc'd that you will send me the real sentiment of your heart and let me know Clunie's circumstances, which you cannot be ignorant off. And I declair to you upon honour that I will neither speak to my daughter, nor to any mortal, until I have your return to this. One of my great motives for giving ear to this affair is the view that I have that it might unite the Camerons, Macphersons, and the Frasers as one man, and that such method might be fallen upon them as might keep them unite for this age that nothing would alter. But this desire will never make me agree to any proposition against

my daughter's inclination, or contrary to a reasonable settlement."

The above letter is in duplicate, one copy autograph, the other written by an amanuensis, but both signed; one is dated the 10th, the other the 18th of February 1742. To the latter is appended a Postscript in the same hand-writing as the holograph of the 10th. It is as follows:—

"I do assure you, my dear Cousin, that if circumstances answer in a reasonable manner, that I am in my own inclinations entirely for the affair. Adieu, mon cher cousin."

The next letter on the same subject, written apparently after Lochiel's approval had been obtained, shows the importance attached to alliances by marriage as increasing the power and influence of the family thus allied. On the 27th of May of the same year, Lovat writes:—"Your Cousin Clunie has been here these three weeks past, and I do assure you that I am obliged to suffer a great many battles for him. The M'Intoshes, who are madly angry at this Match, endeavour to get all those they converse with to cry out against me for making of it, and those who don't love that the M'Phersons should be greater than they are, or that my family should be stronger than it is, make it there bussiness to cry out againit it. But I must do justice to my Lord President that all his friends and Relations cry out against it, yet he heartily approved of it in this house, where he did me the honour to dine with me Monday was se'en-night, and after I told him plainly all the circumstances, and that I trusted myself entirely to you, he told me that I could not trust myself to an honest man in Scotland than to Locheill, and after what I told him, his opinion was that if the young couple lov'd one another they might live happily together; and that it was a very proper alliance for my family, and that it strengthened the interest of my family more than any low country alliance that I could make. His saying so gave me satisfaction, whether he thought it or not; and tho' I have a hundred to one against me for making this match, yet I do not repent it, and tho' it were to begin again to-morrow I would do the same thing over again, and I must tell you that the more I know your Cousine Cluny the more I love him for a thorrow good-natur'd, even-temper'd, honest gentleman. He goes home to look after his affairs in Badenoch for some time, and I precisely design that the marriage shall be consummated towards the latter end of June. But as I told you before, I am positive that I never will allow it to be done till you

are present, so that Dyet must be regulate according to the time that your affairs will allow you to come here."*

According to Lovat, his son-in-law showed no symptoms of being a henpecked husband. The last letter, October 1743, on this subject, contains some other amusing matter. After compliments, Lovat proceeds :—

"You are a very lasie correspondent. You never tell me a word of the Duke of Argyle's death, nor of the lady Achnabreak's dream, nor of Prince Charles passing the Rhine, nor of King George's beating M. de Noailles, nor of Landes being taken, nor the Germans having their quarters in Alsace Loraine and Burgundy, nor of the Zarina having sent 40,000 men to assist the Queen of Hungary. You may think little of all these events, but I think them very considerable, and would wish to know the sentiments of your great city about them.

"I must now acquaint you, my dear Cousin, of the situation of my family on this side of the Grampians. I am myself much troubled with a cough and cold upon me since this day fortnight that I went to Culloden to take leave of the President. I wish I had been that day asleep, for my best and largest coach near broke her leg one plain ground, and as soon as I came into Inverness I got auld (?) of the Duke of Argyle's death, and I had no pleasure or satisfaction in my visit, but breach of promise and friendship which you was often and very well acquainted with in that corner. Macleod is much more affronted in this affair than I am, and that by a man to whom he has been a slave to, and who professed the greatest friendship and attachment for him. However, every Dogg has his day, and Macleod and I must stand upon our own jambs with the assistance of our reall friends and relations.

"Cluny came here Monday night with your brother Archibald, your uncle Ludovic had the gout in his meikle, so that he could not come, and your brother John was sick of distemper,

*In a letter from Lord Lovat to the Duke of Gordon dated Beaufort, 13th August 1742, his lordship alludes to the marriage in the following terms :—"As your grace and the worthy Dutchess were so civil to my daughter, I think it my duty to acquaint your Grace that her aunt, the Lady Scatwell, having come here on the Tuesday after your grace went away, my daughter was married next day to the Laird of Cluny, and they both behaved to the satisfaction of all who were present; and as they are both good-natur'd and of an even temper, I hope they will be very happy. They had the honour to succeed your Grace in the lucky velvet bed which I hope will have good effect."

Miscellany of the Spalding Club vol. III, p. 235.

and he would not come, and Cluny brought nobody with him but Inveresci and young Bancher, and another gentleman called Lachlan M'Pherson. Duncan Campbell of Clunies came here likewise one Monday night, and the Laird of Foulis came here on Thursday, and seven of his friends, and dined and stayed all night and was very merry, so that my house was very throng, as it almost was every other day this (?) and summer. I was mightily desirous that Cluny should leave his daughter with me, who is the finest child I ever saw. But after he first consented to it, he then resiled and carried her of, which vexed me very much—notwithstand that Dr Fraser of Achnagairn gave his positive advice to Cluny not to carry away his child in the winter time. But he acted the absolute chief, and carried the poor infant away in a credill a horseback. Before twenty gentlemen I openly washed my hands from any harm that would happen to the child by carrying her away in this season. But Cluny took the blame upon himself, and there I left it. However, they have had such fine weather that I hope the child will arrive at Cluny in good health. But I cannot think that a house whose walls was not finished two months ago can be very wholesome either for the child or for the mother. But it seems that Cluny is resolved to wear the Britches and the Petty Coats too, so that I am afraid my child will not comb a grey head in that country. However, we must submit and resign all things to Providence.”

Subjoined are two extracts from another letter written in 1743. It would appear that, unless Lovat was indulging in a joke or in idle compliment, the relative value of cows in the “Aird” and in Lochaber must have changed pretty considerable during the last 150 years! But not more than the sentiments with regard to hard drinking. Sir Wilfred Lawson would hardly write of a gentleman who, as near as possible, killed himself by drink that “his death would be a singular loss to his country and to his friends.”

“I had the honour to write you a letter by the Post on Saturday, and this now goes by a trusty Servant of mine that I send South every year with Cows to my Doers, he carrys now with him a Cow to John Macfarlane, and one to William Fraser, and I thought to have sent another of my little Highland Cows with him for my Dear Cousine, the Lady Lochiel. But I was perswaded you would mock me to send you one of the little pitifull Cows of this Country when you have much better and larger Cows of your own in Lochaber. I have sent a Cow to your Aunt, the Lady Ballhady, as I use to do every year.

“The Earl of Cromarty, after drinking excessively in this house of very good wine for five days, went to Dingwall and fell adriking of very bad wine, which made him so sick that he had almost died there. The Countess was obliged to come in the midst of the night from Tarbat House to Dingwall—14 long miles—she having received an Express acquainting her that the Earl was not like to live till daylight. But I thank God he is recovered. His death would be a singular loss to his Country and to his friends, and particularly, to me which you may see by the Copy of two letters that he writt to me after his recovery, which I send you enclosed.”

There is a copy among these papers of a letter from Lovat to “my mother’s chief,” the laird of Macleod, in which after describing a severe illness and the remedies applied, which are not worth quoting, the following very characteristic sentiments are delivered. The “faint hopes” which the writer entertains of seeing Macleod’s grandfather in the next world may of course be read in two ways, but it would hardly have been agreeable to the grandson.

“I do assure you that I was not at all uneasy to leave this wicked treacherous world, but on the contrary I was pleased with the faint hopes of seeing my dear Uncle, your grandfather, and the other worthy persons that I was concerned in who went before me. But it has pleased God to keep me for some more time from the happy society of those brave upright honest persous who were an honour to their King and to their country, and to make me slave as long as Providence pleases among a corrupt generation in this poor, unhappy, degenerate Island, where scarce an honest man can be found—*Kura avis in terris*, &c. I am resolved, however, to submit and to pray to God that I may keep my integrity among the corruption of this age. I pray for my friends as I do for myself, and particularly for the laird of Macleod, and for those worthy gentleman that think as he does, for I presume to know a little of his private sentiments, and, as I thank God they are now just and honourable, I hope they will continue so all your days.”

Macleod was, it appears, in Parliament, and the next paragraph in the letter is somewhat suggestive of what would now be called a job.

“I took the liberty to write to you about getting the premium on naval stores. The laird of Grant is more concerned in this than any man in Scotland, and I am the next to him, if not as much as he is, for I have vast woods upon my Estate which, if preserved, will be of great use to my family; and it would be a vast loss to all the gentlemen that have woods upon their Estates

if that premium should be taken away, therefore I beg that you may speak to that odd creatures the lairds of Grant and see what they will do for themselves."

The only extract from these letters bearing on political topics, which appears worthy of being quoted, is the following, and its interest is, indeed, derived more from the light which it throws on the querulousness and susceptibilities of its author than from any special historical fact which it records. Students of the period (1743) will draw their own conclusions from the complaints of Lord Lovat :—

"I am fully persuaded by experience as much as you can be, that in this Government there is no regard paid to past services, though never so essential, and for making new schemes, I am too old for that, and though I should both resolve and lay myself out to do essential service to the family of Hanover, I must come short of what I have done already for the Government to keep the Crown on their head, and the returns I met with were barbarous and ungrateful usage. I could say the same of another Court that I will now hold my tongue of, so that it has been my fate to be ill used by Courts, except by the glorious Court of France, who did me much more honour than I deserved ; and if I was to begin the world again, I would never serve any Court, but according as I would be rewarded. I hope my children will follow the same maxim."

The account given in another letter of the behaviour of two local doctors is very amusing, and seems, at this time of day, almost incredible. Lovat writes :—

"I have been pretty ill with the aigue since you went away, so that I was forced to send for Doctor Cuthbert and Doctor Fraser, who stayed here for five days, and all the service they did me was to drink drunk day and night, for except while they slept they were not five minutes sober since they came to the house, and Doctor Cuthbert is still here, and all the medicines they gave were severall dishes of laughter which happened very often. My servants got heavy lifts of them in carrying them from this room to their beds. It was a thousand pities for they are two pretty gentlemen, but Achnagairn has by much the advantage of Doctor Cuthbert, when he is in his own house he seldom drinks, and Doctor Cuthbert is every night drunk in his own house. However, I bless God by my following my own prescription of drinking the infusion of severall bitters in Spanish wine, and of drinking a glass once or twice a day of the Spanish wine with the Peruvian bark infused

in it, the aigue is almost gone, but this severe storm that never had an example in history confines me to this room a perfect prisoner these two months past, so that I must have a very good and healthful constitution to have resisted such a closs confinement and continuall eating and drinking and sitting up without any exercise, but I hope God in his mercy will soon deliver us from this storm, and then I can go abroad and take a little exercise, which I hope will restore me into perfect health and strength that I may be fit to do some service to my friends and my Countrey, which I do not despair of."

In the same letter is a description of a member of another learned profession. It appears there was a lawyer by name Tom Brodie in Edinburgh at that time, of whom Lovat writes in these somewhat disrespectful terms :--

"I have such experience of Tom Brodie's, such a greedy, deceitful, treacherous knave that I cannot in duty and honour but put you on your guard against him, for after my giving him liberally my money and my gold for about fourteen or fifteen years, and using him rather like a brother than an ordinary lawyer, yet the deceitful knave sold me this last year to my adverse party by which I have been wronged above £3000 str. He gave up my papers to my adverse party, which gave a pretext to the base and villainous arbiters to sign a decree of a £1000 str. against me, to be paid to my adverse party, who, sincerely and truly before God I could declare it if it was my last word, did rob me, I mean Phopachy, of above £4000 of the furniture of my house, and the rents of my Estate, and tho' he was not worth five pound on earth but what he rob'd me of (for he was downright a beggar when I came to Scotland) yet I am decreed to pay him £1000 str. by false accounts that he made up against me, but the truth of the matter is that Thomas Brodie betray'd me for getting the half or the third of the spoil to himself. Your cousin Balladie, who was here during the transactions of that villainous decree, knows that affair perfectly, for he took great pains in it. I beg your pardon for troubling you with an account of it, but my design is to prevent your being cheated and abused by Tom Brodie, who is certainly the most dangerous villain that ever went into the Parliament house."

Those who are acquainted with Lovat's style, and the strong language in which he inveighs against all whom he fancies have injured him, will not perhaps judge too harshly of Tom Brodie.

In another letter Lovat asks Macleod to send him some news-

papers, specifying the *London Evening Post* and *Westminster Journal*, and promises to pay him in "Bewlie salmon and good claret" when he comes to visit him.

There are also allusions to his wife and her wickedness in some of the letters, but students of the history of the Highlands at that period would not find anything which has not already been published, and, indeed, Lovat's account of the family dispute is to be found in greater detail in some of his letters printed in the second volume of that splendid work, "The Lairds of Grant," by Dr William Fraser, Edinburgh.

This paper may be properly brought to a conclusion with a letter from young Simon, Master of Lovat, to his father, dated Edinburgh, May 22, 1740, when he was 13 years of age. His appreciation of the Gaelic language must commend his memory to the members of this Association:—

MY DEAR PAPA,—I received the honour and pleasure of your Lordship's letter by the last post, and I am exceeding glad to hear that your Lordship is in perfect good health. I am very glad that Mr Donald* is in a fair way to get the better of all his enemies, and that he is almost done with those tyrannick bigot clergy of Ross. I believe the Brig. will be very happy in having him for a Governour, who, I fancy, has much need of one. I am very glad that your Lordship is pleased with my write this post. I do assure your Lordship I will take as much care of it as possible. But whoever has informed your Lordship that I neglect the Earse, has greatly misinformed your Lordship, for there is none in this house, except Mr Blair, but speak Earse, and there is not a day but we speak it at dinner, super, and brakefast, and I know your Lordship would rather me lose Latin and Greek than lose it, and that is the great reason, though I had no other to retain it; but I don't believe, though I was to go through the world now that I would lose it, and, as to my having the Edinburgh Ton, that is what I cannot help; for when I was at Glasgow, I had the Glasgow Ton, and now the Edinburgh

*This was Mr Donald Fraser, Tutor or "Governour" to Lovat's sons Simon and Alexander. The latter is referred to in this letter as "the Brig"—Brigadier—the name usually applied to him by his father. Mr Donald became minister of Killearnan in 1744, and of Ferintosh in 1757. At his death he left a large number of letters from Lord Lovat to himself, Lord London, and others, and these have now been placed by his great grandson, the Rev. Hector Fraser, Halkirk, in the hands of Mr William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, with a view to their publication in the next volume of our Transactions.

Tone, and when I go north I will have that Tone. So that there is nothing in that but perfect Custom. I was this day dining with Brigadier Guest, who received me very kindly, and gave me a letter for your Lordship.—I am, dear papa, your Lordship's most affectionate Son,

“SIMON FRASER.

“Edinburgh, May 22nd, 1740 ”

Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's paper was as follows :—

GRANTING DIPLOMAS OF GENTLE BIRTH, &c., BY
SCOTTISH KINGS—
CASE OF LIEUT.-COLONEL ALEXANDER MONRO
OF OBSDALE, 1663.

Numbers of Scotsmen of gentle birth, unable to find suitable employment at home, betook themselves particularly during the seventeenth century either to foreign military service, or to trade, becoming naturalised in the countries wherein they settled. The rigour of class and caste made it necessary for these adventurers to show an equality of rank, ere they were permitted to associate with, or intermarry among, the upper ranks of the natives of Poland, Sweden, Germany, and France, to which countries these adventurers chiefly resorted.

The proper Register of Birth Briefs is called “The Paper Register of the Great Seal,” as distinguished from the Great Seal Register Proper, which is written on vellum. The Paper Register begins about 1590, and is continued to 1707.

In earlier times, certificates were given by inquests of friends and neighbours of repute, styled “*homines patriae*,” and in Burghs such certificates were granted after enquiry by the Magistrates and Council. Subsequently it was not unusual to issue a Royal Warrant, as is seen in the following case taken from “The Earl of Stirling's Register of Royal Letters,” 1st volume, p. 66. Edinburgh 1885 :—

To the Chancellor (of Scotland)—
Right Trusty and Wellbeloved,

Whereas, one Andrew Arbuthnot, serving, as we are informed, under the King of Sweden, has caused humble suit to be made unto us that he might have a testificate under our Great Seal of that our Kingdom, of his lawful birth and progeny, our pleasure is that having informed yourself thereof, that you grant

unto him what is usual to be granted unto other persons, in business of the like nature : and for your so doing, these shall be your warrant.

(Signed) CHARLES R.

Theobald's, July 21, 1626.

The earliest instance of a birth brief, or "*Litera Prosapia*," in the Paper Register is dated 26th of January 1637, and from that date downwards entries are numerous. It is well known that many of these recorded briefs are full of inaccuracies.

Duncan Forbes, 3rd of Culloden, writing prior to the year 1704, and treating of the genealogy of the family of Tolquhon, says that Malcolm Forbes, Marquis of Montilly, some 30 years before, sent to Scotland for his coat-armorial certificate, which was given him utterly wrong by the then Lord Lyon and his deputy clerks.

It is still competent to issue birth briefs, the course being by application to the Lord Lyon, who, upon proper proof being established before him, issues a certified pedigree under the seal of the Lyon office.

Colonel Monro of Obsdale's genealogy is shown in the annexed. He was grandson of the laird of Fowlis, nephew of Major-General Sir Robert Monro, and brother of Lieut.-General Sir George Monro. His services are done full justice to, neither squalor of a prison, tedium of exile, nor loss of fortune in the Royal cause daunting him in his zeal and devotion to the Royal House of Stuart.

The following is an exact translation of the original Latin brief :—

"Charles, by the grace of God, King of Scotland, England, France and Ireland, and defender of the faith, to all and sundry emperors, kings, princes, marquises, archbishops, bishops, barons, councillors and magistrates of states, and to all and sundry or their lieutenants, chief governors of provinces, cities, castles, fleets, and finally to all exercising supreme or subordinate authority by sea or land in civil or ecclesiastical affairs and others whomsoever who shall read or hear these letters patent everlasting greeting in the author of everlasting salvation : Whereas the chief concern of those to whom the supreme administration of the commonwealth has been entrusted ought to be that due honour should be bestowed on those studious of virtue and their posterity, and since we, so far as circumstance will allow deligently make it our sedulous care, that whatever rights or distinctions of noble blood or of renowned achievement have been

derived from ancestors, should remain repaired and protected among posterity (unless they shall have revolted from the probity of their ancestors) in the longest series that is possible to be, to the end that both the said descendants mindful of their lineage should commit nothing unworthy of the unsullied fame and greatness of their parents, but inflamed to the like should superadd some praise by their own virtue, and accession of light to the brightness of their ancestors, and so emulating their forefathers afford to us and to their country faithful subjects and citizens in all things according to their power. We to our faithful and well beloved countryman Alexander Monro fully imbued in the schools and academies of his native country, with the humaner and more subtile letters, who in his novitiate of sterner warfare under his uncle Sir Robert Monro, Major-General, and Sir George Monro, our Lieutenant-General, most valiant knight, his brother being extremely well instructed, followed the party of our most serene parent of blessed memory and ours in circumstances sufficiently adverse, valiantly fought for us as Lieutenant-Colonel for sixteen years, and by his blood and his wounds made a sacrifice to our cause and to the glory of his own loyalty, and that to such a degree that not by the squalor of a prison nor tedium of exile, nor loss of fortune did he suffer his fidelity to his kings due and devoted to be stained or besmirched by any blot of treason or supineness of spirit, but individually and indefatigably remained a comrade with our forces, through straits, through cold, through mountains and all that could be inflicted on our faithful subjects in that lamentable time of treason: I say, to this most valiant man, and who has deserved exceedingly well of us, on his request and supplication we deny not for justice and righteousness sake our firm testimony to the honours and offices bestowed on his ancestors by our forefathers the most serene Kings of Scotland (which may be to him in place of a benefit among others): Wherefore after careful inquiry has been made by illustrious and trust-worthy men (to whom we intrusted that duty), concerning the descent of the foresaid gentleman, it has been found by us, and we therefore make it known and certain, and publicly bear witness that it is manifest that our well beloved Alexander Monro, Lieutenant-Colonel, was born lawful son and of lawful marriage by either parent of noble and gentle birth, and for many ages by-past has derived his paternal and maternal descent from distinguished and honourable families; to wit, that he is the son of a truly noble gentleman, John Monro of Obsdall, Colonel among the Swedes, and Katharine Gordoun, united to John in lawful matrimony and John of Obsdall to

his own and his native country's everlasting glory valorously deserved well of the most potent King of Sweden, and was the son of George Monro of Obsdall, by Katharine Monro, daughter of Andrew Monro of Miltoun, by Katherine Vrqhart, daughter of Thomas, Sheriff of Cromarty, by Anna Abernethy, daughter of the distinguished Lord Baron of Saltoun: And George was born of a very illustrious man and chief of his surname Robert Monro of Fowles, by Katherine Ros, daughter of Alexander Ros, Laird of Belnagown, by Elizabeth Sinclair, daughter of the most famous Earl of Caithness: And Robert was born of the former Robert of Fowlis laird thereof (who fell honourably fighting valiantly for his country in the battle of Pinkie) of Anna Dunbar, daughter of Alexander Dunbar, Sheriff of Moray, by Jean Falconer, daughter of the laird of Halcartoun: Further, this Robert was the son of Hector Monro of Foulis, by Katherine Mackenzie, daughter of the lord or chief of the Mackenzie's (but now of the most renowned Earl of Seaforth) which Hector also had to his father William Monro of Foulis, a knight plainly most valiant for in leading an army at the command of the King against certain factious northern men (he perished by treachery) and to his mother Anna M'Lean, daughter of the lord or chief of the M'Leans, But the maternal line of the foresaid Colonel Alexander is as follows:—He was born (as before) of a noble mother Katherine Gordoun, daughter of John Gordoun of Embo, which John was the son of Adam Gordoun, by Katherine, descended of a most ancient and very noble lineage, to wit, the most illustrious earls of Huntly; and Katherine had to her mother Jean Gordoun, daughter of Gilbert, son of Alexander Gordoun, baron of Aboyn, who also, when he was a son of the Earl of Huntly, took to wife the only daughter and heiress of the most honourable Earl of Sutherland, whereby he himself afterwards became Earl of Sutherland: Who all were united in lawful wedlock, and were descended of lawful marriage of illustrious parents and most distinguished families, and all were renowned for splendour of descent and for virtue: their honorable and excellent exploits transmitted their fame untarnished without any blemish or aspersion of dishonour to their posterity: all likewise for their singular and remarkable fidelity to their country, and renowned exploits against the enemies, with singular honours deservedly bestowed by the most serene Kings of Scotland, for many ages bygone have left behind them, surviving in this our age, a distinguished progeny, emulous of their virtues: By the tenor whereof we desire you all our friends (saving everyones dignity) alike known

and dear, asked and entreated; that ye treat our contryman, now recommended, Sir Alexander Munro, dear to us on so many accounts, conspicuous for so many lights of virtures, with all offices of civility, love, honour, and dignity, craving again the like favour from us, if in anything ye wish to use our assistance; which things, as they are all true and sure in themselves, that likewise they may be better attested, and more certain to all and sundry, and be known to all men as manifest, we have, without reluctance, granted these our Letters Patent to the foresaid Alexander Monro: For giving full faith also, to which among all men, we have commanded our narrower seal to be appended hereto. Given at Edinburgh, the _____ day of the month of September, the year from the Virgin's birth, one thousand six hundred and sixty three, and the fifteenth year of our reign"

"By Act of the Lords of Secret Council"

28TH APRIL 1886.

On this date William Millar, auctioneer, Inverness, was elected an ordinary member of the Society. Thereafter, Mr Alexander Ross, architect, Inverness, read a paper on the "Old Industries of the Highlands." Specimens of native art and industry were exhibited and highly admired. Mr Ross's paper was as follows:—

OLD HIGHLAND INDUSTRIES.

In these days of great factories and concentration of labour in the production of articles required for the daily use of man, it may be interesting and profitable to recall some of the old and peculiar modes employed by our countrymen for providing food, clothing, and implements, but which modes have now almost disappeared.

Machinery, driven by steam, has done away with much hand labour, and, under the guiding hand of man, does nearly all the work, where mechanical power is required, and thus gets rid, in a large degree, of the great waste involved in manual labour. This centralised production has tended to enlarge and extend our towns and seats of industry, and to produce articles for the million at a relatively much less cost than could be done by hand labour, and, by means of transport and commerce, to send machine-made articles into the furthest corners of the earth, civilised and uncivilised; hence we find ranged alongside stone and

flint implements, the latest gay and fancy fabric of Manchester and Birmingham. Even the Hindoo and Chinaman's gods and idols are manufactured in our British workshops, and many other articles which are considered peculiar to certain nations. I had occasion to remark this particularly in a Liverpool counting-house, for on asking what were the goods they exported from this country, a drawer was pulled out and samples displayed. These consisted of Spanish hédalgòs, spurs, and brilliant saddles, and saddle cloths, Spanish mantillas, &c., of gorgeous and rich colours, such as that noble animal the "British Crocker," always declares the British manufacturers can neither rival nor approach.

It is extremely interesting to study the progress from primitive machinery to the most advanced and intricate results of modern times, and perhaps the Highlands of Scotland afforded till recently a very good field for such study.

The Lowlands of Scotland long retained their ancient practices as regards home-mades, and I can myself recall the time before the modern lucifer match and vesta were introduced, fire was produced by various simple methods, and when the old gaberlunzie man wandered round the country, and the chapman paid his accustomed visit to supply jewellery, and such literature as was then read, the old cruize lamp with fish oil and rush which supplied the poor flicker of light to permit the maids to spin and the hinds to read.

In the Highland Glens the primitive native arts were continued to even a later date than in the Lowlands. This would naturally arise from the difficulty of intercommunication in consequence of the want of roads and sparseness of population. Accordingly we find the old manners and customs remaining, and the old modes of cultivation being practised long after they had disappeared from amongst their more advanced countrymen. It is to these practices I would now draw your attention to-night, and perhaps it may be the simplest way and most instructive if I take a glance at a few of the more useful and common arts and discuss each in detail.

Beginning with 1st, dwellings and utensils; 2nd, agriculture; 3rd, food; 4th, clothing; 5th luxuries; and 6th, articles of commerce.

I cannot expect to exhaust any one of these subjects, but I may touch on a few of each.

The dwelling or shelter naturally comes amongst the first requirements of a race, and the implements necessary to procure food and clothing.

I need not go into the very early forms of lake dwellings, traces of such being found in almost all the islands, natural and artificial, in our lochs under the name of crannogs. Nor shall I touch on the beehive and eird houses so common in Aberdeenshire and Caithness, and into which the early Pict could barely crawl. (By the way, Pennant says the origin of the name Pict, is from *Picteich a Thief*—an origin, I daresay, some of you may be inclined to dispute. Their houses were simply little domes of stone 8 or 10 feet diameter, into which the native crept and lived in the rudest and most primitive fashion. At this stage only the simplest instruments were available, such as stone hatchets and hammers, flint arrow heads, bone needles, &c., yet by means of these and the action of fire the ancient savage was able to cut down trees, scoop out and form them for canoes, dress stones to form the quern, and rubbing stones to bruise and grind the grain and roots for food. He was also able to form a mortar pestal of stone, and by fish bones form needles to sew the fibre of various plants and hooks wherewith to catch a further supply of fish.

A little further on and metals came to his aid, and we find bronze and iron taking the place of stone implements, and gold and silver ornaments coming into use, many of them exhibiting very high culture and taste.

When our forefathers took to roofing their dwellings with timber instead of stone, the form seems to have been generally circular, and we have this type in the hut circles, which, as a rule, are just of sufficient diameter to permit the space to be covered in by cabers placed on the ground or low turf dyke, and to converge at the top into a point, and so far a tent, or like a conical house. This would seem to have been the usual form of dwelling of the native Briton at the time of the Roman Invasion, for we find the "*Candida Casa*" at Whithorn of St Ninian in the sixth century much thought of as the first stone and lime built whitehouse.

In England the progress in castle building and also of church work was progressive, and culminated in the grand cathedrals and castles of the thirteenth century.

In Scotland the progress was not so marked and steady, and we have no church work to show older than the eleventh century, nor of domestic work anything so early. I would, however, remark, that from the beginning of the eleventh century till the sixteenth century, Scotland can hold her own with any country both in ecclesiastical and baronial architecture. Still alongside the great advances made in baronial and ecclesiastical architecture

the peasantry lived in rude huts and retained many of their old modes of working, and continued to supply themselves with home-made stuffs, both of food and clothing to an extent, and in a manner which it would perhaps be well if our modern natives could still to some extent imitate and adhere to. The farm house of the last century, and also the cottage of the crofter, was supplied with a rude plenty, and a variety both of food and clothing, which, if not so elegant as that of the present day, was in many respects more healthy and serviceable for family wants, while the mode by which everything was turned to account and rendered available for food and clothing, forms an entertaining and useful line of study.

The old farm house kitchen on a winter night of itself gives a very perfect picture of what I would like to bring before you, and let us for a moment describe it, as I myself can remember one nearly half-a-century ago in Forfarshire. The kitchen was a stone floored apartment, with a large fireplace, sufficiently capacious for a fire of wooden logs, which burnt on the hearth, and to permit of one or two sitting alongside it in the recess. Possibly, when the farm servants gathered in at night, light would be desirable, but there were no candles allowed, except for the ben end (that was the portion occupied by the family of a farmer when he was of sufficient standing to live apart from the farm servants), and how to produce light became the question. In the poorer districts the old bog fir was made to do duty, and the Peer man had to hold it. Those of you who had the pleasure of hearing Mr James Linn, of Keith, lecture on Peer men, will recollect his very interesting paper and beautiful specimens of stands of iron which were made to supersede the Peer man or boy who used to hold and replenish the bog fir, or "white candle," when it came into use, for it was the good old practice in Aberdeenshire to make the beggar, or gaberlunzie man pay for his night's quarters by keeping the bog fir or candle alight, while others worked or amused themselves, and hence the saying of an unsociable person, "He'll neither dance nor haud the candle."

To return to house building, as you no doubt are aware, the crofter to this day builds all his own house—it varies in different localities. In the Lowlands, the farm labourer's cottage was generally built of boulders, or round water-worn stones, and held together with clay and straw and plastered inside and out with a smooth coating of clay, or in some districts with lime mortar. It was roofed with wood rafters more or less manufactured, and the rafters again covered with slabs from the nearest saw mill, these in their

turn overlaid with divots or sods and finished with thatch of straw. The interior was floored with beaten clay and divided into two or more rooms by a partition of slabs or cabers, the interstices being filled in with clay and straw, or in more ambitious cases, wattled with hazel and smoothed with clay. The windows were half glazed with coarse glass and the lower half of timber, with doors hinged to open for ventilation. This was the Lowlander's cottage, but amongst the hills and on the West Coast the house was still more primitive, in these cases the materials had to be used of a simpler kind. The walls are drystone, facing outside and infilled with turf in the heart, the roof formed of trees and cabers undressed, and roughly fitted as they came to hand. The construction was also different. When a Highlander began to build his house he commenced by fixing the main couples at certain intervals, and the lower portion was let into the ground like a post. To the top of these the rafters were secured by a wooden pin and tied across by a tie beam. At the apex where the rafters met and crossed each other was laid longitudinally a long tree or beam, on which the smaller cabers or rafters and thatch depended and rested, and hence was called the roof-tree, and on it the main security of the fabric depended, and displacing the roof-tree was certain to bring the whole fabric to the ground, and hence, in the importance of the roof-tree, and the common and genial toast, "To the Roof-tree," no doubt had reference to this important feature in the structure. The effect of those old Highland roofs was extremely good and picturesque, and but few of them now remain; they are fast disappearing before the manufactured timber and slate. The important feature of these houses and roofs is that they were entirely the work of the natives, and required no foreign or skilled labour in their production; they were entirely the work of the founder, who was his own architect and contractor. The cost was in those days trifling, the labour not being taken into account; but, so scarce was, and still is, timber on the West Coast, that a crofter removing claims and often carries, the roof with him. The fire was placed on a stone slab or hearth in the centre of the floor, and the smoke allowed to find its exit through sundry holes in the roof. The result is that a large portion condenses on the rafters of the house and forms a rich dark brown varnish, which is utilised by the crofter as manure, and I have seen a good picture painted with this varnish, the effect much resembling sepia. The custom of unroofing annually is still practised, and I have often seen the roof lying on the hillside getting washed with the rain. The neighbours, on the occasion of a roofing, lend a helping hand, and I

have often seen the roof being removed in the morning and replaced by the evening.

In the Islands, from the greater scarcity of timber, the roof and woodwork are still further economised, and stone takes the place of timber to a greater extent. In Harris the walls are often 6 to 8 feet thick, being formed of stone on the outer and inner face, the centre being filled up with moss and sods, while the roof is placed on the inner side of the walls, and the great breadth forms a rampart on which cattle and children may disport themselves. Travelling in Lochaber on one occasion, I asked what a cottage would cost them. The reply was, "Well, it depends on the number of couples, but a house could be put up for 50s., but it would take £5 to make a right one."

At the same time as the house was constructed by home labour, it was natural that all the furnishings should partake of the same primitive character, and accordingly we find the materials at hand were made to serve the ends required by simple home manufacture. After the house building, one of the first essentials would be cooking utensils, and we find that a simple gridiron and pot were indispensable. These were formed of hammered metal, and these cauldrons occasionally turn up, mostly of bronze, and this may be accounted for by the greater durability and value of copper and bronze, and these are always found in ancient examples to be of sheets of metal made up in pieces and riveted. Many specimens of this still exist, but the cast iron pot has entirely superseded them in every-day life. The native pottery seems to have held its own to a much later date, and the Lewis pottery is well known, and in Kilmuir, Skye, the Rev. Mr Macgregor told me he had often watched the natives making the craggan for family use. Sixty years ago there were in the parish of Kilmuir only three teapots, and a single pot represented the entire cooking apparatus of a family, in which case the potatoes were boiled in the pot and the herrings were placed in the pot over the cooked potatoes, and so prepared.

Dishes of all kinds were scarcely known, and instead thereof a square board above 17 inches across with a rim 3 inches high all round, called "Clar," served for the dish to hold potatoes and fish, and the family seated round a rude table eat their meal from it. Mr Macgregor also mentions, that "In many of the poorer dwellings there was but one horn spoon, which was handed from member to member to help themselves in turn." There were but few bowls, cups, or dishes of earthenware in these humble dwellings, but many of them had wooden cups of various sizes which they got from crews

of vessels from the Baltic. They met these vessels in calm weather, and got planks of wood and dishes of the kind mentioned in lieu of fresh vegetables which they took on board.

The people of this district were in the habit of making large pots or jars of the native clay. These craggans were of various sizes, and some of them would contain from three to four imperial gallons, but generally they were of smaller size, and made to contain eight or nine great bottles.

The clay of which these craggans were made was not found in every district, but when found large numbers of these pots or craggans were made.

Mr Macgregor describes the process thus:—"The clay was smooth and plastic, and when required for use it was wrought up by the hands for hours together until it was brought to the consistency of the putty used by glaziers. When in this state the most skilful and tasteful of the family group commenced to form the craggan, which they finished in less than two hours' time. The first part of it made was the circular bottom, which, like a circular cake, they placed upon a broad or flat stone, always supplying themselves from the lump of prepared clay beside them. When the bottom was thus formed, they rapidly built upon it all around the outer edge to the thickness of about an inch, but careful all the time to shape it into the form required. When finished the article was coarse, rough, and indented with finger marks, but in order to smooth it they scraped it round and round very gently with a knife to give it a more seemly appearance. The inside was of course left as it was, as there was no access to it. When the dish was finished it was put on to a safe place to dry by the heat of the sun, and was left in that state for perhaps some weeks, until it got properly hard. The next process was to set it in the midst of a powerful peat fire in order to burn it, and this step of the manufacture frequently ruined the whole concern, in consequence of the unequal heat breaking or cracking the vessel. The burning made the craggan harder and lighter, and quite ready as a receptacle for the family oil. This oil formed an important item in the family economy; it was procured from the livers of different kinds of fish, it was dark in colour, like port wine, but thin and good. The fish on arrival were gatted, and the livers were taken out and thrown into the pot or craggan, and left there till they melted down into a comparatively liquid state. They then set the decayed livers on a slow fire to dissolve them completely. In this state they poured off the fine oil, put it into a craggan, and threw the refuse on a dunghill."

These craggans are still made in the Lewis, and I show a specimen, and some cups and saucers.

The oil was mainly used for lighting the "cruiscan," or *lamp*, and I show you a specimen of the lamp. These lamps superseded the fir root and in their turn have been superseded by the paraffin and modern oil lamps. As you will observe, they are constructed with two bowls or spoons, one to hold the oil and wick, the other to catch the drip, and by a clever arrangement the upper bowl or spoon was made by hooking on to a series of pegs to tilt up as the oil was consumed, and so afford a continuous supply of oil to the wick.

The mode of producing light was by striking a spark from a piece of flint or quartz, which spark falling on a piece of charred linen or cotton, set it on fire, and this again was made use of to light a rude match made of fir and tipped with brimstone.

The making of these matches, or "spunks" as they were called, gave occupation in the long evenings to the male part of the family, who split up fine pieces of fir, and dipped the ends into melted brimstone or sulphur, and thus produced a rude lucifer match. Since these "cruiscan" were superseded by the paraffin and other lamps, they have been generally reduced to the mean use of melting brimstone or sulphur for smoking of bees, and those I have recovered were being used for this purpose by the old ladies who kept bees.

The provision of wicks for these lamps was of some importance, and was made of the pith of rushes from the ditches; and I have often as a boy earned a luncheon by gathering and peeling these. They were prepared by stripping off the outer skin, and raising by a gentle pressure, the pith in a long piece, very like Macaroni; these were tied in bundles and dried for use.

FOOD.—Following up these notes on the Domestic Economy and Occupation, we naturally come next to the preparation of food. Thus we have, say, the meal—Oat and bere meal was until recently the staple food of the people in Scotland, and the preparation of their meal formed an important industry. Mr Macgregor mentioned, in the paper before referred to, that he recollected a time when loaf or wheaten bread was unknown in Kilmuir. "I remember," he says, "when loaves of bread were made at the manse for a Communion or Sacramental occasion, when crowds of females resorted to the minister's house to see the 'aran caneach,' that is, the foggy or spongy bread, and on tasting it they did not at all relish it, as they did not consider it to be at all so substantial as their own oaten cakes.

“The mode of preparing the grain for meal varied considerably, the most primitive being what was called *graddan* meal. This was prepared as follows:—The standing oats or barley having been cut down and brought to a convenient spot, the grain is taken in handfuls from the sheaf and held over a pot or flat stone and set fire to, and the grain being thus parched and dried, the slight tendril is burnt through, and the grain drops on the stone or into the pot. This handful is kept constantly beat by a stick to separate the grain more readily from the straw. When sufficient grain has been collected, it is stirred about in the pot or on the stone till quite dry, it is then fanned, and the grain so prepared for the mill.”

I need not describe to you the quern or hand mill; it is well known as being composed of two flat stones, the upper one revolving on a centre pin and driven by hand. The quern has not altered in its construction for thousands of years, and I found the Bedouin Arabs in Jericho preparing their grain in exactly the same way with the quern as I found the girls in Benbecula and Harris. It is often referred to in Scripture as the Jews' handmill, and no doubt it was a quern which Samson ground on in his prison house.

The manufacture of these mill-stones was of great importance, and suitable stones were carried great distances. I have found in the outer Islands many stones, of which the only account which could be given was, that they were Lochaber stones, and no doubt the Margarodite schist of Glenroy is admirably suited to the purpose, being composed of garnets embedded in a soft matrix of a white silvery Taleose schist which wears down, leaving the garnets projecting out like teeth to cut the grain. One of the Lochaber quarries was situated at Bruniachan, Glenroy, where stones are still to be seen lying about half made. At the same place are traces of iron furnaces. And another famous quarry was in an island called Soa, to the west of Skye, and was a sandstone grit.

The querns are still used amongst the Islands, and I have several times come on them in full operation, notably at Lochboisdale, where a few years ago I had the pleasure of witnessing the whole operation. It was on a Michaelmas day, and the barley crop was ripe. I happened to mention to the innkeeper my desire to see the operation of preparing the “*Graddan Meal*,” and said that I had heard it was the custom in Uist to prepare and eat Michaelmas cake on that day. He said “True, and if you care you can see the process close by.” I immediately declared myself ready for the expedition. The darkness had set in, and I had made

myself comfortable for the night, but I resumed my boots and started over the hill, and after stumbling over rocks and bogs for a mile or so, we came to the cottage where the operation was being carried on. We were just in time. The grain was being separated from the straw very much as described by Mr Macgregor, and the husks were being taken off the grain by stirring the parched corn in a pot, the fire still kept burning the grain, and the husking and kiln drying were one and the same operation. After the grain had been thoroughly husked and dried, it was winnowed and ready for grinding. The woman who did this took the grains and dropped them gently into the centre hole of the upper stone, while she turned it with the other hand, and the meal was thrown out round the outer rim of the stones. After preparing about a peck of it she gathered it up, and with a sieve separated the meal from any seeds and impurities. She then proceeded to bake the cake in the ordinary way, and when shaped she spread over the upper surface some melted sugar and caraway seeds. The baking and firing was done in the ordinary way on a flat disc of metal, and when sufficiently fired it was cut up and handed round to the members of the family and visitors. When warm and fresh, it was very palatable, and I enjoyed a portion. Being much interested in the custom and operation, I begged a bit of the cake to take home. I was presented with a goodly portion, which I brought home on trial, and a day or two after my arrival I was describing to some friends the operation, and offered to allow them taste of my fare. But I reckoned without my host, for on ordering in the bread I was informed by the serving maid that my wife had ordered the precious cake to be thrown out to the pigs, it smelt the house so, and I must confess that however pleasing and attractive the cake was partaken of in a Highland bothy, fresh, and with all the romance of the situation, yet in our refined condition it had lost its sweetness, and became absolutely offensive. So much for our early tastes and romantic ideas of Highland life.

Jamieson, in his work on popular songs and ballads, gives the following graphic picture of Highland life in the beginning of the present century, and though a little coloured it fairly enough describes the amount of home resources of old country life, which, alas! is a thing of the past, and the Highlander now depends too much on foreign produce and the regular visits of the Glasgow steamers for his comforts. He says—"On a very hot day in the beginning of autumn, the author, when a stripling, was travelling afoot over the mountains of Lochaber, from Fort-Augustus to Inverness, and when he came to the place where he was to have

breakfasted there was no person at home, nor was there any place where refreshment was to be had nearer than Dores, which is eighteen miles from Fort-Augustus. With this disagreeable prospect he proceeded about three miles further, and turned aside to the first cottage he saw, where he found a hale looking, lively, tidy, little, middle-aged woman spinning wool, with a pot on the fire and some greens ready to be put into it. She understood no English, and his Gaelic was then by no means good, though he spoke it well enough to be intelligible. She informed him that she had nothing in the house that could be eaten except cheese, a little sour cream, and some *whisky*. On being asked rather sharply how she could dress the greens without meal, she good-humouredly told him that there was plenty of meal in the croft, pointing to some un-reaped barley that stood dead ripe and dry before the door, and if he could wait half-an-hour he should have brose and butter, bread and cheese, bread and milk, or anything else that he chose. To this he most readily assented, as well on account of the singularity of the proposal, as of the necessity of the time; and the good dame set with all possible expedition about her arduous undertaking. She first of all brought him some cream in a bottle, telling him, 'He that will not work neither will he eat; if he wished for butter, he must shake that bottle with all his might, and sing to it like a mavis all the time; for unless he sung to it no butter would come.' She then went to the croft, cut down some barley, burnt the straw to dry the grain, rubbed the grain between her hands, and threw it up before the wind to separate it from the husks; ground it upon a quern, sifted it, made a bannock of the meal, set it up to bake before the fire, and lastly went to milk her cow, that was reposing during the heat of the day, and eating some outside cabbage leaves ayont the hallau. She sung like a lark the whole time, varying the strain according to the employment to which it was adapted. In the meanwhile a hen cackled under the eaves of the cottage, two new laid eggs were immediately plunged into the boiling pot, and in less than half-an-hour the poor, starving, faint and wayworn minstrel, with wonder and delight, sat down to a repast that, under such circumstances, would have been a feast for a prince."

The simple mode of preparing meal is still continued, and the burning of the grain to remove the ears of corn and get rid of the husk was practised in Skye till very recently.

The meal thus produced was called "graddan" meal, and was highly esteemed and sold for several shillings more per boll than the ordinary mill-made meal, and the Rev. Mr Macgregor told me

that, in his early days in Skye, the winter mornings were enlightened and enlivened by the appearance of the fires of each family being alight preparing the morning food in this manner. When the lairds established regular water mills on their estates a few centuries ago, the millers were empowered by Acts of Parliament to search out and break all the quern stones to be found; and families were only allowed to use querns and other means of grinding their corn during stormy weather, or such causes as prevented their access to the regular mill to which they were thirled. The gauger was also a great enemy to the quern, for it was a source of trouble to him, by enabling the native to prepare his malt for smuggling, an art not altogether unknown in the present day, but rendered easier from the removal of the malt duty.

The Government, kings, lairds, and miller seem to have been all combined against the quern from very early times, for not only in the following Act passed by King Alexander III. of Scotland, viz.:—"That no man shall presume to grinde quheit, maisloch or rye with hand mills except he be compellit by storm, and be in lack of mylnes quhilk should grinde the samen, and in this case if a man grindes at hand mylnes, he shall give the thretien measure as multer! and if any man contraveins this, our prohibition, he shall tyne his hand mills perpetually." Of course this was to protect the lairds who had erected water mills, and to enable the millers to pay their rents.

From the quern up to the laird's mill there were various qualities of mills, and I have seen both in Shetland and in Lewis the upright wheel at work, and I show you drawings of it. It is called a "clappan," from the peculiar noise it makes as the stone revolves. The peculiarity, as you will observe, is that the wheel is horizontal, and the axle upright, and that the upper stone of the mill is fixed to the same axle as the wheel, exactly as if cart wheels and axle had been set on one side, one wheel at the water, the other at the grindstone. The house must be built over the burn of course, so that the motion passes directly to the grinding stones. The principle of the mill is exactly the same as any other. It is the peculiar horizontal water wheel which marks it out from the ordinary.

At the same cottage referred to at Lochboisdale, I was amused watching an old lady of nearly four score preparing her snuff. She took some leaves of ordinary tobacco, and having unrolled them and dried them till they were quite crisp, she put them in a bowl, and with the round knob of the tongs she ground them to a fine powder, and proceeded to regale herself with a pinch. I was

told that this was not an uncommon way of preparing their snuff, and that they preferred it to the shop snuff from Glasgow, which they said contained glass, which cut their nostrils and lips.

In the olden times want of communication and means of transport imposed on all our ancestors the necessity of laying up winter stores and preparing and preserving food, and at Martinmas the meal gurnal was filled, and the mart or cow and other animals killed for winter use.

The preparation and utilisation of all parts of these animals for winter use formed no small item in the home industry, and the ingenious uses to which all parts of the animal was put and the ingenuity it developed, must have been beneficial to the operators. Within my own recollection I have seen the animal killed and the hams and flesh salted ; the fat prepared and made into candles ; the white and black puddings prepared ; the horns converted into spoons by the travelling tinkers ; the skin tanned and converted into shoes, brogues, sieves for corn, and other articles. All these operations required a certain amount of skill and experience, and the education of the peasantry in such arts must have prepared them, in a singularly suitable manner, to form the best emigrants and colonists.

If I follow up this line a little further, we shall find that the making of clothes formed also an important factor in house work. Throughout the Highlands and in many of the Lowland houses in Scotland, till the beginning of the century, almost all the ordinary worsteds were prepared for the weaver, as well as the linens, and even yet I know of some goodly stock of home-made sheeting and linens.

In the better class the dame had her maids to spin in the evening round the fire, and in the Highland cottage I have seen often the old wife and her daughters busy spinning the wool, but this is now exceptional and spasmodic. A few years ago the Harris cloth, under the encouragement of the late Countess of Dunmore, and other ladies, became fashionable, and considerable quantities were forced on the market, but after the novelty had passed away, the demand subsided. The manufacturers took up the trade, and with their superior appliances they produced imitations at a cheaper rate, and a more finished article for the cockney consumer.

The preparation of these cloths formed an important and picturesque feature in Highland life, and almost every traveller during the last century described the process more or less. I need not therefore go into details. After the wool was cleared,

carded, and dressed, it was the duty of the females to spin it into worsted or threads, and the doing so gave occupation to the old and infirm as well as the young, and grannie at the spinning wheel has always been a favourite subject for Scottish painters and poets. The distaff was a more ancient form of spinning, and had the advantage of being done on the hillside, and I have met the girls herding on the hillside and busily spinning with the distaff. The working of the distaff is very simple and picturesque, viz.—A bundle of wool is held under the arm and also a staff about 4 feet long, which is allowed to project in front, and over the projecting end passes the thread of worsted. The end hangs down a foot or two, and on a spindle is hung the whorl or ring of stone, which is the fly-wheel, and which is spun round from time to time and twists the wool; gradually the thread is fed out from the store under the arm, and as spun it is rolled into a ball above the whorl. In almost all cairns and pre-historic dwellings, these whorls are to be found, often made of steatite. but any soft stone will suit.

The preparation of the wool for weaving, and also the dyeing of it, was a matter which gave scope for much ingenuity, and I have made a list of the different dyes used, which may be interesting. Now the mineral dyes have superseded the native, which were as a rule vegetable, but alum, copperas, and urine were used to clean the wool and fix the colours.

Many of the colours were extremely bright and pretty, though it was at all times difficult to produce the bright scarlets of the regular dyester, and amongst the home-made cloths we find certain quantities of the brightest dyes creeping in from the regular manufacturers. The following is, however, a list of such dyes and their results as I have been able to procure, viz.:—

DYES.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Heather, with Alum..... | Dark Green. |
| The Heather must be pulled before flowering,
and from a dark, shady place. | |
| 2. Cro' tle, a coarse kind of Lichen (<i>Parmelia saxatilis</i>) | Philamot—Yellowish Brown (colour of a dead leaf). |
| 3. Crottle Corkir (white and ground, and mixed with urine) (<i>Lecanora tartarea</i>)..... | Scarlet or Crimson. |
| 4. Common Yellow Wall Lichen (<i>Parmelia parietina</i>) | Brown. |
| 5. Rock Lichen (<i>Ramalina scopulorum</i>)..... | Red. |
| 6. White Crottle (<i>Lecanora pallescens</i>) | Red. |
| 7. Limestone Lichen (<i>Urceolaria calcarea</i>)..... | Scarlet. |
| Used by the peasantry in limestone districts
(Shetland, &c.) | |
| 8. Dark Crottle (<i>Parmelia ceratophylla</i>)..... | Brown. |

DYES.

9. Whin Bark (Furze).....	Green.
10. Dulse, a sea-wood, or Duilig, "The leaf of the water."	Brown.
11. "Shillister," (Iris) root.....	Black or Grey.
12. Alder.....	Black.
13. Soot (Peat).....	Dirty Yellow
14. Blaeberry, with Alum or Copperas.....	Blue
15. Blaeberry, with nut Galls.....	Dark Brown
16. Blaeberry, with Alum, Verdigris and Sal-Ammoniac.....	Purple Red.
17. Elder, with Alum.....	Blue.
18. Privet Ripe Berries, with salt.....	Scarlet Red.
19. Do.....	Green.
20. "Enonymus," (spindle tree burning bush), with Sal-Ammoniac.....	Purple.
21. Currant (common burning bush), with Alum.....	Brown.
22. Apple Tree, Ash, and Buckthorn, also Poplar and Elm.....	Yellow.
23. Broom (Common).....	Lively Green.
24. Rue (Galium Verum), or Ladies' Bed Straw.....	Fine Red.
25. Roid, or Bog Myrtle, a plant of sweet flavour, also called Gual.....	Yellow.
26. Dandelion.....	Magenta.
27. Wild Cress.....	Violet.
28. Carmel (Braoom Fraoich.....	Violet.
29. Root of Common Dock, with copperas.....	Finest Black.
30. Root of Ash Tree.....	Yellow.
31. Tormentil (also used for Tanning).....	Red.
32. St John's Wort.....	Rich Yellow.
33. Teasel.....	Yellow.
34. Wild Mignonette, with Indigo.....	Green.
35. Bracken Root.....	Yellow.
36. Bramble.....	Dark Orange.
37. Sundew (<i>Drosera Rotundifolia</i>).....	Purple.
38. Do. with Ammonia.....	Bright Yellow.

In Italy a liquor is distilled from this plant, and called "Rossoli."

The crottle (2), which yielded a brown dye, is the stone and heath parmelia—*Parmelia saxatilis* and *omphalodes*. Another lichen which was in great favour once, and produced a bright crimson dye, is No. 3—the corcar lichen—*Lecanora tartarea*. More than a hundred years ago indigo had entirely superseded woad to produce blue. It was with woad, or *glastum*—*Isatis tinctoria*—that the ancient Britons used to stain their bodies when going to battle. The Bog Myrtle, or *Myrica* (25), has several Gaelic names, but on the mainland the prevalent one is Roid. It is the badge of the Campbell clan, and before the days of Peruvian bark, it supplied febrifuge and worm-killing medicine not to be despised. Roid leaves are yet put in beds and among packed-up clothes to keep away fleas and moths. It is a highly

aromatic plant. The cairmeal (28) is the *orobus tuberosus*. A fermented liquor was in olden times made from its tuberous roots, after being ground down into meal.

Logwood and Redwood are much in demand now; but these are foreign dyes, though long known and used. I saw a dye being made in one case in Jura. The large pot was filled with alder leaves and twigs, from which a black dye is prepared by a simple infusion (like tea), and the colour is made fast by the addition of logwood and copperas.

The process of dyeing with vegetable home dyes was—To wash the thread thoroughly in urine (long kept, and called in Gaelic “fual,”) rinsed and washed in pure water, then put into the boiling pot of dye, which is kept hard a-boil on the fire. The thread is now and again lifted out of the pot on the point of a stick, and plunged back again till thoroughly dyed. If *blue* the thread is washed in salt water, any other colour in fresh. The yarn is then hung out to dry, and when dry is gathered into balls or clews, and it is then ready for the weaver’s loom.

I am able to show you a small bit of tartan, dyed in the Highlands 130 years ago, and used ever since; the green being purely from the heather, the red possibly from Crottle, No. 3.

After the wool is spun and dyed, and the weaver has made the cloth, comes the waulking or felting of the cloth, which in manufactories is done by the waulking mill, formerly formed of ponderous wooden hammers which beat the cloth in a damp state till the open wove cloth is closely felted together and made a suitable protection against wind and rain. In the Highland districts women make use of their feet to produce the same result, and a picturesque sight it is to see a dozen or more Highland lassies set round in two rows facing each other. The web of cloth is passed round in a damp state, each one pressing and pitching it with a dash to her next neighbour, and so the cloth is handled, pushed, crushed, and welded as to become close and even in texture. The process is slow and tedious, but the ladies know how to beguile the time, and the song is passed round, each one taking up the verse in turn, and all joining in the chorus. The effect is very peculiar and often very pleasing, and the waulking songs are very popular in all the collections.

I have on various occasions watched the waulking process, but seldom in recent years. It is often the occasion of a little boisterous merriment and practical joking, for, should a member of the male sex be found prowling near by, he is, if caught, unceremoniously thrust into the centre of the circle and tossed with the

web till, bruised with the rough usage and blackened with the dye, he is glad to make his escape from the hands of the furies.

LINEN.—The growing of lint, which had formed a valuable and extensive feature amongst the peasantry, came to an end some 30 or 40 years ago, and, except as an experiment, it is never grown now.

It was introduced some 400 or 500 years ago, and was universally cultivated throughout Scotland. The first I have an account of in this quarter is at Portsoy, where lint was first grown in 1490. In 1686, to promote the use of linen, an Act was passed ordaining that no corpse of any person whatsoever be buried in any shirt, sheet, or anything else, except in plain linen, the cost not exceeding 20 shillings Scots per ell. The nearest deacon or elder of the parish, with one or two neighbours, were required to see that this was complied with.

The cultivation of lint or flax became a national industry, and lint was grown on almost every farm in Scotland, and it was to promote the linen trade that the British Linen Company was commenced in 1746—it is now, as you are aware, entirely a banking company. Factories were established in every district. We had an extensive trade in Inverness, and mills were built at Cromarty, Spinningdale, and as far north as Kirkwall and Stornoway. Pen-nant gives a statement of the various quantities manufactured in each county and town, and accordingly we find that Inverness, when at the height of its prosperity in 1770-71, produced 223,798 yards, at an average price of 6d. per yard, or a total value of £6425. 5s. 2d. I can remember the Citadel buildings and Factory, now Albert Place,* filled with handlooms; but Forfarshire seems to have been the great seat of this trade in Scotland. In my early days, in Forfarshire I used to see the lint grown and steeped in pools, or "lint pots" as they were called, and every village and clachan had its handloom weaver, and from whom as boys we used to beg a bunch of threads, or "thrums," as they were called, to make cords and strings, and every old wife span the lint to supply the household linen. Much of this old linen still remains in old families, and my grandmother's entire family linen was home-made.

The quality of this linen was very superior, and the beauty of the patterns and artistic character of the designs is surprising. I have been favoured with some very fine specimens from Mr Roderick Maclean, of Ardross. These I show you were grown at Redcastle and Conan in the years 1810-20, and woven by hand-

* These latter buildings, I am informed, were used for cotton thread spinning—not linen weaving.

loom weavers in Inverness—that from Conan woven by one Macphail, hand-loom weaver, in 1855, he being then about seventy years old, and was his last weavings.

Perhaps the most interesting is a tablecloth lent me by Mrs Aitken, which bears the name of Marion Elliot, 1722, and a specimen, 1754, of very fine quality. I might multiply specimens, but time will not permit.

POTATOES.—A debate arose after Mr Maclean's paper on "Rosskeen," the other evening, on the cultivation of potatoes, and as this is an important article of food in the Highlands, I shall make a few notes as to the introduction of this valuable and universal industry, as it has had a very important effect on the habits and mode of life in the Highlands. The potato was at first viewed with jealousy and dislike, and began to be cultivated with hesitation, about its moral character, for it was believed "that some of the more uncontrollable passions of human nature were favoured by its use."

It is said potatoes were first introduced into Ireland about 1585, by Sir Walter Raleigh, and so extensively cultivated there that they were a succour to the poor when their cereal crops were destroyed by the soldiers during the civil war. The exact date of the introduction of potatoes seems uncertain, for Martin in his "Western Isles" says that in 1689 potatoes were the common food of the people in Skye. From Ireland they were introduced into England about the end of the 17th century, and sold in 1694 at 6d. and 8d. per pound. They were first heard of in Scotland in 1701, and the Duchess of Buccleuch's household book mentions the esculent as brought from Edinburgh, and costing 2s. 6d. a peck. In 1733 it began to be cultivated in gardens. According to Chambers's "Domestic Annals," the field culture of the potatoes was first practised in the county of Edinburgh by a man Henry Prentice in 1746. Parker says:—"Potatoes were introduced into Uist in 1743. In the spring of that year Clan Ranald was in Ireland, and saw with surprise and approbation the practice of the country, and brought home a cargo of potatoes. On his arrival the servants were convened, and directions given how to plant them, but they all refused, and were immediately committed to prison. After a time they gave way, and agreed to plant these roots. When ripe, many of the tenants laid these potatoes at the laird's door, saying, 'The laird might order them to plant these foolish roots, but he could not make them eat them.'" It was ten years later before they reached Barra. Some doubt on this story is raised by the fact that Martin in his

description of the Western Isles says that in 1689 they were the ordinary food of the common people in Skye at that date.

KELP. - One of the most important industries was Kelp. From the eighteenth century, kelp was the great staple of Highland export, and during the war in the beginning of the century, the kelp stores yielded over 5000 tons of kelp, at the average price in the market of £16 per ton, yielding not less than £80,000, exceeding five times the rent of the thirty thousand acres of Hebridean arable land.

Since the introduction of Spanish barilla and other substitutes, kelp fell in price from two-thirds to one-third of the former average, but as it is manufactured at a cost only of from £3 to £4 per ton, it is still produced in the Hebrides, and along the West Coast of Scotland.

Mr Macleod, the late proprietor of Harris, in a letter to Lord Glenelg, then Secretary of State, dated April 10th, 1829, says:—“The production of and manufacture of kelp, which has existed more than 200 years, had for a great length of time received a vigilant and special protection against the articles of foreign or British growth or manufacture, which compete with it in the market, namely, barilla, pot and pearl ash, and black ash, the last of which is formed by the decomposition of salt, effected chiefly by the use of foreign sulphur, which sulphur forms three-fourths of the value of the manufactured alkali.”

Up to the year 1822, considerable duties were leviable on all the commodities just enumerated, but in that year the duty on salt was lowered from 15s. to 2s. a bushel. Shortly afterwards the impost on barilla was considerably reduced. This measure was quickly succeeded by a repeal of the remainder of the salt duties (duties which had lasted more than 130 years), and of the duty on alkali made from salt. Close upon this followed a considerable reduction in the duty on pot and pearl ash, and an entire removal of that on ashes from Canada, and this last step was accompanied by a diminution in the duty on foreign sulphur from £15 to 10s. a ton. Such is the succession of the measures which now threatens the total extinction of the kelp manufacture, and with it (in reference to Scotland alone) the ruin of the landed proprietors in the Hebrides and on the West Coast, the most serious injury to all descriptions of annuitants on kelp estates, and the destitution of a population of more than 50,000 souls. Mr Bowie, in his evidence before the Select Committee on Emigration in February 1871, says—“I know one estate where formerly 1100 tons of kelp were manufactured annually, another where 1200 tons were manufactured

annually; and assuming that the price got at market was only £15 a ton, taking the expense of manufacturing and conveying to market at £3, we had there a profit of £12 a ton; so in the one case we should have a profit to the proprietors of £13,200 a year, and in the other case a profit of £14,400, and this independent of the land rental. But the whole of that kelp rental has vanished, the proprietors are reduced to their nominal land rental, and while so reduced to their land rental they have thrown upon their hands a large surplus population, whom they cannot assist, and for whom they have not the means of employment."

The mode of manufacturing kelp I shall describe, as it is, though often referred to, little known beyond the shores where it is collected and manufactured.

It is a very interesting sight on a fine summer day to see the little groups of busy men and women along the shores collecting and keeping alight the dried sea weed, and the smoke rising high in the air, or drifting in picturesque clouds across the hillocks, forms a sight to be long remembered, whilst the odour of iodine strongly taints the air, and the pungent flavour is not unpleasing.

About the year 1862 the British Sea Weed Company, Limited, built chemical works at Dalmuir, near Glasgow, and took a lease of the North Uist shores from Sir John Orde, paying as a Royalty £1000 a year, for the right of getting all the kelp made on the North Uist shores.

In 1865 over 1200 tons were made in North Uist and shipped to Glasgow; the price paid to crofters and cottars was from 35s. to 63s. per ton. For the following eight years the average amount of kelp made in North Uist was about 900 tons.

On the east side of North Uist there is a number of bays and islands, round which a great quantity of what they call cut or black sea weed grows on the inshore rocks and stones.

The weed is cut once in three years, that is to say, the part of shore cut this year will not be cut again for three years, so as to allow the weed to grow to a full ripe crop.

The crofters and cottars remove from their homes to the stores of these bays and islands and live in sheilings during kelp making, generally from 15th June till 15th August.

The first thing to be done is to roof the old sheiling and make it as comfortable as possible for from four to six people to live in for two months. When the tide is out, the weed is cut from the rocks and stones with a common corn hook; they take a heather rope and warp it all round with sea weed, and stretch it outside where they are cutting the sea weed. When the tide comes in,

the rope and sea weed float, and at high water they drag at both ends of the rope and pull it ashore, with the sea weed enclosed, as salmon fishers do when dragging for salmon in the River Ness.

When the tide goes back from the weed that is thus taken ashore, the weed is put into creels on horses' backs, and sometimes on men and women's backs, and spread on the grass to dry, and treated as hay is treated, until it is dry enough to burn.

When ready for burning, say a quantity to make a ton of kelp, a trench is formed, which is called a kiln, 12 to 24 feet, by 2 feet 6 inches by 2 feet deep, the sides and ends formed with stones, the bottom having a layer of turf. The weed is set aburning by a little straw or heather; the weed has to be kept on constantly to keep down the flame as much as possible, and exclude the air from the burning mass inside.

The heat is intense during the four to eight hours' burning. Men and women do the burning; some women are better burners than men. When the kiln is full of burning sea weed, two or three strong men rake, mix and pound the whole mass together with iron clubs, having long handles. When this is done, the kiln is covered over with sea weed and stones to keep the kelp dry. In twenty-four hours, although still hot, it can be broken into large lumps and shipped, if a vessel is waiting. The kelp is weighed by the kelp officer on board the ship, $22\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. to the ton. This extra $2\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. is put on for stones, sand, or gravel, which sometimes find their way into the kelp, and not always unknown to the *kelper*, especially in Ireland; lately 20 cwt. per ton is the rule.

Drift or red weed comes ashore on the west or Atlantic side of the Islands, during the whole year. In winter the farmers and crofters use it for manuring their land, from June till October. It is made into kelp, when there is demand for it. During the last five years there has been little demand for kelp.

The red weed is 50 per cent. more valuable than the cut weed for producing Bromide of Potassium, Iodine, Iodide, Potash, Salts, &c., &c.

The best red weed kelp will produce 20 lbs. of Iodine per ton, cut or black weed from 3 to 8 lbs.

The principal places where kelp is now got from is—Donegal, Sligo, Galway, and Clare, in Ireland; Orkney, North and South Uist, Barra, and Tyree. There is no cut weed kelp made in Ireland, all being drift. The price in Ireland is from £4 to £2 per ton.

ROPES.—I shall now refer to a few specimens of native ingen-

uity—specimens of which, by the kindness of a few friends, I am able to show you. The first is a specimen of rope made from the long fibrous roots of the bog fir which grow in the bogs. The gentleman, Mr Robertson of Portree, who procured it for me, said his attention was attracted to it one day by observing that, when a boat from Rona, moored by it, at the Portree Pier, was blown away by the wind, the rope never sank, like a manilla rope, but floated by its own buoyancy. These ropes possess great strength, and are thoroughly serviceable. The root is split up into long thread-like fibres, and then spun like ordinary hemp, and might readily be mistaken at first sight for a manilla rope.

LOCKS.—By the kindness of Mr L. Ross, Portree, I am able to show you two specimens of old-fashioned locks, which are exceedingly ingenious, and possess tumblers and all the leading features of a patent tumbler lock. I tried to get an old lock, but they are not to be had, but I have been fortunate enough to find a mechanic who could make them. These locks are in common use in St Kilda, and I found them on all the barns and byres, though of less perfect construction than the specimen shown.

CLOCKS.—The next is a wooden clock made entirely of beech-wood; all the wheels and cogs are of wood, except where for axles and escapement a small amount of steel and brass are introduced, and these seem to be bits of ordinary stocking wire.

It has been kindly lent me by Mr William Sutherland, of Lochcarron, and he says it belonged to his great-grandmother, and was brought by her from Fairburn, in the parish of Urray. He says—"I remember the clock very well in my father's house. It kept excellent time. It had a dial of wood, also hour and minute hands of carved wood. The clock must be at least 150 years old. If I had taken an interest in it when a boy, I might have found out the maker's name."

BROGUES.—The making of brogues was a matter of some importance, and it was not unusual before starting on a journey to sit down and make the brogues. These were simply rough leather uppers sewed to the soles without welts, or strips of leather which in our modern shoes are considered necessary for attaching the soles to the upper leather, and which enables the shoemaker to produce the elegant and highly-finished articles now made.

The old brogue maker began by sewing the sole on to the upper leather (which he had previously shaped) by means of a long thong of leather, and when he had done so, he turned the shoe, while still soft, outside in, thus concealing the sewing, and producing the finished article. These brogues were not meant to be

water-tight, but simply as a protection, and their duration was not great.

They are now almost extinct, and I had great difficulty in getting a specimen. I am indebted to Mr Macphail, Glenmore, Skye, and Mr J. Macallum, Fort-William, for the specimen now shewn.

A still more primitive kind of shoe is still used in Shetland, namely, the "rivelan." It is, as you will see, a piece of untanned leather, 'aken while still flexible, and tied round to the shape of the foot, and then allowed to harden. A lace of cord is then introduced round the upper edge, and so the shoe is held on. It is a curious contrast to see the women working in the peat bogs, one half of them clad in modern Indiarubber goloshes, the other half in native rivelans. The specimens shown were prepared, and worn into shape by a young lady at Scalloway, and cost me 2s 6d.

The people in the outlying districts had to provide themselves with most of their utensils, and necessity made them handy and expert in many trades, and the custom still obtains of assisting the village craftsman. I was struck with this in Jura, for on entering one of the cottages I saw the occupant dropping burning peat through a small hole 3 or 4 inches in diameter. On asking what was the object of this, I was informed he was making peat charcoal. I examined the process and found that below this hole was a small chamber about 2 feet in diameter, built of stones about 20 inches deep, and covered with a flat stone very much like the upper stone of a quern.

The peats are burned to a red heat in the open fire and then dropped in all aglow through the small hole referred to, and when the chamber is quite full sods are placed over the hole to exclude the air, and so the charcoal is prepared. This charcoal is used by the clachan blacksmith, and is said to greatly improve the quality of iron. It is not so powerful as coal but answers the purpose otherwise very well. The arrangement with the smith is peculiar. There were twelve tenants in the clachan or club farm, and each pays the smith 15s. per annum for his work, the smith being bound on his part to do all jobbing for the tenants. The crofters must each provide and bring his own fuel, blow the bellows and work the forehammer.

In this same clachan, I saw a peculiar kind of pigsty, made by building a hollow peat stack against the gable of the house in the autumn. Into this hollow, which is capable of accommodating three pigs, the young porkers are thrust inside, where they stay over winter. Meanwhile the stack is being gradually reduced, and by the time the peat is consumed, the pigs are fit for the market.

DRINKS.—Of the early beverages of the Highlanders little is known. Whey was their common drink, but tradition says that a kind of ale was made from the heather, a punch from the mountain ash, and mead from honey. Boethius says,—“Drinks were distilled from thyme, mint, and anise.” The heather ale was from the tops in bloom, which contained a large amount of honey, being cut, steeped and boiled, and fermented. Honey was also boiled with water, and fermented; and though it is often said the art is lost, “Nether-Lochaber” told me he had seen and drunk heather ale in Rannoch as late as 1840. While a liquor is got by tapping the silver birch—and this is practised at the present time—it is sometimes fortified by spirits, and when kept resembles cider.

The roots of the “*Orobus Tuberosus*,” the Cor-meil or Carmel of the Highlanders, was used for chewing to remove the feeling of hunger, and a fermented liquor was also made from it.

Wine was also made from currant and elder flower. I have tasted some red currant wine over 60 years’ old, very good and strong, although I was assured, on the most reliable evidence, no spirit was ever put into it.

I had written an account of whisky as known to the ancients, but I find that Mr. Macdonald, of Dingwall, has so fully gone into the question in a former paper, that it would only be repeating what has already been thoroughly done by him. I shall, therefore, content myself with one or two remarks on this subject, as applicable to Scotland and the Highlands.

Until the close of last century whisky was less used than rum and brandy, which were landed on the West Coast, and thence conveyed over the interior; indeed, it was not till the beginning of the last century that spirits of any kind were so much drunk as ale, which was formerly the universal beverage.

French wines and brandy succeeded the general use of ales among the gentry.

It is said that in the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth century “Inverness enjoyed almost a monopoly in the art and practice of malting, and supplied all the Northern counties. One half of the aggregate architecture of the town was a huge and unsightly agglomeration of malting houses, kilns and granaries, but from the date of the Revolution onward, this trade suffered a gradual decline; and at one time it threatened to involve the whole interests of the community in its fall. So low had the times sunk even at the date of the Civil War of 1745-46, that it looked almost like a field of ruins the very centre of it containing many forsaken and dilapidated houses.”

Whisky house is a term, till recently, almost unknown in Gaelic. Public houses were called *Tigh-leanna*, that is ale houses, and had whisky been the common drink of two hundred years ago, there certainly would have been some notice taken of it in the laws affecting the Highlands, the accounts of society as it then existed, and more particularly in their songs, tales, and accounts of convivial meetings which have come down to us; but there is no such thing, while the allusion to ale is very common. It is true among the gentry that the latter three-fourths of the last century saw a marked increase of the use of French wines, and ale became less used.

It is not difficult to seek and find the causes for the introduction of whisky into the Highlands, apart from Government encouragement. The gradual improvement of agriculture produced more grain, particularly barley, than was required for the consumption of the country, much of the crops were reaped in a damp and unripe state, and there being no roads it could not be conveyed to the Lowlands, where the manufacture of whisky was largely carried on, in a state such as to enable the farmer to pay to his landlord a gradually increasing rent.

By Act of Parliament the Highland district was marked out by an arbitrary and imaginary line running at the base of the Grampians. North of this area no distillation was allowed, except from stills containing 500 gallons, and this, as a matter of course, was a complete interdict against the use of barley legally within the area, as there was neither consumption for the grain nor disposal of the produce, as one still in a few months would have worked up the whole crop. However, distillation was the easiest way of disposing of it. The people thus were forced into illegal distillation in order that they might use their crops, keep credit with their landlords, and acquire the more expensive necessaries for their families, which an improving state of society demanded.

From the ill judged acts of the Government proceeded illegal distillation, and all its subordinate results to the people in the country.

We must distinguish between fermentation and distillation. Fermented liquors seem to have been known, common to all races, but the first distinct account of distillation, was spirit distilled from wine in the 13th century. At this time Raymond Lully of Majorca regarded it as an emanation from the divinity newly revealed to man, but hidden from antiquity because the human race was too young to use the beverage. The discovery was supposed to indicate the end of the world and the consumation

of all things. The liquor was called aqua vite. This spirit was imported into this country soon after, and its manufacture encouraged by Government, with a view to prevent the large export of money for French and Dutch spirits, and in 1695 the Scottish Parliament forbade the use of rum as interfering with the "Consumpt of strong waters made of malt," and because "the article (rum) was rather a drug than a liquor, and prejudicial to the health of all who drank it."

The common drink of the people till about 1725 was a light ale, which sold in pints (equal to two English quarts), for 2d., and hence the name "twopenny." At this time 6d. per bushel of a malt tax was imposed, and the Edinburgh brewers struck, and a riot took place. The "twopenny" grew scarce, and several of the brewers were incarcerated in the Canongate Tolbooth, for not exerting themselves to continue the trade of brewing. Fortunately they thought better of it and resumed work.

In Inverness, from 1730 till 1760, the price of wine was, for claret, sherry, and port 14s. to 20s. per dozen.

Smuggled brandy, claret, and tea were common, but in 1744 the Town Council entered strong protests against them, as, they said, "they threatened to destroy the health and morals of the people," and the Councillors bound themselves to discontinue the use of these "extravagant and pernicious commodities in their own families."

In 1761, a Dutch merchantman of 250 tons, loaded with wines, brandy, spices, iron, and salt was cast ashore on the coast of Strathnaver; all the country flocked round, and not knowing the strength of brandy and such foreign liquor, drank to excess of it, and it is said that this very ship's lading debauched Caithness and Strathnaver to that degree that very many lost their lives through their immoderation (see C.D.A. Annals, page 103).

In 1652 a representation to Queen Mary was made regarding the poverty of the Presbyterian Clergy. They say "Most of them led a beggar's life;" and in the proceedings of the General Assembly 1576, they were compelled to eke out their stipends by selling ale, and the question formally put was, "Whether a minister or reader may tap ale, beer, or wine, and keep an open tavern?" to which it was answered, "Any minister or reader that taps ale, or beer, or wine, and keeps an open tavern, should be exhorted by the Commissioners to keep decorum."

In the Glasgow Town Accounts whisky figures as early as 1573, under the name of aqua vite, the quart being charged at 24s., as "The Magistrates and divers honest men" did occasion-

ally treat themselves to a *dijune*, but this was after the completion of some public business, tending to the honour and profit of the common weal.

In 1697 claret sold at 10d. the mutchkin.

In 1720 the Edinburgh prices were:—Neat claret, 10d. ; strong claret, 1s. 3d. ; and white wine, 1s. per bottle.

It has been said no record exists of a home manufacture of whisky till 1708, but this does not seem quite correct, and Inverness seems to have been well a-head of the times, for in the Town Council books of 1650, the Council ordered three gallons of the best aqua vitæ to be distilled, and six pairs of the best white plaids to be made and sent South, to be bestowed, by the Town's Commissioner in Parliament, on such as he may think proper.

An amusing conversation is recorded between Dr Johnson and Boswell, when in Skye, regarding the drink of the Scots. Johnson asserted "That they (the Scots) had hardly any trade, any money, or any elegance before the Union. We have taught you (said he) and will do the same, in time, to all barbarous nations." Boswell said—"We had wine before the Union." Johnson—"No, sir ; you had some stuff, the refuse of France, which would not make you drunk." Boswell—"I assure you, sir, there was a great deal of drunkenness." Johnson—"No, sir ; there were people who died of dropsies, which they contracted, trying to get drunk."

In 1708 about 50,000 gallons of whisky were produced, and the production went up in 1756 to 433,000 gallons. Shortly after this a demand for Scotch whisky sprang up in England, and in 1776 an import duty of 2s. 6d. per gallon was imposed on all spirits sent into England. Here, I think, was another cause of smuggling, and it is stated by a recent writer that in that year 300,000 gallons crossed the Border. Of course, as the restrictions on licensed distillers were increased, the temptations were greater to the smuggler, and a bill was passed in 1823, sanctioning legal distillation at 2s. 6d. per gallon, the Highland proprietors agreeing to put down illegal manufactures. Since then the practice has gradually declined. Though we speak of Highland smuggling, it was by no means confined to the Highlands, though it has lingered there longest ; for in Edinburgh in 1777 there were 8 licenced stills, and about 800 unlicenced.

Ferintosh smuggling was well known and long practised in the district, and much more whisky seemed to come from the district than could well be made. The privilege arose from the losses sustained by the Culloden family in 1689-90, estimated at

£49,400. 6s. 8d. Scot. King William III. gave the family, instead of money, the perpetual privilege of distilling from grain raised on the estate for a small composition in lieu of excise. It was known much abroad, and one author says it produced as much whisky as all Scotland put together, and the licence was withdrawn in 1785, and a compensation of £21,500 paid. The greatest sufferers were the Dingwall lawyers, whose business and support mainly depended on defending smugglers and redding quarrels from that district.

Time will not permit me to refer at length to all the occupations of the Highlander, and his various devices for providing for his daily wants. The merchant and commercial traveller provides him with cheaper articles if not so good; but I think his life has lost much of its picturesqueness, and his ingenuity and ready-handedness seems in a large measure gone or in abeyance. In these olden times there was ever ready at hand light, agreeable tasks to fill up his time. His long evenings were taken up making his brogues, a lock, ropes, fishing tackle, and hunting gear. Now everything is purchased, and when not actually engaged in regular employment, the Highlander spends his time in idling about his doors, or the useless and delusive task of discussing politics, his rights and his wrongs, which, by the way, in my experience, he knows far better than his duties. The result of all this is that the Highlanders of the West Coast do little for their own comfort, and it is consistent with my own knowledge that the amount of food and luxuries brought into the Islands is far in excess of what they were 30 years ago, and that the natives seem to make less use of the articles ready to hand than they formerly did. For instance, a Highlander does not kill his pig and cure it for his family, using all the portions to the best advantage. He sells it cheap and imports cured hams at a high rate. He does not use his poultry, but sells all his eggs by barter to little merchants, and purchases tea and sugar and coffee to use in his family instead. He does not make soup and cook the shellfish so plentiful on the coast, but exports them for, after all, a small return, and I cannot regard it as a good sign of the times, when everything is imported and little done at home. For instance, in the case of the rope made of the moss roots, it was a substantial article, and sufficiently good for its purpose, and when asked why he did not always make and use such, his reply was, "Ach, it's too much bother, we can buy a hemp one easier." No doubt this is true, but is it wise? During the long winter nights, the time wasted might be profitably occupied by these

home-mades, but I fear the inclination is gone, and the agitation which has been carried on for the last few years has tended much to put a stop to these useful and economical occupations.

At no time does the Highlander ever seem to have had great artistic instincts, one seldom sees a bit of ornamentation or carving, or any attempt at drawing.

Occasionally the handle of a dirk or a walking-stick with a big crook is manufactured, but such articles of artistic merit as the Swiss mountaineer makes in the long winter nights in his Alpine village, are foreign to the instincts of the Highlander ; not that the skill and ingenuity are altogether wanting, but the mind has been turned from it. An active, roving life better suits the Celt, and the precarious life of a fisherman, in lieu of the hunter's, pleases him better than the drudgery of agriculture and spade labour, and even the dangerous and risky occupation of smuggling has greater charms for some of them than any regular employment in the long winter nights.

I would not wish to be understood as saying that the Scottish Highlander wants the aptitude for adapting himself to his situation, nor the capacity of turning anything he requires to account. I have shown the contrary in the foregoing notes ; but I think the cessation of home work and home-made appliances has rendered him too dependent on foreign aid, and led him to look for outside support, when he ought to be able to help himself, and to turn to his us-es and comfort much that lies ready to hand, and which would save him actual outlay of money, and add much to his comfort and pleasure.

5TH MAY 1886.

On this date (being the concluding meeting of the Session), Paul Liot Bankes of Letterewe, was elected a life member of the Society, while Alexander Machardy, chief constable of Invernessshire ; R. J. Macbeth, 42 Union Street, Inverness ; Rev. John Cameron, R.C., Dornie, Kintail ; John Fraser, 57 High Street, Inverness ; and Hugh Bannerman, 213 Lord Street, Southport, were elected ordinary members. Thereafter, the Secretary read the following paper by Mr Alexander Macpherson, solicitor, Kingussie :—

GLEANINGS FROM THE OLD ECCLESIASTICAL RECORDS OF BADENOCH.

PART I.

In these times of never-ending ecclesiastical and political

controversies and conflicts, giving rise to such unrest in our everyday life, one not unfrequently hears long-drawn sighs for the "Good old Times" to which no particular epoch has yet been positively assigned. Amid the microscopical distinctions so unhappily prevailing in our Presbyterian Churches, and the wranglings and strife of rival factions, "the spirit of love and of a sound mind"—to use the words of the large-hearted Christian leader, so recently taken from us—"is often drowned in the uproar of ecclesiastical passion." It would, I believe, be productive of the most beneficial results in our religious as well as in our political life if, combined with the "sweet reasonableness" and large tolerance of spirit which so pre-eminently characterised Principal Tulloch, we had more of such plain honest speaking as that of the great reformer, John Knox, who learned, as he himself says, "to call wickedness by its own terms—a fig a fig; a spade a spade." But the so-called "March of Civilisation" has changed the whole current of our social and religious life, and affected the spirit of the age to such an extent that it may be reasonably doubted whether the most orthodox and constitutional Presbyterian in the Highlands would now submit to the administration of discipline to which, in days gone by, the Kirk-Sessions of Badenoch, without respect of persons, so rigorously subjected the wandering sheep of their flocks.

Knox's system of Church discipline has been described as a theocracy of such an almost perfect character, that under it the Kirk-Sessions of the Church looked after the life and conduct of their parishioners so carefully that in 1650 Kirkton, the historian, was able to say—"No scandalous person could live, no scandal could be concealed in all Scotland, so strict a correspondence was there between the Ministers and their congregations." The old Church annals of Badenoch contain in this respect abundant evidence of the extent to which the Ministers and Elders of bygone times in the Highlands acted as ecclesiastical detectives in the way of discovering and discouraging "the works of darkness," and the gleanings which follow give some indication of the remarkable powers exercised for such a long period by the Courts of the Church. These gleanings have been extracted from the old Kirk-Session Records of the parishes of Kingussie, Alvie, and Laggan, comprising the whole of the extensive district, distinguished by the general appellation of Badenoch—so long held and despotically ruled by the once powerful family of the Comyns—extending from Corryarrick on the west, to Craigellachie, near Aviemore, in the east—a distance of about forty-five miles.

So early as 1597 a deputation appears to have been appointed by the General Assembly to visit the northern Highlands, and in a report subsequently presented by the deputation to the Assembly, James Melvin (one of their number) states as the results of his own observations in the wild and then almost inaccessible district of Badenoch. "Indeid, I have ever sensyne regrated the esteat of our Hielands, and am sure gif Cheystr war pretched amang them they wald scham monie Lawland professours"—a prediction which, if any fearless, independent member of the "Highland Host" would venture, after the manner of the old covenanting, trumpet-tongued lady-friend of Norman Macleod, simply to ask certain Lawland "*Principals* as well as Professours," to *Gang ower the fundamentals*—might probably be held to be verified even in the present day.

According to Shaw, the historian of "The Province of Moray," Kingussie was a parsonage dedicated to St Colum (Columba), and Insh a vicarage dedicated to St Ewan. "How early", says Shaw, "these parishes were united I find not." Insh was erected as a Parliamentary Church, declared to be a *quoad sacra* parish by the General Assembly in 1833, and erected as such by the Court of Teinds in 1869. The village of Kingussie occupies the precincts of the ancient Priory founded by George, Earl of Huntly about the year 1490, and traces of the Chapel of the Monastery are still to be seen in the old Church-yard behind the village. "There were," as stated by Shaw, "Chapels at Invertromie and Noid, and Brigida's Chapel at Benchar."

The existing Records of the Parish of Kingussie and Insh date back to the induction of the Rev. William Blair as minister of the Parish in September 1724. There is an unfortunate gap from 25th June 1732, to 15th June 1746, in regard to which there is an explanatory memorandum inserted to the effect "that through the frequent changes of Session Clerks, many confusions, defects, and disorders have happened in the Minuts. The Minuts in Mr John Macpherson's time, who dyed at Aberdeen, are lost, and also the Minuts in time of Mr John Grant, schoolmaster and Session Clerk." The glimpses which the Kirk-Session Records furnish of the religious and social state of the Highlands during the last century, are such as may, after all, tend to make the sighs for the so-called "Good old Times" less deep, and render us somewhat more contented with the times in which we now live. One of the most striking features of these Records is the burning zeal which appears to have animated the Ministers and Elders of the time in ferreting out and chronicling the most minute particulars bearing upon the

wanderings of the erring sheep of the Kingussie fold. In numerous instances several closely-written pages are devoted to the narration of a single case of discipline. Many of the details recorded are such as would not certainly be regarded in the present day as tending to edification, and only such gleanings are given as are of general interest in the way of illustrating the manners and customs prevailing among the Highland people, down in the case of some parishes even to the third or fourth decade of the present century.

It would appear that there were *black sheep* calling for the exercise of ecclesiastical discipline in those days even among the "Ministers' men." At the Session Meeting on 21st March 1725, "John Macdonald, in Kingussie," was appointed to make "public satisfaction" for drinking a whole Sabbath night till ten o'clock next morning, and "caballing" with other men and "some women" in the Minister's house, "the Minister being that day in the parish of Insh." Apparently the too-trustful Minister had in his temporary absence, left all his belongings under John's charge, and the "caballers," it is recorded, not only consumed all the aquavite in the Ministers house "at ye time," but also "four pints aquavitie, carried out of William Frasers house." John maintained that "they had but three chapins aquavitie," and boldly defended "the innocency of their meeting by their not being drunk as he alledges." Proving anything but obsequious to the appointment of the Session, John, as "the ringleader of the cabal," was solemnly referred to the Presbytery of the bounds for contumacy. The Presbytery in turn remitted him back to the Session, "to satisfie according to their appointment, otherwise be charged before the Comissary and be punished in his Person and Goods, in case of not satisfying for his prophanation of the Lord's day, and insnaring oysr forsaid to ye same sin." The crest-fallen John had perforce no escape for it in the end, but humbly to stand before the congregation and be "severly rebuked for his wickedness."

Here is a singular enactment by the Kingussie Session anent "Pennie Weddings," which appear to have been prevalent in Badenoch down even to within living memory :—

"April 4th 1725.—The Session enacts that nocouple be matrimonially contracted within the united parishes of Kingussie and Insh till they give in into the hands of the Session Clerk 3 lbs. Scots or a white plaid, or any other like pennieworth, worth 3 lbs. Scots as pledge that they should not have pennie weddings, otherwise to forfeit their pledges if they resile."

A few months later it is recorded that "Malcolm Bain in

Milntown of Kingussie" was delated and rebuked for a "manifest breach of the Lord's day, by selling shoes on that day to some who came to his house." Under date 31st May 1726, there is an entry to the effect that the Session had "debursed" to Alex. Glass Mertin, Kingussie, 22s. Scots for tobacco which he gave to millers for gathering meal to the orphan at their milns, and this by command of the Minister." The next extract is instructive, as indicating the starving process to which the Revenue Authorities of the time resorted in the way of recovering "debts of excise":—

"*May 29th, 1726.*—The case of Lachlan Roy in Ruthven being represented to the Session, they find he is an object of charity, and for present at Inverness in prison for his Debt of Excise, in a starving condition, having nothing to support him for his present relief. Therefore appoint twenty sh. Scots be sent him, which was done accordingly."

The prison discipline to which the poverty-stricken Lachlan was so callously subjected in the Highland Capital appears to have not only transformed the unfortunate man himself into an abandoned and hardened criminal, but to have grievously affected his marital belongings. Some months later it is recorded that the Session "understand that Lachlan Roy in Ruthven, his wife and daughter, have been banisht out of Ruthven upon account of yr abominable practices, such as thieving and whoring, and yt they are gone out of the Parish."

Under date July 1726, we come upon the first of numerous similar entries, exhibiting a most deplorable picture of the pollution with which Badenoch was impregnated by the establishment of the Barracks at Ruthven, built by the Government of the day a few years after the Rising of 1715, on the site of the old Castle of the Comyns. It may be of interest to mention, in passing, that in the immediate neighbourhood of the Barracks stood the village of Ruthven, which, for many years previously, was distinguished as possessing the only school of importance from "Speymouth to Lorn." Here in 1738 was born James Macpherson, the celebrated translator of Ossian's poems, where, for some years after finishing his studies at King's College, Aberdeen, he filled the honourable position of parochial schoolmaster. The site of the old village is now indicated by the farm-house of the same name. The Kingussie Session could not apparently see their way to extirpate the rowdy Lowland garrison bodily, but they did not hesitate, as the following extract shows, to adopt the most summary measures to have the utterly abandoned and disreputable followers of the alien Red-coats banished out of the district :—

“*July 10th, 1726.*—The Session understanding yt yr are a great many stragglers and vagabonds come into this Parish without testimonials, as also a great many dissolute and unmarried women from different parts of the kingdom, commonly follow the soldiers at the Barrack of Ruthven, and are sheltered in some houses in the Parish, where they and the soldiers have frequent mettings, and very often upon the Lord’s day, to the great scandal of religion, and profanation of ye Sabbath : Therefore the Session think it necessary to apply to the Civil Judge that all such as shelter such women and vagabonds shall be condignly punished, and fined in twenty pounds Scots *toties quoties*, and this to be intimated from the Pulpit.”

A week later the Decreet of the Bailie is referred to as follows :—

“*July 15th, 1726.*—This day it is informed yt the Session had applied to the Baillie, in pursuance of a former resolution anent vagabonds and strangers coming into the Parish without testimonials, and that the Baillie hath passed a Decreet of ten pounds Scots *toties quoties* agt all person or persons that shall harbour such vagabonds for three nights successively, which Act was this day intimated from the Pulpit that none pretend ignorance.”

We have next the complaint of an alien settler at Ruthven, against his Highland Janet, who had—probably from incompatibility of temper—failed “to do him ye duties of a married wife.”—

“*September 25th, 1726.*—This day Donald Rotson, in Ruthven, compeared before the Session, and gave in a complaint before the Session against Janet Grant, his married wife, showing yt ye said Janet hath deserted him some time ago, and that he cannot prevaile with her to return to him, or to do him ye duties of a married wife, and entreats the Session would summond her before them, and prevaile with her to be reconciled to him, or els give a reason why she will not. The Session, considering yt ye course that said Janet has taken is a manifest perjury and breach of her marriage vows, and yrfor is ground of scandal and offence, do appoint her to be summond to next Session ; meantime, that the Minister and Donald M’Pherson, of Culinlin, converse with her yr anent and make report.”

It is subsequently recorded that the rebellious Janet was ultimately persuaded by the Session to return to her disconsolate Donald. Alas, however, for the vanity of Donald’s wishes ! Nearly six years later the long-suffering mortal appeared before

the Session, and gave in a petition, showing that the faithless Janet had "deserted him these five years past, not knowing qr she is." Poor Donald's patience had apparently become quite exhausted, and he beseeches the Session "that he might have liberty to marry anoyr." The Session considered the case of such an intricate nature, that we are told they referred the matter to the Presbytery, but I have been unable to trace whether Donald subsequently obtained the "liberty" he so ardently desired.

Here is one of many similar entries of "grievous scandals" and "breach of Sabbath":—

"*July 9th, 1727.*—The Session do find the following account to be true and genuine, namely, that upon the eleventh of June, being the Lord's day, it happened that Alister Roy, in Croft's sheep, had run into Donald Ban, in Dell of Killiehuntly's corn, and Donald Ban's wife hastening to take ym away in order to house them, Alister Roy's wife and daughter came and took them away by force, qrupon the said Marjorie craved a pledge qch was refused, and then she went and took away a door as pledge *brevi manu*; then Alister Roy's wife and daughter took hold of her and pulled and tore ye linnens off her head, and gave her several scandalous names, upon qch Donald Ban came out and attacked the said Alister, and had some blows with hands and feet, *hinc inde.*"

In a subsequent minute we find a "John M'Lawrence and James Robertson in Brae-Ruthven" delated for being both drunk on the Lord's day. On their way home after attending Divine service, it is recorded that they "did struggle with one anoyr, and had blows *hinc inde*, and were grappling when the said John Macpherson came upon ym, who separated them. It is also to be observed yt said John M'Lawrence had creels carrying on his back on the Lord's day. The Session do find that these persons have been guilty of drunkenness and breach of Sabbath, appoint that both parties stand before the congregation next Lord's day and be severely rebuked for the said scandal."

Here is an extract giving, it is believed, a fair indication of the lamentable state at the time of a large number of the Church Buildings throughout the Highlands—

"*November 19th, 1727.*—The Session considering that the commons in this Parish, with beggars and others out of the Parish, do commonly burie within the Church of Kingussie so that the floor of the Church is oppressed with dead bodies, and of late unripe bodies have been raised out of their graves to give place to

others for want of room qch frequently occasions an intolerable and unwholesome smell in the Congregation, and may have very bad effects on the people while attending Divine worship. The Session do refer the consideration yrof to the Pbty entreating they may put a stop to such a bade practice."

The fiddling propensities of the Badenoch people of the time appear to have been altogether irrepressible, and to have, for a lengthened period, greatly exercised the reforming zeal of the Kingussie Session. Here is one of numerous entries of what the Session term "heathenish practices" at Leickwakes—

March 10th, 1728.—This day were called John Campbell, in Kinvonigag, John M'Edward, in Knockichican, and Donald M'Alvea, in Killichuntly, and only compeared John M'Edward, who confessed that he had a fiddler in his house at the Leickwake of a dead person, but said he did not think it a sin, it being so long a custome in this country. The Session finding that it is not easie to rout out so prevailing a custome, do agree that for the more effectual discouraging such a heathenish practice, the Minister represent from the Pulpit how undecent and unbecoming to the designs of ye Christian religion such an abuse is, they all appoint that the civil Judge be applied for suppressing the same."

The result of the application to the Civil Judge is recorded a few days later as follows :—

March 17th, 1728.—This day the Minister read from the pulpit an Act of the Court, enacting and ordaining that all fiddlers playing at any Leickwakes in time coming shall pay to James Gordon, Procurator-Fiscal of Court, five pounds Scots for each contravention, and each person who calls or entertains them in their families shall pay to the said James Gordon twenty pounds Scots for each contravention, and the said James Gordon is hereby empowered to seize any fiddlers so playing at Leickwakes, and to secure ym until they pay their fines, and find caution they shall not play at Leickwakes in time coming."

The watchful Session appear to have been fully alive to the possible danger of allowing unaccredited interlopers to settle in the Parish. In one of their minutes, an "Angus M'Intire, now in Coirarnisdal"—even although a "Mac" and presumably a Highlander—is peremptorily summoned to appear before them to "give an account of himself, as a stranger come into the Parish without a testimonial."

In the next extract we have an enactment directed against matrimonial contracts on the Saturdays :—

“*December 6th, 1728.*—The Session finding that it is a common practice for people to contract in order to matrimony upon the Saturdays, by which they frequently sit up in Change-houses, and ineroach upon the Lord’s day. The Session do enact yt none shall be contracted upon the Saturdays within this Parish in time coming, and that this may be intimated from the Pulpit, that none pretend ignorance.”

In the following year, it is recorded that “Mary Kennedy in Benchar, while being reprovèd for her sin, uttered several foolish and impertinent expressions.” Mary appears to have been a regular *Jezebel*, and we are told that she “gave such great offence” that she was there and then bodily “seized” by the redoubtable Kirk-officer, brought before the Session, and sentenced “to stand in sackloath next Lord’s day and be rebuked.”

In the beginning of 1729 we come upon an entry, indicating the extent to which the Kingussie Session had anticipated the famous *Forbes Mackenzie* by at least a century and a half!

“*January 6th, 1729.*—Kenneth Macpherson, changekeeper, in Balnespick, compearing was examined anent his entertaining severals in his house upon the Lord’s Day, and found he was guilty of the forsaid abuse, and likewise yt it has been a prevailing custome in the Parish for people to asseamble together in Taverns, especially after divine service, to remain till late at night. The Session for preventing such an abuse do enact yt all change-keepers within the Parish be henceforth discharged from giving to any person yt may frequent yr houses on the day forsaid above a chapine a piece as they shall be answerable.”

With all the zeal of the Session what strikes one as remarkable is that if the delinquents confined themselves to the moderate (?) allowance of “a chapine a piece” on the “Sabbath” they might apparently, without any fear of being subjected to the punishment of standing in the “publick place of repentance,” indulge to their heart’s content in the most liberal potations of “aquavitie” on any other day of the week.

We have next the judgment of the Session anent what is termed the “scandalous abuse of gathering nuts upon the Sabbath.”—

“*August 17th, 1719.*—The Minister understanding that it is a common practice in this Parish with severals, especially with children and servants, to prophane the Lord’s Day by frequenting the woods and gathering nuts upon the Sabbath, made publick intimation from the Pulpit, that if any person or persons, young or old, should be found guilty of said scandalous abuse, that they

should be insisted against for breach of Sabbath and punished accordingly, and that the Heads of families would be made lyable for the transgressions of their children and servants in these cases."

Here is the case of two worthies falling "a scolding" on the Lord's Day, with an apparent ferocity not excelled even in the memorable battle of the Kilkenny cats, and all "about eating of corn."—

"*May 31st, 1730.*—This day there was delated to the Session a scandal yt broke forth last Lord's Day after divine service betwixt Alexander Keannich in Knockicchien and James Glass Turner in Knockichalich in Killihuntly, showing that the said Alexander Keannich was travelling with an armsfull of peats, and, meeting with said Glass, they fell a scolding about eating of corn, and yrafter did beat and bruise one anoyr until they were separated by the neighbours, viz. :—Donald Fraser, Angus Kennedy, and Finlay Ferguson, weaver, all in Knockichalich or yr abouts."

The Session, finding that this was "a notorious breach of the Lord's Day, very much to be testified against, appointed the delinquents to stand before the congregation and be rebuked."

Here is the case of a jealous husband tempted, as he owned, "by Satan" making his uneasy wife, Elspet, "*swear upon a knife.*"—

"*June 2nd, 1730.*—This day compeared John Stuart in Farelettor, and Elspet Kennedy, his wife, who were confronted, and the said John being interrogate 1mo, If he entertained any jealousy of his wife with Duncan Gordon in Farelettor, owned he did ; 2nd, being asked what grounds and presumptions he had to do so, answered that sometime in March last a stirk in the town being amissing, he observed the said Duncan and his wife separate from the company in search of that beast—that then Satan, he owned, had tempted him to entertain a jealousy ; 3rd, being asked if he put her to an oath of purgation, owned he drew a knife and obliged her to swear, as she would answer to God in the Great Day, that she would never have any offspring or succession, if she did not tell the truth, and that he had done this three or four times, and once upon a Lord's Day ; 4th, being asked if his wife complied with the said oath, both he and she owned she did. She being asked what made her leave her own house, answered yt he was daily so uneasy to her that she was obliged to leave him, and declared that she would never return until she got satisfaction for the scandal that was raised upon her. The Session considering that this is an affair of an intricate nature, refer to the Presbytery for advice."

We have next a batch of four sadly-misguided Highlanders dealt with by the Session "for fishing upon a Sabbath evening."—

"*October 7th, 1730.*—This day Thomas and Murdow Macpherson and John Shaw in Invereshie being summoned and called, compeared, and being interrogate anent their guilt in prophaning the Lord's Day by fishing, as was delated. They owned that they fished upon a Sabbath evening upon the water of Feshie at Dugarie. Compeared also John Macpherson, boatman at Insh, who owned himself guilty of art and part in buying the said fish yt night, all of them being rebuked and reproved. The Session considered the whole affair, and appointed ym to compeare before the congregation here Sabbath come a fortnight, and be sharply rebuked for ye said transgression."

In the next extract we have the case of a husband and wife delated for "a customary practice of bakeing bread upon the Lord's Day."—

"*October 18th, 1730.*—This day, Anne Macpherson, spouse to Donald Fraser in Knochachalich, formerly delated, being sumd. and called, compeared with her husband, and owned only that she did bake a little bannock for an herd, who was to go off early next morning."

Anne's ingenious plea that it was "only a little bannock for an herd," led the Session, it is recorded, to let off the culprit with a—You must never do it again, Anne—in the shape of "a sharpe Sessional rebuke with certification."

From the following entry it would appear there must have been a considerable number of bad halfpennies in circulation in the Highlands at the time, but apparently the "bawbees," bad as they were, were considered by the contributors *good enough* for the Church box:—

"*December 24th, 1730.*—There is found in the box Two pounds and eleven sh. Scot., over and above what is marked, qch makes twentie-seven lbs. and eighteen sh., Scots. in the Treasrs hands, of quch there is of bad halfpennies thirteen pounds seven sh. Scots., wereof there are are twelve sh. st. given at ninepence per pound weight, which amounts to two sh, three pence st. of good money."

Here is the record of the dealing of the Session with parties travelling on a Lord's Day "with a great many horse."

"*November 21st, 1731.*—This day William Maclean and Donald Macpherson in Farlotter, John Macpherson in Toliva, and William Shaw in Knockanbeg, formerly delated, being called compeared, and being asked if they and some oysr in the Parish

of Inch did travel on a Lord's Day with a great many horse loadned with meal, confessing guilt, they were sharply rebuked, and such of them as were masters of families were ordained to stand before the Congregation, and servants were dismissed with a sharpe rebuke before the Session with certification."

Passing over a period of about seventeen years, we come to the case of an exceptionally wild Highlander asking a *spade* from his neighbours, and the terrible language, and dire results, which followed their refusal of that much prized implement.—

"*June 2nd, 1748.*—This day was laid before the Session a complaint and petition from Jean Cameron, spouse to Duncan Macnicol in Ruthven, against Peter M'Konnich, *alias* Macdonald in Ruthven, and Janet Maekenzie his spouse, setting forth that upon the 2nd day of May last, the said Peter came to the complainer's house asking a spade, which he did not get. He then said that if he had her husband behind a hedge he would stamp upon his belly, and reproached her publicly in the following words:—D——n you for a B——h your Fayr was hang'd and d——n me if I will deny it; and as he was passing through the streets said d——n his soul if he should deny what he had said, and that the said Janet his wife, uttered the words in the streets of Ruthven that the said Jean Cameron's father and uncle were both hanged for theft, and beseeching the Session to take these scandalous reflections under their consideration, and that the guilty persons may be censured and brought to condign punishment. The Session having reasoned thereupon agreed that such abusive language defaming and scandalizing the memory of the dead, and entailing infamy upon their posterity, is in itself injurious and unchristian, and to be discouraged in human society, and if proven relevant to infer Church censure."

Several closely written pages of the Session Records are taken up with the depositions of the witnesses. Here is the Session judgment:—

"The Session having summed up the evidence, do find that . . . both Peter Macdonald and his wife Janet ought to be subjected to the censure of the Church—the rather that yre were this day laid before the Session sufficient testimonials the complainer's father liv'd and dy'd under the reputation of an honest man—wherefore the Session unanimously agree that the said Peter and his wife Janet shall stand before the Congregation at Kingussie next Lord's Day in the publick place of repentance, and be sharply rebuked for their offence, and for terror to others; and the Session do petition the Judge Ordinary here present to

cause secure their persons in prison until they find caution to fulfill and obtemper this sentence, as also until they secure the peace by a Bond of Lawburrows."

The Session had, it will be seen, taken the precaution to have the Baillie, or Judge Ordinary, present with them on the occasion, and it is satisfactory to find that the wild and foul-mouthed Peter, and his fitly-mated Janet, were there and then subjected to the "condign punishment" they so justly deserved. The sentence of "James Stewart," the Baillie of the time, is appended in the Records to the Session judgment, and runs as follows:—

"The Baillie ordains the persons of the said Peter McDonald and his wife Janet to be imprisoned within the Tolbooth of Ruthven, untill they find caution conform to the above sentence.

Apparently the Kingussie Session regarded the Apostolic injunction to "be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares," as of a very limited application. Judging from results, it is to be feared that in some parts of the Highlands, even in the present day, "angels' visits" are "few and far between." In the old turbulent times in Badenoch the prospect of such visits appears to have been considered so very remote that the canny Session felt constrained to restrict to a single night the time within which a "stranger" could be developed into such a visitor, and the efficacy of his visit exemplified. So distrustful was the Session of importations from other quarters that any "stranger" coming into the District without sufficient credentials was bracketed with the wandering "vagabond." Here is the stringent prohibition directed against either the one or the other being entertained in the Parish "two nights on end":—

"June 18th, 1749.—The Session considering that there are several strangers and vagabonds who come into this Parish without certificates and are sheltered therein, the Session agree to apply to the Judge-Ordinary if the persons of all such will be apprehended and incarcerated, and that such as entertain one or more of them two nights on end shall be fined in 20s. sterling."

Here are the very moderate dues fixed by the Session for digging the graves of every "person" come of age and of every "child;" "the gentlemen," it will be observed—doubtless with a lively anticipation of favours to come—being "left to their own discretion":—

"June 23rd, 1749.—The Kirk-Session considering that it would be extremely convenient for the Parish the Kirk Officer should be employed in digging the graves, and do appoint him to do

yt service to any that shall employ him, and yt he shall have a sixpence for every person come to age and fourpence for every child, and the gentlemen shall be left to their own discretion ; and the Session appoint their Clerk to give him a crown out of their boxt for buying tools."

We come next upon the record of a singular payment made by the Session :—

" *December 9th, 1750.*—Petition John M'Intosh, Court Officer at Ruthven, creaving that the Kirk-Session may allow him payment for his trouble and pains at the Session Desire in apprehending the person of Christian Guthrie, and incarcerating and retaining her in the Tolbooth of Ruthven for the space of 21 days, by which he is entitled to prison wages. The Session appointed 3 sh. and 6d str. to be given him, and that the Minister pay him out of the funds in his hands."

In of the following year we have the complaint of a grievously afflicted "Jean Macpherson," mated to a more than ordinarily boozy and wicked tailor body, who made a "football" of his own infant :—

" *February 10th, 1751.*—Compeared Jean Macpherson, spouse to John M'Intire, taylor in Ruthven, complaining on her said husband, that he is a habitual drunkard, frequenting change-houses, spending his effects, ruining his family, beating the complainer, and selling his back cloaths and bed cloaths for liquor, and that, when he comes home drunk, he tosses his own infant like a foot-ball, and threatens to take away her own life ; she therefore begged the Session that they would put a stop to the progress of his wicked life, and secure the safety of the complainer and her child, and that they would discharge all the Change-keepers in the Parish from giving him liquor."

The deliverance of the Session in the case of the unfortunate "Jean" would surely satisfy the most ardent temperance reformer of the present day :—

"The Session, considering this complaint, and being persuaded of the verity of the facts, do agree to petition the Judge-Ordinary to interpose his authority that no Change-keepers or sellers of liquor votsoever shall gift or sell liquor of any kind, either ale or aquavitie, to the said John, under the failzie of twenty shillings str., the one-half of which to be applied for the support of the complainer and her child, and that this act, when obtained, shall be intimated from the Pulpit."

Similar interesting extracts from the Kingussie Records could be almost indefinitely multiplied, but the gleanings already given

have extended to such a length, that I must, in the meantime, desist. Next Session I propose to give some further such gleanings, including extracts from the Records of the Parishes of Alvie and Laggan.

Dr A. H. F. Cameron has contributed the following notes in reference to his paper in last year's volume of Transactions, on the

CELTIC DERIVATION OF ENGLISH RIVER NAMES.

He says :—I should like to add a few notes on the derivation of river names. The first I wish to mention is the name Yar or Yare, which is probably derived from *Earr*, an end, a boundary. Allan supposed to mean a great river may be from *Allawilth Abhainn*, the wild, fierce river. I think the influence of Celtic river names may be traced even in the heart of London. I have mentioned my belief that the name Bourne is the Gaelic *Burn*; and in a curious work, entitled "London and its Environs Described," published in the year 1761, under the word Holborn, I find the following, "This street was anciently a village called Oldborne, built on the bank of a brook or borne,* called Olborne or Holbourn, that sprung up near middle row and flowed down the hill in a clear current till it fell into the river of Wells at Holborn Bridge. Tyburn, too, where the last Jacobite execution took place, was, on the same authority, anciently a village situated on the eastern bank of the rivulet Tyburn, from whence it took its name.

I should like to correct one or two printer's errors in my paper in the last volume of the Transactions. The name of the Teme in Worcestershire is misspelt, and the second root mentioned by Mr I. Taylor should be Dwr not Devon.

Scotland with the spelling *burn*."

* Webster gives "Bourn, a brook, a torrent, a rivulet, *obsolete* used in

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