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Gaelic





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TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME XV.

1888-89.

TRANSACTIONS

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GAELIC SOCIETY

OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME XV.

1888-89.

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Duncan Campbell.
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OFFICE-BEARERS FOR 1889

CHIEF.

Sir Henry C. Macandrew.

CHIEFTAINS.

Rev. Thomas Sinton.
Bailie Alex. Mackenzie.
William Gunn.

HON. SECRETARY.

William Mackay, Solicitor.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Duncan Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland.

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Pipe-Major Alex. Maclennan.

BARD.

Mrs Mary Mackellar.

CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

'S e ainm a' Chomuinn "COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-

'S e tha an rùn a' Chomuinn :—Na buill a
's a' Ghailig; cinneas Canaine, Bardachd, agus
ltachd; Bardachd, Seanachas, Sgeulachd, Leab
griobhanna 's a' chanain sin a thearnadh o dl
-lann a chur suas ann am baile Inbhir-Nis de leab
riobhannaibh—ann an canain sam bith—a bh
hd, Ionnsachadh, Eachdraidheachd agus Shean
dheal no do thairbhe na Gaidhealtachd; còir agu
l a dhion; agus na Gaidheil a shoirbheachadh
m bi iad.

'S iad a bhitheas 'nam buill, cuideachd a tha gab
aibh a' Chomuinn; agus so mar gheibh iad a
aon bhall an t-iarradair, daingnichidh ball eile a
g an ath choinneimh, ma roghnaicheas a' mhor
r, nithear ball dhith-se no dheth-san cho lu
r an comh-thoirt; cuirear crainn le ponair dh
h, gu so bhi dligheach, feumadh tri buill dheug
Feudaidh an Comunn Urram Cheannard

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 Celtic 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

Cheann, tri Iar-chinn, Cleireach Urramach, Rùnaire, Ionmhasair, agus coig buill eile—feumaidh iad uile Gailig a thuigsinn 's a bhruidhinn; agus ni coigear dhiubh coinneamh.

6. Cumar coinneamhan a' Chomuinn gach seachduin o thoiseach an Deicheamh mios gu deireadh Mhairt, agus gach ceithir-la-deug o thoiseach Ghiblein gu deireadh an Naothamh-mios. '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-mios air-son Coinneamh Bhliadhnail 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 thrian 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, mios, 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, durachdach air-son na firinn, agus cuirear gach ni air aghaidh ann an spiorad caomh, glan, agus a reir riaghailtean dearbhta.

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. 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.



INTRODUCTION.

THIS, the 15th Volume of the Inverness Gaelic Society's Transactions, records the proceedings of the Society for one year, beginning with the Annual Assembly on the 12th July, 1888, and ending with the last meeting of the Winter Session of 1889, on the 8th of May. It appears later than the Publishing Committee could have wished. This is to a great extent due to the distance which some of the contributors of papers are from Inverness, and the consequent delays in the transmission of proofs. The Committee expect to amend matters in this direction, and they would be obliged to those who so kindly contribute papers if they would at once return their proofs corrected. The next Volume is to be sent immediately to press, and is expected to appear by the beginning of the coming Winter Session.

Dr Charles Mackay, the poet, who died on the 21st December last, at the age of seventy-four, was an honorary member of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. He took a lively interest in the Highlands, and was proud to bear a Highland name. He was present at the Second Annual Assembly in the year 1873, when he delivered a stirring and patriotic speech. Indeed, he was, if anything, too fond of claiming for the Gaelic language an ancestral position which modern study can grant no language spoken, or ever spoken, in the world. He published a sumptuous work on this topic, entitled the "Gaelic Etymology of the Languages of Western Europe," and within the last few years he returned to the subject in his work on the Scottish dialect. It is, however, not as a philologist that Dr Charles Mackay must be mentioned, but as a poet. He was the author of such catching popular songs as "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "The Good Time Coming," "The Souls of Little Children," and many others, which will enshrine his name for ever in the roll of British bards.

More than usual activity has prevailed in the publication of works dealing with the Highlands or with the Gaelic Language. Mr Malcolm Macfarlane has published, at Paisley, an intelligent and interesting work on the "Phonetics of the Gaelic Language,"

and a third edition of Mr L. Macbean's "Elementary Lessons in Gaelic" has been issued, and has met with gratifying success. Mr Gardner, of Paisley, has begun the republication of J. F. Campbell's "Popular Tales of the West Highlands," a work now long out of print, and fetching a fancy price; and the first volume has already appeared in five monthly parts. Messrs Logan & Co., of Inverness, have produced a new book of Highland music, under the attractive title of "Lays of the Heather," wherein good selections from the Gaelic muse find adequate representation in the kindred art of music. A work that promises to be little short of the interest and importance of J. F. Campbell's volumes has been begun by a namesake, and in the same lines. Lord Archibald Campbell, under the happy title of "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition," is issuing a series of books in which are to be gathered the folk-lore and legendary material that still float through the Isles and the Highlands. Already two volumes have appeared, and a third will be issued within the next half year. The first volume contains Argyllshire legends, tales, and antiquities. The second volume is devoted entirely to folk-tales taken down in Argyllshire, and in interest and importance is a match for any of Campbell's volumes of Popular Tales. Mr Alfred Nutt has enriched the volume with valuable notes.

In the domain of history, good work has also been accomplished. Mr Archibald Brown, of Greenock, has taken up the cudgels against Dr Skene, and combats that scholar's conclusions on many points, both in early Scottish history and in the later period of the Clans. The book is entitled "Memorials of Argyle," and is a vigorous work, marked by sound, if at times rough-hewn, common sense. Mr Alex. Mackenzie, editor of the *Scottish Highlander*, has added another to his many clan histories. The new volume deals with the "History of the Macleods," and it has been received by an almost universal chorus of praise on the part of newspaper and magazine. Another work of very great importance has just been issued; it is Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's "Letters of Two Centuries"—a work which carries out the rather quaint idea of giving a series of two hundred letters written from *1616 to 1815, one dated* in every year between these two dates.

Mr Fraser-Mackintosh introduces each letter with an historical preface, and these prefaces are not the least interesting or important part of the work.

Literature dealing with the Highlands is, we see, plentiful in the shape of books, nor is it less so in the case of the more transitory work of the newspaper and the periodical. The Inverness papers, the *Oban Times*, and others from time to time publish articles and materials in Gaelic literature, and the new periodical, which lately finished its first year of life—we mean the "Highland Monthly"—has met with the encouraging success which the excellence of its literary contents amply deserves. Professor Mackinnon has had several articles in the *Scotsman* dealing with literary matters connected with the Highlands. From October of last year till well on in this year, an almost weekly article by the Professor appeared. He dealt with learning among the ancient Gael, the Continental and Edinburgh MSS. of Gaelic, and with the contents of the heroic literature of the Gael, not omitting the work of "Ossian" Macpherson. An interesting and excellent series of six lectures was given in Edinburgh by Professor Rhys, Celtic Professor at Oxford, in which he dealt with the "Early Ethnology of the British Isles, and more especially of Scotland, treated from the point of view of language." He enforced, with fresh emphasis and argument, the well-known views expressed in his "Celtic Britain," and the result has been quite a rush of more or less ephemeral literature dealing with the great "Pictish" question. The Professor's lectures are to appear in the *Scottish Review*. Indeed, the first lecture has appeared in the April number of this year.

The announcement is just made that the Literary Remains left by the late Rev. Dr Alexander Cameron, of Brodick, are in the course of publication. They are to be in two volumes, consisting, to a great extent, of unpublished MSS. of older Gaelic literature. The Etymological Dictionary of Gaelic was never completed; but one of the editors, Mr Macbain, offers to give the completed work should the public favour the idea.

The Highlander From Home has entered on a new phase of patriotic activity, which we *heartily* welcome. That consists in the

formation of Clan Societies, whereby the members of a Clan dwelling in the large cities of the South may band together for social and literary purposes. Most of the leading Clans have now Societies—such as the Clan Mackay Society, the Macdonald, Cameron, Grant, Campbell, and Fraser Clan Societies. Their intention is good: the fostering of the clan feeling of brotherhood, of social intercourse, and of education by means of clan bursaries; the assisting of clansmen south and north in difficulties; the collecting of clan records and traditions, and, finally, the forming of a clan invasion of their native glens *a la Cook*, in the shape of large tourist parties.

Other Highland interests are, we are glad to say, receiving welcome attention. The abolition of school fees must bring a good deal of money into the Highlands from the Probates Duty Fund. Otherwise the education question is as before; Gaelic is permitted as a vehicle of intelligence, and is placed on the specific schedule. Commissions and advocacy of railway extension are keeping the people of all classes at present agog; but there is no doubt that substantial benefits will accrue to the Highlands from the present stir.

For the prize of ten guineas which Mackintosh of Mackintosh so kindly offered for the best essay on "The social condition of the Highlands since 1800," only one competitor came forward! This competitor has been dealt with generously by The Mackintosh, who once again makes the offer of a ten guinea prize on the same subject. As not fewer than three must compete, intending competitors will kindly intimate their intention to the Secretary, so that arrangements can be made as to the length of time allowed for the writing of the essays, and also for the terms and method of the competition.

INVERNESS, *May, 1890.*

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TRANSACTIONS.

ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

THE Sixteenth Annual Assembly of the Society was held in the Music Hall on Thursday, 12th July, 1888. In the absence of The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Chief of the Society, Sir Henry C. Macandrew presided. The *Northern Chronicle*, in speaking of the Assembly, said :—"After an interval of two years, the Gaelic Society of Inverness has resumed the summer entertainments which for the last sixteen years have been associated with the great Wool Fair. In all respects Thursday evening's assembly was a great achievement. We have never seen a larger or more enthusiastic audience; certainly a more attractive programme had never previously been submitted, and zest and enjoyment characterised the whole meeting. It is becoming customary to decorate the platform very profusely when concerts are given in the Music Hall. Some of the decorations were on recent occasions extremely pretty; but for chaste effect the picture produced by the Gaelic Society by means of tartans, weapons of war, and other fitting objects, has not been excelled. The platform was intended to represent the drawing-room of a Highland chief, when the native tartan played a conspicuous part in the economy and decoration of the household. Its uses were illustrated by the cover thrown over the quaintly-shaped table which stood in front of a luxurious easy chair, occupied by the chairman of the evening, Sir Henry C. Macandrew, Provost of Inverness. The front of the orchestra, which lends itself considerably in form and outline to such embellishment, was draped with the tartans of the clans, and ornamented with shields, deer's heads, claymores, and dirks, tastefully arranged. Above the central doorway there was a picturesque group of weapons and other objects suggestive of war, of the chase, and of the wild grandeur of the Highlands; and above all towered a gigantic thistle. In the background each tier of seats was con-

cealed in masses of heather and broom, judiciously relieved by plants and young trees. The whole decorations, as we have said, were charming in taste and effective as a spectacle." Sir Henry was supported on the platform by Sir Kenneth J. Matheson of Lochalsh, Bart.; Emeritus-Professor Blackie; Mr Mackintosh, yr. of Raigmore; Mr E. H. Macmillan, banker; Mr Alex. Ross, architect, Queensgate; Mr Alex. Macpherson, banker, Kingussie; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, High Street; Captain Chisholm, Glassburn; Major Baynes, Adjutant Cameron Highlanders; Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, Kilmorack; Mr Alexander Mackenzie, publisher; Mr Gilbert Beith, Glasgow; Mrs Mary Mackellar, Bard of the Society; Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; Bailie Alex. Mackenzie, Inverness; Mr Roderick Maclean, factor for Ardross; and Mr D. Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland, Secretary of the Society.

At the outset the Secretary intimated that apologies for absence had been received from Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Chief of the Society; Mr Cameron of Lochiel; Mr R. B. Finlay, M.P.; Mr C. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost; Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Mr Allan R. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail; Mr Forbes of Culloden; Mr Fletcher, Letham Grange; Major Grant, Glen-Urquhart; Dr Stewart, "Nether-Lochaber;" Sheriff Nicolson; Sheriff Blair; Mr Bankes of Letterewe; Mr Reginald Macleod; Mr Mackay, Hereford; Col. Geo. Rose; Mr Charles Innes; Mr James Barron, of the *Inverness Courier*; Mr D. Davidson, Drummond Park; Rev. A. Bisset, Fort-Augustus; Rev. J. M'Rury, Snizort; Mr Geo. J. Campbell, solicitor; and Mr William Mackenzie, of the Crofter Commission.

Sir Henry Macandrew, who was received with prolonged applause, said—Ladies and gentlemen, I am sure you will all join with me in a feeling of regret that the gentlemen whose names have just been read have not been able to be present to-night, and in particular that the Chief of the Society—The Mackintosh of Mackintosh—has not been able to take the place which I now occupy. It was intended that he should be here, but from unavoidable causes he has not been able to come. Before proceeding to the very attractive programme which has been prepared, it is usual for the person occupying my position to say a few words with reference to the occasion on which we are met together. This is the sixteenth annual assembly of the Inverness Gaelic Society, and I am sure we may congratulate ourselves upon the very large number of people who have assembled on this occasion, and also on the continued success which has attended this Society since its institution. During these sixteen years, the Society, in

its literary department, has been doing very excellent work—work which has been acknowledged by authorities in Celtic literature—and the volumes which have been published will be a lasting memorial of what the Gaelic Society has done for the Gaelic language and Gaelic literature. These annual gatherings are intended to perpetuate good Highland feeling, Highland songs, Highland games, and all that relates to what is best and most beautiful in the past among our ancestors. Thus, I am sure, we must congratulate ourselves upon the growing success of these gatherings, for I do not suppose there has ever been an assembly more largely attended than the one to-night. The purpose for which we are met is commemorative, as I have said, of certain things which were good in the lives of our ancestors. It is often a moot question whether, in the days that are past, life was happier and more beautiful than it is now. The result of my own reading and research on the subject is to this effect, that while I believe there is much more material comfort now, I doubt very much whether our lives are happier than they were in the past. We have now more material comfort, but we have also more cares. If there are fewer people among us who are reduced to the verge of want, we all have a more anxious life in earning a living. I think that life, particularly in the Highlands, wants a great deal of the charm and zest and beauty which it possessed among our ancestors. This Society is one of the outcomes of the efforts lately made for the preservation of something of that beautiful past. In all the efforts of the Society during the years it has existed, we have directed ourselves only to what we thought did make the life of our ancestors more beautiful and more pleasant; we looked to its poetry, its music, and games, and the enjoyment of its social life, which we have tried to preserve. If there is anything that should make us proud of our ancestry, it was a knowledge that, even among the poorer classes of the generation long gone by, there was a feeling of chivalry and devotion to something higher than themselves, which does not exist, at any-rate so strongly, among us now. I may mention that one day recently I had the pleasure of visiting a remarkable scene in the Highlands. I was at the top of Glenmoriston, and went to see a cave in a wild, weird corry where Prince Charlie spent three weeks under the care of seven men who were little better than free-booters. And yet these seven men, knowing that a fortune was offered for the capture of the fugitive, which they could have earned at any time, because within five miles of their retreat there was encamped a detachment of English soldiers, not only did they not

accept the offer, but I believe the thought of it never entered their minds. They preserved the Prince, and conducted him to a place of safety. As I sat among these stones and looked back upon the past, it struck me that there were few more beautiful and chivalrous stories in the whole course of literature. I felt that I had good reason to be proud of the race to which those men belonged. I will not now detain you longer from the programme which is before us. I trust you will all enjoy the evening, and that it will remind us of the past—remind us of the kindly feelings which all Highlanders ought to entertain towards each other, and that we will carry away with us a pleasant memory, which will help us through the rest of our lives, and make us more kindly towards our fellows.

The first part of the programme was then gone through as follows:—

Song (Gaelic).....Mr Murdo Macgillivray.
Song—"Doun the Burn, Davie".....Mrs Munro (Miss Libbie Watt).
Song—"The March of the Cameron Men".....Mr Æneas Fraser.
Song—"A Dear Wifie".....Miss Clara Fraser.
Song (Gaelic)—"'S toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd".....Mr Alexander Ross.
Selections on Pianoforte—"Highland Airs".....Miss Macarthur.
Song—"Macgregor's Gathering".....Mr D. Miller.
Dance—"Scotch Reel".....Four Young Gaels.
Song—"MacCrimmon's Lament".....Miss Kate Fraser.

The Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, Kilmorack, then addressed the meeting in Gaelic. He said—'Nuair a chuir bhur Run-chleireach, Mr Mac an-Toisich, litir thugamsa, a dh'iarraidh gun labhrainn ruibh a nochd anns a chainnt mhatharail, 's i a' cheud cheisd a thainig a steach orm—Ciod an ni fo 'n ghrein air an labhair mise riu nach tog atharrachadh barail agus deasboireachd. Ma labhras mi air cor nan Eaglaisean bithidh sinn aig na duirn an tiota; ma labhras mi air riaghladh na Parlamaid, cha 'n e sin buille is fearr; agus ma labhras mi mu shuidheachadh an fhearainn eadar uachdarana agus iochdrana—ged a chuala mise cliu oirbh fein Fhir-na-Caithreach mar Dhuin-uasal cho baigheal 's cho fialaidh do bhochd agus do bheartach 's tha ann an Ceann-tuath na h-Alba—cha'n eil fhios am biodh sinn fada an coluadar 'nuair a dh'eireadh atharrachadh barail eadaruinn. Anns an imcheisd, ciod a thainig na'm inntinn ach so. Tha aon ni co-dhiubh anns an cord na h-uile fior Ghaidheil—na h-uile aig am beil an cridhe far am bu choir da bhith. Ciod e sin? Meas mor air a chainnt-mhatharail, agus mor ghradh dhi mar a' chainnt is snasaile, mar a' chainnt is brioghmheire, mar a' chainnt is druightiche, agus mar a' chainnt is deas-bhriathraiche, fo 'n ghrein. Rainig mi nis air mo cheann

teagiasg agus do thaobh 's gu'm beil an uine goirid agus moran r'a 'dheanamh, giulanaidh sibh leam a dhol air adhart cho bras 'sa ghabhas deanamh. Tha mi airson focal a radh an toiseach, mu mhearachd a gheibhear gu coitchionn a measg nan Gaidheal fein, nach e a mhain gu'm beil a' Ghailig am measg nan cainntean is sine chaidh riamh a labhairt air an talamh, ach gu bheil iad fein ga labhart a nis mar a bha i air a labhart feadh nan linnean cian a chaidh seachad. Cha bheag a mhearachd so; agus cha bheag an t-ana-cothrom a tha a' chainnt so a' fulang ann a bhi ga co-charadh ri cainntean eile. (1). Gabh am focal craobh *(cruv)*. An e so ceud chruth an fhocail? Cha 'n e ach *crub*, agus uime sin ann an ainmibh aitean far am bheil a' Ghailig is sine r'a faotuinn gheibh sibh an cruth so. Ann an Eirinn *Sliabh Crub*, ann an Srath-Fharragaig againn fhein gheibh sibh *Bun-Chrubai*, agus an Cataobh *Sron-Chrubai*. A nis, mur eil mise air mo mhealladh se so freumh an fhocail Ghreugaich, *Krubo*, "Tha mi falach," oir ciod a' cheud aite falaich a bha aig clann nan daoine? Bha measg nan craobh. Lomaich am facal ni's mò gu *Craoich, e.g., Dun-Chraoich, Sgire-Chraoich*, ann an Cataobh. A ris gu *Crieff, Moncrieff*—Cnoc faisg air Peairt, agus fa dheireadh gu *cru* agus *cri*, mar ann an *Bun-chrew*, agus *Cri-leamhann*, agus *Cri-nan-glag*—ann an Srath-ghlais. (2). Gabh am focal *clabar*, clabar criadha tiugh—clabhar (clavar). claur, agus o sin gu glaur, *e.g., nieve fu' o' glaur*—dorlach de 'n chlabar. (3). Gabh am focal *sugh* (su) an toiseach, sug, mar a gheibh sibh e ann an "Sugan a mhathar," agus 'nuair a ruigeas sinn an cruth so de 'n fhocal chi sibh gur h-e mhathair am focal Beurla, *suck*, agus am facal Laidinn *sugo*, agus am focal Gearmailteach *saugen*. (4). Tog am focal *troidh* (troih) ach ciod a their an Uelshach nan Kymrigeach? Troed. Tha e soillear gur h-e so ceud chruth an fhocail. Chum sinn fhein greim air anns an radh coitchionn *troud so*, ach 'nuair a ruigeas sinn so faic mar a gheibh thu uaithe na focail *tread, trudge, trot, trotter, retreat*, &c. Dh' fheudamaid ficheadan de 'n t-seorsa so a chur fo ur comhair, anns am bheil tri ceumanna de lomadh no de mhaoladh air teachd orra o na ceud chruthan. Bu mhaith leam focal a radh mu mhearachd eile a tha ro thric ra chluinntinn am measg pharantan Ghaidhealach, 's e sin gu'm beil beoil na clainne air an cur o fheum leis a' Ghailig airson a bhi labhairt na Beurla agus cainntean eile. Cha 'n eil amaideachd is mo fo 'n ghrein. An aite so 's ann a tha cleachdadh na Gailig a' deasachadh am beoil airson cainntean eile a labhairt gu ceart. Iarr air an t-Sasunnach *loch* a radh 's e their e *loc*, iarr air *Lochaber* a radh. 'S e their e Locaber—iarr air *laogh, agh, adhair*, a radh. Cha 'n urra dha ged a bheireadh tu

dha ceud punnd Sasunnach. A nis, tha am fuaim so anabarrach coitchionn anns a chainnt Ghearmailteach, *ach*, *hoch*, agus anns a chainnt Ghreugaich. Cha dean an Sasunnach dad diubh sin, ach cuir na gillean Gaidhealach an tarruing riu agus their iad na h-uile *ach* 's *hoch*, na h-uile *mach* 'us *machar* cho comhnard riu fein. Seadh 'us air an aon doigh fuaimean na Greige 's na h-Eabhra. Ni eile anns a' Ghailig gu sonruichte os cionn chainntean eile ; an cordadh no an coslas a tha eadar an t-ainm, agus na nithe a tha air an ainmeachadh. Bheir an t-ainm eolas dhuinn air an ni a tha air ainmeachadh moran ni 's trice na ann an cainntean eile. (1). Thoir suil air da no tri de bheathaichean—Dobharan—ainmhidh an uisge ; Gobhlach—Gobhal-bheathach ; Leumnachan, o 'n leum aige—Miall mhagan, o na magan aige—Los leathainn o'n earabal leathainn a th' aige—Damhan-alluidh (agus *Tarantula* anns an Laidinn) a thaobh 's gum beil aodann aige cosmhuill ri aodann an daimh no an tairbh—Seangan direach a chionn 's gu'm beil e seang. (2). Gabh a nis na h-eoin. Is e *ag* seann Ghaelig air eun —Faolag, 'o fathal—Feadag, Eun na feadarachd—Buidheag, airson a dath buidhe—Cumhachag, airson a caoidh—Topag, airson an top a th'air a cheann—Seabhag no Seamhag, *Hawk*. Tha e soilleir gur h-e coslas do dh' aon seorsa no seorsa eile tha riaghladh an ainm anns a' chainnt so mar nach 'eil an cainntean eile. Tha fios aig na h-uile mar a chaidh ainmhidhean 's eoin 's na uile bith gluasadach a chur an ceangal a cheile mar theaghlaichean a reir an coslais, agus am meinean mar na coin agus na cait de na h-uile seorsa. A nis tha mi 'g radh gur iongantach an t-seoltachd leis 'n d' rinn ar sinnsireachd na coslais so a thogail agus an cur an ceill, ceart direach mar a tha iad air an la 'n diugh. (1). Gabh teaghlach nan con no na madraidh ; an toiseach am *madadh* e fein ; a ris am *madadh ruadh* (red dog or fox) ; a ris am *madadh alluidh* (wild dog or wolf) ; a ris am *madadh donn* (brown dog or otter). Anns a cheum so chaidh iad clith, ach cha b' iad a mhain, agus cha 'n eil ach uin ghoirid 'o fhuaradh amach le daoine geur, tuigseach agus rannsachail gur h-ann a bhuineas a madadh donn no'n dobharan do theaghlach na niosan (2). Gabh teaghlach na 'n corr, se sin na h-eoin fhad-chasach a bhios a' taghal nan traighean. C'arson a chaidh an t-ainm so a thoirt orra ? Direach do thaobh 's gu'm beil iad corrach, cosmhail ri duine air na casan-corrach ; 's beag a thilgeas th'aithris e. (Shaoileadh tu gun deanadh osag ghaoithe a chorra a thilgeadh thairis, cho fada o'n talamh air a casan fada seang)—a chorra bhan—a chorra ghlas—a chorra ghriobhach, no, a chorra sgridheach—a chorra mhonaidh, a chorra-chosag—a chorra shealbach. Dh' fheudainn a nis a dhol an ceann ceisdean

ni's duilich. Co as a thainig a chainnt so? Ciod e cho farsuing sa sgaoil i? agus ciod e cho sean 's a tha i? Ach na'n rachuinn a chur an ceill mo bharail do thaobh nan cuisean so 's ann a shaoileadh sibh gun robh mi as mo chiall. Feumaidh mi na cuisean so fhagail gu am eile. Is e am bron a nis gu 'm beil cuid mhor de na Gaidheil iad fein a' fas suarach mu'n Ghailig, agus ga truailleadh le bhi ga measgachadh le Beurla. Bha mi o chionn bliadhna no dha ann an Eilean Mhuile; bha mi gabhail mo thurais 'o Thorloise. Bha duine coir colath ruinn, agus bha e labhairt mu'n Mhor-fhear Compton cho fialaidh sa bha e do'n tuath aige. Thug e isleachadh mor do aon neach, agus 'nuair bu choir dha a radh, "dh' islich a na h-uile mal eile a reir sin," thuirt e—"*Raduce* e na h-uile *rent* eile ann am *proportion*." Ach maith dh' fheudte gur e am measgachadh is ceolmhor mu'n cuala mi riamh achmhasan a chaidh thoirt ann an Eaglais Baile Dhuthaich ann an la an t-seann Dr Mhic-an Toisich. Bha e la a' searmonachadh 'nuair dheirich connsachadh oilteil measg nam madraidh air urlar na h-Eaglais. Rinneadh seamhaidhean agus comhartaich agus donnalaich a bha uamhasach. Stad an Doctor agus thug e suil air braigh an lobht agus thubhairt e. "Tha mi 'g agar o luchd-riaghlaidh a' bhaile so mise a dhion ann an cuairteachadh mo dhleasdanais," agus shuidh e sios. Dh'eirich am fear a b' oige de 'n luchd-riaghlaidh agus thug e achmhasan do luchd na *Fendams*, d' am buineadh na madaidh, focal air an fhocal mar a chaidh innseadh dhomhsa. "Sibhse Fendamers, tha mi 'g radh ruibh, mur a cum sibhse *regularity* agus *decorum* measg na *dogachan* agaibh, bheir mise oirbh gum bi na *dogachan* air an *shootigeadh* le *fire-arms*, agus gum bi sibh fein air bhur *confinigeadh* anns an *Tolbooth*." Ann an sin shuidh e sios, mar is mithich dhomhsa a dheanamh, oir tha eagal orm gur h-ann a chuir mi cus deuchainn air foighidinn luchd na Beurla.

Professor Blackie, whose rising was the signal for an outburst of applause, said as he had been called upon to appear by the authority of the chair he would do so; but he must, in the first instance, protest against the use made of his name. He never gave any such authority as to say that he was to deliver an address, and he would not do it. He had a special objection to delivering addresses for many reasons. He was always afraid that it would degenerate into a lecture or a sermon. He came there to be entertained, and not to deliver an address. He came there to hear the lovely sweet notes from those ladies, which had been like angels' music from heaven. It was worth going a hundred miles to hear such singing, and also to see old friends and old faces, and

their beautiful town—one of the six chief beauties in Scotland. He would commence geographically with Kelso, Edinburgh, Stirling, Perth, Aberdeen, and Inverness. These were the six finest towns in Scotland, and perhaps among the best in the world. He would make no address, but he would tell them what he thought as an honest man. He thought the most precious heritage God had given a people, after they had got out of the stage of wandering barbarism and savagery, was a nationality. It took hundreds or thousands of years to make a nation, and if it took that time to grow, don't let them cut it down, but rather root it like an oak in the forest. He believed that, at the present time, influences were at work to undermine our nationality, and nowhere were these revolutionary influences more operative than in Edinburgh, where the people were being made mere flunkeys of John Bull. The education of Scotchmen was being neglected, otherwise Scotch and Gaelic songs should be sung in the schools, even should they sacrifice the Latin and Greek grammars wholesale. He viewed with suspicion the centralising machinery of the present day, because it destroyed the variety of national types created by history. How would any of them like to see only one kind of flower in their garden? Why then should they have only one pattern of humanity in the country? The Scotch people must take care or they would be insidiously cheated. The English could not defeat the Scotch at Bannockburn, but by this London centralisation they would be strangled and throttled. They must see and adopt measures on a larger scale. For that reason he was for Home Rule. Some people wished Home Rule as a matter of business, but he was for Home Rule not for Ireland only, but for England and Scotland in order to preserve their national type and their national manners. He did not mean to discuss the question politically, but as a man, and as a Scotchman. We were swindled out of our position in the world by the Union of 1707. We made a bad bargain. He held that the Scottish Parliament—he did not mean a separate Parliament—that the Scottish part of the British Parliament now existing, with the sixteen Scotch Lords in the House of Lords, should meet in Edinburgh every year for six weeks, and do Scotch business before they proceeded to London. He concluded by warmly emphasising the importance of cherishing their mother tongue, which they should look upon as dear as their mother's milk. Let them learn their own songs, which were full of noble traditions. These songs came direct from nature, and were quite intelligible, which could not be said of certain songs. Those fellows in London—those original fellows—wanted to show

how clever they were in saying strange things. All popular Gaelic and Scotch songs were true, and with these things they could not go wrong.

The second part of the programme was then gone through, which was as follows :—

Song—"Cam' ye by Athole"..... .....Miss MACARTHUR.
Song—"Flora Macdonald's Lament"..... .....Mr BALLANTYNE.
Song—"Jock o' Hazeldean"..... .....Miss CLARA FRASER.
Song (Gaelic)..... ....Mr M. MACGILLIVRAY.
Dance—Reel of Tulloch.....OGANAICH GHAIDHEALACH.
Song—"Ealaidh Ghaoil"..... .....Miss KATE FRASER.
Song—"O' a' the Airts..... ....Mr D. MILLER.
Song—"Willie's gane to Melville Castle".....Mrs MUNRO (Miss LIBBIE WATT).

The musical part of the programme was gone through without a hitch, the vocalists, without exception, acquitting themselves admirably. The programme was opened by Mr Murdo Maclennan, who appeared in the Highland dress, and gave a Gaelic song in a manner which elicited the hearty appreciation of the many present who were familiar with the language. Mrs Munro, Strathpeffer (Miss Watt), received an enthusiastic welcome on this her first public appearance in Inverness since her marriage. Her song was "Doun the burn," a fine Scotch ditty, which no northern vocalist can sing as well. The audience listened in great enjoyment, and called forth an encore, when Mrs Munro gracefully responded with "Within a mile of Edinburgh toon," with the rendering of which none seemed more captivated than Professor Blackie. Mr Æneas Fraser, a prominent member of the Choral Union, sang the next song. "The March of the Cameron Men" is one of Mr Fraser's masterpieces, and he sung it on this occasion with a verve which appealed to every Highlander present. The next artiste was Miss Clara Fraser, who sang with cultivated taste the melodious piece, "A Dear Wifie." In response to an encore, Miss Fraser favoured the house with the sweet and ever popular ballad, "Annie Laurie," with even better effect. Mr Alexander Ross, who made a fine stalwart Highlander, re-introduced the Gaelic element with "'S toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd," and responded to an encore with an English version of the words. Miss Macarthur contributed to the programme popular selections on the pianoforte, and the song "Cam' ye by Athol," and in both departments proved herself an able and accomplished young lady. Miss Macarthur was heartily encored for her singing, and, in response, gave "Sound the Pibroch," from the "Songs of the North," which are now becoming well known and popular. "Macgregor's Gathering" was

pleasingly sung by Mr D. Miller; also "Jessie the flower o' Dunblane" (encore), and "O' a' the airts;" after which a novelty was introduced in the form of a Scotch reel by four young Gaels, viz., Misses Agnes Maggie Cameron and Grace Macdonald, and Masters David John King and Sutton Clark, who were all dressed in pretty Highland costumes. The grace and spirit with which the quartette went through the dance elicited applause which was thundering in its expressiveness, and, as an encore, the performers danced the Highland Fling. Miss Kate Fraser brought part first to a close with "Maccrimmon's Lament," which was sung with sweetness and taste. The song was so well sung by Miss Fraser that its repetition was demanded, and she appropriately gave it in English. "Flora Macdonald's Lament," by Mr Ballantyne; and another song, "Jock o' Hazeldean," from Miss Clara Fraser, led up to Professor Blackie's speech. There was a reel (Tulloch) by four Highland dancers, and it proved a popular incident on the programme. The evening was now far advanced—the concert terminated at 10.45—and a number of the audience had left the meeting, but those who remained were well rewarded for their patience by hearing Mrs Munro sing "Willie's gane to Melville Castle," to the music and humour of which she did captivating justice. During the evening the pianoforte accompaniments were ably played by Miss C. Fraser, Church Street. The Chairman proposed a vote of thanks to the performers, which was very heartily responded to. Sir Kenneth Matheson, Bart. of Ardross, in a few complimentary terms, proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman for presiding, and the assembly thereafter terminated by the company singing "Auld Lang Syne," in which the audience heartily joined.

28th NOVEMBER, 1888.

A largely attended meeting was held on this date, Sir Henry C. Macandrew, Provost of Inverness, in the chair. The Secretary intimated the following donations towards the library:—From Mr John M'Kay, C.E., Hereford, "Oratio Dominica;" Mr A. H. F. Cameron, Liverpool, "The Mountain Heath;" Mr D. William Kemp, Ivy Lodge, Edinburgh, Bishop Pocoke's "Tour in Sutherland and Caithness;" and "Artificial Lightning," by Mr D. Bruce, Peebles.

Mr Kenneth Macdonald, Town-Clerk of Inverness, thereafter read a paper, entitled, "A Modern Raid in Glengarry and Glenmoriston." Mr Macdonald's paper was as follows :—

A MODERN RAID IN GLENGARRY AND GLENMORISTON. THE BURNING OF THE CHURCH OF CILLIECHRIOST.

Our party numbered four, our host Bailie Duncan Macdonald, of Inverness, a Glenmoriston man, proud of the beauties and historic memories of his native glen, and of its men, and his three guests, the Provost, the Senior Bailie, and the Town Clerk of Inverness. On a cloudy day in July, 1888, we landed from the "Gondolier" at Cullochy, where we found ponies awaiting us. A ride of two or three miles along the Northern flank of Glengarry, first over a rough road, and then over rough pasture land, bog, and rock, brought us to the neighbourhood of the so-called "cave" of Allan Macranald of Lundie. Leaving our ponies, we scrambled over rock and bracken to the verge of a deep ravine at the bottom of which rushed a noisy torrent. Led by our guide we carefully let ourselves down the side of the ravine, and then picked our way over the rocky bed of the torrent to the "cave." Cave, properly so-called, there was none, and apparently never had been. A portion of the precipitous rocky bank of the stream had at some remote period become detached from the parent rock, and slipping down, lay among a heap of debris within a few feet of the cliff. To make a passably comfortable, and, in a friendly neighbourhood, an entirely safe hiding place out of this would be easy enough, and, according to tradition, this was one of the hiding places of Allan of Lundie after the raid of Cilliechriost. The other was on an island in Loch Lundie, a mile or two further up the glen. There is no trace on the island of its having been inhabited, nor, with the exception of a few doubtful chisel or hammer marks, is there any such evidence at the cave. The tradition, however, connecting both places with Allan Macranald and his exploit in Brae-Ross is distinct. The rude heap of stones, therefore, which may have once afforded shelter to the man whose name has come down to us branded as the perpetrator of the act of savagery with which the name Cilliechriost is associated, had an interest for us, and we lingered over it for a time discussing the story.

The story of the burning of the church of Cilliechriost, with which we are now so familiar, was given to the public for the first time, so far as I have been able to ascertain, when Gregory

published his History of the Western Highlands and Islands fifty-two years ago. The story, as told by Gregory, is that in 1603 "The Clanranald of Glengarry, under Allan Macranald of Lundie, made an irruption into Brae-Ross, and plundered the lands of Kilchrist and other adjacent lands belonging to the Mackenzies." Up to this point there is evidence to support Gregory. But he goes on to say, "this foray was signalised by the merciless burning of a whole congregation in the Church of Kilchrist, while Glengarry's piper marched round the building mocking the cries of the unfortunate inmates with the well-known pibroch which has been known ever since under the name of Kilichrist, as the family tune of Clanranald of Glengarry." This is, as I have said, the earliest printed notice of the burning of the Church of Cilliechriost, but that there was a floating tradition of the burning of a church full of people by the Macdonalds of Glengarry, long before Gregory wrote, is proved by a passage in Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides (p. 108, 1st edn.), where the author relates that as he sat at the table of Sir Alexander Macdonald at Armadale, in Skye, and the party were being entertained by the music of the bagpipes, "an elderly gentleman informed us that in some remote time the Macdonalds of Glengarry, having been injured or offended by the inhabitants of Culloden, and resolving to have justice or vengeance, came to Culloden on a Sunday, where, finding their enemies at worship, they shut them up in the Church, which they set on fire; and this, said he, is the tune that the piper played while they were burning." This story was told to Johnson in 1773, and it is worth noting that he renders the name given to him of the place where the burning took place into Culloden—a name with which he was naturally familiar. Hugh Miller in his "Schools and Schoolmasters" makes a passing reference to the passage in Johnson, and says that the scene of the atrocity was the Church of Cilliechriost, not Culloden. The *Origines Parochiales* repeats the story of the burning of the Church, and quotes Hugh Miller in addition to Gregory and the authorities quoted by him. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's "Legend of Allan with the Red Jacket" gives an extended version of the story of the Raid of Cilliechriost, touched up here and there by bits of local colour, which, while they serve to present the narrative in an attractive form, put an end to any pretension it might have to be treated as serious history. In the "History of the Mackenzies," Mr Alexander Mackenzie treats the whole tradition of the Raid of Cilliechriost as historical fact, and not merely so, but he embodies in his history a narrative which appeared in a book entitled "Highland Tales and

Legends," edited by himself, containing statements which there never was even a vestige of tradition to warrant. According to the veracious author of those tales, Allan Macranald, whose personal prowess was only equalled by his intense ferocity, burning to avenge the losses of his clan in recent encounters with the Mackenzies, and particularly the death of the young Chief of Glengarry (to whose body a tradition, not mentioned by the writer, says unspeakable indignity was offered at the church of Kintail), gathered together a number of the most desperate of the clan, and by a forced march arrived at the Church of Cilliechriost on a Sunday forenoon, while it was filled with worshippers of the Clan Mackenzie. Surrounding the building, the Macdonalds set fire to the thatched roof. While a gentle breeze from the east fanned the flames, the song of praise mingled with the crackling of the flames until the worshippers, becoming conscious of their situation, rushed to the door and windows, where they were met by a double row of bristling swords. The writer then goes on to describe the wild wail of despair, the shrieks of women, the infuriated cries of men, and the helpless screaming of children, which, mingled with the roar of the flames, appalled the Macdonalds, but not Allan Dubh, who commanded that all who attempted to escape should be thrust back into the flames, "and they were thrust back or mercilessly hewn down within the narrow porch until the dead bodies piled upon each other opposed an insurmountable barrier to the living." Mothers threw their children from the windows, but "at the command of Allan of Lundie, they were received on the points of the broadswords of men in whose breasts mercy had no place." The Macdonalds are described as listening with delight during the tragedy to the piper of the band, who played round the burning building, to drown the screams of the victims, an extempore pibroch, which has ever since been the war-tune of Glengarry. Then follows this brilliant piece of writing—"East, West, North, and South, looked Allan Dubh Macranuil. Not a living soul met his eye. . . . not a sound met his ear, and his own tiger soul sunk within him in dismay. The parish of Cilliechriost seemed swept of every living thing. The fearful silence that prevailed in a quarter lately so thickly peopled, struck his followers with dread, for they had given in one hour the inhabitants of a whole parish one terrible grave. The desert which they had created filled them with dismay, heightened into terror by the howls of the masterless sheep-dogs, and they turned to fly." The writer then goes on to say that Allan, before leaving Cilliechriost, divided his party into two, one returning by

Glenconvinth, and the other by Inverness. He then describes the pursuit of the two parties, the former, which was under the command of Allan himself, by a party of Mackenzies under Alexander Mackenzie of Coul, and the latter by a party under Murdoch Mackenzie of Redcastle. Redcastle overtook the Macdonalds he was in pursuit of while they were in a house at Torbreck, near Inverness, resting. He set the house on fire, and the Macdonalds, thirty-seven in number, suffered the death which, according to the writer, they had earlier in the day so wantonly inflicted. The party under Coul, says the writer, overtook the Macdonalds as they were resting on the hills towards the burn of Aultsigh, a burn which we know lies to the south of Glen-Urquhart and between it and Glenmoriston. The Macdonalds fled towards the burn, but many missed the ford and fell under the swords of the Mackenzies. The remainder held on for miles, and, when morning dawned, Allan and his party were seen ascending the southern ridge of Glen-Urquhart (that is, still towards the Aultsigh), with the Mackenzies close in their rear. Allan called on his men to disperse, and then set forward at the height of his speed, but, after a time, found the Mackenzies still following him in one unbroken mass. Again, says the writer, Allan divided his men, and bent his flight towards the shore of Loch Ness, but the foe still followed him. He then commanded his few remaining followers to leave him, and they did so. What follows had better be given in the writer's own words:—"Taking a short course towards the fearful ravine of Aultsigh" (one would like to ask the writer if this is the same Aultsigh near which the previous night's battle took place), "he divested himself of his plaid and buckler, and turning to the leader of the Mackenzies, who had nearly come up to him, beckoned him to follow; then, with a few yards of a run, he sprang over the yawning chasm." Mackenzie attempted to follow, but only succeeded in touching the opposite bank with his toes. Slipping down, he clung to a slender shoot of hazel which grew over the brink. Allan, noticing the agitation of the hazel, returned, and, saying to Mackenzie, "I have given much to your race this day, I shall give them this also,—surely now the debt is paid," cut the twig with his sword, and Mackenzie "was dashed from crag to crag until he reached the stream below a bloody and mis-shapen mass." Allan recommenced his flight, but, being wounded by a musket shot from one of the Mackenzies, he plunged into Loch Ness, and swam towards the opposite shore. Allan's friend, Fraser of Foyers, attracted by the sight of the armed men on the opposite side of the loch, and seeing a man swimming, had

his boat launched, and rescued Allan, who remained in the house of Foyers until his wound was cured.

Such is the account given of the raid of Cilliechriost in the "Highland Tales and Legends," and quoted in the "History of the Mackenzies," and it is quoted in all seriousness without comment, —all but the statement that the leader of the Mackenzies was killed, which Mr Mackenzie correctly points out was not the fact. Alexander Mackenzie of Coul, the leader of the party who went in pursuit of Allan Macranald, is known to have lived until 1650—forty-seven years after the raid. In this very important particular, therefore, of the fate of the leader, the legend is admittedly inaccurate. Moreover, its account of the battle on the banks of the Aultsigh, the subsequent pursuit by moonlight, until in the morning the Macdonalds were seen ascending the southern ridge of Glen-Urquhart, still towards the Aultsigh they had been fleeing from all night, is a grotesque absurdity. The fearful silence, of which the chief characteristic was the howling of masterless sheep dogs, is somewhat difficult to realise, and it is quite as difficult to understand how if, as is stated in one sentence, the Macdonalds had given the inhabitants of a whole parish one terrible grave, the next can be true which states that the terrible deed roused the Mackenzies as effectually as if the fiery cross had been sent through their territories. If the first statement were true, there would be no Mackenzie left in Kilchrist to carry the fiery cross, or to be roused by the terrible deed.

Stripped, however, of its admitted inaccuracies and of its unintelligibilities, the narrative contains these assertions, the truth of which I mean to test :—

1. That the Church of Cilliechriost with its congregation of worshippers was burnt by the Macdonalds under Allan Macranald of Lundy in 1603 ; and

2. That the Macdonalds fled hurriedly from Cilliechriost, and, when pursued by the Mackenzies, their flight became a rout.

The two must to some extent be taken together.

It will be remembered that, so far as the reading public is concerned, the story of the burning of the Church originated with Gregory. The authorities quoted by Gregory are the Letterfearn MS.; Sir Robert Gordon's History of Sutherland, p. 248; and Reg. Privy Seal XCIV. 142. I have not seen the Letterfearn MS., but I have seen one of earlier date, which I shall immediately refer to. Sir Robert Gordon's History was written in 1639, and the writer was an interested spectator of events in the Highlands for many years before that. At the date of the raid, he was 23

years of age. What he says at the place cited by Gregory is:—"The year of God 1602, the tribe of Clan Kenzie fell at variance with the Laird of Glengarry (one of the Clanranald), who, being unexpert and unskilful in the laws of the realm, the Clan Kenzie easily entrapped him within the compass thereof, and secretly charged him (but not personally) to appear before the Justice at Edinburgh, having, in the meantime, slain two of his kinsmen. Glengarry, not knowing, or neglecting the charge and summons, came not to Edinburgh at the prefixt day, but went about to avenge the slaughter of his kinsmen, whereby he was denounced rebel and outlawed together with divers of his followers. So by the means and credit of the Earl of Dunfermline, Lord Chancellor of Scotland, Kenneth Mackenzie, Lord of Kintail, did purchase a commission against Glengarry and his men, whereby proceeded great slaughter and trouble. Mackenzie, being assisted by the neighbouring countries, by virtue of his commission, went into Morall and spoiled Glengarrie his countrey, wasting and destroying the same with fire and sword at his pleasure. Then, in his return from Morall, he beseidged the Castle of Strome, which in end was rendered onto him by the Captain onto whom Glengarrie had committed the defence thereof. The Earl of Sutherland (by reason of the old friendship and amitie between his family and the Clan Kenzie) sent twelve score well-appointed and chosen men to assist Mackenzie in this expedition, who were conducted by John Gordoun of Embo. Thereafter Mackenzie did invade Glengarrie his eldest son whom they killed with sixty of his followers, not without some slaughter of the Clan Kenzie likewise. In end, after great slaughter on either syd, they came to a friendlie aggriement and decreit-arbitrall, whereby Glengarrie (for to obteyne his peace) wes glaid to quyte and renunce to Kenneth Mackenzie (who was afterwards created Lord of Kintaile) the inheritance of the Strome with the land adjacent. Thus doe the tryb of Clan Kenzie become great in these pairts, still encroaching upon their neighbours, who are onacquented with the lawes of this Kingdome." [Gordon's Earldom of Sutherland, p. 248.] It will thus be seen that Sir Robert Gordon, while treating with some detail the quarrel between the Mackenzies and the Macdonalds—even noticing the killing of two of Glengarry's kinsmen by Lord Kintail—makes no reference to the raid of Cilliechriost, which, if it had involved the murder and sacrilege which Gregory ascribed to it, would surely have been deemed worthy of notice by a contemporary historian treating of the relations of the parties to it, and favourably disposed to the Mackenzies. Perhaps, however, the most important

fact for us at present is that Gordon does not say a word to warrant the statement for which Gregory quotes him as authority. I have not been able to consult the Register of the Privy Seal referred to by Gregory, but it has been examined for me by Sir William Fraser, and it does not support Gregory's account, while it is in exact accord with that given in the "Chiefs of Grant," which I shall immediately quote. This leaves us with the Letterfearn MS. It is somewhat unsatisfactory to have to dispose of its authority without having seen it, but let it be assumed that it states the church and congregation were burnt. My answer is, It cannot be true. The Letterfearn MS. is said to have been written by Mr John Macrae, who became minister of Dingwall in 1674, and who was in all probability born about 1640. The raid of Cilliechriost, therefore, took place between thirty and forty years before his birth. This, however, would not be enough to discredit such an account in the Letterfearn MS. if it contained it. But if there is an earlier MS. than the Letterfearn one, of at least equal authority in every other respect, and containing a detailed account of the raid, then that account must be accepted in preference to any later one. Such an account we have in a MS. history of the Mackenzies, written either by Mr Farquhar Macrae, who was born at Islandonain in 1580, who became minister of Kintail and Constable of Islandonain in 1618, and who lived until 1662, or by his son, Mr John Macrae (the uncle of the writer of the Letterfearn MS.) who was born in 1614, eleven years after the raid, and who became minister of Dingwall in 1640. Both father and son were favourites with Earls Colin and George of Seaforth, the latter of whom entrusted the education of his son, Kenneth, Lord Kintail, who became third Earl of Seaforth on his father's death in 1651, to Mr Farquhar. The contents of the MS. would point to Mr Farquhar Macrae as the writer of it. The document bears internal evidence of its genuineness, and it is the "Ancient MS." so frequently quoted by Mr Mackenzie in his "History of the Mackenzies." I am indebted to Mr Mackenzie for the opportunity of examining and quoting from it. Much of the Letterfearn MS. was, I am informed by Mr Mackenzie, copied from it. The account this MS. gives of the Raid of Cilliechriost is as follows:—"Shortly after this, Allan Macranald of Lundy made ane onset to the Braes of Ross, and burnt the lands of Cilliechroist and other adjacent towns, whereupon my Lord Kintail sends two parties in pursuit of him, one commanded by Murdo Mackenzie of Redcastle, the other by Alexander Mackenzie of Coul. Redcastle went the way of

Inverness to Stratherrick, and, accidentally, in a town called Torriebreck, he gets inteliigence that Angus Macrory and thirty-six of his followers were drinking in a change-house near by. A man of Redcastle, being well acquaint, called Donald Mackenneth Peiper, led them secretly to the house, sets it on fire, and every man as came out they killed. Ranald himself coming at last to the door, he sought quarters, which Redcastle would have granted him, but one Donald Maccurchie said, 'You shall have such quarters as you gave to Donald Macconochy Chyle' (this Donald was a very pretty fellow of the Clan Ian Odhar, who was killed by this Ranald after he had given him quarter, when young Glengarry harried Lochcarron), so, when he understood there was no mercy for him, he ran out. The other gave such a race after him, came so near him that he could not shoot him, struks him with the bow on the head, which he brake, throws him flat to the ground, but or he can recover himself, he sticket him with his dirk (so we may see one ill turn meets another). Of his company none escaped, except one subtle fellow (which I cannot forget), who came out at the roof of the house, began to tirr it and crying for water, and said, with a loud voice, 'Mackenzie, though you have a quarrel against the Clan Ranald, I hope you have none against my master and me, when you burn my house after this manner.' With this he went free, as if he had been landlord indeed, and Redcastle turns homeward with his company. The other party that went with Alexander Mackenzie of Coul went the way of Beauly to Urquhart and to Glenmoriston, and foretakes Allan Macranald resting themselves on a sheill in little huts, near a rough burn called Aldsayh. Giving the alarm, some of them, with Allan, fought manfully, others fled, which all alike of them were forced in end to do, but, as their misfortune was, they missed the ford, the burn was so rough running twixt two craigs that severals broke their bones there, shunning their killing they met death in their way, but Ranald, being half naked as he fled, lapp just over it, and made his escape of all the rest. The pursuers seeing him loupe and on the other side, notwithstanding thereof, could not be persuaded he did it, and no man ever saw that place yet that could believe it, which, being several times asked of himself afterwards, he said he knew sensibly he loupt that very place, but how he came over that he knew not, except it was with the wings of fear and providence. but give him all the world he would not try it again."

This is the earliest written account of the Raid of Cilliechriost, and the fact that it tells the story of the raid without in the most remote way suggesting that anything so terrible and unusual as

the burning of a church full of people had occurred is of itself sufficient to outweigh the loose evidence of a tradition the origin of which no one knows. But the evidence on the subject does not stop here. Gregory expresses his astonishment that such a terrible instance of private vengeance should have occurred in the beginning of the seventeenth century without public notice being taken of it, and well he might. But, although the raid was far from being so serious an affair as Gregory believed it, public notice was taken of it. A prosecution was instituted by Mr John Mackenzie, Archdean of Ross, with the concurrence of the Lord-Advocate, against Allan Macranald of Lundie on account of the raid, and the facts laid before the Crown show that the raid was one of a kind then common enough, and was not accompanied by any such barbarity as tradition credits it with. In short, the judicial proceedings corroborate the evidence afforded by the silence of the contemporary historian Sir Robert Gordon, and that of the Rev. Farquhar Macrae, the writer of the contemporary account of the raid, who, while professing to give a full narrative of all that took place, makes no mention of the Cilliechriost church.

Allan, it appears from Sir William Fraser's "History of the Chiefs of Grant," was summoned to appear before the Justice Clerk to answer the charge against him, but wisely preferred to remain at home, trusting to his friends' ability to arrange matters for him when time should have modified the rancour of his foes. In consequence of his non-appearance, Allan was denounced rebel, and his estates forfeited. On 7th December, 1622—about five months after the forfeiture—his friend, Sir John Grant, procured a gift of the escheat from the Crown in his own favour, and in the letter of gift, which Sir William Fraser quotes, the causes of the forfeiture are narrated. After mentioning the goods forfeited, the letter proceeds—"Which pertained of before to Allan Macranald of Lundie, in Glengarrie, and now pertaining to us, fallen and become in our hands and at our gift and disposition by reason of escheat through being of the said Allan Macranald upon the 28th day of June last by past, orderly denounced our rebel and put to our horn by virtue of our other letters raised and executed against the said Allan at the instance of Mr John Mackenzie, Archdean of Ross, for himself and as master with the remanent kin and friends of umquhile Alexander MacCaye, John MacCaye, Donald MacCaye his son, Alexander Gald, and tenants and servants to the said Mr John of his town and lands of Kilchrist, and also at the instance of Sir

William Olephant of Newton Knight, our Advocate, for our interest, for not finding of sufficient caution and surety to our Justice Clerk and his Deputes, acted in our books of adjournal that he should compear before our Justice and his deputes, and underlie the laws for the treasonable and wilfull raising of fire, and cruelly and unmercifully murdering and slaying of the said umquhile Alexander MacCaye, umquhile Johne, and umquhile Donald MacCayis, and Alexander Gald, and tenants to the said Mr John Mackenzie, of the said town and lands of Gilchriste, burning and destroying of the number of twenty-seven dwelling-houses within the said town, with the barns, byres, and kilns belonging thereto, and burning and destroying of the said Mr John his haill librarie and books, together with twenty score bolls oats and eight score bolls bere, being in the said Mr Johne his barn and barnyard, and theftously stealing and away-taking of nine piece of horse with the said Mr Johne his own best horse, three score ten oxen and kye, and that in the month of September, the year of God 1603 years, the time of the feud then standing betwixt umquhile Kenneth Lord Kintaill and Donald Macangus of Glengarrie."

"This narration," says Sir William Fraser, "divests the raid of Cilliechriost of its traditionary horrors, and reduces it to the dimensions of an attack by a party of Macdonalds, under Allan dubh Macranald, upon the Archdean of Ross, who, being a Mackenzie of prominence, would be peculiarly obnoxious to the raiders. The resistance of the Archdean's tenants to the attack on their laird probably incited the Macdonalds to extend their destructive operations to their dwellings in addition to that of the Archdean, and in the strife several of the tenants were slain. It is impossible to suppose that had any terrible sacrilege and cruelty taken place such as tradition relates, it would have been omitted from the charge against the Laird of Lundie, especially when the Archdean himself was the author of the process."*

It is difficult to overtake and more difficult to kill a falsehood when it gets a day's start. How much more difficult when it gets a start of more than a century. It is for those who allege that the men of Glengarry committed the atrocity of burning a church full of people to prove their case. If they say it is proved by a tradition, I reply that there never was a vestige of tradition even to justify the horrible details piled up by the writer of the legend quoted by Mr Mackenzie in his "History of the Mackenzies." So far as these are concerned we are able to say that they

* Chiefs of Grant, Vol. I., pp. 221-2.

riginated in the fertile brain of the nineteenth century riter quoted—I must say improperly quoted—by Mr Mac-enzie. As to the bare tale that a church and congrega-ion were burnt at Kilchrist, of which there is a tradition, I ay that, in the face not merely of the absence of contemporary vidence to support it, but of the positive evidence afforded by ontemporary writers, one of whom, the writer of the "Ancient MS.," describes the whole raid, and, in spite of what would have eemed, had the story of the burning of the church occurred, the livine retribution which overtook many of the raiders at Torbreck n the same day, says nothing of a church being burnt, while he lescribes all else minutely—in the face of that evidence I say the tradition must yield. The proceedings taken nineteen years after by the Archdean of Ross, and the narrative given in them, dispel any remaining vestige of doubt.

It may be objected that the Archdean only pursued Allan of Lundie for the loss sustained by himself and his own tenants, and that mention of the burning of the church and congregation was not a matter on account of which he would personally prosecute. Perhaps so, but no one who reads the Privy Council Records of the period will maintain that even in a semi-private prosecution arising out of the raid, the fact that one man even had been burnt to death would have remained unmentioned if it were the fact. The meaning of the narrative in the letter of gift manifestly is that the men were killed in fight while resisting the raiders. What then becomes of the promenade of Glengarry's piper round the burning church improvising a new pibroch? Then, why should not the burning of the church be complained of, if it took place, as well as the twenty-seven houses? These houses no more belonged to the Archdean than the church, yet he mentions the fact that they and their barns, byres, and kilns were burnt, not because they belonged to him, but as part of the narrative he laid before the Crown describing the raid in order to obtain the con-currence of the Lord Advocate to the criminal prosecution. The narrative names four persons who were killed, and it indicates that here may have been a fifth. That is the death-roll of the raid. Had it been otherwise, the complaint would have mentioned the fact. An examination of the Privy Council Records of the time, when such complaints were common, will prove this. What then becomes of the church full of men, women, and children? There is some reason to believe, moreover, that the Archdean himself was at the time serving the cure of Cilliechriost—at all events, he had his residence there, and was certainly incumbent of the neigh-

bouring parish of Killearnan, and Cilliechriost was within the Diocese in which he was a high church dignitary. Is it probable that this gentleman would have made the burning of twenty-seven black houses matter of complaint to the Privy Council and not even refer to the fact that a church within his Diocese had been burnt at the same time with its whole congregation? The thing is incredible. In a letter I had a few days ago from Sir William Fraser, that learned writer says, "had such an outrage occurred, it could not fail to have been specially noticed in the proceedings against the raiders, and the absence of any such charge against them outweighs the tradition however precise. Many traditions as persistent and precise as this about the burning of the worshippers have been exploded."

The origin of the tradition is not far to seek. There is a much older tradition that in 1487, before the battle of Park, the Macdonalds burnt the church of the neighbouring parish of Contin, with a large number of Mackenzies who had fled to it for refuge in the belief that their enemies would respect their sanctuary. It is easy to understand how, in the course of years, the two stories got mixed, until now the earlier association of the burning of worshippers with the Contin church is forgotten, and the story transferred to Cilliechriost. It is not at all improbable, too, that Contin was the name mentioned in Dr Johnson's presence, although he rendered it Culloden, either through imperfect hearing or imperfect recollection.

The church burning part of the story disposed of, the remainder of the tradition is not of so much consequence, but it is instructive to know that the most ardent believers in the tradition say that there is no place on the Aultsigh where Allan's wonderful leap could have been made. True, they point to another place a few miles away, which might fit into the tradition. But the tradition that Aultsigh was the place is precise, and was as universally accepted as the burning of the church, until scrutinised. Again, the story of the leap into Loch Ness and the rescue by Fraser of Foyers is contradicted by local traditions in Glengarry and Glenmoriston.

In the former, the tradition is that the Laird of Lundie returned home immediately after the raid, and, in Glenmoriston, tradition points out the place half a mile below Torgoyle Bridge, where Allan and his people crossed the River Moriston on their return home from the raid. And this not only fits in with the other local traditions connected with the raid, but it accounts for

the carrying off of the Archdean of Ross's cattle—an impossible feat had the flight from Cilliechriost been so hurried and the subsequent rout of the raiders been so complete as the writer quoted by Mr Mackenzie would have us believe. The proceedings by the Archdean state that 70 cattle were taken from Cilliechriost, and the fact that the proceedings were taken 19 years afterwards shows that the raiders succeeded in carrying them away, and that any pursuit which may have taken place was unsuccessful. The raiders, therefore, would seem to have returned home somewhat leisurely, and the skirmish at Aultsigh was probably no more than a chance encounter between a rear-guard of the Macdonalds, under Allan himself, and a pursuing party of the Mackenzies, who came up too late to engage the main body of the Macdonalds. The writer of the ancient MS. says nothing of a leap into Loch Ness or a rescue by Fraser of Foyers, and the inference is fair that Allan returned to Glengarry. The fact that he had two hiding-places in his native glen goes to show that he was sought for by a force so strong that he could not hope to beat them in open fight. It is extremely improbable that against such a force the Laird of Foyers would have been able to defend him. It is much more probable that Allan reached his native glen and his island fastness immediately after the raid. He had not been long at Lundie when, according to local tradition, a strong body of Kintail Mackenzies surrounded the Loch and attempted to capture him in the night time. Allan was alone, and, but for his boldness would have been lost. He adopted tactics similar to those adopted by the blacksmith of Moy nearly a century and a half later, to deceive his foes. Pretending to have a large body of men at hand he called in a loud voice, "Our common enemy is here, surround them." Midnight courage is a rare thing, and the Kintail men fearing to meet a superior force of whose disposition they knew nothing, took to flight over the hill. Allan followed them, and by shooting an arrow at one of his fleeing foes when he got him between him and the sky-line, he succeeded in killing twenty-one of them before they reached the summit of the hill. This tradition can, of course, only be accepted with very considerable modification. It is, however, instructive as showing the two lines in which tradition has gone in dealing with Allan Macranald. In his own country he has been made a miracle of bravery and skill as a leader. In the country of his enemies the Mackenzies, he has been made a miracle of ferocity.

After this, Allan, it is said, felt that his island must be supplemented by a second retreat, and the cave was prepared. He

secured the services of a mason from the low country to make up his cave, and when the mason work was finished and the cave ready for occupation, Allan asked his assistant to go inside and see if all was right. This the mason did, and, as he came out, the hero of Cilliechriost struck off his head, so that no one but himself should know of the hiding place. On the moor overhead, at a spot a few hundred yards lower down the stream, a place is shown where a flat stone let into the ground is said to mark the mason's grave. So long as Allan of Lundie was believed guilty of burning women and children in the Church of Cilliechriost, this story might have been credible, but if the raid of Cilliechriost was what I take it to have been, a successful foray by a handful of Glengarry men led by Allan of Lundie, a brave and skilful captain, into the heart of the territory of a foe much more numerous than themselves, if the story of the flight of the Kintail men from Loch Lundie is even partially true, then the story of the dastardly treachery to the mason is incredible. The fearless leader of the men of Glengarry could not have done it.

We were able to examine all the islands on Loch Lundie through the kindness of Mr Malcolm, Invergarry, who placed a guide and a boat at our disposal. One at least of the islands on the Loch is artificial, and another, a larger island, is joined by an artificial causeway to the mainland.

GLENMORISTON AND ITS TRADITIONS.

Leaving Loch Lundie and its islands, we proceeded a short distance along the road, and then starting off to the right, began to climb the ridge separating Glengarry from Glenmoriston. A somewhat rough ride of six or seven miles over peat hags and rocks brought us to the summit of the ridge. In a moment Glenmoriston from Ceanacroc to Dundreggan broke upon our sight, affording in its beautiful and cultured loveliness, such a contrast to the bleak and dreary scenes through which we had been riding for hours that it looked like a bit of fairyland suddenly disclosed to us. But we soon had our attention called to objects of interest nearer at hand. All around us were rude cairns of stones, none of them large, but all built with some degree of care of the stones found in the vicinity. There is no name nor inscription outside, and no burial inside, but yet each cairn is the record of a burial—a pathetic record of man's longing to have his bones laid with the dust of his kindred. After

the Glengarry emigrations of the latter part of the last century and the beginning of the present, that glen was to some extent re-peopled from Glenmoriston. But the hearts of the migrated people remained in their native glen, and their last wish was that their dust should be carried back over the hill, and laid in the old churchyard of Glenmoriston—how old no one knows—where their ancestors had been buried for generations. And as one after the other the emigrants—emigrants from home, although only to a neighbouring glen—died, their surviving kin and neighbours carried the rude coffin over the bleak moor, mile after mile toilsomely, and sadly and silently enough, until they reached this spot, where the glen they still called home lay like a lovely picture below them. Behind lay the land of their adoption, bleak, barren, brown, and cold—colder still as the land of the stranger. In front, below the softly wooded slopes, ran smoothly along its pearl-besprinkled bed the lovely Moriston, with the narrow haughlands on either bank, clothed in mixed green and gold of the ripening grain. What wonder then that the spot where, after perhaps years of absence, the old home came once more in sight—in sight to all on that hill-top but the forever closed eyes of their silent burden—the Highlander should instinctively build a cairn as his far-away ancestors did where a warrior died. And such is the history of the Ceann-a-Mhaim cairns.

A short way down the slope on the Glenmoriston side a series of gravelly ridges runs along the flank of the hill. They form a noticeable feature in the landscape, and local tradition connects them with an invasion of the glen by the men of Skye somewhere in the fifteenth century. Whether such an invasion ever took place or not the ridges are much older than that, for our geologist (the Senior Bailie) had no difficulty in pronouncing them the lateral moraines of a glacier which filled Glenmpriston a long time before Skyemen began to invade the mainland.

Remounting our ponies after examining the moraines, a short steep ride brought us to a portion of General Wade's road from Fort-Augustus, following which we came to the new road through Glenmoriston, and then, crossing the river by the ford at Achlain, we visited the old churchyard of Glenmoriston—one of the oldest in the country—in the centre of which lie the bones of the ancestors of our host, whose family, Mac-Ian-Chaoil, was one of four septs of Macdonalds, who were powerful in Glenmoriston until the downfall of the Lordship of the Isles. Notwithstanding the transfer of the patrimony of their Chief and Clan to the Grants, these Macdonalds stuck to their glen, and they remain

there honoured and honourable to this day. In or near the churchyard there was at one time a Roman Catholic Chapel, the only vestige of which now is a stone rudely hollowed into the form of a basin, which was at one time probably used as a Holy Water Font at the Chapel door.

Leaving the churchyard, a few minutes brought us to the schoolhouse, where Mrs Macpherson (the niece of our host) had for hours had waiting for us a table loaded with good things, after partaking of which we were fain to seek our pillows, but there was so much to comment and speculate on that, notwithstanding four A.M. was fixed for turning out, it was a good hour past midnight before we separated.

Breakfast between four and five in the morning is not usually a hearty meal, but knowing, though only by report, something of what was before us, we made it as hearty as we could. Starting by 5.30 from Glenmoriston Schoolhouse, a run of a mile along the left bank of the Moriston brought us to Torgoyle Bridge, and the main road through Glenmoriston. As we drove along, our host, afire with the love and pride of his native glen, had story or legend for every mile of the way. Here, on the left, was the road by which that ill-mannered, though inspired, giant, Dr Samuel Johnson, rode from Fort-Augustus to Skye. Yonder sheep-fank at the roadside, on your right, is all that remains of Aonach Inn, where Johnson and Boswell passed the night, and where Johnson, desiring to do a politeness to the Innkeeper's daughter, whom he found, apparently to his surprise, to be a young lady of some education, presented her with a book he had purchased in Inverness—a copy of Cocker's Arithmetic! That green spot on the other side of the river is Ballindrom, where our host's great-grandfather lived in 1746, and there, two hundred yards nearer the river, is where a detachment of the Royal Army encamped while the turbulent Highlanders were being quelled, and their Prince hunted for after Culloden. While the troops were so encamped above, a son was born to the man below. But the Glenmoriston men were known to have been in sympathy with the Stuart cause, and to have been on their way to join the Prince on the day of Culloden, and to have turned back only on meeting the fugitives from that fatal field. From the time therefore that the King's troops pitched their camp in the Glen until they left it, the people were murdered and robbed at the sweet will of the Duke of Cumberland's gentlemen. In the hope that in their absence their wives and families would be safe from insult, many of the men of Glenmoriston left their homes for a time, and took up their abode in the recesses of

the mountains around them. Among the number who did this was the great-grandfather of our host, the father of the boy born in the house near the camp. The father was thus absent when his son was born, and he did not return until the Royal troops had left Glenmoriston. On his return his child was baptised, and named Charles, after the unfortunate Prince whose cause the tender mercies of the Duke of Cumberland were sufficient to make popular if it had not been so already—the Prince who was himself in hiding in Glenmoriston, and in the safe keeping of its men at the time the boy was born. That boy was the grandfather of our host, and Mr Charles Macdonald, his grandson, our host's eldest brother, was named after him.

Further up the Glen on the left is the monolith in memory of Roderick Mackenzie, who, taking advantage of his likeness to the Prince, spent his last breath in the effort to save him; and a few steps further on, in a hollow on the opposite side of the road, is the brave fellow's grave. A jeweller's son he was, from Edinburgh. In personal appearance he resembled the Prince, in whose body-guard he had served. He was hiding in Glenmoriston after Culloden, when the pursuit for the Prince was at its hottest. He was seen by a party of troops, pursued, wounded, and overtaken. As they poured the contents of their muskets into his body, and his life blood ebbed away, his only thought was for his Prince, and as he died he cried to his murderers, "Villains, you have killed your Prince." They believed him, and his head was cut off and sent to Edinburgh. His devotion resulted in the slackening of the pursuit at a critical time, and probably in the ultimate escape of the Prince. Mr Chambers, in his History of the Rebellion, affects to doubt the story. If tradition counts for anything it is nevertheless true. The grave is undoubtedly there, and Glenmoriston has testified to her belief in the heroism and devotion of the stranger whose blood dyed her sod by erecting a monument to his memory.

THE BATTLE OF THE BRAES OF GLENMORISTON.

Further on to the right is Ceanacroc, where the river Doe, which comes tumbling noisily down Glen Fada, joins its waters to the peacefully flowing Moriston. Further on, on the right, is seen a piece of rising ground, on which, tradition says, a battle took place between a party of Gordons under the Marquis of Huntly, and the Camerons led by Lochiel. After a fierce fight the Gordons were defeated, and the Marquis wounded and a

prisoner. At this point, says the tradition, the Mac-Ian-Chaoil sallied forth at the head of his men, attacked the Camerons, and rescued their prisoner. The Camerons managed, however, in retreating, to carry off seven of the Gordons whom they had taken, but, finding their prisoners an incumbrance they struck off their heads at Cnocknaceann, a name which survives to testify to the tragedy. Not content, says tradition, with merely rescuing the Marquis, the Mac-Ian-Chaoil nursed him until he had recovered from his wound, and then had him sent safely home. The tradition goes on to narrate that some time afterwards Macdonald being in Strathbogie went to Gordon Castle and asked for the Marquis. For a long time he was denied access by the retainers, to whom he was unknown, but his persistency in the end led to the Marquis being told of the rough-looking Highlander who stood at the door of Gordon Castle demanding access to its master. When the Marquis knew who his visitor was, he not only welcomed him as an honoured guest and as one to whom he owed his life, but he caused a lintel to be put over the chief entrance to Gordon Castle, bearing this Gaelic inscription, "Cha bhi Mac Iain Chaoil a mach agus Gordonach a stigh"—that a Mac Ian Chaoil shall not be without and a Gordon within. So says tradition, and looking to the gigantic proportions of the representatives of Mac-Ian-Chaoil in the present day, we could well believe that the accession of even a very few of such men to one side would turn defeat into victory. As to the rest of the story is there not the battlefield and Cnocknaceann and Gordon Castle all to prove the truth of it!

I am indebted to Mr William Mackay, the author of a forthcoming History of the Glen and of the parish of which it forms part, for information which led me to what is probably the historical foundation of the tradition. Students of Scots History in the 17th century know that when Montrose was maintaining his heroic struggle on behalf of Charles I. in Scotland, in 1645 and the early part of 1646, until in compliance with the twice-repeated command of the King he disbanded his army, there was none who gave him such doubtful and half-hearted support as the Marquis of Huntly. The cause of Huntly's lukewarmness would not perhaps be far to seek. Montrose disbanded his forces in July 1646 and sailed for Norway on 3rd September following. In December Huntly obtained a commission from the King, who was with the Scots army in England virtually a prisoner, commissioning him to levy forces in the North. In January 1647 the Scots army committed the infamy of giving up the King to the

English, and Leslie marched northward to suppress the rising headed by Huntly. Then was seen Huntly's incapacity to fill the place of Montrose, a leader whose greatness he was too small a man to see—a leader too with whom had he loyally co-operated, the history of our country might have been changed. Huntly retreated before Leslie through Badenoch into Lochaber, where he disbanded his men, retaining only a small party as a body-guard for himself and his son. With these he continued his flight through the Caledonian Valley. "In Glenmoriston," says Mr Mackay, "he was overtaken by General Middleton whom Leslie sent in pursuit, and a conflict followed in which his party was defeated and several of his men slain. He himself escaped for the time, but in November following he was taken prisoner in Strathdon." It appears from the editor's introduction to the Memoirs of Sir Ewen Cameron that some of the Clan Cameron assisted General Middleton when he defeated Huntly at the Braes of Glenmoriston in 1647 — a fact which no doubt gave rise to the tradition that the conflict was between the Camerons and the Gordons. History does not say how the Marquis escaped from the field, or where to, but there is no reason to doubt the tradition that he obtained assistance and shelter in the immediate neighbourhood and from Mac-Ian-Chaoil. As to the rest of the tradition I fear it must be given up. Huntly was a fugitive with a price on his head from the time the conflict in Glenmoriston took place until his capture in November following, and from the time of his capture he remained a close prisoner in Edinburgh, until in March 1649, he was led forth to execution. There was no Marquis of Huntly in Gordon Castle until after the Restoration in 1660, and the Marquis then was the second in succession after the Marquis who was wounded in Glenmoriston. The tradition furnishes another instance of how unreliable mere tradition is as a basis for historical narrative. The story probably had its origin in a much earlier tradition of the Earl of Mar, who, as he fled wounded from the battle of Invercby in 1431, was kindly treated by a man O'Birrin, who afterards went to Kildrummie Castle, and, after experiencing difficulty getting access to the Earl, at last saw him, and was sent home in in the possession of sixty cows.

THE BATTLE OF GLENSHIEL.

But while the story of the battle of the Braes of Glenmoriston elling, we are passing historic ground on the other side. on the left, on the face of the almost precipitous cliffs

bounding the glen on the south, runs a narrow ledge rising gradually towards the summit at the west. This is known as the Spanish road. The name carries us back to that little known episode in the Jacobite Rebellions, the battle of Glenshiel, which took place on 10th June, 1719. After the failure of the rising under the Earl of Mar in 1715, the Jacobites received offers of assistance from Spain, and an imposing expedition was fitted out to effect a landing in the south of England, while at the same time a number of Spanish troops was to be landed in the Highlands to create a diversion. The Mackenzies and other clans loyal to the exiled royal family were expected to rally round the Spanish force, with whom were the Earl of Seaforth, the Marquis of Tullibardine, and Lord George Murray. The fleet destined to land the invaders in the south was dispersed by a storm and accomplished nothing, while the expedition to the north was, as soon as it had landed, distracted by dissensions among its chiefs. After spending a short time in Stornoway, the ships sailed towards the west coast of the mainland, and the Spaniards were landed at Eilean Donan Castle, which they proceeded to put into a defensive state. The Government was, however, on the outlook for the invaders, and in a few days two or three warships sailed up Loch Duich, and battered the walls of Eilean Donan Castle, which were never meant to resist artillery, until they began to tumble about the ears of the garrison. Leaving Eilean Donan therefore, the Spaniards, along with the Mackenzies, Macraes, Maclennans, and Macgregors—the latter under Rob Roy—marched to Glenshiel, where they were attacked and defeated by General Wightman, who had marched from Inverness to meet them. During the battle, the Spaniards, whose conduct was not heroic, retired to the heights of Sgurr Ouran, where next morning they laid down their arms, and 274 of them were conveyed to Edinburgh as prisoners. History does not say by what route they were conveyed, but it is impossible to believe that General Wightman, whose force included four companies of dragoons and some light mortars, and who had come from Inverness to Glenshiel by way of Strathglass and Glen Affric, would have attempted to return by a road impassable for cavalry, or would have divided his force by sending his prisoners under an escort by a different route from that taken by the main body. The "Spanish Road" did not therefore get its name from Wightman taking his prisoners along it, and there is no local explanation, so far as I know, of the origin of the name; but as the number of Spaniards who surrendered is less than the lowest estimate of the number who landed, and they do not seem to have

suffered much, if any, loss in Wightman's attack, it seems probable that between the time the Spaniards retired to the heights of Sgurr Ouran, on 10th June, and the time the main body of them laid down their arms next day, some of them may have broken away from the main body, and, joining the Highlanders who dispersed that night, have found their way over the watershed by the impassable-looking path in the steep rock face over Loch Clunie which has since borne their name.

SGURR NAN CONBHAIREAN.

We were now driving along the shores of Loch Clunie, which lay unruffled by so much as a ripple at the foot of the hills, whose summits pierced the clouds, levying from them in tribute the waters which filled the lake below. A mile or two on we left our conveyances and mounted the saddle, for we were now under *Sgurr nan Conbhairean*, the highest mountain in Glenmoriston, rising as it does 3634 feet above the level of the sea. Leaving our ponies after mounting some 2000 feet, we made the rest of our way on foot. Gradually the vegetation became scantier, more stinted and more Alpine in character, and at one point, where the biting wind blows with terrible force from the corries beyond, the vegetable world is represented by a solitary lichen. On we press upwards, now with a comparatively clear sky overhead, now through driving mist that envelopes us and the whole mountain top in impenetrable gloom. On we go through it all, trusting to Providence and our own good fortune that our journey will not be lost. And we are not disappointed. As we near the summit a wonderful panorama opens out before us. There in front rises Mam Soul, topping the mountains of Strathglass and Glen Affric. Away to the east and lying far below us is the summit of Mealfourvonie, while further on the summits of the Monadhliadh range loom through the haze. Far to the south-west we can just make out the summit of Ben Nevis as the mist rises for a minute or two at a time. To the west rise the sharp peaks of the Cuchullin Hills in Skye, and as we look round towards the North West we see far away the wonderful hills of Torridon, while nearer at hand Cralich, Sgurr Ouran, and Ben Attow rear their lofty heads to the sky. All round is a forest of hill-tops. We stand on the top of a high mountain in a mountainous country, and the whole wonderful picture lies at our feet. We are not on the highest mountain in Scotland but there is no Scottish mountain from whose summit a more wonderful panorama can be seen. Standing in the middle of the country, at the dividing of the waters and

in the midst of mountains, it commands a view of mountain, loch, and valley, which probably no other mountain can surpass. After indulging in a leaping competition, in which the Senior Bailie succeeded in distancing all competitors not merely among his city-bred companions, but among the gamekeepers and ghillies of the party—and building a cairn on the mountain top to commemorate the visit of the elite of the magistracy of the Capital of the Highlands to the summit, and having an inscription cut into the hard whinstone by the versatile Senior Bailie, we move on indulging by the way in the luxury of a snow-ball fight in July, and then we stand on the shoulder of the ridge dividing Corriegoe from Glen Affric. Here the scenery is grand beyond description. On the left we look sheer down into Glen Affric, at the bottom of which the river Grivie is seen running like a silver streak for miles to fall into Loch Affric and ultimately into the Moray Firth, while on the opposite side of Glen Affric the red-scarred slope of the mountain rises without a break from the bottom of the valley for a thousand feet. On the right, more than a thousand feet below, lies Corriegoe, bounded by mountains, which, on two of their three faces, are sheer precipices. Beyond lies Glen Fada, with the river Doe running down its centre to join the Moriston at Ceanacroc. In front, too, rising out of Glen Fada, are those weird-looking red hills, the Ram and the Aonach Sasunn, forming of themselves features in the landscape which do not allow it to be easily forgotten.

PRINCE CHARLES AND THE SEVEN MEN OF GLENMORISTON.

Now begins the descent into Corrigoe, lying a thousand feet below us. The mountain slopes steeply down on this side, presenting a smooth-looking grassy surface, down which we make our way by a series of what would be less fittingly described as steps than short leaps. Arrived at the foot, a few yards walk brought us to the heap of tumbled rock forming the cave in which for a short time Prince Charles lay in hiding in July, 1746. At the foot of a perpendicular cliff lies this mass of rock, which ages ago separated itself from the cliff above, and, falling down, broke into huge fragments, which lying together form the rude walls and umbrella-like roof of a rough shelter — a shelter often welcome enough in this storm-swept Corrie, which, even now, is many miles from a human habitation. To this shelter there resorted in 1746, after Culloden, and while Glenmoriston and the whole country round was occupied by Hanoverian troops, Patrick Grant, a farmer known as Black Peter

of Craskie, John Macdonell, Alexander Macdonell, Alexander, Donald, and Hugh Chisholm, brothers, and Grigor Macgregor, men honourably known in history as the "seven men of Glenmoriston." They had seen their homes burned, their friends murdered, and their property carried away, and they retired here to wait till the evil days had passed, and to lie in wait for their enemies, to whom they more than once dealt a blow. To these men came, on 28th July, 1746, their Prince in pitiable plight. He had just passed through a cordon of troops, drawn round the district where he was known to be after his return to the mainland from his wanderings in the Islands. He was weary with travel and exposure, and had not tasted food for forty-eight hours. His clothes, insufficient at their best to protect him from the rigours of the climate to which he was now exposed at all hours, were in rags. It was now three months after Culloden, and all that time Charles had been a fugitive with a price on his head. Constantly in the power of a people steeped in poverty, he never appears to have feared that the price of blood would tempt them to betray him, and, to the eternal honour of the Highland people, be it said, that they not only justified his confidence, but braved, nay courted, death, so as they might save this man, for whose betrayal a fortune was offered. Three months of wandering, and of almost incredible escapes, and Charles found himself near the hiding place of the Glenmoriston men. The story of their fidelity is told in history, and need not be here repeated. They took an oath that their backs "should be to God and their faces to the devil, that all the curses the Scriptures did pronounce might come upon them and all their posterity, if they did not stand firm to the Prince in the greatest dangers, and if they should discover to any person, man, woman, or child, that the Prince was in their keeping, till once his person should be out of danger." Charles said they were his first Privy Council since Culloden, and well they deserved the name, for so faithfully did they keep their oath that not one of them disclosed the fact that he had been with them till a year after he had sailed to France. For three days the cave in Corrigoe was the home of the Prince, and there, while his faithful friends mounted watch at their sentry posts at the head and foot of the Glen, and sent out foraging parties to fetch provisions, he obtained much-needed rest. After leaving Corriegoe, the Gleamoriston men formed the Prince's bodyguard until they had conducted him safely through the lines of his enemies, and handed him over on 21st August, near Loch Arkaig, to Macdonell of Loch Garry and Cameron of Clunes, faithful friends, who provided for his future safety

Leaving Corriegoe, a rough walk of several miles along the side of the hills on the right flank of Glen Fada, brought us to our ponies, which had been taken round some thirteen miles to meet us, and a ride of six or seven miles, followed by a drive of about the same distance, brought us late at night to the hospitable roof of Mr Macpherson, where a substantial, though very late, dinner and a sound sleep awaited us.

Our raid wound up with a peaceful day's fishing in Loch Clunie, and next morning a drive down the beautiful Glen, by Torgoyle, Dundreggan, and Invermoriston, to Loch-Ness, where we again joined the "Gondolier" for home.

An interesting discussion followed, in the course of which Mr Colin Chisholm said, with reference to the Pibroch of Cillechriost:—The tradition he had heard from his boyhood—between sixty and seventy years ago—was that the party of Macdonalds crossed the river at Beauly, and it was when they looked behind, and saw their work of destruction going on, that the piper struck up the pibroch. They were glad to keep quiet till they got out of the clutches of the Mackenzies, and it was when they were opposite Beauly, at "Bruthach-a-Phuirt" on the other side of the river, that the pibroch was played for the first time. When the piper saw what was going on, he made the pipes speak for him, and this is what they said:—

Chì mi thall-ud,
  An smùd mór;
Chì mi thall-ud,
  An smùd mor;
Chì mi thall-ud,
  An smùd mór;
'S Cill-a-Chriosda
  Na lasair mhóir.

Smùd a muigh
Smùd a stigh
Smùd a muigh
Smùd a stigh
Smùd a muigh
Smùd a stigh
Smùd mo dhunach
  An smùd mór
Smùd mor feadh a' bhaìle
Smùd mor feadh a' bhaìle
Smùd mor feadh a' bhaìle
  Cill-a-chrosda na teine.

5th DECEMBER, 1888.

At the meeting held this evening, the following gentlemen were elected members of the Society :—Honorary members—Lieut. Colonel Gostwyck Gard, late 93rd Highlanders, Cul-an-eilan, Inverness ; Sir Charles Cameron, President of the College of Surgeons, Dublin ; and Mr Allan Cameron, 22 Elmwood Avenue, Belfast. Ordinary members—Mr J. M. Grant of Glenmoriston; Mr J. Henderson, factor for Rosehaugh, Fortrose ; Rev. John A. Campbell, Kilmore, Glen-Urquhart ; Mr F. A. Black, solicitor, Inverness ; Mr G. G. Macleod, teacher, Gledfield Public School, Ardgay ; and Rev. Geo. Sutherland, Beauly. Mr Alex. M'Bain, M.A., read a paper contributed by the Rev. Adam Gunn, Durness, on the "Dialects of Sutherland." Mr Gunn's paper was as follows :—

THE DIALECT OF THE REAY COUNTRY.

The County of Sutherland is, in many respects, a suitable field for the study of dialect. Partly owing to its remoteness, and partly to the sterility of its soil, it would be difficult to find in any part of Scotland a district so little disturbed by external influences as the north-west of this county. This very district, too, furnishes the student with a bard of no mean order, in whose songs he may find specimens of the dialect of the people as it existed above a hundred years ago. Unfortunately, however, for philological purposes, a desire to conform to a southern dialect—whose sole claim to form a standard consists in a mere priority in print—led the editor of Rob Donn to tamper unnecessarily with his diction. The dialect, or, as some would put it, the provincialism of Rob Donn, was far too decided for this accommodating process ; and the result was a well-grounded complaint on the part of those whose interests the editor studied—that the compositions of the Sutherland bard are, like Hamlet's reason, "out of tune and harsh." On first hearing the accusation, I was not a little surprised, for I had heard his songs sung without ever being arrested by their metrical blemishes. A glance at the Rob Donn of Dr Mackintosh Mackay—the only source to which critics had access—soon convinced me that the complaint was not without good foundation. I open at random the last edition of his poems, published by Maclachlan & Stewart ; there, on page 29, the first two lines of the elegy on the Rev. Murdo Macdonald furnish an example :—

"Se do bhàs, Mhaighstir *Murchadh*,
Rinn na h-àitean so *dhorchadh*."

To a reader unacquainted with the dialect, the words in italics will not rhyme; but the fault lies with the editor, for in the Reay country, *Murchadh* is pronounced *Morchadh*. Again, on the opposite page, we find the following:—

"'S ann o mheadhon an *fhoghair*,
Fhuair sinn *rabhadh* a dh' fhòghnadh."

Here *foghair* rhymes with *rabhadh*, and the rhyme is unimpeachable; only to make this apparent it should be written as it was composed—

"'S ann o mheadhon an *fhaghair*,
Fhuair sinn *raghaidh* a dh' fhoghnadh."

We need not enumerate instances; on every page the efforts of the editor to make our bard speak grammatically, and to conform his vocables to what he calls "the allowed standard of Gaelic orthography," are only too apparent. He has succeeded in this way in making his poems more intelligible to general readers; but he secured this greater intelligibility at a high price. In one respect, it was fortunate that the labours of Rob Donn fell into the hands of so able and accomplished a countryman; in another respect, this very accomplishment produced two evil results; it deprived these poems of a great deal of rhythmical beauty, and, what is more to be regretted for philological purposes, the *vocalismus* of the dialect has not been preserved. Without an acquaintance with the latter, little progress can be made in the study of dialect, and so in the work before us we expect little help from the pages of Rob Donn.

There are two main dialects of Scottish Gaelic—a northern and a southern. That which we propose to examine belongs, of course, to the former. It so happens, however, that in the case of the test-sound, the Reay country proves an exception. The *experimentum crucis* between north and south is this—a greater tendency to dipthongise the long *e* sound into *ia* on the part of the former. Thus, southern *beul* becomes northern *bial*. Curiously enough, we have little partiality for this sound. We subjoin a list of words which shows how widely we have diverged, not only from the northern dialects as a whole, but also from that of Assynt and the southern districts of the county. The only explanation that needs be made is that the small vowel inserted after the initial consonant in the third column is placed there to preserve the sound of the consonant preceeding:—

South.	*North.*	*Reay Country.*
beul	bial	beàl
sgeul	sgial	sgeàl
neul	nial	neàl
etc.	etc.	etc.

In the great majority of cases we approximate the southern dialect. We place above the following list, English words to denote the precise sound of the vowel :—

South.	*North.*	*Reay Country.*
fate	—	cain
breug	briag	breug
feur	fiar	feur
meud	miad	meud
etc.	etc.	etc.

The difference between the first and last column is so slight that it cannot be marked by a change of orthography; still, it is palpable to the ear, and may be said to consist in this—a tendency in the latter to approach the deeper *a* sound heard in *cain*. In the following words, the Reay country coincides with the southern dialect :—dean, geug, meadhon, feuch, sgleut, reub, beuc. Only in two or three instances do we coincide with the northern dialect as *diag*, *ciad* ('teen, 100).

On the whole, then, we arrive at this conclusion, that the Reay country dialect, so far as the test-sound is concerned, should be ranked with the southern dialect; and, whenever it shows a tendency to break away from the latter, it is always in the direction of the broad *a* sound. We have hardly a trace of the main characteristic of northern dialects—the dipthongisation of long *e* into *ia*—which Professor Rhys notices as the peculiarity of the northern, and which he ascribes to the possession of a more musical ear. That which marks us off from all others is unquestionably our partiality for the broad *a* sound. Not only have we turned *e* long into *a* broad, but in numberless cases we have changed southern *o* into *a*. Of course, one requires to exercise some caution here ; for many words appear in literature with an *o* which are never so pronounced by the people. *Focal* and *cos* are examples; written with an *o* in deference to Irish orthography, but pronounced by the people, north and south, as *facal cas*. Scottish Gaelic as a whole differs from the Irish in its substitution of *a* for *o* ; and if this tendency has been carried anywhere into excess it is in the Reay Country. Here are a few examples :—

South.	*Reay Country.*	
[illegible]	[illegible]	foot-print
[illegible]	[illegible]	hide
[illegible]	[illegible]	storm
[illegible]	[illegible]	on me
[illegible]	[illegible]	light
[illegible]	[illegible]	door
[illegible]	[illegible]	boil
[illegible]	[illegible]	mischief
[illegible]	[illegible]	inasmuch as
etc.	etc.	etc.

There are some half-a-dozen instances in which, with all our predilection for the ah-sound, we have refused the southern *a* :—

South.	*Reay Country.*	
falt	folt	hair
bainne	boinne	milk
trasgadh	troegadh	fasting
gabh	gobh	take
etc.	etc.	etc.

Such instances of perverseness are, however, rare.

The u-sound.—The next favourite vowel-sound in the Reay Country is *u*. It is in great requisition, and does duty for various vowels and dipthongs. Thus, *u* for *o*—Dol = dul, obair = ubair, domhail = dumhail, drola = drula, tobar = tubar, tombaca = tumbaca. *U* for *adh*—In all participles, bualadh becomes bual-u.

This is the shibboleth of Sutherlandshire :—

"*U* for *amh*—deanamh = dean-u.
" " *ibh*—fhearaibh = fhear-u."

With all our partiality for this sound we pronounce the demonstrative *sud* as *sid*.

Hitherto we have spoken as if there were only one dialect throughout the Reay Country ; in point of fact, however, one could easily form as many sub-dialects as there are townships. No doubt this arose from want of intercourse ; but now, with better roads, and means of transit, the reverse process is setting in. Still there is scarcely a village on the north coast which has not its own peculiarity in tone or diction. Portskerra is distant only three miles from Strathy ; yet the difference of accent is so marked that a total stranger can at once perceive it. The peculiarity of the inhabitants of the former township is a hiatus in the middle of every syllable—thus rendering a monosyllabic sound

impossible. Besides, they have a shibboleth which is interesting in its way, and which they seldom or never get rid of. The demonstrative particle *sin, that,* is pronounced elsewhere in the Reay Country as *shin,* and rightly so; but the people of Portskerra make it *sin,* without aspirating the s. The natives of Knapdale and Strathbran have the same peculiarity. Had they carried this peculiarity so far as to embrace *so* and *sud* there would have been some grounds for the orthographical variety represented by these particles. The reason why they have developed so singular a dialect is probably due to the fact that they are a fishing community, and intermarry to such an extent as to occasion a saying very common in the country—"Inghean an tighe ud h-urad, posda ri gille an tighe ud stan."

Proceeding westward along the north coast we find each village with its own shibboleth. Naver is characterised with the diphthongal sound *oi*—making the long *o* sound in coit (coracle), poit (pot) a very decided *oi* sound. In Melness, again, the partiality for the broad *ah* sound so characteristic of the whole Reay Country is carried to its utmost limit. Such words as *sin* (that) and *teine* (fire) are pronounced *shan t-chan.* Coming to Durness we find a new characteristic—that of eclipsis—making its appearance. *Air an leathad* becomes *air a' leathad.* It is only when we reach Assynt that eclipsis proper is heard. Here *mullach nam beann* is *mullach na meann*; *an duine, an nuine*—pretty much as in Lewis. But the mention of such peculiarities would be an endless, as it would be a profitless task. Strathy and Strathy Head are separated only by a small stream; yet the former makes *mi-fhein* mi-hian, and the latter mi-hain (cain). Indeed, this word is pronounced four ways within the county; and if we embrace the whole Highlands we shall find the following variations—*mi-heun* (literary), *mi-heen, mi-hae, mi-hian, mi-hain, mi-hi.* The same liberty has not been taken with the second personal pronoun; it stands firmly *thu-fhein* north and south. *Sibh-fein* is pronounced in the Reay Country as *shu-peun*—the latter limb being of respectable antiquity, being the form used in Macrae's MSS. (1688) in the religious poems of Mr Alex. Munro, catechist, Strathnaver.

The word *ceudna* (same) presents a difficulty which is overcome differently by the north and south. The latter generally leaves the *d* altogether out of account; we transpose the letters, and make it *ciand.* Now, reasoning inductively, one seems warranted in coming to the conclusion that *chiand* must eventually become *chiann* (as *and* became *ann*); yet the word appears as *chijnd* in Macrae's MS., showing that it was pronounced precisely as to-day over two hundred years ago.

With regard to this transposition of letters, it is a distinctive feature of our dialect. *Lomradh* becomes *lormadh*, *iomraich iormaich*. The combinations in which the transposition takes place are *mr*, *nr*, *nd*, *lr*, *ld*; assimilation is also very common; *beurla* becomes *beula*, *Tearlach Tealach* (Charles), or, as it is generally pronounced by us, *Shālus*. It may help to bring out the distinguishing features of Reay Country pronunciation, if we go over the several consonants in order, referring, of course, only to those that call for comment.

c

With us it has none of the guttural sound heard in the southern *Mac sac* (machd sachd). We make it a *k*, pure and simple, and in this respect agree with the natives of Arran.

d

This letter, before or after a small vowel, has the soft pronunciation *j*. Thus, Latin *modi* would, in a Celtic mouth, become *moji*. When the final syllable dropped off, the effect of its presence, once upon a time, was felt in the soft *d* sound; and to make this apparent to the eye it is spelled *moid*. Now, in the Reay country this soft sound is, in the great majority of cases, discarded. *Cuide ri* is pronounced in the south as *cujeri*; by us, in spite of the small vowel, it is pronounced *cootheri*. In the same way the interrogative particle *de* is pronounced by us *hard*; and in this respect we happen to be correct, for *de* is a contraction for *ciod e*, where the *d*, flanked by a broad vowel, has the broad sound. This antipathy to the soft sound of *d* plays havoc among the remnant of our case endings; we make no distinction between the sound of *d* in the nom. bard, and its gen. baird.

f

In Gaelic philology this letter occasions considerable difficulty, because when aspirated it disappears altogether. But that which calls for mention here is the exceedingly large number of words which has taken on permanently the prosthetic *f* in our dialect:—

South.	*Reay Country.*	
eagal	feagal	fear
acain	facain	complain
rabhadh	fraghaidh	warning
aithn	faithn	command
easgann	feasgann	eel
an eol duit	am feol duit	do you know?
oit	foit	
etc.	etc.	etc.

Again, in another list of cases, we have refused an *f* where the southern dialects have it.

Reay Country.	*South.*	
aradh	faradh	ladder
abhrad	fabhrad	eye-brow
eadhainn	feadhainn	some
etc.	etc.	etc.

The reason of so much confusion in our dialects regarding this letter is obvious; in the oblique cases, the *f* of the nominative disappears; and in this way was in many cases discarded altogether in the nominative. By a mistaken analogy, it was placed at the beginning of some words where it had no right to be put.

l

When this letter is preceded or followed by a small vowel, we can distinguish without difficulty the aspirated and non-aspirated sound; *a leine*, his shirt, is distinct from *a leine*, her shirt. But when it happens to be a broad vowel, there is no appreciable difference; *a laimh*, his hand, is pronounced exactly *a laimh*, her hand.

When this letter is preceded by *r* assimilation takes place—Beurla becomes Beula; forladh, folladh, etc.

m

In the single mute north and south agree; but, when aspirated, we vocalise it, while the south makes it equivalent to a *v*. Thus:—

	Reay Country.	*Southern,*
amhainn	*a-u-inn*	avinn
samhuinn	sauinn	savinn
amhairc	auirc, also auric	avirc
etc.	etc.	etc.

n

Both north and south make this letter equivalent to *r* after *c*. *Cnoc cnamh* becomes *croc cramh*. We make it *r* in several other cases—*ainm* = *airm*, and *eanraich* (soup) *earraich* by assimilation

We make no distinction between the aspirated and non-aspirated sound of this letter. There is, however, a distinct peculiarity in the slender and liquid sound we give it in *duine* (like the *n* of English new), as opposed to the southern *doona*.

r

We can distinguish between the aspirated and non-aspirated sounds. *A rian fhein (his own method)* is quite distinct from a

rian fhein (her own method) in pronunciation. This is true also when *v* is succeeded by a broad vowel.

Passing from consonantal sounds to grammatical forms, we come to the point where the study of dialect becomes most interesting :—*ibh* of the dat. plural—It is still heard, but attenuated into *u*. Acc. plural—*u* is also the form for this case. Gen. plural —A separate form for this case is fast disappearing. "Tha e tional na caoraich" is quite as common as "Tha e tional nan caorach." Gen. sing.—We use this case sparingly, except in the case of irregular nouns. In pronunciation we do not distinguish between bard and baird, unless we speak with studied precision. *Bardi* was the prehistoric form of baird; perhaps a trace of the old genitive form is heard in "culraonidh" (goalkeeper), which exists side by side with the regular genitive "raoin"—to which it gave rise.

The impersonal form of the verb (cognate with Latin videtur) is seen in such expressions, "Bhathar a togail an tighe," which are common.

Guttural stems are still preserved—*nathair*, gen *nathrach; mathair* gives gen. *mathar*, and also a guttural genitive in the phrase *mac-mathrach* (mother's son). Compare *mater*, *matrix*, *matric-is*.

No less important than the above is the light cast by a careful study of dialect upon obsolete expressions. In the list of adverbs given in "Stewart's Grammar" *a mhan* (downwards) occurs, and in the foot-note he suggests it may come from an older form, *am fan*. Now it so happens that we use this latter form not as an adverb only, but also as an adjective—the comparative degree of which occurs in the first stanza of Rob Donn's elegy on Lord Reay :—

"'S an rùm as *fhaine* fo'n uir."

This brings us to note the great number of words used in dialects which never get the length of print, and are not to be found in dictionaries. There are scores of such words in every district gradually falling into disuse. This is one of the reasons why our place-names are not more intelligible to us. If these terms were carefully collected it would be found useful to the student of topography, and to the comparative philologist alike. I subjoin a list of words which are seldom heard but in Sutherlandshire, and some of them only in the Reay Country :—

Lòpan—A soft, muddy place. Enters into our topography, but the places are insignificant.

Igh or *i*—A small stream, with green banks; a burn. This is the most common descriptive term in our place-names.

Uar—A water-fall; also a heavy shower. The confluence of waters. An *uar* at Loch Strathy, where the two streams meet.

Brùllachan—A shaking quagmire. Frequent in our place-names.

Riasgan—Green patches among the heather.

Ridhean—A flowing stream. Frequent in topography as Rian-ari-leothaid, Rian-a-bhoinne, etc.

Rabhan—The relics left by the tide, or after a river has fallen back.

Coileach-teth—The mirage seen on the mountain-tops on a hot sunny day.

Trŏm-altan—A cold. In south-east of the country called *an enatan*; in the north-west, *an trollaidh.*

Sgoiltean and *sgealpan*—Names for seed-potatoes when cut.

Màg—A rig. In the parish of Farr, the term is *iomar.*

Bàrradh—Thatching with straw or bent.

Tuthadh—Thatching with divots.

Baghan—The churchyard.

Punndaist—The weaver's share.

Molldair—The miller's share.

A' bhuaicneach—Small-pox.

An t-siatag—Rheumatism.

Bruthas—Broth.

Barr—Cream. *Barr-maistridh*—South *fuarag.*

Càl-dialus—Wild cabbage. *Romag*—Meal and whisky.

The name for cast-off clothes is *reidhligean.* This is from Latin, *reliquiæ;* and though we don't use *reidhlic* for a burying-ground, yet the fact that we have the word for *remains* of any kind, goes to prove that *reidhlic* is derived from *relictum*, and not from *reidh* and *leac*, as the dictionaries give it.

Numerous examples might be given here of words that have gone out of use for general purposes, and preserved only in set phrases. The last limb of a compound word is an excellent preservative. *Saidhe*, so common in Perthshire for hay, has gone out of use with us; yet, we have preserved it in *feur-saidhe.*

The vituperative vocabulary is very rich, and a close examination of the same brings curious things to light. "An aghaidh a bhonnan bana," "against his white soles," is, in the Reay country, equivalent to "very much against his will." This saying, no doubt, arose from the posture of the individual when

The absence of words in a dialect may o
to yield a positive result. *Màl*, for rent, is qu
eastern part of the Reay country; our equiva
English rent. This proves that the custom
among us only of yesterday, and history corr
itself is likely of Norse origin, cognate witl
black-mail.

A very striking feature of the dialect we ar
extent to which it is permeated with foreign n
isolated position of the Reay Country one migl
to find the language here in its greatest purity.
the case. Three distinct causes of this corru
tioned—beginning with the most recent:—

1. The economic changes of the last and ea
tury, whereby an influx of south country farm
took place—greatly to the deterioration of our

2. The disbanding of the Reay Fencibles—
English-speaking peoples, at a much earlier dat
sider that almost every family in the Reay C
more members in the army, we can form some
ence they would exert upon the language on tl
great numbers of them. Such words as *kissea*
lar corruptions, may undoubtedly be traced bac

3. But the great disturbing influence was t
lasting from the 9th to the 12th century. Full
of the foreign material in our dialect is due to
not to the English stranger. To the Norse i
dialect of the Reay Country

credit for. It is natural to suppose that Sutherland would early fall under the sway of these Norse invaders from its proximity to Orkney and Caithness; indeed, the name itself is to be ascribed to them—Sudr-land. The topographical record makes it abundantly manifest that the whole county was overrun by them; and traces of their stay with us remain not only in our place-names, but also in the living speech of the people. The most distinctive characteristic of the dialect of the Reay Country is the broad *ah*-sound; and just as the English-speaking parts of Scotland are indebted to the Scandinavian for their *broad* accent, so are the Celtic-speaking people of Sutherland. The Gaelic of Sutherlandshire in general, and of the Reay Country in particular, may be termed the Doric of Gaelic dialects, and this feature is due to the fact that we came more under Norse influence than our southern neighbours, and had not a standard of written Gaelic like the south-west of Argyll to counteract the foreign influence.

But not only has the Norse invasion left its traces upon our vowel system, but we have in the Reay Country several examples of Norse words that are used to the present day in Iceland. Here are some, which I observed in the notes of the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*:—

(1) The name for a bull in the east of Iceland is *tuddi;* when a Reay Country herd has occasion to call this animal towards him his expression is *tuadhi, tuadhi*—the usual changes being made, those of dipthongisation and aspiration.

(2) The dairymaid's call in Iceland is *kuskus, kuskus, kuskus* (root seen in Scot. qu-ey); that of the Reay Country maid is like it, *husgus, husgus, husgus.*

(3) The borrowing was not all on one side. They have taken from us *calman*, and *tarfe, dove*, and *bull.*

(4) In driving away cattle, the Reay country herd makes use of a word which, phonetically spelled, would appear as *tirrhi*—the voice resting on the *r*. The Norse "to drive" is *trrrhi.*

These terms are mostly connected with agriculture. I need not enumerate the nautical terms (sgiob, seòl, etc.) as they are common to North and South.

From Norse times we have inherited the following—*Jarl, tùrn, bale, deile, deilig* (dealing), *sgoil, sgilling, sgil, sgammal, slaucar* (a slouching fellow), and many others, which are often supposed to be English corruptions. Indeed, it is more than likely that our *sùsdan* (1000), for which we are twitted by our southern neighbours, may claim an equally remote origin—from Norse *thusund.*

Preisgeadh may be from Irish *pred-chim* or Norse *prestr*, either of which alternative gives it the air of antiquity. If it was a corruption of English *preach* it should be *preiseadh*, for soft *ch* becomes in Gaelic *s* by rule.

Again, our fish-names are nearly all of Norse origin. All along the north and east coast of Sutherland, the name for *cod* is cilig from keila, the gadus longus of the Norse Edda; in Assynt it is *trosg*. Further examples are *cnulan*, *geddag*, *lang*, *sgait*, from Norse cnudr, gedda, langa, &c. It would seem that the east and north of Sutherland came to a much larger extent under Norse sway, chiefly because more fertile and accessible than the wilds of Assynt; topography serves to confirm this, but we must leave Mr John Mackay, of Hereford, to say, from his examination of the topographical record, to what extent this is true.

12th DECEMBER, 1888.

At this meeting, Mr Otto Siepmann, the College, Inverness, was elected an ordinary member of the Society. Thereafter, the Secretary read a most inseresting paper, contributed by the Rev. J. M. Macgregor, Farr, entitled, "The Early History of the Clan Gregor," which was favourably received by the members present. Mr Macgregor does not wish his paper to be printed at present.

19th DECEMBER, 1888.

At this meeting, Mr J. R. Macphail, advocate, 13 South Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, and Mr John Macdonald, Hotel-keeper, Dalwhinnie, were elected ordinary members of the Society. Thereafter, Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., read a paper contributed by the Rev. Mr Campbell, Tiree, entitled, "Fionn's Ransom." Mr Campbell's paper was as follows:—

FIONN'S RANSOM.

In a dedicatory Gaelic letter to an Earl of Argyll in a Gaelic book on prayer, published as early as 1567 by Carsewell, Bishop of Argyll, the Bishop complains that his countrymen were fonder of listening to idle tales about the Féinne, or heroes of the time of Fionn MacCumhail, than of taking any interest in "the Word of God." On this subject the writer is indebted for his information

to a rare work, *An Laoidheadair Gaelic* (the Gaelic Hymnal), published about the year 1836 by D. Kennedy, under the patronage and recommendation of Rev. Dr Macleod of Campsie. The same continued to be the case until very recent times; and a person who was about 70 years of age, a few years ago, in giving an account of old Highland habits to the writer, said that when, *e.g.*, the people of a place assembled to build a boundary dyke, some one would observe that they should wait till so and so came, and when he appeared, as the day was good and long, one or other would remark that the new-comer might tell, before they began, some incident in the history of the Fian band. The whole party then sat round the story-teller, and listened to his marvellous account. By the time that he was done, the sun was drawing westward, and some one would then say—"It was hardly worth while beginning that day, and that he might tell some other story suggested by the previous narrative." When the second story was finished the sun was well nigh setting, and the parties separated, after agreeing to meet next day, as nothing had been done that day. These were the good old, easy days, when the saying, "Hurry no man's cattle," held its ground, and people were not pressed to the same extent as now for the means of living.

In what the writer has to say upon the subject of these heroic tales, he prefers to use the name *Fionn MacCumhail*, and the host of the Fians for *Feachd na Féinne*. The renderings of Fenian and Fingalian have other ideas attached to them; and the writer's information and belief in the value of the tales, as historical or archæological, is entirely founded upon them as they exist in popular tradition. It seems to him that in this way they are more free from the embellishments of idle fancy, and, in their own proper place, subservient to the elucidation of truth.

These heroes are to this day prominent in proverbs and riddles; and sayings and references to them and their actions occur continually in common every-day conversation, although the precise incident to which reference is made may not be known. It is in this way that people speak of Ossian after the Fians—*Ossian an deigh na Féinne*, and in the riddle "Fionn went to the hill, and did not go; he buried his wife there, and did not bury her"—*Chaidh Fionn do 'n bheinn, 's cha deachaidh idir; thiodlaic e bhean ann, 's cha do thiodhlaic idir*, &c.

Very prominent among these stories are those referring to *Fionn* and his dog, Bran, which had a venomous or death-inflicting claw or spur on its foot; Fionn's visits to the Kingdom of Big Men; how Fionn got his wife; the death of his nephew, Diarmid; the wars in which he was engaged, &c., &c.

Fionn occupies, in Gaelic, the position of a model gentleman or nobleman, in the original and best sense of the words. He was not accounted the strongest of the Fian host, but was looked up to as ever a kind friend and judicious adviser; wise in counsel, a solver of doubts and difficulties; hospitable to the stranger and poor; a protector of the weak and defenceless, and in every respect trustworthy.

The tales of his having visited the Kingdom of Big Men, and of his having a long ship—*Long fhada aig Fionn*—are told in various forms and in many different tales. One of these has already been made public, and is to be found in page 184 of the "Scottish Celtic Review," published November, 1882.

In the tale here given, the reader's attention is first drawn to the "Little, thickset, insignificant man"—*Fear beag, iosal, lapanach.* From another source, the writer has heard this description of him :—

"*An fear, beag, iosal lapanach,*
A chota lachduinn nan geur eang,
A ghruag uchd an àird,
'S a ghruag àrd air uchd,
A bholg saighdeadh le nimh,
Gun chèire gun iteach air."

"The little, low-set swaddler,
His russet coat and sinewy muscles,
The hair of his breast pointing upwards,
The hair of his head reaching to his breast,
His bag of arrows death-inflicting without wax or feathering."

Lapanach does not mean that he was under-sized in the same way that children are, but that he was a full-gown individual, under-sized, and sinewy, or muscular. Perhaps this adjective, *Lapanach*, is the origin of the name Laplander—the people of Lapland being of smaller height and lower stature than the average European. The Laplanders, although under-sized in point of height, are strong in muscle, and their appearance generally is only that of people living in a very cold climate, and on fat and unctuous food.

The word *eang* is, to the lexicographer, worthy of attention. It is not a word of common use, but it is well known in some poetic expressions. The boast of the young deer was that no animal ever planted foot on hill-side that could catch it—

"*Sleamhuinn 's as buidhe mo bhian,*
'S cha do chuir e eang air sliabh,
Beathaich riabh a bheireadh orm."

"Slippery and yellow is my skin,
And never planted foot on hill-side
Any living beast that could catch me."

Leum nan ceithir eang.—The agile spring of four bounds denotes a standing leap, or one as high and as far as one is capable of.

Gun ghligteadh nan eang.—Without a spring in the muscles is said of a person entirely exhausted, so that he is unable to rattle his bones, or move a sinew or muscle, however strong these may have been. *'S aotrom eang* is said of a young person with a jaunty air. The little swaddler, who was despised by the other nobles as dwarfish, was received by Fionn MacCumhail, and his request was acceded to. Though his request at the time appeared trifling, it proved afterwards to be of great moment. Fionn, in this matter, appears true to his character as "The real old, country gentleman, all of the olden time."

Eirig was a recompense, or the taking of the part of any one, or vindicating his character after death, and in this case it seems to denote the avenging or clearing and the making good the injury done to Fionn. It does not seem to convey the idea of vengeance, or the requital of loss or injury by a retaliation equally severe.

It has been said to the writer that *eang* meant a mark in the centre of the archer's bow, with another towards each end for the guidance of the archer's aim. In this case the *eang* of the bow may mean the whole *twang* of the bow, implying the whole strength of the weapon, both wood and string—the Gaelic word *eang*, and the English *twang*, being, etymologically and onomatopæia, the same word, and the whole derived from the sound or resonance arising when the arrow is launched. The trebly nimble or agile leap is one in which the whole powers of the man's body are exercised, and the muscles are brought into play like the string of the bow.

There are many traditional tales in the Highlands of much interest, and referring to more modern times, in which little men of dwarfish and even pigmy-size figure as good bow-men, slaying men of large size and powerful make by their dexterity in the use of the bow and arrow. The reader will readily remember of "Little John" of Robin Hood fame, reputed in his time one of the most skilful archers of Sherwood Forest.

Another indication of Lappish connection worth attention is that there was at one time in the Highlands of Scotland a lullaby for young children, in which the words occur, "On deer's milk I

was reared." *Air bainne nam fiadh thogadh mi.* The writer himself has not been able to get the words of the lullaby; but these lullabies, like the names of places, are very enduring in their existence, and perhaps can yet be fallen in with in other places, and among other people. The rescue of this and other lullabies and Gaelic antiquities in an available form would be a boon to the philologist and anthropologist.

The quiet tackling of even the weakly with misfortune and formidable events, and the perseverance against impending calamities, denoted by these tales, are lessons from which every one can draw a moral for himself.

In the dispersion of languages and primeval tribes, the names of places, and still surviving indications, are much to be looked to; and, before parting with the subject, it may be permissable to point out that the word already mentioned *(eang)*, being connected with the English "twang" from the resonance of the weapon, may also have its analogy and relatives in the Kangarroo and Boomerang of the native Australian, the first of these words, in name and meaning, being very like *eang a ruidh*—the hopping or agile leaping of the animal taking the place of what in other animals is running, and the other deriving its name from the sound of the weapon when thrown over the head into the air.

The names of places in the rigorous climate of the north are not very easily comeatable, most of them being made known to us through alien tongues. Kamschatka cannot but arrest attention from the beginning of the word resembling so much the *camus* or indentation of the sea into the land, which is so common in names of undoubted Gaelic origin, like Cambuskenneth, *Camusdionbhaig*, in Skye, &c., &c. It is also noticeable from the differentiating noun or locality preceding the adjective or other adjunct by which the locality or place name is denoted, as well as from its common occurrence in the names of places. It is observable that in Gaelic the differentiating noun always precedes, and never follows, the place name, as it always does in English. The person acquainted with both languages can in this respect compare Newton and *Baile-nodha*. *Baile* is, in Gaelic, at the beginning of the place name, but in English at the end.

The tale as here given was told last spring by John Brown, Kilmoluag, and was written out from very full notes taken at the time. The object of the writer has always been, in all matters affecting Celtic antiquities, to make whatever he deems worthy of preservation, as available and reliable to the reader as to himself, without addition, suppression, or embellishment. In the tale, the

word swaddler has been adopted as a fair translation of *Lapanach*, as the idea conveyed is that of a little, insignificant-looking and, at the same time, a sturdy, strong, active individual, though in appearance not lithe or athletic, or, as it has otherwise been explained to the writer, *moganach làidir*.

MANSE OF TIREE, *29th September, 1888.*

EIRIG FHINN.

Aon uair chaidh Fionn 's a thriuir cho-dhaltan, an Ridire Dearg, Ridire Chuirn, 's Ridire Chlaidheamh, do'n bheinn sheilg 's shuidh iad air cnocan boidheach breac, ghabhail seallaidh, an fasgaidh na gaoithe, 's fa comhair na greine, far an faiceadh iad fhein h-uile duine 's nach fhaiceadh duine iad fhein. Mar bha iad tacain na 'n suidhe an sin, thuirt Ridire Chlaidheamh, "Saoil mi an do choisich e talamh na 'n d' imich e an t-athar, fear aig an robh chridhe tair no tarcuis dheanamh air Fionn Mac Cumhail 's a thriuir cho-dhaltan còmhladh ris." Mu'n gann a so bha facal air radhainn, chunnaic iad dubhradh froiseadh tighinn as an aird 'n iar-thuath, as an d'thainig fuaim siubhail seachad 's marcuiche steud dhuibh. Rinn e direach far an robh Fionn, 's bhuail e mun bheul e, 's chur e tri fiaclan as gu h-ard 's gu h-iosal. Dh'éirich Ridire Chlaidheamh sin, 's thuirt e gun deanamh an talamh lag na bhonn 's an t-adhar nead na chean 's nach bu cheum tilleadh dha, "Gus am faigh mi Eirig Fhinn." Thubhairt an da cho-dhalta eile, an t-aon ceudna. Ghabh iad sin sios gu cladach 's thoiseach iad air uidheamachadh luing air son falbh. Cha robh iad fada aig an obair so nar chunnaic iad Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach a teannamh air an aite 'san robh iad. Dh' fhailtich iad e ; 's dh' fharraid esan sin do Ridire Chlaidheamh faigheadh e cead na comas falbh leo air an luing. Fhreagair Ridire Chlaidheamh,

"Cha 'n fhaigh ; de feum dheanamh duine leibideach coltach riutsa dh' fhalbh leinne le luing."

Dh' fharraid e sin do Ridire Chuirn, an robh doibh aice-san air gu'm faigheadh e dol leo air an turus, ach thubhairt Ridire Chuirn, nach robh feum aca air duine mi-choltach mar bha esan air luing.

Chur e sin cheist cheudna ris an Ridire Dhearg, 's fhreagair esan, gu'm bu mhi-iomchaidh leithid sin do cheist a chur airsan.

"Co bhiodh co dana 's gu'n d' thoireadh iad ablach do chreatair lachdunn, leibideach coltach riutsa leo air luing gu cuan f"

Dh' fhalbh e so gu Fionn, 's dh' innis e dha gu'n do dhiult iad sid uile c, 's dh' fharraid e dheth an leigeadh esan comhladh ris e.

"Leigidh," orsa Fionn, "'s fhearr thu na clach co-dhiu."

Chuir iad mach an long. Thug iad toiseach ri muir 's deireadh ri tir; thog iad na siuil bhreachdadh bhaidealach an aghaidh na'n crannaibh fada, fulangach fiutha le soirbheas, beag laghach ciuin bheireadh duileach far craoibh, seileach far beinn, 's fraoch òg as bhun 's as fhreumaichean cur na fairge fiolcanich falcanaich an leathair fhinn, 's an leathar fhaisg, 's an fhaochaig bheag chrom chiar bha seachd bliadhna air an aigeal tort chnig chnag air beul mòr, 'sad air a h-urlair. 'Se bu cheol 's bu chanran doibh, sgiamhul easgan, screadail fhiaclan, a bheist bu motha a g-ithe na beisd bu lughadh 's a bheisd bu lughadh deanamh mar a dh' fheudaidh i. Ghearra i an coinlean coirce aig a ro-thoiseach le feabhas a stiuirimiche, 's dheanadh Fionn Mac Cumhail iuil na toiseach, stiuir na deireadh, 's beirt na buillsgein, 's shuidhich iad a coursa air Rioghachd na Fear Mòra.

Mar bha iad da latha aig seoladh dh'iarr Fionn air Ridire Chlaidheamh seallt uinn o'n chrann am faiceadh e fearann. Chaidh Ridire Chlaidheamh so astar beag suas, 's thill e nuas 's thuirt e nach robh roinn no carrainn ri fhaicinn. Dh' iarr Fionn so air Ridire Chuirn dol dh' fheuchain am faigheadh esan sealladh air fearann, 's chaidh esan suas astar goiread 'sa chrann, 's thill e nuas 's thuirt e nach robh sgathadh do thalamh na do thuar 's an fhradhrac. Dh' iarr an so Fionn air an Ridire Dhearg seallt uinn uathaidh am faiceadh e fearann, 's cha deachaidh esan suas ach gleidh bheag astair 'sa chrann dar a thearrain e, 's thuirt e nach robh fearann no fonn ri fhaicinn, 's nach robh 'san t-sealladh ach mur 's athar. Dh' èirich so an Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach, 's thuirt e riutha, "Mur deanamh sibh na b'fhearr na sid bha e cheart co math dhiubh fuireach far an robh sibh," 's leum e 's rainig e barr a chroinn; 's mar thill e air ais thuirt e ri Fionn, "Tha e mor a dh' fheannag 's beag dh' fhearann, ach cum romhad mar tha thu."

An latha 'r na mhaireach bha iad 'sa chaladh an Rioghachd nam Fear Mòra.

Nar rainig iad an acairsaid cha 'n fhaigheadh iad air tir. Bha tri Gathan Teinnteach cuairteachadh a chaladh.

Sin chuir 'n Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach, Sgiath bhucaideach, bhacaideach air a laimh chli 's air a laimh dheis, 's thug e leum nan tri eang as is bha e air tir. Mar fhuair e fhein gu tir thug e Fionn 'sa thri co-dhaltan ann cuideachd. Ghabh iad sin gu siubhal an eilean na 'n ceathrar. Mar bha iad dol roimhe thachair riutha boirionach mòr, 's measan, donn, buileagannta aig a sàil, 's h-uile

h-uair shealladh a measan air Fionn bhiodh na fìcalan dol ann mur bha iad riabh, 's mur thionndaibh a measan a chulthaobh bha na fiaclan falbh a Fionn. Shaoil an so na co-dhaltan aig Fionn gun robh éirig Fhinn aca, agus ghoid iad leo an Te Mhòr 's a measan da'n luing, 's dh' fhag iad an Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach 's an eilean.

Bha esan siubhal 's a sior iomachd roimhe 's an dorchadh na h-oidhche chunnaic e bothan beag 's solus ann. Chaidh e stigh 's bha teinne mor ann an sin ach cha robh duine roimhe. Cha robh e bheag sam bi d' dh'uineadh feitheamh, 's ag eisdeachd nar thainig Duine Mòr dhachaidh, 's thuirt e—

"Gu de naigheachd an Fhir Bhig, iosail, lapanaich?"

Thuirt esan—"Nach robh naigheachd sam bith mar fhaigheadh e aig an Fhear Mhòr thainig stigh i."

"Cha 'n eil mo naigheachd fhein ach bochd," ors' an Fear Mor. "Tha mo phiuthar aluinn a nigheadh mi 's bhallan ionlaid nar thiginn dhachaidh o chur a chath, 's a bhithinn co-sunndach an latha 'r 'n mhàireach dhol chur chath 's chomhraig 's bha mi riabh, air toin air falbh 's i air chall 's air seachran orm."

"Mur deanamh i ach sin dhuit," ars' Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach, "ma dh' fheudaibh gun dean mi fhein e," 's ghabh e sios 's nith e 'sa bhallan ionlaid e, 's cha robh fear ud riabh na b' aoibheanaiche na bha e sin.

Thainig nis brathair eile dhachaidh, 's thuirt e nar bha e stigh, "De naigheachd an Fhir Bhig, iosal, lapanaich?"

"Cha 'n eil bheag no mhor do naigheachd agamsa," ors' Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach, "mur faigh mi uat fhein i."

"Cha 'n eil fath mo naigheachd-sa ach trom," ors' fear so. Mu phiuthar ghradhach a nigheadh mi 's a bhallan ionlaid, 's an fheasgair an deighinn a chath, 's bhithinn an latha 'r na mhaireach co math 's a bha mi riabh, air a toirt air falbh, 's a measan donn, builgeanta, aig a sàil."

"Mur deanamh i ach sin," ors' Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach, "feudaidh mise aimeas air;" 's chur e 'm brathair mòr so 'sa bhallan ionlaid 's nith ghlan e e, 's an latha 'r 'n mhaireach bha e cheart co ùr dhol an chath 'sa bha e riabh.

Thainig an ath-fhear dhiu sin rithist dhachaidh, 's thuirt e cheart seanachas thuirt a bhrathran. "De sgeul an Fhir Bhig Iosail Lapanaich?"

"Cha 'n eil innse sgeoil 'sam bith agamsa," ors' esan, "nach eil na 's fhearr ag an fhear mhòr laidir thainig dhachaidh."

"Cha 'n eil mo chuid sgeoil-sa ach truagh," thuirt esan. "Tha mo phiuthar cheutach a nitheadh mi 's a bhallan ionlaid dar thillinn o chur a chath, 's bhithinn an la'rna mhaireach na b'fhearr

na cha mi riabh gu dol air m' ais a chath 's a chomhrag, air a toirt air falbh 's bidh mi nis gun chlì gun chomhairle."

"Mur deanadh i ach sin duit feudaidh mi fhein feuchain ris," ors' Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach, 's thug e do cheann eile an taighe e, 's nith 's ghlan e 's a bhallan ionlad e 's an la 'r na mhaireach, bha e na bu deiseadh na bha e riabh roimhe air son cath 's comhrag chumail.

An sin thuirt am Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach—"An leig sibh mise chur a chath nochd air urson ?"

Thuirt fear do na braithrean ris—"Dhuine thruaigh ! de tha thusa dol dheanamh ann leat fhein dar tha iad cumail rinne nar triuir ?"

"Ach nach innis sibh dhomh gu de na bheil tighinn chur dragh oirbh ?" ors' Fear Beag.

Fhreagair sin fear dhiu gun robh reisimead shaighdearan tighinn, 's ged chuireadh e an ceann far h-uile h-aon diu, gun robh cailleach mhor thigeadh as a dheighinn 's stopan ath-bheothaiche aice, 's nar chuireadh i meur as an stopan ath-bheothaiche na'm beul gu'n éireadh h-uile aon diu beo.

"An dig ach sin ?" ors' esan.

"Thig," ors' an ath-fhearr, "reiseamaid eile, 's cruitearan ciuil air an ceann, 's cuireadh iad sin ad chadal thu."

"An dig ach sin ?" ors' esan.

"Thig," ors' fear eile dhiu, "Bodach Mòr Uamhanta Gabhanda, a leagas tu 'sa bheir uat do bheatha, mur cum thu cath oidhche ris ; 's Cailleach Mhòr 's mu gheibh i dlu dhuit marbhaidh h-anail thu."

"An dig ach sin ?" ors esan.

Thuirt iadsan nach digeadh, 's fhuair e cead falbh an oidhche sin thun a bhatail.

Nur rainig e chuinaic e cheud reiseamaid tighinn 's chaidh e falach, gus an deachaidh iad seachad 's thainig e air an culthaobh s marbh e h-uile h-aon riabh dhiu. Chunnaic e nis Cailleach Mhòr, thar tomhais a meudachd, tighinn stopan ath-bheothaiche na laimh, 's mar chunnaic esan i tighinn leig e fhein na shineadh 's an streath 'san robh na daoine marbh. Chur ise corag as an stopan ath-bheothaiche an am beul an fhir bha laimh ris 's leum e beo. Chur i na bheul-san an ath-h-uair i 's thug e dhith a chorag o'n ruidean. Ghlaoidh ise, "Gum bu tu fear mu dh'eireadh do shliochd do mhathar dh'éireagheas do na bheil na 'n laidheadh sin."

"Cha mhi ach 's mi an darna fear dh'éireas," 's dh'éirich e 's thilg e na cinn dhiu le cheile, agus cha robh e sin ach uine ghoirid

an deighinn am blar sin chur seachad dar chual e na cruitearan ceolmhor sin tighinn, 's an ath-reiseamaid casa air. Bha e air chlaoidh thairis 's e tuiteam na chadal 's ga chumail fhein na aireacha, chaireach e ceann a chlaidheamh ri uchdan a choiseadh, 's bharr ri mhalaidh 's h-uile cnotach cadail bha tighinn air, bha an claidheamh ga chumail na dhuisgeadh 's mar thainig bhuidhean shaighdearan fagasg dha, ghabh e air an culthaobh 's mharbh e uile iad. Smaontich e so nach biodh am Bodach Mòr ro fhada gun tighinn, agus thoisich e air deanamh toll farsuinn domhain anns an talamh 's gu chur thairis le fiodh, 's le feur, 's le cònaich. Dar bha e gu bhi cùrnaichte, an croma-ciar 's an rath-dorcha an fheasgair thainig am Bodach Uamanda Ghabhanda mi-chuimseach mi-choimeasach ad 's thoiseach e fhein 's Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach air cur a chath. Theann iad ri cheil gu garbh, gabhaidh, 's am 's an ruith dhluthaich iad air an fhosgladh bha 'san lar 's chaidh am Fear Mòr ann, 's thuair esan cothrom air a cheann thoirt dheth.

Beagan uine an deighinn so thainig a chailleach bu mhotha 's bu mhòr. Nar bha i gu bhiodh lamh ris, bha h-anail ga lagachadh dh' fheuch e co math 's b' urrainn dha cumail uaithe, 's bha iad cluich chathadh chuid bu mhotha do 'n oidhche. Ann an briseadh soillearachd an latha, nar dhuisg fear do na bràthrean thuirt e ris fhein—"Feumaidh mis éireadh, tha mi cinnteach gu bheil a fear chaidh chur chath air mo shon marbh o chion fhadadh." Thuirt fear eile—"Cha 'ne sin 's duileadh dhuit, ach gum bi do rioghachd air a sgrios." Ach thuirt an treasa brathair riu uile—"'S fhearr dhuin dol far a bheil iad cur a chath." 'Sa mach ghabh iad 's thug iad orra far an robh iad a cluich bhatailibh. Air dhoibh ruigheachd fhuair iad a Chailleach Mhòr 's Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach air toirt thairis taobh air taobh.

Thuirt fear do na braithrean—"O! nach d'thoir thu dhomh an claidheamh feuch an cur mi an ceann far na beiste."

"Fo'n rinn mi fhein an troidh, ni mi an t-orlaich," ors' Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach, "ach cur thusa do mheur ann san stopan ath-bheothaiche ad thall as cur am bheulsa sin i."

Rinn e so 's dar fhuair Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach, so ghluais e 's sguab e 'n ceann bhar na caillich, 's bha i marbh!

Thog na fir mhora leo dhachaidh e sin air an guaillean. Bha iad fuireach comhladh.

Aon latha chaidh Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach mach air chuairt feadh a mhonaidh, 's chunnaic e dubharadh froiseadh tighinn as an Aird-'n-iar-thuath, as an d'thainig marcaiche steud dhuibh, 's thug e garbh ionnsuidh air an Fhear Bheag Iosal Lapanach, ach

tharruinn esan a chlaidheamh, 's chur e 'n ceann do mharcaiche na steud dhuibh. Nar fhuair e marbh e, dh' fheuch e sin gu de na fiachan bha e giulan. Nar rannsaich e cha do thachair ris ach da chìr, sporan seang sioda 's sia fiaclan Fhinn 'ic Cumhail ann. Thill e dhachaidh sid aice.

Dh' fharraid Fear do na Braithrean, "De chunnaic e 'n diugh air a chuairt?"

Thuirt esan — Nach fhaca ni sam bi thug toilleachadh dha, ach dubhradh froise as an Airde-'n-iar-thuath as an d'thainig marcaiche steud dhuibh. "'S dh' fheuch e ris a cheann thoirt fharamsadh, ach tharruinn mise mu chlaidheamh as sgar mi dh' esan an ceann," ors' Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach.

"De fhuair thu na luib?" ors' iadsan.

"Cha d' uair ach da chìr, 's sporan seang sioda, anns an robh sia fiaclan," ors' esan.

"Och, och!" ors' am brathair mòr, "cha d' rinn thu do mhath riabh dhuinn, nach d' rinn thu do chròn an diu; dar mharbh thu aon bhrathair ar n-athar, bha cur cuairt uair 'sa bhliadhna air uile Rioghachdan an Domhain damhair, 'sa thigeadh thoirt dhuinne eachdraidh air gach ni mar bha dol."

'S e thuirt an Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach ruithe sin—"Mar 'eil an gniomh rinn mi taitneach leibh, ni mi cheart chleas oirbh fhein."

Sin thuirt fear eile do na braithrean—"'S fhadadh fon tha e 'san dailgneachd gur e fear thigeadh thogal Eirig Fhinn 'ic Cumhail bheireadh saorsadh dhuinne as gach cath as comhrag."

Thuirt am Fear Beag Iosal Lapanach gun robh e smaointeachadh air falbh nis bho 'n fhuair e Eirig Fhinn. Mu choinneamh sin thuirt na braithrean ris, gum faigheadh e uapadh-san steud dubh a mharcaicheadh an cuan glas mar machaire geal sgiamhach. "'S bheir thu ar naigheachd-ne do 'r piuthair, 's bitheadh i agad fhein na mnaoi phosdadh."

Thug esan 's an steud an aghaidh air an Fhéinn, 's am bial an athadh 's an fheasgair bha e le Fionn Mac Cumhail, dh' fharraid dheth fhein 's do cho-dhaltan an d'uar iad an éirig. 'S fhreagair iadsan, "Nach d' uair." Thug esan mach an sporan seang siodadh 's na sia fiaclan ann, 's thuirt e ri Fionn—"Tha t-éirig an sin, 's cha d' rinn do cho-dhaltan fhaighinn dhuit."

FIONN'S RANSOM.

Once upon a time Fionn and his three foster-brothers, the Red Knight, the Knight of the Cairn, and the Knight of the *Sword went to the* hunting hill. They sat down, to look around

them, on a sunny, rocky, eminence sheltered from the wind, and in the sun's warmth, where they could see everyone, and no one could see them. When they were seated there sometime, the Knight of the Sword said, "Is it possible for me to think that anyone has walked on earth or traversed the air, who could despise or look down upon Fionn Maccumhail when his three foster-brothers are near him?" The words were hardly uttered when they observed the darkening and heard the sound of the approach and passing of a shower from the north-west, out of which came a rider on a black steed. He came straight where Fionn was, and struck him on the mouth, knocking out three upper and three lower teeth. Then the Knight of the Sword stood and said, that the earth would make a hollow in the sole of his foot, and the sky a nest in the crown of his head, before his footsteps would return, "Until I avenge Fionn's injury." The other foster-brothers said the same. They then went down to the shore, and began to fit out a ship to go away in. They were not long engaged in this work when they saw a little, low-set, insignificant looking man approaching the place where they were. They addressed him, and in reply, he asked the Knight of the Sword for permission to accompany them on the ship. The Knight of the Sword answered, "No; of what use would a trifling little man like you be to us for going in a ship?" He then made a request of the Knight of the Cairn, if there was any way by which he would be allowed to go with them on their travels, but the Knight of the Cairn replied that they had no need of such an unlikely person as he was in a ship. He then in the same way asked the Red Knight, who said that it was improper of him to put such a question; "Who could have the audacity to take an insignificant looking creature of mean, russety appearance, such as you are, in a ship to sea?" He now went where Fionn was and told him that the others had all refused him, and asked him if he would allow him to accompany him.

"I give you permission," said Fionn, "you are of more value than a stone anyhow."

They then launched the ship. They turned the prow seaward and the stern to land, and raised the speckled towering sails against the tall, tough, strong masts, with a slight, soft gentle breeze, that would strip leaves from trees, willow from hill, and young heather from its rootlets and grasp, lashing the sea wildly into waves and foam in the seething expanse far and near, while the little crooked, swarthy whelk that was seven years at the bottom of the sea gave a creaking sound on the gunwale and a

thump on the bottom of the boat. Their murmuring music and lasting sound of grumbling were the chirning of eels, the gnashing of teeth, the biggest beast devouring the smaller beast, and the little beast doing as best it could. The ship could cut a grain of oats with the edge of her prow from the excellence of her steering, and Fionn Maccumhail was guide at the prow, helm in the stern, and tackle in the centre, and they directed her course for the Kingdom of Big Men. When they had been two days sailing, Fionn desired the Knight of the Sword to look from the mast whether he could see land. He went a short distance up the mast, returned, and said there was no part or portion of land visible. Then Fionn asked the Knight of the Cairn to try if he could discern land. He went a short distance up the mast and came down and said that there was no trace or appearance of land in sight. Fionn now asked the Red Knight to look closely from him whether he could get a view of land. The Red Knight only climbed up the mast a short way when he returned, saying that there was neither land nor earth to be seen, nothing but sea and sky. Then the little insignificant man stood and said to them, "If you could not acquit yourselves better than that you might as well have remained where you were," and he gave a bound and reached the top of the mast. When he came down he said to Fionn, "It is too large to be a hooded crow and too small to be land, but keep the course you are on." Next day they were in harbour in the Kingdom of Big Men.

When they reached the anchoring ground they could not get to land. There were three fiery darts gleaming all round the harbour. Then the little, low-set, waddling man put a hollow-shaped, resisting shield on his right hand and on his left, gave the standing (or magic) leap of three bounds, and reached land. After that he took Fionn and his three foster-brothers safely on shore with him. They, four, then began to walk abroad through the island. On their way they met a tall woman with a brown, fat, little Lap dog at her heels, and every time the Lap dog looked at Fionn his lost teeth were in their place in his mouth as they should be, but when the Lap dog turned from him the teeth dropped out.

The foster-brothers now thought they had found Fionn's ransom, and they carried off with them the tall woman and the Lap dog to the ship, and left the little low-set swaddler alone on the island. He was travelling, and ever moving right on before him. In the dusk of the evening he saw a small dwelling-house, with a light in it, by the roadside. He entered, and found a large fire

burning, but there was no one before him; however, he was not long waiting and listening when a tall man returned home and said, "What news has the little low-set swaddler?" He replied that he had no news unless he got any from the tall man who had come home. "My news are but sorrowful," said the tall man, "for my beautiful sister who used to put me in the bath when I returned home from fighting the battle, and made me as cheerful as ever to go to battle and combat the next day, has been taken away, and is lost and astray from me."

"If that was all she could do," said the little low-set swaddler, "perhaps I may do it myself;" and he took him and washed him in the washing bath, so that he never felt more refreshed or joyful.

Another brother now returned home, and said when he entered the house, "What news has the little low-set swaddler?"

"I have neither little nor much of any news," said he, "unless I may get some from yourself."

"The burden of my news is but sad," this brother said, "for my beloved sister, who put me in the washing bath at eve after the battle, so that next day I was as well as ever, has been taken away, with the little, brown, fat Lap dog that followed at her heel."

"If she could only do that," said he, "I may myself be able to do it." And he put this tall brother in the bath and washed and cleaned him, so that he was as fresh as he ever was next day to go to fight.

Another tall brother came home soon after, and said the self-same words with the others, "What news has the little low-set swaddler?"

"I have no manner of tale to tell," he replied, "but what the big, strong man who came in has better."

"My share of the story is but poor," said the third brother; "for my handsome sister, who bathed me on my return from battle, and next day I was better than ever to go to combat, has been taken away, and I shall be now without strength or counsel."

"If that is all," said the swaddler, "I may try to do it myself," and he took him to the farthest off part of the house and washed and bathed him so that next day he was better prepared than ever to engage in battle and combat.

The little swaddler then said, "Will you allow me to go to the battle to-night in your place?"

One of the brothers replied to him, "Miserable being, what could you do there alone when they keep three of us fighting?"

"But will you not tell me how many are coming to trouble you?" said the little man.

Another of the brothers then answered, that there was a regiment of soldiers, and although he beheaded every one of them a tall old woman came after him with a life-restoring stoup in her hand, and when she dipped her finger in the life-restoring stoup and put it in the mouths of the men every one of them sprang up alive.

"Will any others come?" asked the swaddler.

"There will come then," resumed the next of the brothers, "another regiment of soldiers with musical harpers at their head, and they will set you to sleep."

"Will none other than these come?" said he.

"Then will come," said the third brother, "a tall old man of terrific and gruesome appearance, who will take your life unless you can keep combatting him all night. After him, a tall old woman will come, and if you let her get near you her breath will kill you."

The swaddler then asked if any others would come.

The brothers told him that none else would come.

He obtained permission to go away that night to the battle. When he reached he saw the first regiment approaching and he hid himself until they had passed; he then came up behind and killed every one of them. He now saw a great enormous old woman coming with a life-restoring stoup in her hand. When he saw that she was near he laid himself down in the row among the dead men. She put her finger out of the life-restoring stoup in the mouth of the man nearest to him, and he started up alive. She then put her finger in his mouth, and he took it off from the knuckles. She cried out,

"Of all those lying there may you be the last man of your mother's race to rise."

"No, but I shall be the second man to rise," and he rose up and threw off both of their heads together.

He was there but a short time after he got that battle over when he heard the musical harpers drawing near and the next regiment hurrying towards him. He was overcome with fatigue and was dropping asleep. To keep himself awake he placed the hilt of his sword to the upper part of his foot and the point to his eyebrow, and whenever he began to nod the sword kept him awake. When the band of soldiers passed near him he came up after them and killed them all.

He now thought the tall old man would not be long of appearing, and he began to dig a deep hole in the earth and to cover it with wood, grass, and moss. When the pitfall was nearly finished, in the gathering twilight, the terrific and incomparably dreadful big grey man came, and he and the little swaddler began to fight a battle. They attacked one another roughly and fiercely. In the heat of the conflict they drew near the opening that was in the ground, and the terrible great man fell in. Then the little swaddler took the advantage of him, and cut off his head.

Shortly after this fight was over the old woman, whose size was large and great, appeared. As she came close to him, her breath was weakening him; he endeavoured as much as he could to keep her from him, and they fought almost all night. At the break of day, when one of the brothers awoke, he said to himself, "I must rise, for I am certain that the man who went to fight in my place is long since dead."

Another of the brothers said, "That part is not the worst of it for you, but that your kingdom will be destroyed." The third brother said to them all, "We had better go together to the place where the battle is being fought. They then set off, and when they arrived at the place of battle they found the enormous old wife and the little swaddler both together quite exhausted. One of the brothers then said, "Oh! will you not give me the sword that I may cut off the wretched old woman's head." "Since I finished the foot measure," said the little swaddler, "I will undertake the inch measure, but, do you put your finger in that little life-restoring stoup over there, and then place it in my mouth."

When the little swaddler had this done to him, he rose, swept the head off the old woman, and killed her.

The tall men then carried him home on their shoulders, and they continued to live together.

One day when the little swaddler went to the hill to look abroad, he saw the darkening of a shower coming from the north-west, out of which came a rider on a black steed, who fiercely attacked the little swaddler; but he drew his sword, and cut off the head of the rider of the black steed. Then the little swaddler, finding that he was quite dead, tried to get what valuables he possessed; but, on searching him, he found only two combs and a slim, silken purse, in which were Fionn MacCumhail's six teeth. He took possession of them, and returned home.

One of the brothers asked him what he saw to-day (that day) on his travels. He said that he did not see anything that gave him pleasure, but the gloom of a shower from the north-west, out

of which came a rider on a black steed. "He tried to cut off my head, but I drew my sword, and separated his head from his body," said the little swaddler.

"What treasure have you found upon him?" they asked.

"I only found two combs and a slim, silken purse, in which were six teeth," said he.

"Alas! alas!" said the tallest brother; "you never did any good for us before that is not equalled by the evil you have done us to-day. You have killed our father's only brother, who went abroad once a year, through every kingdom of the universe to its remotest bounds, and returned to give us a history of everything that was taking place."

What the little swaddler said to them was—"If the act that I performed is not pleasant to you, I will play the self-same trick on yourselves."

Another of the brothers then said—"It has been long foretold that it would be the restorer of Fionn MacCumhail's loss who would give us deliverance from all our warfare and conflicts."

The little swaddler now said that he thought he would leave them, as he had found Fionn's ransom. In reply, the brothers said they would give him a black steed that would ride the green ocean, as though it were the fair grassy land; "and you will bring to our sister news of us, and make her your lawful wife."

The little man with the steed then directed his face for Feinne Land; and, in the dusk and twilight of that evening, was with Fionn MacCumhail to enquire from him and from his foster brothers whether they had found the ransom.

They all answered that they had not found it. He then drew out the slim silken purse, with the six teeth contained in it, and said to Fionn—"Your ransom is there, but your foster brothers did not get it for you."

19th JANUARY, 1889.

At this meeting, after transacting some preliminary business in connection with the annual dinner, the Secretary read a paper contributed by Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., entitled, "Minor Highland Septs, No. 2. The Macdonalds of Morar, styled 'Mac Dhughail.'" Mr Mackintosh's paper was as follows:—

MINOR HIGHLAND SEPTS, No. 2.

THE MACDONALDS OF MORAR, STYLED "MAC DHUGHAIL."

This family long held a prominent position in Inverness-shire. It descended from Allan MacRuari, one of the most famous of the distinguished chiefs of Clan Ranald, who was executed for treasonable actions at Blair-Athole in 1509.

The first of the family was Dugald Macdonald, after whom the lairds had the patronymic, and were in Gaelic styled "Mac Dhughail"—when in conjunction with the territorial designation of Morar, "Mac vic Dhughail," by and in itself.

There is some doubt as to the connection betwixt Dugald and Allan MacRuari. The historian of Clanranald, writing in 1819, describes him as son of "Angus Reoch," who was fourth son of Allan MacRuari; and as at that time the unparalleled misfortunes which befel the main line (afterwards alluded to) had occurred, the historian thus feelingly refers to Morar as "a family which has supported the dignity of the name for ages, and whose worth will be long remembered." Mr Gregory, however, and Mr Alexander Mackenzie, in his History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles, state that Dugald was the only son of Ranald, executed in 1513, eldest son of Allan MacRuari, and thus the real heir, who, in consequence of his cruelties, was murdered shortly after his accession, and his family excluded from the succession. It would be out of place here to enter fully into the matter, and the descendants of Dugald, though they accepted his name, relinquished all title to the chiefship, which remained unchallenged in Ian Muidartach and his descendants.

Before giving some account of the various heads of the Morar family, it may be as well at this point to describe their lands. South Morar was their chief residence, consisting of a 14 merk land of old extent. North Morar, formerly part of Glengarry, was judicially sold in 1768, and bought by General Fraser of Lovat, who was anxious to add to his political influence. In Gaelic, South Morar was "Morar-vic-Dhughail," and North Morar, "Morar-vic-Shimmie." South Morar, in its entirety, was a fine property, extending from the sea to the head waters of Glen Pean, which flow into Loch Arkaig, and to the sources of the river Finnon, which runs into Loch Shiel. It contained all the waters

which run into one side of the historic Loch Morar, including also the whole of Loch Beoraid, in itself a grand sheet of water. There are some pretty islets in Loch Morar, in one of which, it is alleged, Simon Lord Lovat was taken in 1746, concealed in the hollow of an old tree. The tradition is inaccurate; there are no appearances of old trees in the islands, and trees which, I observe, by an account of seeds and labour, were planted in 1802, have been cut down for estate purposes.

The place where Lord Lovat was taken, I am informed by Mr Eneas Macdonell of Morar, is called "Druim-a-Chuirn," situated on the south-east side of Loch Morar, part of the farm of Meople. Mr Macdonell saw the tree some forty years ago, then much decayed, and he understood there are at present no remains. He took it to have been a fir, but those with him made it hardwood.

The river Morar, with its rapids and falls, is most picturesque. In Eigg, the Morar family had Gruillen, Galmistell, Sandiemore, Hollin, Knockeltaig, and Cleadell. They also had the lands of Linaclete in Benbecula, and Machermeanach in South Uist. One of the cadets of Morar founded the family of Garryghoul, afterwards Gerrinish, whose descendant in 1854 became heir to Morar, and sold the estate

When these lands in South Uist and Benbecula were sold to Boisdale by Allan Roy of Morar, it was said he had been outwitted, and I observe a curious statement made in the year 1854, by John Macdonald, cottar in Arisaig, then aged 82, that the Gerrinish family "had money on those lands which had been left to them as Thanishdearachd." The family has long been out of Uist, but has left some permanent memorials. Miss Mary Macdonald, a member of the family, residing in Glasgow in 1854, aged 60, says, "Ranald of Gerrinish's first wife was Isobel, daughter of Morar. She was drowned in the ford. The rock has ever since been called 'Isabella's Rock.' I have seen it myself." Miss Macdonald's sister, Mrs Anne Mackinnon, says, "I have often stood in the burying-ground at Howmore, between the graves of Ranald's two wives. The burying-ground is called the Morar family burying-ground—in Gaelic, Clach or Cille-vic-Coule."

The Morar family had at times other lands, particularly seven merks of Arisaig, but those I have mentioned were all included in the County Cess Roll, made up in 1691.

I. Dugald Macdonald was succeeded by

II. Allan, designed in 1538 as "Allan Mac-Coull-MacRanald," who, with his younger brother Lachlan, receive a grant of the non-entry duties of 14 merks of Morar, 9 merks in Eigg, 13 merks in

Benbecula, and 7 merks of Arisaig. From this period, at least, commences the distinct connection of the Mac-Coul family with Morar. In a remission, dated 3rd March, 1566, in favour of Clanranald and his friends and followers, the first name after that of John, the chief, and Allan, John Og, Roderick, Angus, and Donald Gorme, all his sons, is that of "Allan Mac Coul Vic Ranald de Morar."

The Clanranald historian seems to make him the same person as Allan MacRanald of Easter Leys, who is found in 1581. I infer that Allan of Easter Leys was of the Keppoch family. His eldest son and apparent heir, named John, appears in 1588, and he himself writes a long letter, dated at the Chanonrie of Ross, as late as 1596. Allan the second was succeeded by

III. ALEXANDER, found in 1610 as "Alexander Mac-Allan-Mac-Coul MacRanald" of Morar. In his time, the Morar family was in the height of its prosperity. He received a Crown Charter of all the lands above particularised, including the seven merks in Arisaig, from James VI., dated Edinburgh, 15th March, 1610.

Alexander, with consent of his eldest son, Allan Mor, feued out ten pennies of Cleadell, Knockiltaig, and Hollin, in Eigg, to his brother Ranald, in life-rent, and the latter's son Angus, in fee, in the year 1618. This family of Knockiltaig ran on for a long time, and in 1818 its representative, Capt. George Macdonald of the 68th Regiment, was a claimant for the Morar estate, and tried to get himself appointed tutor-at-law to John, 12th of Morar, but the attempt failed, there being some doubt as to the marriage of the Captain's parents.

IV. ALLAN MOR. In 1646 Allan styling himself "Allan vic Allister," Laird of Morar, enters into a Bond of Friendship with John and Donald, elder and younger of Clanranald.

This would imply that the Mac-Couls were independent of Clan Ranald. Allan Mor had three sons, Allan Oig, his successor, John, who died without issue, and Alexander, ancestor of Garrygual and Gerinish, whose descendants, as I have said, ultimately succeeded to the estate. Allan Mor had one daughter, who married Alexander Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, which Alexander died in 1644. Allan was succeeded by

V. ALLAN OIG, and he in turn was succeeded by his second son,

VI. ALEXANDER, who had several sons, including Allan Roy, who succeeded, and John, the fourth son, first of the Guidale family, whose grandson James, an idiot, was for a time proprietor of Morar. Alexander, who was out with Dundee, was succeeded by

VII. ALLAN ROY. He is found party to a deed in 1702, and he, described as yr. of Morar, witnesses a deed in 1683. He died prior to 1759, having been infeft in Morar in 1726. He married Marjory, youngest daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, leaving five sons, who all died without issue, save John, the eldest. One of Allan Roy's daughters married John 6th of Glenalladale, and her son, Alexander, young Glenalladale, was one of the first to join Prince Charlie, and proved a most devoted adherent.

Allan was somewhat facile, and in his time the family began to decay. In 1748 he sold his South Uist and Benbecula lands to Boisdale, and feued Rhettland, part of South Morar. An old faded document, being an agreement 'twixt Angus Macdonald of Rhettland, and his son, Allan, is somewhat curious, and may be given, as it relates to the great emigration movement which had then begun :—

"Att Sunisleter, 7th June, 1772.

"It is agreed and contracted betwixt Angus MacDonald of Retland and Allan MacDonald, his eldest son, whereas the said Angus and Allan MacDonald are to sell and dispose of the whole lands, holding feu of John Macdonald of Morar, do hereby bind and oblige us heirs and successors to perform the following articles and conditions. That is to say, that the third part of the price of the foresaid lands are to be employed in making a purchase in whatever part they think most convenient in America, and that the foresaid Allan MacDonald, being the eldest son and heir of the foresaid Angus MacDonald of Retland, is to have the whole of these lands purchased with the foresaid money, except five hundred acres for each of his other four sons, and one thousand to be att the disposal of the foresaid Angus MacDonald of Retland, and the other two parts of the price of foresaid lands to be equally divided betwixt the foresaid Angus MacDonald of Retland, and the foresaid Allan MacDonald his son. I, Angus MacDonald of Retland, and Allan MacDonald, my son, do hereby bind and oblige ourselves to extend the above upon stamped paper when convenient.

"In witness whereof we have signed these presents before these witnesses—Ranald MacDonald, tacksman of Grulin, in Eigg, and Donald MacDonald, in Sunisleter. (Signed) Angus MacDonald, Allan MacDonald, Ranald MacDonald, witness, Donald MacDonald, witness."

Rhettland was ultimately acquired by the sagacious John Macdonald of Borrodale, who afterwards succeeded to Glenalladale.

By the advice of friends, Allan Roy interdicted himself from acting without their consent, but mischief had already been done.

Both Allan Roy and his son John were out in the '45, and an account of interviews they had with Prince Charles when a fugitive in the neighbourhood of Morar, is well known. From the account it seems that the old man was more inclined than his son to run all risks for his Prince. One of Allan's daughters was the Janet before referred to as having been drowned in a ford of Uist. Allan was succeeded by his son

VIII. JOHN MACDONALD, commonly termed "Lieutenant John." He succeeded to an embarrassed estate, and being tempted to enter into litigation, to set aside his father's sales to Macdonald of Boisdale, he got into great difficulties, finally losing his case in the House of Lords in 1764. He married Mary, thirteenth child of Ranald of Kinlochmoidart, by Margaret, only daughter of John Cameron of Lochiel.

One of Mary's brothers was the well-known Angus Macdonald, banker in Paris, who disappeared during the French Revolution while Paris was in the hands of the mob. Another was Ranald, who will ever be sympathetically remembered by Highlanders, as that youth who, with hardly suppressed anger against his relatives, Clanranald and Kinlochmoidart, impatiently stood on the deck of the vessel while Prince Charles was vainly striving to get their assent to the rising.—"Home's History," p.p. 39 and 40.

Sometime after his legal defeat in 1764, John entered the British Service, and served for years in America. He had to part with his remaining lands in Eigg, viz., Gruellin and the Knockiltaig feus, to Ranald Macdonald of Clanranald, in the year 1773, for the sum of £1070. There is a curious limitation in the deed of conveyance, to the effect that, though Galmistell and Sandimore were conveyed, it was without warrandice, because, though they appeared in Morar's charters, they had in fact been always possessed by Clanranald. After his return from the American War John lived at Kinlochmoidart, then at Glenancross, and thereafter at Bŭnacamb, where he died in the autumn of 1809, at an advanced age.

The sales mentioned did not suffice to clear the encumbrances. General Fraser of Lovat befriended him, and made advances, but the upper end of Morar, now generally comprehended under the one possession of Meople, was sold by John and his son to Ewen Cameron of Fassfern. John was a man of considerable ability, as may be seen by the following instructions, which are holograph, to prepare the marriage contract of his daughter :—

"Outlines of the contract of marriage betwixt Lt. Miles M'Donald, of the late 8th Regiment of Foot on the one part, and

Isabella M'Donald, daughter to John M'Donald of Morar, the said J. M'D. and Lt. Simon M'Donald, younger of Morar, on the other part, that is to say, the said Lt. M. M'D. having married the said Isabella M'D. on the — day of July last, with the consent of her said father and brother. But no contract or mention of agreement being hitherto extended, or mention in any manner except what passed verbally, and the said John M'D., with consent of Lt. Simon M'Donald foresaid, obliges them to pay to said Lt. Miles M'D. the sum of £100 stg., as portion or dowry, with the annual rent thereof, from date of their marriage till paid. In consideration of which, and on the other part, the said Lieut. Miles M'Donald obliges him and his heirs, &c., &c., &c., to secure to the said Isabella M'Donald, his spouse, in case she survives her said husband, by good sufficient land security, or by lodging a capital sum equal thereto, the sum of £20 stg. yearly, beginning the first payment thereof the first term after her said husband's decease, together with an equal half of all the movable stock, household furniture, or silver plate of whatever kind that may happen to belong to them at the dissolution of the marriage, in case no child or children shall then live or be procreate between them; but, in case there are children or child then living procreate betwixt them, in that case she is only to have one-third of the movables, as also of conquest from the time of their marriage, and she is entitled to the best horse, together with thirty pounds stg. in name of a compliment and a grant of mourning."

The sum of £40 was expended in John Macdonald's funeral expenses, including half an anker of rum and four casks of whisky. He left two sons and two daughters — Simon, who succeeded Colonel Coll Macdonald, 2nd Battalion of the Royals, one daughter, Isabella, above referred to, and Margaret, wife of that well-known litigant, Dr Donald Macdonald, of Fort-Augustus. John was succeeded in the estate by his eldest son.

IX. SIMON, afterwards Major in the army, who married, in 1784, Amelia, only child of Captain James Macdonell of Glenmeddle, younger son of Glengarry, and Jean Gordon, daughter of old Glenbuckett.

Miss Macdonell was highly accomplished, and an heiress, and the romantic circumstances connected with Morar's successful wooing I have mentioned in another place, as these were related to me by my mother, who was personally acquainted with Major and Mrs Macdonald. Old Morar, at the marriage of his son in 1784, gave over the estates, reserving a liferent.

Simon Macdonald built the house of Tray, afterwards called Morar House, where he and his wife happily resided for some years,

he busying himself in the pursuits of a country gentleman. They were both good musicians, and in the small though varied library at Tray at his death, there were 11 volumes of music, and amongst his effects, three violins and a piano. The old mansion of the MacCouls was stone built, gabled, and thatched, situated at Glenancross.

When Simon left Glenancross, and built Tray, his father John also left it, and, as I have said, resided in a cottage at Bunacaimb, still standing, where he died. No vestige of the Glenancross house remains.

Simon took great interest in urging the opening up of Lochiel, Arisaig, and the two Morars, by good roads, finding then, as is now, the inconvenience of the £20 lands of Lochiel being situated in Argyle.

I give one of his letters as a specimen :—

"Dear Sir,—The Roman Catholic gentlemen in this neighbourhood swore allegiance to His Majesty last week, in compliance to the late Act in their favour, which I here enclose, but wish to have returned by my servant. You'll find also enclosed a list of the gentlemen, to be delivered to the Sheriff Clerk conformed to the Act; likewise £2 1s, out of which give the Clerk £1 7s, the balance to credit of my own account. There is enclosed a paragraph, which please transmit to Edinburgh with all despatch, to be published in three different Edinburgh papers, and in the *Glasgow News*. Acquaint me of the expense with due convenience, and it will be remitted. I hope, as the gentlemen left it with me to get these things done, you'll be so good as not neglect them. I always am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

(Signed) "SIMON M'DONALD.

"Arisaig, 18th Augt., 1793."

His family increasing, and the old military spirit still glowing, he again entered the army. His mother-in-law, Mrs Macdonell of Glenmeddle, writing from Inverie, 9th June, 1794, says:—"Mr Macdonald has accepted of a Commission from the Marquis of Huntly. Since it was to be so, I wish it had been sooner. He has got some recruits. God grant all things may do well for himself and family." He became Major in the 92nd Regt., and after being abroad for some time, retired in bad health. He died on the 12th March, 1800, and in one of his last letters, bearing date the 13th January, he writes, alluding to a notorious quack medicine of the day termed "the Balm of Gilead," thus—"The Gilead cordial I have found benefit from, so I mean to commission

a whole case from Edinburgh. If the effects are so sensibly felt in every complaint to which it is applied as a cure, it must be a blessing to society." The Major was buried with his fathers within the walls of the ancient chapel at Kilmoire of Arisaig, one of the seven expiatory chapels of "Allan-nan-Creach," and a handsome tombstone, costing £14 sterling, is ordered from Greenock.

This was the first blow to his widow, left with a young family of five—Elizabeth, James, Mary, Simon, and John. Her next misfortune was in the year 1803, when, having previously removed to Inverness for the sake of her childrens' education, she lost, in the month of July, her daughter Mary, and in November, her clever mother, Mrs Macdonell of Glenmeddle. Both were buried at Inverness. In these days, in towns, it was customary to have a funeral dinner or "entertainment" as it was termed, and it needed, with other liquors, the consumption of 28 bottles of port to pay proper respect to the old lady's memory, at Fraser's hotel. I give a specimen of her letters:—

"Sir,—I would have wrote you sooner, according to promise, but was detained longer by the way here than I expected, by my relations and friends in Perthshire. I only arrived here last week. I long much to know about your Mrs M'Donell and how all matters are. I sincerely wish and hope all is weel to your and her comfort. I am very anxious to hear. What can I think not to have had a letter or any accounts from my daughter or from Knoidart since I left Inverness. You cannot imagine my uneasiness, God grant they may be all weel. I am amongst my kindest and best friends, but in the midst of all, not happy with my anxiety in not hearing from my daughter, the reason of which I cannot comprehend. I have been at Lord Henderlands mostly since I came here. They are at Murrayfield, about two miles from town. My Lord sets off the 15th for Inverness, from Mercer of Aldies. I dined at St Martins with Remulin, and returned to Mr Mercer's at night. I only saw Mr Fraser, Gortuleg; he called upon me the day I came to town; he went north next day, but says he returns soon. I beg to hear from you upon receipt of this. Let me know all your news, how they are at Invergarry, what has become of Mrs M'Cay, but I beg to know when you heard from Knoidart. I shall conclude with my kindest compts. to Mrs M. and you, and am, Dr. Sir, your assured friend, and humble servt., (Signed) "JEAN MACDONELL.

"Edin., Carrubers Close, Sept. 10th, 1787.

"Direct to me at Mrs Laing's, Carrubers Close, and care of Mr Angus M'Donell, Merchant, Parliament Close.

"Compts. to Mr John M'Donald and Mrs M'Donald, and to good Miss Gordon. Adieu, write me soon."

In 1804, when in his 11th year, Mrs Macdonald's youngest son, John, met with an accident, and began to show signs of fatuousness.

I have placed Major Simon Macdonald as the 9th of Morar, because, though he predeceased his father, he had been put in possession of the estate. He was succeeded by his eldest son

X. JAMES, who, in 1805, like his father and grandfather, betook himself to a military life, entering his father's regiment, as seen by the following letter addressed to his uncle, Colonel Coll Macdonald :—

"Aberdeen, 28th September, 1805.

"Sir,—The Marquis of Huntly is extremely happy to acquaint you that he has now procured an ensigncy in the 92nd for your nephew, James Macdonald.

(Signed) "THOS. JOHNSTONE, Major of Brigade."

James Macdonald was sent abroad immediately, saw much service, and went through a deal of hardship. It was reported that he was killed at Corunna, but, in a letter from a friend of the family in Edinburgh, dated 31st January, 1809, it is said—"There has been word from James Morar, who it seems has been lucky enough not to be at the Battle of Corunna. He says the army have lost in all 10,000 men in battle, and left on the road in retreat from fatigue; but it is said confidently that 4500 only have been lost. James Morar was in the rear on the march, and was skirmishing and retreating for three weeks."

James Macdonald returned home a major, and his mother, writing from Morar House, on 17th October, 1809, says her son Simon had a letter "from James. He is, I thank God, well. His regiment is at Woodbridge, in Suffolk. He is put into the Grenadiers as a mark of distinction."

His own views are well expressed in a long letter, dated Woodbridge, 18th October, 1809, from which I make an extract :—"I am now the representative of an ancient and honourable family, with hardly a vestige of property, but the name, with a family to support, and debts to be expunged. Providing for the one, and supporting the other, as becomes them, are my objects, and, with the assistance of God, I am determined to overcome all obstacles to effect them. The task is difficult."

Alas! that such high hopes should be frustrated. He shortly fell into ill health, and died at Edinburgh, after a lingering illness,

in the month of October, 1811. On 30th October a youth at college writes to Inverness—"Poor Morar was buried on Tuesday. They got a very bad day, for it incessantly rained all the time of the burial." The death of her eldest son, of whom she was justly proud, was a sad stroke to his mother, but she still had the comfort of her second son Simon. James Macdonald was succeeded by his brother.

XI. SIMON, 11th of Morar. He was intended for the profession of the law, and carefully educated, first by Mr Ewan Maclachlan, of Aberdeen, and afterwards at the University of Edinburgh. He was the favourite of his mother and only surviving sister. It may be imagined, therefore, what an overwhelming shock it was to these loving ones to hear that in April, 1812, barely six months after his accession, he was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun while visiting a relative in Moidart. Upon his way to shoot at Kinlochmoidart, Simon Macdonald stayed a night at the house of Irin. Starting off after breakfast on 22nd April, in health and spirits, he took up his gun, which had been placed over night against the wall behind a sofa. In doing this the gun went off, the contents penetrating his head, and, though he lived three hours, never spoke. Simon was succeeded by his only surviving brother,

XII. JOHN, 12th of Morar. He, as I have stated, showed signs of fatuonsness as early as 1804, and, by the time of his accession, had quite sunk into idiotcy. He attained his majority in 1814.

These unparalleled misfortunes left Mrs Macdonald with only one real comfort—her eldest daughter, Elizabeth. She, like her mother, was highly accomplished and well up to business. I cannot better illustrate this than by giving a paper drawn out and holograph of herself, early in 1814, in reference to certain accounts of cash and business, which had been laid before her mother and herself—

"Memorandum as to the Accounts:—

"A. These two Accounts, the £60 is not included in which he was due Mrs M.

"B. The Interest of Glengarry's Bond, which was due two years, he sent by Mr J. M. in 1809, which he puts right in his account, but in making up the Interest, he charged her Interest upon from 1807. And the Accounts he paid in the same way at that time.

"C. These two accounts are the same, but that the agency is charged more in the last sent.

"D. This Account he has put John in place of Simon. In it he charges with an Interview with our Lamented Simon when he was in Morar. It was the day after his coming of age, the 14th of April, when every person knows that he was not at Inverness. In John's accounts he has charged the Postages much more than they are. As to mine, if he sends the vouchers I shall be satisfied."

Mrs Macdonald was destined to lose, and that very shortly, as I have said, her last comfort. Borrodale writes on 4th July, 1814:—

"Dear Sir,—Mrs Macdonald, Morar, with her poor reduced family, arrived from Edinburgh on the 23rd of last month. Miss Macdonald was much reduced indeed, but she retained such spirits that I thought she might live a few weeks. The poor mother never despaired of her recovery until Thursday night last, late in the evening, and early on Friday morning she departed this life. The interment is to be on Thursday. You will easily conceive the distress of worthy Mrs Macdonald on losing her last hope and only comfort. I am happy to be able to say she bears this severe trial with a great degree of Christian fortitude, as much so as could be expected from any woman in her situation.—I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

(Signed) "JOHN MACDONALD.

"Morar House, 4th July, 1814."

Barisdale, writing same day from Auchtertyre, says:—"I am just preparing to set off for poor Betsy Morar's interment. God help her distressed mother; few women have suffered more in the world, or borne her fate with more resignation and fortitude."

In 1818, when certain formalities were to be gone through with regard to the management of the estate, an old friend writing by a messenger-at arms to Mr John Macdonald, priest of Arisaig, and to Mr Macdonell of Rhue, says—"The bearer goes to cite John Morar, the remaining stock of my most affectionate friends, Major and Mrs Macdonald of Morar. That that family should have been so reduced is truly distressing to me."

Mrs Macdonald did not long survive. Glengarry, writing on 16th May, 1817, states—"He expects setting out for the West to attend the funeral of my poor cousin, Mrs Macdonald of Morar." She left considerable means, Lord Medwyn, Mr J. A. Murray, afterwards Lord Murray, Wm. Macdonald of St Martins, and Alex. Macdonell of Rhue and Lochshiel, being her executors. Mrs Galbraith, daughter of Ranald Macdonell of Scotos, speaking in

1854, aged over 70, said—"I lived for three years preceding Mrs Macdonald's death with her at Morar House." Space prevents my giving one of her numerous letters. Lord Murray, her maternal cousin, was appointed her residuary legatee, and though a great part of it was laid out by him for the benefit of the people, it did not prove a success. He erected a monumental tablet in one of the walls of Kilmoir chapel, with the following inscription :—

"Sacred to the Memory
of
AMELIA,
Widow of Simon Macdonald of Morar,
Of their Daughter ELIZA, and Sons,
JAMES, SIMON, and JOHN.
The sorrows of a mother, borne with patience truly Christian, and the sad fate of her family, are here recorded.
R.I.P.
J. A. M., Posuit, 1843."

Colonel Coll Macdonald, only brother of Simon 9th of Morar, married Miss Frances Cochrane, and left an only child Mary. The Colonel, who was in very good circumstances, had to be placed under restraint in 1814, and died towards the close of 1817. Mary Macdonald married Angus Macdonell, commonly called "Angus Inch," from his farm in the Brae of Lochaber. Mr Eneas Macdonell, Morar, to whom I am much indebted for information in preparing this paper, describes Mrs Macdonell of Inch in these words, in answer to my specific enquiries, made in respect that she and her descendants became heirs of line of "Mac Dhughail"—"Mrs Macdonell was regarded by every one who saw her as a very handsome and beautiful woman. She retained her good looks and graces to the last. She was little past middle life when she died. The old Macdonalds of Morar were, I have always heard, a good looking race. I am not sure whether Mrs Macdonell died before or after the family emigrated. My impression is that her death took place in this country. Mrs Macdonell was an elegant, agreeable, well-informed woman." I observe that in August of this present year, 1888, Archie, youngest son of Mr and Mrs Macdonell of Inch, died at Melbourne.

John, 12th of Morar, who died about 1832, was succeeded by his second cousin, of the Guidale family.

XIII. JAMES, 13th of Morar, also fatuous. He died about 1853, and the estate being destined to heirs male, he was succeeded by a very distant cousin of the Gerinish family, which had *emigrated to America,*

XIV. RANALD, 14th of Morar, who claimed through Alexander, 3rd son of Allan Mor, 4th of Morar. This Ranald's proof of propinquity was difficult, but it was assisted by a proof taken by an uncle Allan, in 1824-5. Some rather interesting facts which cropped out, may be mentioned. Speaking in 1824, Malcolm Gillies, in Cross of Morar, aged 75, says the Gillieses "had been long in Morar, and, as far as he had learned, were older in the country than even the family of Morar itself." In the same year, Donald Macdonald of Eignaig, in Moidart, aged 70 years, says—"He is well acquainted with the genealogy of the family of Morar, and can give them from the Lords of the Isles." In 1825 Miss Margaret Macdonald, only sister of young Clanranald of the '45, was still alive, and residing at Ormiclate. Her father, Ranald Macdonald, in his youth styled of Benbecula, was born in 1692. Same year, 1824, Donald Macdonald, tenant in Iochdar of South Uist, said that in 1746, when Prince Charles Edward came to the country, after the battle of Culloden, he, Donald, was 18 years of age. In 1854, Donald Thomson at Druim-a-chaillich of Arisaig, aged 74, knew an old man, Donald Maceachin, who resided at Drumindarroch, and who died 20 years ago a very old man. Donald told him he was ten years old when Prince Charles was in hiding on the West Coast. I may mention that I have myself seen a gentleman who was six years old at the battle of Culloden.

Ranald, fourteenth of Morar, sold the estate to Mr Eneas Macdonell, grandson of Ranald Macdonell of Scotas, whose trustees parted with it to an English family which had previously acquired the adjoining estate of Arisaig.

Thus Morar, which had never been out of the race and name of Macdonald since 1120, and the time of Somerled, was lost to them, but it is to be hoped not for ever.

22nd JANUARY, 1889.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL DINNER.

This evening the Annual Dinner of the Society was held in the Caledonian Hotel. In the absence of The Mackintosh, the Chief of the Society, who was unable to be present owing to the illness of Mrs Mackintosh, the chair was taken by Sir H. C. Macandrew, who was supported by Major Grant, Seaforth Highlanders; Captain Chisholm, Glassburn; Colonel Gostwyck Gard, Culaneilan House;

Mr Campbell of Kilmartin; Captain Macleod of Cadboll, Cameron Highlanders; Captain Davidson, do.; Lieut. Forbes, do.; Surgeon-General Grant, Mr Charles Innes, solicitor; Rev. A. C. Macdonald, Queen Street F.C. Manse; Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor; Dr Murray, and Mr J. Horne, of the Geological Survey. Alex. Macbain, M.A., and Bailie Mackenzie were croupiers, and among the company present were Mr A. Ross, architect; Mr Allan Macdonald, Commissioner for The Mackintosh; Mr Robert Grant, of Macdougall & Coy.'s; Treasurer Jonathan Ross, Mr James Barron, Ness Bank; Mr Duncan Campbell, Ballifeary; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Dr Moir, Aberdeen; Rev. Mr Sinton, Invergarry; Mr James Gossip, Inverness; Mr A. Machardy, Chief-Constable; Mr Donald Fraser of Millburn; Mr Thomas Fraser, do.; Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; Mr Wm Macdonald, Sheriff-Clerk Depute; Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor; Mr John S. Fraser, solicitor; Mr Henry V. Maccallum, Queensgate Chambers; Mr T. G. Henderson, Mr Macdonald, Superintendent of Police; Mr John Davidson, Inglis Street; Mr Gilbert A. Matheson, Mr Strickland, Kenneth Street; Mr Alex. Fraser, draper, Church Street; Mr Fraser, Ballifeary; Mr Mackenzie, Kenneth Street, Inverness; Mr Walker, Torbreck; Mr Wm. Macdonald, contractor; Mr Medlock, jeweller; Mr John Macdonald, Castle Street; Mr Paul Campbell, Bridge Street; Mr James Macbean, Mr Wm. Miller, Longman Road; Mr Ewen Macrae, Kinbeachie; Mr Murdo Macrae, do.; Mr Wm. Macbean, Imperial Hotel; Mr John Whyte, Mr Wm. Gunn, Castle Street; Mr Duncan H. Chisholm, do.; Mr Cargill, accountant, Royal Bank, Inverness; Mr Farquhar Urquhart, Union Street; Mr D. M. Cameron, do.; Mr Fleming, Caledonian Bank, Inverness; Mr Hugh Mackintosh, Castle Street; Mr D. Ramsay, Mr Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland, Secretary of the Society, &c. The large dining-room was beautifully decorated with clan tartans and stags' heads, and on the large mirror the arms of The Mackintosh, with the motto, "Touch not a cat bot a glove," were displayed.

After dinner, in the service of which Mr Macfarlane excelled himself, the loyal and patriotic toasts were given from the chair. In proposing the Queen, Sir Henry said he asked them to drink to her, not only as sovereign of the British Empire, but as the oldest representative of royal families on the face of the earth—(applause)—which was proved, as he was convinced, by her descent from the ancient Pictish Kings, whose headquarters were at Inverness—(applause). In proposing the health of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal family, Sir Henry said they could not forget in this connection the widowed

lady, who was now in this country, the Empress of Germany—(applause). He was sure they appreciated her virtues perhaps with considerably greater force than the subjects of her late husband did; and they would have learned with pleasure that the Empress had the other day come into a singular piece of good luck by having a legacy left her by an Italian lady, which was even worthy of an Empress, the sum being stated at £600,000—(applause).

Sir Henry, in giving the patriotic toast, said they had been told recently that the Highland regiments were not to be considered as the peculiar property of Scotland, and that they must look forward to having in Scotland other regiments in the garrisons, because all were alike regiments of the British Empire. He was convinced that they would protest as vigorously and successfully against that innovation as they did against the proposed abolition of the Highland regiments—(applause). Many of the English battalions were no doubt quite as distinguished in their service as the Highland regiments, but they preferred to have the Highland bonnets in their midst, and to see their sons serve their Queen and country in their ranks—(applause). In his concluding sentences, Sir Henry alluded to the eminent military services of Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, one of the oldest members of the Gaelic Society, remarking that he was sure it was a source of satisfaction to them to find his son at the table to associate with the toast of the Army—(applause).

Major Grant, who was received with applause, said he supposed the old military spirit still lingered in the Highlands, but he sometimes wondered if nothing more could be done to popularise the army as a profession for Highlanders. Amongst those present were no doubt landlords, municipal authorities, factors, employers of labour, and tenants of large farms, men who in town and country districts exercised authority and influence, who must know of many fine young fellows who were idling away their time, and living from hand to mouth, and who, if they could be induced to join the army, would benefit both themselves and do a service to their country—(applause). He wished some influence towards a military career could be brought to bear upon this class. He did not refer to those young fellows who were doing their duty by striving to help forward the trade and agriculture of the country, whose assistance was required at home, but to those, and there were many, he was afraid, in the Highlands, who were idling along and were a burden to their families and a degradation to themselves and their race—(applause). In the army they would

become gallant soldiers, and they would earn, what they had little prospect of earning otherwise, a pension to comfort them in their old age—(applause). He desired to thank Sir Henry for the terms in which he had alluded to his father—(applause). It was a grand thing to have a father to be as proud of as he was of his. In his old age nothing delighted Sir Patrick Grant more than to know that his name was still looked upon with some affection in the Highlands he loved so well—(applause).

At this stage of the proceedings, the Secretary, Mr Duncan Mackintosh, read the annual report of the Executive, which was as follows:—"The Council have pleasure in reporting that the prosperity and usefulness of the Society continue to increase. During the past year 45 new members were enrolled, and eleven volumes added to the library. The fourteenth volume of Transactions is now in the binder's hands, and will be delivered to the members in the course of a few days. It is one of the largest of the Society's annual volumes, and it is believed that its contents will be found of much interest and value. The syllabus for session 1888-89 shows that there is no abatement in the activity of the members in the special field which the Society endeavours to cultivate. The Treasurer reports as follows:—Balance from last year, £66 10s 4d; income during year, £121 18s; total revenue, £188 8s 4d; expenditure during year, £165 2s 8d; balance in hand, £23 5s 8d. The Council desire to point out that in consequence of the gradually increasing size of the Society's annual volume of Transactions, the yearly expenditure is also greatly increasing; and they would urgently impress on the members the necessity of doing what lies in their power to increase the list of the Society's life and honorary members. The study of the questions in which the Society is specially interested has greatly extended since the foundation of the Society, and able scholars are ready to contribute to the Transactions; but without a considerable increase in the Society's revenue, the Council feel that they cannot issue to the members volumes of such size and value as, with a larger income, they would be in a position to publish. In connection with this subject, the Council have to acknowledge with gratitude the liberality of Mr Macdonald of Skeabost, who has defrayed the cost of the *fac similes* appearing in Volume XIV. now about to be issued, of documents from Lord Macdonald's Charter Chest, and also of The Mackintosh, Chief of the Society, who has offered a prize of £10 10s for the best essay on the social condition of the Highlands since 1800. This prize has been advertised, and it is hoped the successful essay will appear in the next volume of Transactions."

Apologies for absence had been received from the following members :—Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch ; Sir Kenneth Matheson of Lochalsh ; Mr R. B. Finlay, Q.C., M.P. ; Mr C. Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond, M.P. ; Mr. D. H. Macfarlane, London ; Mr D. Cameron of Lochiel ; Mr Alex. Mackintosh of Holme ; Mr Duncan Forbes of Culloden ; Mr Sutherland of Skibo ; Mr Ian Macpherson Grant of Ballindalloch ; Mr L. Macdonald of Skeabost ; Mr James E. B. Baillie of Dochfour ; Mr L. Macpherson of Glentruim ; Mr P. L. Bankes, Achnasheen, Ross-shire ; Mr D. Cameron, Moniack Castle ; Dr Masson, Edinburgh ; Mr Donald Davidson of Drummond Park ; Mr J. Macpherson, Caledonian United Service Club, Edinburgh ; Mr John Henderson, Town Clerk, Fortrose ; Mr A. Burgess, banker, Gairloch ; Mr A. Mackintosh Shaw, G.P.O., London ; Rev. C. H. Goldthwaite, The Manse, Glen-Urquhart ; Dr Miller, Fort-William ; Mr A. Macpherson, solicitor, Kingussie ; Rev. John Mackintosh, F.C. Manse, Fort-William ; Rev. Alexander Bisset, The Abbey, Fort-Augustus ; Mr A. A. Carmichael, Raeburn Place, Edinburgh ; Mr Duncan Menzies, Rogart ; Rev. Robert Munro, F.C. Manse, Old Kilpatrick, Glasgow ; Mr Ewen T. Miller, Fort-William ; Mr Ewen Cameron, do. ; Rev. J. P. Campbell, Manse of Urquhart ; Mr H. Bannerman, Southport ; Mr D. Maclachlan, Edinburgh ; Mr G. M. Sutherland, Wick ; Mr James M. Gow, Union Bank, Hunter Square, Glasgow ; Mr Alex. Maclean, Greenock ; Mr John Mackay, C.E., Hereford ; Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh ; Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, Chelsea. The Secretary further stated that he had received a telegram from The Mackintosh, wishing all success to the gathering, and read the following telegram from Mary Mackellar, the bard of the Society : —" Buaidh agus piseach, sith agus sonus, do fhear na cathrach agus do'n chomunn."

The Chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, "Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness," said—I must again repeat the apology which I made at the beginning of our proceedings, that my occupancy of this position arose from the unfortunate absence of The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and that it is only a few hours ago that I understood I was to take his place. I hope, therefore, that you will not expect from me such an elaborate and thoughtful address as is usually delivered on occasions of this kind. The toast is one we can all drink with enthusiasm, and the subject of the toast is one to which we can refer, I think, with unmixed satisfaction—(applause). The Gaelic Society of Inverness is, it appears to me, fairly and fully fulfilling the objects which its founders had in view. It has been doing its utmost to preserve

the ancient Highland feeling, to encourage the native Highland literature, and preserve the records of Highland history. The Secretary has just told us that the annual volume of the Society's transactions would be placed in the hands of members in a few days, and he has kindly placed in my hands an advanced copy, which, as you will see, is a very bulky and respectable book—(applause). On looking over the index, one can see that the volume contains a great deal of matter which will be valuable always as Highland history—(applause). There are various societies which, in these days, undertake to put into our hands in readable form, records and documents relating to the history of our country, so far as hitherto has not been published. I happen to belong to two of those societies, and, while the subscription is a guinea per annum for one or two volumes, I venture to say that there is more readable matter in this volume than in the publications of the new Spalding Club, or the Royal Historical Society, since they commenced business—(applause). Now, this is one of the fields in which this Society can be peculiarly useful, and in which it may still more extend its efforts. We have in this volume a *fac simile* of a Clan Macdonald Charter, dated 1744, bearing the signature of Donald Cameron of Lochiel (the gentle Lochiel) and two other chiefs; a most interesting document, but I am sorry to say its terms indicate the beginning of the decadence of the true Highland spirit which characterised the olden time. I have not read it through, but I see it is an agreement between the three chiefs to the effect that thefts and other depredations having become injuriously common, they bind themselves—in the most ignominious manner—(laughter)—to put these offences down; not only so, but they agree to subscribe a certain sum to bring the offenders to justice at the County Courts. Such a thing could not be done unless the Highland chiefs had gone down greatly in the world—(laughter). At an earlier and more spirited period, if the chiefs could not protect their thieves and depredators, they would have hung them themselves—(laughter). Another feature of the volume is the unpublished correspondence of Lord Lovat, contributed by our friend Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor, whose forthcoming work on the history of the Castle and Glen of Urquhart we are all looking forward to with much anticipation and interest—(applause). There are various other important subjects discussed in the volume, and the matter thus given, which will prove valuable, as has been recently remarked by those of high authority upon these topics, to all Celtic scholars interested in the social, political, and antiquarian history of the High-

and people—(applause). I think we may sincerely congratulate ourselves on the fact that the Society is prospering, and doing its duty well—(applause). The membership continues large, and, upon the two occasions I was present recently, a satisfactory amount of interest was shown in the papers read; but I only wish that more would, by their attendance at the weekly meetings, testify to their interest in the Society's work. There is only one subject to which I wish to refer, and it is one on which I have spoken on former occasions; I mean the promotion of the native industries of the Highlands—(applause). Since I last alluded to the subject, Mr Alexander Ross has contributed a paper to the Field Club transactions, in which he gives a list of the native Highland dyes used long ago in the weaving of tartans for Highland soldiers, and thus elucidates an interesting department of a particular industry. We hear a great deal about the land question and about the future of the Highlands, and the capacity of this part of the country to maintain a large population. I see that our friend Mr Mackenzie, who, I am sorry to see is not present to-night, told an audience at Kingussie the other day that he had "thocht" out the land question and also "wrocht it oot"—(laughter). I cannot say, with regard to the question to which I have referred, that I have "wrocht it oot;" but I feel quite satisfied that the comfort and happiness of the Highland people could not be more thoroughly or efficiently promoted than by encouraging the revival of the old domestic manufactures which used to be characteristic of the country—(applause). It was true, perhaps, that hand-made goods could not compete with the productions of modern machinery, but so far as usefulness and economy was concerned, I am convinced that home-made material is far more profitable in the end—(applause). I do not refer alone to the manufacture of stockings and tweeds, although nothing is more beautiful in the world than the Highland tartans and checks. There is also the art of carving, which was pre-eminent as an industry in byegone times, and the working of metals. In India at this day a common peasant will produce an artistic article for a few rupees, and there is no doubt that much valuable work of a similar kind used to be done in the Highlands in ancient times by numbers of the peasantry, who received their education in the Celtic monasteries. With regard to wood-carving, I can remember the period when beautifully carved articles were exposed for sale at the Inverness market. An effort has lately been made in the Lovat country to revive this art, and at the Sutherland Exhibition, held in Inverness last summer, a considerable amount of

work, much of which was executed in cottage homes, was exhibited. As I have said, if this Society could accomplish something in the way of promoting the native industries and manufactures of the Highlands, a great deal would be done to add to the comfort and happiness and contentment of the Highland people—(applause). People cannot live on small plots of land entirely by that land. On a recent occasion I passed a day at Dunvegan, in Skye, along with my friend, Mr Mackay, and happened to hear that a young lady had telegraphed to Paris for a bonnet in order to attend a marriage. Now, crofts cannot produce Parisian bonnets, however well the Highland question may be thocht and wrocht oot—(laughter)—and the people ought to know that. They would be very much happier with the articles of their own manufacture; and I would suggest that a prize should be given to the woman who dressed best in materials of her own manufacture—(applause). Sir Henry concluded by giving the toast, which was drunk with enthusiasm.

Mr Alexander Ross, architect, proposed the toast of the Members of Parliament for Highland Counties and Burghs, and said he was sure they would all agree with him in saying that, whatever their politics, the desire of all of them was to promote the interests of the constituencies they represented—(applause).

Rev. Thomas Sinton, Invergarry, proposed the Language and Literature of the Gael—(applause). He felt not a little honoured, he said, in being asked to propose this toast, which must be regarded in some respects as the toast of the evening. Although a Borderer by name, he was fully three-fourths Celtic by descent, and altogether Highland in his appreciation of the language and literature of the Gael—(applause). There was an element of truth in that hoary myth as to the antiquity of the Gaelic language; it was far less artificial than English or any of the great European tongues—(applause). He thought it was in a peculiar sense the language of the heart and of nature—(applause). Through its medium the religious instinct found ready utterance; so did all the emotions and affections which were common to all time. Surely no other language came more pleasantly from the lips of children. The Gaelic bards had deeply revolved the mysteries of nature, and their verses vividly portray the changing face of nature in storm and calm and sunshine. In poetry of this description the literature of the Gael was particularly rich. Take Ossian for instance. They should not lose sight of the intrinsic merits of the work amid discussions and controversies as to whether it was composed by the Bard of Cona or the Bard of Badenoch If by James Macpherson, then that gentleman

cherished a modesty of which none who knew him well thought him to be possessed. It was quite true that in the poems of Ossian the same images and thoughts occurred again and again. But why, the same might be said of Shakespere. In Ossian, we find a plaintive eligiac strain genuinely Celtic. The author must have been one familiar with the gloomy grandeur of the mountains, and the dreary solitude of the moorlands, who had listened to the sugh of the wind among the heather and woods and rocks, and whose ear had been attentive to the varying cadence of the streams from the tinkling rill to the rolling cascade—(applause). In many passages the voice of nature spoke faithfully. What his dear friend the late Principal Shairp of St Andrew's had called the poetic interpretation of nature held a very important place in Gaelic poetry. Some of the best modern Gaelic bards had visions as pure, and impressions as strong, as Wordsworth, and some of their verses might fitly be placed alongside of his. They had Gaelic bards, too, whose delightful lyrics, instinct with the music of love, showed that their authors were endowed with the genius of Burns—(applause). There was an impression abroad, and sedulously fostered in some quarters, that Gaelic was rapidly dying, and at no very distant date would be dead and buried. He was convinced that the idea was erroneous—(applause)—that fifty years would make very little difference in the number of those speaking Gaelic. He had often observed persons who had been speaking freely in English in the presence of strangers suddenly and naturally turn to Gaelic when they found themselves alone. The heart then seemed to unbend, and the tone became more real —(applause). In conclusion, he had at this time much pleasure, in proposing the Language and Literature of the Gael, to couple with this toast the names of Mr Campbell and Mr Macbain. He believed that these gentlemen were upon the eve of making a new venture in the field of Gaelic literature. In this field they had both already made their mark. In Mr Campbell they had a *sennachie* possessed of wide and varied information in matters Celtic, and always able to command a considerable amount of bardic fire—(applause). In Mr Macbain they had a scholar profoundly skilled in Gaelic philology, and well able to tread his way through the mazy labyrinth of Celtic folklore. He wished long life and prosperity to the new magazine which he believed was shortly to appear under the editorial auspices of these gentlemen, and he felt assured that under their direction the *Highland Monthly*, as it was to be called, would be the means of fostering and illustrating the language and literature of the Gael—(applause).

Mr Campbell made a brief reply to the toast, and Mr Macbain also refrained from entering at any length into the subject, on the ground that, besides being admirably treated by Mr Sinton, it had been thrashed out many times on previcus occasions. Mr Macbain, in the course of a reference to ancient Highland stories, suggested the formation of a society in Inverness to publish some of the Edinburgh manuscripts—a sort of Gaelic Text Society—(applause). He thought the project worthy of being taken up in Inverness—(applause).

Mr D. Campbell gave the toast of "Highland Education," and in doing so said that, being an old schoolmaster himself, he was in a position to contrast the old system with the new. In his day, education was conducted at a very cheap rate—at a rate of expense which, he ventured to say, would not keep the creaking wheels of the present machinery going—(laughter and applause) —but still the old parochial schoolmaster rendered very efficient services to the country—(applause). Moreover, the old system was, he maintained, the right system, because it was based on the eternal and immutable laws of nature—(laughter and applause)— whilst the present system was based upon the falsehood of equality —upon the supposition that children could be driven through certain codes, and turned out equally perfect scholars. The result of this system was, he thought, that clever children received more damage than "dolts" received in advantage. Under the old system all children up to ten or eleven years of age received fair play, but after that age the schoolmaster and the fathers consulted together, and if Johnny was not making so much progress as Jamie, Johnny was put to his legitimate occupation, say herding, and Jamie was consecrated to a higher position in life, for which his abilities fitted him. By a great deal of sacrifice, Jamie was sent to college, and he came out as a doctor or clergyman, and was an honour to his native glen. By this process of elimination, the intellectual aristocracy of the country had a chance of coming to the front—(applause). He admitted that the present system could not be altered as long as payment by results was maintained, and he hoped that the expense which the new system incurred would be warranted by the results attained; but his opinion was that the present system was more applicable to England, which had been deficient in educational organisation as compared with Scotland—(applause). He coupled the toast with the name of Mr Charles Innes, who, he said, had rendered great service to the cause of education in the Highlands—(applause)—and was at the present time doing a great deal of educational service by

revealing to the people of the Highlands another Highlands in another country which deserved their favourable consideration—(applause).

Mr Charles Innes, who was received with applause, said that during the past year Highland education had been thoroughly maintained; it had not in any way retrograded, but, on the contrary, improved—(applause) One remarkable thing about the existing system was that the number of defaulting parents who do not send their children to school was decreasing. Those parents were generally to blame. They were actuated by either of two motives; they were either perfectly indifferent to the education of their children, or so greedy that they were willing to sacrifice their interests by withdrawing them from school in order to reap the benefit of their labour. Hitherto School Boards had tried the effect of moral suasion, but with no great success, and the consequence must be that hereafter the requirements of the Act of Parliament must be more rigorously enforced. He had lately noticed in the newspapers that certain clergymen had on platform and in pulpit been doing all that they could to prohibit the teaching of dancing, which was, to his mind, a very innocent amusement —(applause)—and one which, in a country such as the Highlands, where amusements are scarce, should rather be encouraged than discouraged—(applause). In a society of this sort they could afford to tell those gentlemen what was thought of their conduct; and it was interesting to note that, while they preached against dancing, he had looked long and in vain for speeches or sermons in which these clergymen reproved the parents belonging to their own congregations for allowing their children to grow up without getting any education whatever—(applause). He would leave the matter there; merely adding that it was very difficult to see why such a harmless amusement as dancing should be denounced, while the conduct of parents who allowed their children to grow up in perfect ignorance was passed over without a word of reproof. The only matter connected with education which had occurred during the past year, and which was of importance to this part of the country, was the proposed radical changes in the future management of the Society popularly known as the S.P.C.K. According to the scheme which had been framed, but which had not yet been formally sanctioned, a considerable portion of its wealth was to be devoted to the cause of secondary education in the Highlands, and each Highland county was to be entitled to elect a member of the new Board of Governors; the constituency being the Chairmen of School Boards. He understood that for Inverness-shire Rev.

Dr Mackenzie, Kingussie, was to be appointed representative ; and it might interest them to know that, as the result of a suggestion made by his friends, a majority of the Chairmen of School Boards in Ross and Cromarty had signified their intention of electing him (Mr Innes) as their representative—(applause)—so that it would not be necessary for Inverness-shire or Ross-shire at anyrate to go outside the Highlands for parties willing to serve them—(applause). Mr Innes concluded by an interesting reference to his recent sojourn in Canada, making particular allusion to the influential positions Highlanders, who had received their education at the old Parochial Schools, had won for themselves in that colony.

The Chairman, in submitting the toast of the "Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the Highlands," said the situation was summed up in answers which he had lately received from two people to whom he put a question as to the aspect of affairs. The one, an old smuggler—(laughter)—and a crofter told him things were twice as good as last year, and the other, a factor, said they were no doubt vastly improved, because he found that the tenants at the last rent collection, not only took their dram cordially, but afterwards drank freely by themselves—(laughter)—a thing they had not been in the habit of doing in recent years. Sir Henry gave examples of how native Scotchmen, by industry and intelligence, succeeded abroad. These were the things, he said, that made them hopeful of Highland people—(applause)—and they should put their foot down upon any attempt to say that they were to remain here in a country which they loved, but which could not support them. They were born here, they would come back here, but they should rule the Empire—(applause).

Mr Walker, Torbreck, in replying to the toast, said he was old enough to have seen several ups and downs in the agricultural world. He remembered well the time of the Russian war, when all agricultural produce in this country went up to fabulous prices, £5 being a common figure for a quarter of wheat. These were the times when farmers could live and do well. But a mania for farming was the result, and bankers, and lawyers, merchants, and tradesmen flocked out into the country from every town in Great Britain to take farms, the result being that land rose far above its value, and prices fell. In less than ten years, helped by a few backward seasons, he, as a farmer, was delivering oats in Inverness at 15s per quarter. This was in 1864, and the price mentioned was the lowest he received at that depressed period. As a consequence, a great cry got up that farming, at least in the Highlands, was done forever, and that good prices would never be obtained

but he was not one of those who joined in that cry, for he ɛd in the saying that when things came to their worst they ɜ mended—(applause). Matters soon took a turn for the , and a number of prosperous years followed—years good for rd, the farmer, and the community—(applause). Things ɔn swimmingly for ten or twelve years, and then dawned the ɪerious crisis in farming the present generation has seen, A ɜloud, without the slightest trace of a silver lining, settled over agriculture, and for a number of years the old, tried, ractical farmer had to struggle hard to make ends meet, and good men had to succumb. A multitude of remedies were ɜed, such as poultry rearing, strawberry growing for jam ses, all of which the practical farmer regards as silly. Then ɜral cry was raised against landlords for raising the rents, but eared to him that the farmers themselves, and more especiɔose who knew least about agriculture, were more responsible ɜ matter than landlords—(applause). It was much to the of Highland landlords that many of them came to the by giving reductions of rent, varying from 20 to 60 per- which was the means of saving many good men from going wall. Second to none in the field of generosity stood the Chief who presided over this Society—(applause). Mr ɜr concluded by expressing the hope that the revival of agri- e and trade would continue, and that the beautiful glens traths of the Highlands would soon enter upon an era of and prosperity—(applause).

Robert Grant, of Macdougall & Co., in replying for the ercial interests, said Inverness had not escaped the depres- ɜhat had so long prevailed everywhere and proved so rous in many places. But its native energy and the spirit ɪmercial enterprise had lived through it all, and there were ɯns where the signs of material progress and improvement so obvious as in and around Inverness—(applause). There ɪow indications of general improvement in trade, and Inver- might expect its fair share of the returning prosperity. ɪgh a place of great ancient and modern renown, Inverness ter all not a very big place, compared with some of their old towns or new centres of industry, but its trade was con- ɔle, and there was every reason to hope it would yet expand, ɪat the commercial interests of Inverness would continue to ɜ unworthy of the historical associations and metropolitan ter of which its citizens were so justly proud.

John Horne, of the Geological Survey, proposed the toast of ɪd Societies, *and, in doing so,* said he thought it was only

natural that in a town associated so closely with the name of Dr Carruthers the study of literature should form the chief aim of many of the societies which existed in their midst—(applause). Dr Murray, President of the Field Club, replied.

Mr James Barron, Ness Bank, proposed the toast of the Non-Resident Members, to which Dr Moir, Aberdeen, replied, and, in doing so, referred to the very deep interest taken by Highlanders in the proceedings of the Society.

Captain Chisholm, Glassburn, proposed the toast of the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness, to which the Provost replied.

Dr F. M. Mackenzie proposed the toast of the Clergy of all Denominations.

Rev. A. C. Macdonald, in reply, said it was often felt to be a matter of regret that there were so many churches and sects in the land. He was not sure but they all had some high end to serve. An endless density that tends to their endless unity was the characteristic of creation. The perfection of a church was not to be found in the lower forms of a stupid union, it was to be found, if anywhere, in a splendid divergence of thought and feeling. The weakness of the churches was that which was the curse of all the professions—jealousy. It destroys the spirit of brotherhood that ought to subsist between all. In a sense he considered the Pope was his brother, although he did not own him, but relationship did not depend upon his consent—(applause). Truth was divided among the sects, and he was so convinced of the divine economy of divisions that he would not, if he had the power, destroy any of them. They came together by elective affinity, and each had some great element of truth that perhaps none of the others had—(applause). Truth was so vast that it was not given to any one man or any set of men to tell the whole of it. It took each to tell his own side, and then the whole was not told. Ages to come must correct past ages—(applause).

Mr Alex. Macdonald proposed the toast of the Press, to which Mr D. K. Clark, of the *Inverness Courier*, replied.

Mr William Mackay, solicitor, proposed the toast of the Chief of the Society—The Mackintosh—who, in the words of his telegram, was present with them in spirit that evening—(applause). The toast was drunk with Highland honours. Mr Mackay then gave the toast of the Chairman, which was enthusiastically responded to.

Colonel Alexander Ross proposed the health of their excellent and energetic Secretary and Treasurer, Mr Duncan Mackintosh,

Bank of Scotland—(applause). The very pleasant evening which they had enjoyed was in a great measure due to him. He had brought to bear an amount of ability and zeal in the affairs of the Society which was really surprising. He was quite satisfied that the business part of the Society was never better conducted than it is now in his hands—(applause). Mr Mackintosh briefly replied, stating that no reward would give him greater satisfaction than the splendid gathering they had that evening.

Mr Colin Chisholm proposed the toast of the Croupiers, both of whom replied, and the proceedings thereafter terminated.

During the evening songs were given by several gentlemen, and Colonel Gostwyck Gard and Captain Chisholm, Glassburn, played some excellent pipe music, to which several gentlemen enjoyed a dance. Pipe-Major Ferguson of the 1st Volunteer Battalion Cameron Highlanders, played appropriate pipe music during the dinner and between the toasts.

23rd JANUARY, 1889.

A meeting was held on this date for the purpose of nominating office-bearers for 1889. All the business having been transacted, the meeting assumed the form of a Highland "Ceilidh," when a most pleasant evening was passed.

30th JANUARY, 1889.

On this date the meeting was devoted to the election of office-bearers for 1889. The following gentlemen were duly elected members of the Society, viz.:—Mr Donald Fraser of Millburn, life-member; and Mr James Ross, solicitor, Inverness, ordinary member.

6th FEBRUARY, 1889.

At this meeting Mr John Macphereon, Inverguseran, was elected a member of the Society. Thereafter, Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., on behalf of Mr Hector Maclean, Islay, read a paper, entitled, "The Races from which the Modern Scottish Nation has been Evolved." Mr Maclean's paper was as follows:—

THE RACES FROM WHICH THE MODERN SCOTTISH NATION HAS BEEN EVOLVED.

The science of anthropology has advanced with remarkably rapid steps during the last fifty years. At the early stage of the science it was generally supposed that conquering races almost entirely extirpated those which preceded them, and intermixed with the latter but little. The Lowland Scotch and English were supposed to be pure Saxons or Teutons, and the Scotch Highlanders, Welsh, Irish, and French were considered to be mostly Kelts. It is now fully ascertained that every nation is a much blended race, and that even the physical peculiarities of the earliest races are to be observed among modern populations. The languages of nations have changed, but racial characteristics have survived the old dead tongues. In Arabia, four racial types have been pointed out; but the Arabic, the speech of one of these four races, a Semitic tongue akin to Hebrew, replaced the languages of the other three races. The language of modern Armenia is an Aryan tongue introduced by its Iranian conquerors, but the predominant type among the modern Armenians does not resemble that of the ancient Persian conquerors as represented on the ancient monuments; but it resembles another represented upon them when the speech of Armenia was Vannic, a language akin to Akkadian, Medic, and Elamite – non-Semitic and non-Aryan ancient tongues. In an article in the November number of "The Journal of the Anthropological Institute," entitled "The Races of the Babylonian Empire," by G. Bertin, M.R.A.S., it is shown that the ancient Babylonian empire, extending from the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, on the south, to the mountains of Armenia, in the north, and from the Mediterranean Sea, in the west, to the mountain range in the east, from Armenia to Persia, was inhabited by four races; and that four racial types corresponding to these are still to be observed in all the countries which were anciently included in the Babylonian empire. The ancient monuments of Assyria, Babylonia, Syria, and Egypt, point out to us clearly that commixtures of races abounded in the world in pre-historic times—even in the least cultured portions of it. Races never intermix uniformly, for mixed breeds present individuals who resemble much more one type than the others from which they are derived, hence by analytical investigation the characteristics of the original races may be ascertained.

Although races change their languages, the new languages which they have acquired are modified, through time, by their mental peculiarities. The majority of the Irish speak English, but the accent with which they speak it—called the *Irish brogue* by the English and Scotch—is derived from the formerly spoken Irish tongue. The English dialects of Ireland contain numerous words and phrases borrowed from the old speech of Erin; yet the English blend introduced into the Irish population is but small in comparison with the old native share of the intermixture. The people of Cornwall are chiefly of old British descent, so the English dialect of Cornwall contains numerous words and phrases derived from the Cornish language, and the names of the numerals in it, and the method of calculating by them, are still remembered by Cornishmen. The Aryan languages, Greek, Latin, Teutonic, and Slavonian, and Keltic, contain non-Aryan words, and an eminent scholar has lately shown that one half of the roots of the Greek tongue are non-Aryan. All these languages, albeit their words and inflections are cognate, yet their individual linguistic characters, as evolved phonetically through many centuries, are entirely distinct, and point strongly towards racial characteristics and peculiarities. The languages derived from Latin have, all of them, individual characters, which mark them out well from one another, and also from the Latin mother tongue. As are the modern Italian, French, and Spanish nations, distinct mixed races derived from several older ones in variable proportions, so are the tongues that they speak. The Italian, smooth and musical; the French, soft, easy, graceful, and conversational; and the Spanish, lofty and majestic. The Anglic dialect of the Lowlands of Scotland differs much in character from English; Mr A. Ellis in his "Essentials of Phonetics," tells us that if we do not count the nasal vowels in French, the Scotch has as many in proportion to its consonants as the former tongue. So, in this respect, Scotch resembles the languages of Southern Europe, and the Keltic languages, all of which have a large number of vowel sounds in proportion to consonantal sounds. The fact is that races assimilate languages to themselves, from whatever quarter they have obtained them, as eagles, ravens, kites, and crows, convert the flesh of the birds whereon they prey into their own flesh. Such has been the case with old Aryan dialects in the mouths of Greeks, Romans, Teutons, Kelts, and Slavonians; and such has been the case with Italy, Gaul, and Spain, after the fall of the Roman Empire.

As we take an ethnological view of the people of Scotland from north to south, and from west to east, without thinking of the two

different languages spoken in the country, we learn that there is not a physical human type found in the Highlands that is not met with in the Lowlands; only that some types are more frequent in the Highlands than in the Lowlands, and others more frequent in the Lowlands than in the Highlands. The types vary in different counties and in different districts. The peasantry of the south-east of Scotland resemble those of Northern England; they are seemingly muscular, large, and tall, and they have broader heads, rounder figures and features than their countrymen in the West and North. They have generally very fair complexions, blue or light grey eyes, and their hair varies from light red to flaxen yellow, through divers shades of brown. The prominent over-hanging eyebrows, so common in the Highlands, are less so in south-eastern Scotland, and the eyes are less sunken. The fore-head and chin are rounded, and the nose, which is rather short than long, tends to straightness. The south-east of Scotland formed part of the kingdom of Northumbria until the reign of Kenneth the Third of Scotland, when it was added to Scotland, but on condition that the inhabitants were to retain their own laws and languages. The Anglian population was afterwards increased by fugitives from the north of England after the Norman conquest. The type is Anglian chiefly. Mr D. Mackintosh, F.G.S., F.E.S., in his article in the "Transactions of the Ethnological Society of London," entitled "Results of Ethnological Observations made in England and Wales," says—"In the county of Durham the existence of a fair and tall race, not Scandinavian, and apparently superimposed on the British population, would lead one to suppose that there is an *Anglian* type distinct from Saxon, and probably standing mid-way between Saxon and Dane. This type, the detailed characteristics of which I am not prepared to state, is found not only in Durham, but in the south-east of Scotland, in the district marked German in Dr Kombst's map, and scattered over the east-central districts of England."—Vol. I. New Series, pp. 219-220. Mr Mackintosh has pointed out several varieties of the Teutonic race in England, such as the Saxon, Frisian, Jutian, Dane, and Norwegian; also Keltic types, which he calls Gaelic and Cymbrian. Here is his description of what he calls the Saxon type in England—"Light brown hair or flaxen, rather broad semi-circular forehead, nearly semi-circular eyebrows, blue or bluish grey and prominent eyes, nearly straight nose of moderate length, rather short broad face, low cheekbones, excessively regular features, flat ears, head of a form between a short parallelogram and a round form, figure smooth and free

from projections, fingers, hands, arms, and legs short, more or less tendency to obesity, especially in the epigastric region, in extreme cases giving rise to what is provincially called a corporation, moderate stature." These characteristics are considerably different from those of the Anglian, Dane, Norseman, or Kelt. Keltic characteristics are very observable in the population of Edinburgh. Black hair, and black or dark brown eyes are remarkably frequent, but every variety of Scottish features may be studied in this city.

The peasantry of Galloway are a very athletic people, equalling or perhaps exceeding in stature the inhabitants of the south-east of Scotland. The predominant cast of features is elongated, the face is of a long, narrow, oval form. It is sometimes of a pentagonal form, owing to the narrowness of the chin and prominence of the cheek-bones, the nose is long and frequently aquiline, the eyes are grey or blue, the hair is generally brown, and often of a dark shade. The people of Ayr do not differ much from those of Galloway, but there, more frequently than in Galloway, a physiognomy and complexion have been observed nearly resembling those of the southern Irish; blue, grey, and black eyes, hair frequently dark, and even jet black, seldom red, but often of a fine bright yellow. About Dumfries and Castle-Douglas, as the names, complexions, and features indicate, a mixed population of Galwegians and Teutonic borderers.

Dr Beddoe thinks that squarish narrow foreheads, eyes rather deep in the head, broad, prominent, cheek-bones, and narrow angular chins, constitute the peculiarly Scotch cast of features. He is of opinion that these are rather prevalent in Kirkcaldy; but he tells us that "further to the east, and especially at Anstruther, Pittenweem, Arbroath, and perhaps Brechin and Dysart, another type prevails; figure bulkier, but not taller, face rounded, or sometimes squarish, from breadth of lower jaw, which does not form an angular chin, cheek-bones not so much marked, forehead smooth and rounded, eyes not unfrequently hazel, with light eyelashes, complexion, &c., generally light throughout this division, except, perhaps, in the old city of Brechin. Red hair particularly common at Perth, Arbroath, Kirkcaldy, and Dysart. I have reason to think that I have over-rated the proportion of black hair in Angus"—(A contribution to Scottish Ethnology, by John Beddoe, B.A., M.D., p. 17). Dr Beddoe informs us that in approaching Aberdeen from the side of Inverness, he was struck with the breadth and roundness of the faces in many of the inhabitants, but that no such idea had occurred to him when he had visited Aberdeen on his return from Orkney and Caithness;

that such of the peasantry whom he saw were mostly stout-built men, not being tall, but broad and burly; that fair complexions and light eyes were almost universal; but that hair of a darkish brown was not seldom conjoined; that flaxen was more common than yellow hair; and that red hair was also frequent—(Ibid. p. 19).

We are told by him, also, that his tables show that he did not find black hair at all confined to particular districts; that it appeared to be common in all parts of the Highlands, as compared with those parts of England, and the Scottish Lowlands where the population is supposed to be pretty purely Teutonic; that it is also common in the borders of Galloway; that in Ayrshire where hair of a clear bright yellow seems very common, that which is coal black is not much less so; that in Kintail black hair is singularly common, but that the proportion of fair hair (chiefly yellowish) is above the average; that red hair is more frequent in Marr than in any other district he had visited, and that here too a coal black hue is very common—(Ibid. p. 26).

It may be remarked that there are many shades of red hair; that there are two kinds of red hair in Scotland—the one a Keltic, and the other a Teutonic, characteristic; the former is a bright or orange red, and the other a light or yellow red, called in Gaelic *buidhe-ruadh*; among the Caffres a rusty kind of red hair is occasionally observed, and I learn from a friend in New Zealand that the same kind of hair abounds among the Maoris. "I may perhaps be allowed to point out," Dr Beddoe tells us, "that the 'rutilae comae' of the Caledonians are still remarkably and uniformly common throughout the whole region, Highland and Lowland, from the Forth to the Don, and even to the Moray Firth, but decidedly rare throughout the Highland country that stretches conterminously with it on the west"—(Ibid. p. 31).

Red hair is not characteristic of Germany at the present day, for it is fair hair—flaxen straw colour, or flaxen yellow—that distinguishes the Germans of our day from the most of other European nations, as it does also Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes. Norwegian hair and features are easily pointed out in the Hebrides, Caithness, Sutherland, and the Western Coast of the mainland of Scotland, from Sutherland to Argyllshire. And we learn from other writers that it was not characteristic of Germany in Tacitus's time, for other old writers inform us that they were fair-haired then as now.

"I will now state," Dr Beddoe observes, "what are the complexional characters I have been led to attribute to the two great ethnological sections of Britons, as at present existing.

"1. Celtic Race—Eyes grey or blue, passing through dark grey and dark green into brown and black; eyelashes dark. Hair bright red or yellow, passing through various shades of brown, generally bright and tinged with red or yellow, into dark brown and coal black.

"2. Teutonic Race — Eyes blue or grey, passing through greenish grey, yellow, and hazel, into brown; eyelashes light. Hair light red, flaxen or flaxen yellow, passing through various shades of generally dull brown, into a very dark hue, but not into coal black"—(Ibid. p. 29).

The Kelts were not, as it was at one time supposed, the first inhabitants of Western Europe; a succession of other races preceded them in Gaul, Spain, and Britain. The name Keltoi or Celtae was never applied by any of the classical writers to any of the old tribes of the British Isles. Learned men in the last century ascertained by observation and study of the classical writers that the peoples of ancient Britain and Ireland were akin to the Gauls or Kelts, and that their languages were cognate. Much light has been thrown upon this subject within the last fifty years both by scholars and ethnologists. The *Celtae* of Cæsar's time were clearly a mixed race, and were not identical with the tall yellow-haired Gauls described by Livy and other ancient historians as invaders of Rome at an early period of Roman history. The fact is, the Keltic conquerors of the territories now named France, Belgium, North-Western Italy, and Switzerland, were small in numbers as compared with the conquered, with whom they gradually intermixed and became one people. The same was the case in the British Isles, but here the blending was slower, and was not complete in Scotland till the time of the Scandinavian invasions. The Picts are now ascertained to have been a pre-Keltic people, who were gradually intermixed with the Kelts, and were ultimately united with the Scots.

The Kelts of the British Isles consist of two great divisions — the one, the Welsh, Cornish, and Bretons, whose dialects are closely allied; and the other, the Irish, the Manks, and the Scottish Highlanders, whose dialectal differences are much less considerable than those of the former group. Seas, rivers, and mountains, by interrupting communication between people whose speech is the same, tend to give rise to dialectal variations, and the expanse of the Irish Sea will, to a great extent, account for the differences between Irish and the languages of Wales and Cornwall. The proximity of Ireland to North Britain would lead us to think that the British of North Britain should be closely

allied to the Irish of Ulster, at the time that the Dalriadic Scots settled in the Highlands, and that it would not take long for Britons and Scots to make themselves intelligible to one another.

Kelt seems to me a preferable name to Celt; for in the time of Cæsar the Latin *C* was equivalent to *K* before *e* and *i*, and *Celtæ* was pronounced *Keltæ*; and there is the Keltoi of the Greeks. Professor Rhys supposes that the name means warriors, and that the origin of it is probably the same as that of the old Norse *hildr*, war, battle (Celtic Britain, p. 2). With this derivation I entirely disagree. This name seems to me to be cognate with *céile*, which signifies, in Gaelic, friend, comrade, or companion. From it is derived the modern Gaelic *céilidh*, a visit, or visiting; *céilteach*, given to visiting; *céilteach*, a person who is fond of visiting. *Celtæ* or *Keltoi*, therefore, meant friends, companions, or comrades in the ancient tongue of the Kelts. The other name by which they were known, *Galli*, according to Professor Rhys, meant warriors or brave men (Ibid., p. 2); but I do not accept this explanation. There is the Gaelic word *gal*, valour, from which there are many derivatives; but there is also the old Gaelic *gal*, which has become now *gaol*, denoting kindred. *Gaol* now means love, albeit it formerly signified persons of the same family, clan, or tribe. *Gaol* is given in Llwyd's Archæologia Britannica as Gaelic for the Latin *gens*, and in the same work occurs *Feargoil*, a kinsman; *Brathair gaoil*, a man of the same tribe or clan. Previous to the time of Cæsar, and before the Roman conquest of Spain, when Kelts were settled in regions wide apart, such as portions of Spain, Germany, and Asia Minor, Galli or Galatæ would be an appropriate name for the whole race, and Kelts for any branch of them that lived together within the bounds of the same territory; for these were companions or comrades. The name has blended with the names of Iberi, Ligures, and Scythæ; so we have Celtiberi in Spain; the Celtoscythæ, according to Strabo, in Scythia, in which he included Germany, and Tacitus speaks of the language of the Aestii, who were situated to the east of the Baltic, as being more analogous to the British than to the Suevic; and the Celto-Ligures in the south-east of Gaul. Dr Whitley Stokes, in his Celtic Declension (Transactions of the Philological Society, 1885, p. 105), gives the declension of *céle*, "companion," W. *cilydd*, protoceltic *célió's*, and classifies it in Masculine Stems in Io. Dr P. W. Joyce, in his edition of Book I., Part I., of Keating's History of Ireland (p. 38-37), translates *gaol* by relationship; "*agus fós gach druinge díobh rein le chéile*"—"and also the relationship of each people of these same with each other."

In speaking of the Kelts, Professor Rhys says:—"Roughly speaking, however, one may say that the whole Celtic family was made up of two branches or groups, the Goidelic group and the Gallo-Brythonic one; and as Gaulish is long since dead, every Celt of the United Kingdom is, so far as language is concerned, either a Goidel or a Brython. The Goidels were undoubtedly the first Celts to come to Britain, as their geographical position to the west and north of the others would indicate, as well as the fact that no trace of them on the Continent can now be identified. They had probably been here for centuries when the Brythones, or Gauls, came and drove them westward"—(Celtic Britain, p. 4).

There is not the slightest proof that the first Kelts who arrived in Britain were called by themselves Goidels. Among all the tribe names of the ancient inhabitants of Great Britain there is none which can be identified with the name of Goidel. We know nothing of the name in Britain previous to the appearance of the Scots from Ireland in 360. We learn from Irish history that the Scots seized upon portions of Wales and settled there. Professor Rhys brings forward ingenious arguments to prove that the Goidels of Wales were the remains of the ancient Kelts of Britain, in order to confirm his own theory—but these arguments are invalid. *Guyddel*, the Welsh equivalent of *Goidel*, is the Welshman's name for an Irishman, and there is little reason to doubt that the Welsh always considered the Goidels of Wales to be of Irish descent. The distinguished Professor Zimmer, of Germany, accepts the statement of the Irish chroniclers as fact—that the Scots made settlements in North and South Wales. In the Archæological Review for October, 1888, in the article "Celtic Myth and Saga," by Alfred Nutt (p. 138), the following passage occurs:—"Professor Zimmer points out that early Irish history falls into three periods, the first reaching from pre-historic times to about the year 350 A.D., the second to the end of the 7th century, and the third to the beginning of the 11th century. No external activity regarding the Irish is recorded during the first period; the second, on the contrary, witnesses the harrying of the coasts of Britain, the establishment of the kingdom of Dalriada, and the settlements in North and South Wales; whilst the third period is filled by the wars with the Northmen invaders."

That the first Keltic invaders of Britain would have come over the narrowest portion of sea from Gaul to the South-east, there need not be any hesitation in accepting; but, as the Kelts increased and extended into Spain and Germany, it is probable that they invaded Britain from various parts of Gaul, and even

from Germany at successive periods. South-west Britain and Ireland may have been first invaded by Kelts from North-western Gaul, and from Spain, before the Keltic occupiers of the east and south-east of Britain had succeeded in subduing the non-Keltic tribes to the west and south-west of them. It would seem that the oldest name by which the Kelts of Ireland called themselves was *Féne*, and the old Irish or Gaelic language is named *Bélre Féne*. *Bélre*, which anciently denoted language has changed to *Beurla*, and is now understood to denote the English language. The word *Féine* signifies a farmer, a ploughman, a champion; in fact, one of the people. There is reason to think that it is akin to *fine*, a tribe or clan; for it also signifies a generation. *Féineachas* denotes the code of Irish laws, judgments, history, genealogy. In Fiacc's hymn, which gives a short biography of St Patrick, the Kelts of Ireland are designated *fene*—

"Pridchaig trifichte bliadan croich crist dothuataib fene."

"He preached (for) three score years Christ's Cross to the pagans of (the) Féni" (Stokes' Goidelica, pp. 127, 131). The name Goidel appears to me to have been first given to the ruling military clans, and that subsequently it became common to all the Keltic people of Ireland. When this had happened the ruling clans designated themselves Clanna Milidh; literally, the soldier or warrior clans. The words *clann* and *milidh* are both loan words from the Latin. The Latin *planta* was made into *clann* at a time when the Goidels found a difficulty in pronouncing *p*, as is the case with other early loan words from the Latin; *milidh* is from the stem *milit*—of the Latin *miles*, a soldier. After the Goidelic Kelts had been thoroughly amalgamated with all the pre-Keltic tribes, *Goidel* became a general name for an Irishman; and, at the present day, a Gaelic-speaking Irishman calls himself *Gaoidheal*, and a Gaelic Scotchman calls himself *Gaidheal*. Both these forms, which are derived from *Goidel*, differ but little from each other; and, in both, the *dh* is silent, while the *d* was pronounced in *Goidel*. In the Welsh name for an Irishman, Gwyddel, also derived from *Goidel*, the medial *d* becomes *dd*, which, in Welsh, is equivalent to *th* in *wither*.

The Scots are first mentioned by Roman writers about the year 360. They fought in alliance with the Picts against the Romans. The fighting men of all countries in past times, when they invaded a country foreign to them, usually designated themselves by a name in their own language denoting warriors. This was the case with the Goidels in Britain. *Scoth*, in old Irish, sig-

nifies warrior (O'Daveron's Glossary, in Stokes Three Irish Glossaries, p. 115), and *Scothi* the Goidels, fighting with the Romans, called themselves; whence the Roman name for them, Scoti, and the Roman name for Ireland, after their appearance in Britain, Scotia. This name was transferred to modern Scotland in the tenth century. By that time the Scots and Picts had become one people. At the end of the tenth century, what was once the kingdom of Strathclyde and Galloway were added to the Scotch kingdom, and, in the beginning of the eleventh century, the northern portion of that which was formerly the kingdom of Northumbria was also added. Scotland then extended to the Tweed and the Solway Firth. Gaelic being the language of the old Scots, it was spoken much further east than it is now. It was the language of Galloway, where it was not entirely extinct, even in the reign of Charles I. It was intrusive in Ayrshire, Renfrewshire, and Dumfriesshire, wherein innumerous Gaelic place-names are found. The monasteries in the south of Scotland from the sixth to the end of the tenth century were filled with Irish monks, and large numbers of their lay countrymen came over with them to cultivate the land attached to the monasteries, and do other services. So Gaelic place-names are found here and there in the south-eastern counties, such as Melrose (*Maol-rois*, smooth-topped hill of the promontory or of the peninsula). There is reason to think that all the *invers* in the east of Scotland were substituted for *abers* by Goidels, and that *pet*, the Pictish equivalent for the Gaelic *baile*, a townland name, which is so rare in the north-western counties, and so frequent in the north-eastern, has disappeared in the north-west on account of this part of the country being sooner occupied by the Scots than the north-east.

It is shown now by the investigations of scholars and scientists that the Picts were a pre-Keltic people. There is no ground for accepting the explanation of their name given by Roman writers that they were so called because they painted themselves. As inheritance went in the female line, the husbands of heiresses, who were frequently of foreign origin, became influential among them. Princesses married the sons of British or Irish kings, who became Pictish kings after the deaths of their fathers-in-law. Owing to proximity of position, the northern Picts intermixed, at an early period, with Irish Kelts, and the Southern Picts with British Kelts. Long before the settlement of the Dalriadic Scots in the Highlands, the Picts were much intermixed with Scots or Goidels; and no doubt their speech was much blended with Gaelic. There is extremely little of the Pictish language pre-

served—only a few words known as such; but future research among the dialects and sub-dialects of Albanic Gaelic may yet throw light on this interesting, but obscure topic.

In the lists of the names of the Pictish kings, the forms of the names are very unlike the forms of Keltic names, either Brythonic or Goidelic. Brude appears to have been a kingly name bestowed on the king, along with his own proper name. In one list of Pictish kings (Skene's Chronicles of the Picts and Scots, p. 3) Brude occurs joined to another name twenty-seven times. Again, the consonant *p*, so alien to old Goidelic names, is remarkably frequent. Mr Hyde Clarke calls "Brude a Pictish kingly title," in his paper, "The Picts and Pre-Celtic Britain" (published in "The Transactions of the Royal Historical Society"); identifies Brude with Prytanis, the name of a king of Sparta, with Proteus, the name of a king of Egypt, and with Protus, the name, according to Plutarch, of the founder of Massilia, now Marseilles; also with Prætus, the name of a king of Argos. "It is possible," he says, "that Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins or Tarkon from Rome, was himself of royal stock, and that the name has nothing to do with the term Brutus, as Brute, but expressed the kingly title." He identifies Drust with Otreus, the name of a king of Phrygia, with Atreus, the name of a king of Mycenae, with Eurystheus, the name of a king of Argos, with Asturias, the name of a king of Crete, with Astræus, the name of a king of Arcadia; again, with a closer form, Adrastus, the name of a king of Argos, of a king of Sicyon, of the father of Eurydice, who married Ilos, King of Troy, of a Phrygian prince of the time of Croesus, King of Lydia. He also identifies Thrasydæus, the name of a king of Thessaly, with Drust, and mentions Adrastia as the name of a country near Troy. He considers Talargan to be identical with Telegonus, the name of two kings of Egypt, and of a king of the Greek Islands; and with Telkhis, the name of an early king of Peloponnesus; also with Thelxion and Telkhines, names of chiefs of Rhodes. All these names Mr Hyde Clarke views as kingly titles. And he observes that—"Although the several names figure in Greek books, and are commonly represented as Greek, they are to be accounted for as transliterations of names in earlier languages rendered into various Greek dialects. These dialects were not always capable of reproducing the original sounds; the *sh* was one of these difficulties. It is found in Hebrew for Canaanite names, but in Greek it is supplied by *sk*, *ks*, &c. It must, therefore, be expected that we shall find variety of forms in the Greek renderings. Besides, the syllables in Iberian are

capable of transposition, and *l* and *r* were not always distinguished."

Irish writers, following the opinions of classical authors, explained their own name for them, *Cruithnigh*, by tracing it to *cruth*, form or figure, and inferred that they were so named because they painted a variety of figures on their bodies; but the name Cruithnigh is derived from *Cruithin*, and *Cruithin* is a transformation of Prydyn, made at a time when the Goidels replaced *p* by hard *c*, when *pluma*, a small soft feather, was converted into *clúm*, now *clòimh*, meaning down and also wool, *pallium* into *caille*, a veil, and *planta* into *clann*, children, a clan. The Picts and other peoples of North Britain transformed the ancient name Britannia into Prydyn, as the people of South Britain modified it into Prydain, so the South Britons understood Prydyn to denote North Britain. The Goidels called it *Cruithin tuath*, by whose writers we are informed that it was the country of the Picts. The Cruithnigh of Ireland were therefore a colony of Picts from North Britain; but as the same pre-Keltic race abounded in Ireland, great confusion pervades the early history of this people as transmitted to us by Irish writers.

How far the Caledonians were pure Kelts, or a commixture of Keltic and pre-Keltic people, it is extremely difficult to decide, for unluckily we have not the names of any of them recorded, except Galgacus, the name of their commander at the battle of the Grampians, and Argentocox, the name of a queen of theirs, at a much later period. According to the best Keltologists, the best reading of Gagacus is Calgacus, which corresponds to a Keltic Calgacos. Such would have been the ancient form of the old Irish name *Calgach*, which name formed part of the old name of Londonderry in the days of St Columba—it was then named *Doire Calgach*, Oakwood of *Calgach*. The other name, Argentocox, is in modern Gaelic *Airgiod-chos*, in which *cos* means foot, leg, and thigh. The weapons of the Caledonians at the battle of the Grampians — long swords and small shields—in this respect resembling those of the ancient Gauls, would indicate that those who fought in the battle were chiefly Keltic, but the name Caledonia is not Keltic; and all attempts to explain it by Gaelic or Welsh derivations have signally failed, and hardly any words of their language have come down to us, and if there are continuators of any words of their speech in modern Albanic Gaelic, it is yet to be ascertained. I believe, myself, there are such continuators, and that future diligent research will discover them. The name Caledonia, like Britannia and Hibernia, is an Iberian name. The

ancient Iberians not only inhabited Spain, but preceded the Kelts in Gaul and the British Isles, and the Teutons in Germany. At page 9 of "The Iberian and Belgian Influence and Epochs in Britain," by Hyde Clarke, F.R. Hist. Soc., it is stated that "Caledonia is shown by its termination to be an Iberian name," and at p. 4 Idem., Mr Hyde Clarke tells us—"At a later period during my investigations for Khita decipherment, the word Nia came out a distinctive word for country land. This we find in Britannia, Hibernia, Sardinia, Hispania, Lusitania, Acquitania, Mauritania, Tyrrhenia, Lucania, Sikania, Makedonia, Lakonia, Messenia, Acarnania, Carmania, Armenia, Germania, Paionia, Albania, Babylonia, Hyrcania."

It would appear that after the battle of the Grampians the Kelts had lost the dominant power among the Caledonians, which they had probably first obtained as mercenary troops among the pre-Keltic tribes. Dion Cassius, who flourished in the third century, speaks of two nations, the Caledonii and the Maeatae, in North Britain, which exactly correspond to the Northern and Southern Picts of later times. He informs us that the Maeatae dwelt near the Roman wall, and the Caledonii beyond them; that they are addicted to robbery, fight in chariots, and have little swift horses; that their infantry are remarkable for speed in running, and for firmness in standing; that their armour consists of a shield and a short spear, in the lower end of which is a brazen apple, whose sound when struck may terrify the enemy. "They have also daggers." (See Brown's "History of the Highlands," vol. I. p. 13), It will be observed that these were differently armed from the Caledonians who fought the Romans under the Grampians. The weapons are short spears and daggers. Large shields and small swords were the armour and weapons of the Iberians. The blended descendants of the Keltic and pre-Keltic Caledonians also combined their armour and weapons—the target and claymore and dirk.

The national and tribal names of ancient peoples were, in the greatest number of cases, derived from words signifying *man*. and such appears to me to be the case with Maeatae—a name which is at a later period found in the forms Miati and Miathi, in Adamnan's "Life of St Columba." *Mae* in the former and *Mi* in the latter denote man. We have *mies*, meaning man, in Finnish; and in the non-Aryan languages of India and High Asia we have *mi*, in Tibetan; *mi*, in Serpa and Murmi in Nepal; *mi*, Lhopa, N.E. Bengal; *mi*, Míthán Nāgā, Eastern Frontier of Bengal (the "*Non-Aryan* Languages of India and High Asia," by W. W. *Hunter, p. 139).*

According to Irish legendary history, four colonisations of Ireland took place before the arrival of the so-called Milesians from Spain—otherwise the people named *Féni*. This name may be identified with Veneti, the name of a people in the north-west of Gaul, who were powerful by sea, and who made a more gallant stand against Cæsar than any of the other Gaulish tribes. The four colonies that preceded them—Partholan and his followers, the children of Nemhidh, the Firbolg, and the Tuatha De Danann—were non-Keltic. Irish writers have considered the Firbolg, Belgae; but Professor Rhys says (at p. 276 of his "Celtic Britain," about the Belgae)—"Neither the people nor its name had anything whatever to do with the Irish Firbolg." As regards the Belgae of Cæsar's time, this is partly correct; for the old Belgae were intermixed with Kelts and Teutons; nevertheless, there is little reason to doubt that the old pre-Aryan Belgae and the Irish Firbolg were the same in race. Mr Hyde Clarke remarks (at p. 3 of his "Notes on the Ligurians, Acquitanians, and Belgians") that "the names of tribes are preserved under great difficulties, as stated by me in my *Pre-historic Comparative Philology and Mythology*, and such names have been observed in many cases to signify man in the local language of the population;" and at p. 8 of the same work he informs us that "the general name of Belgian, like that of Ligurian, is recognisable. It is man as in other cases."

The name *Fir bolg*, then, consists of two parts; the first part *Fir*, men, is a Gaelic gloss on the second part *bolg*, which tells us that *bolg*, like Belgae, denotes *men*.

The second part of the name Fir bolg, not being Keltic, the Irish Kelts confounded it with the word *bolg*, a bag, in their own language. Hence arose the legend of the men of the bags, whom the Greeks subjected to slavery, and obliged to dig the earth, raise mould, and carry it in bags of leather. Many old Irish pre-Keltic names are similarly misunderstood and explained. The Firbolg, like the pre-Aryan Belgae, were an Iberian people, of moderate stature, dark-brown or black hair, and dusk-white skin. So the type modified by intermixture is still frequent among us.

The Tuatha De Danann, who conquered the Firbolg, were, according to legendary history, tall and fair. They appear to have had more culture than the Kelts who conquered them, from what we learn from Irish chroniclers. Cultivating the soil, building of stone houses, and magic are ascribed to them—which arts are also ascribed to the Picts. In a curious old poem, the Milesians, or Irish Kelts, are represented as making alliances with

the other a dark-haired, dark-eyed, pa
statured, little-limbed type." we lea
"Introduction to O'Curry's Lectures o
p. 72. But light-grey eyes are freque
and dusk-white skin, and in this res
Wales. There is a strong resemblan
Danann, described in the preceding qu
large-limbed Caledonians of Tacitus.

The Irish Kelts seemed to have d
the races that preceded them. *Eibhea*
Heber and Herimon, are traced to the o
and th: latter appears to be formed
former. This name, Emer, therefore,
identified with *emeris* in Gar-emeris, "t
of the district in which Damascus st
Sayce tells us, is best explained as "t
(Professor Sayce's "The Hittites," p. 14
work, we are informed by Professor Sa
Amorites were therefore mingled toge
Palestine like the two races which ethn
the modern Kelt. But the Egyptian
they were of different origin and charac
people with yellow skins and Mongoloic
forehead, oblique eye, and protruding u
as faithfully on their own monuments
Egypt, so that we cannot accuse the Eg
ing their enemies. If the Egyptians ha
it was because they

them in Algeria cannot fail to be struck by their likeness to a certain part of the population of the British Isles. Their clear, white, freckled skins, their blue eyes, their golden-red hair, and tall stature, remind him of the fair Kelts of an Irish village; and when we find that their skulls are of the so-called dolichocephalic or long-headed type, are the same as the skulls discovered in the prehistoric cromlechs of the country they still inhabit, we may conclude that they represent the modern descendants of the white-skinned Libyans of the Egyptian monuments. A fair-complexioned, blue-eyed type is still observable in Palestine, which no doubt represents the ancient Amorites. Long after the Israelitish conquest of Canaan this race abounded in Judah. Captives taken by Shishak from the southern cities of Judah, depicted on the walls of the temple of Karnak, in Egypt, exhibit Amorite, and not Jewish features. The Philistines were remains of the Amorites, and Goliath of Gath has had in Ireland, and in the Scottish Highlands, at various periods, kinsmen, so far as stature, haughtiness, and unwariness are concerned. The Amorites were long in Palestine before the Hittites, and extended much further to the east. The two races blended, and produced a mixed people. The Amorites were the same race, as proved by their physical characteristics, as the Libyans. This race is traced through Spain, the west of France, and the British Isles. It is remarkable that wherever this race has abounded it has been accompanied by a peculiar form of cromlech, and these cromlechs are found in Britain, in France, in Spain, in Northern Africa, and in Palestine, and the skulls which have been exhumed from them are the skulls of men of the long-headed type (Sayce's "The Hittites," p. 17).

Ir appears to be a personified and contracted form of *Iriu*, land (O'Davoren's Glossary), and *Sliochd Ir*, the offspring of *Ir*, that is the offspring of the earth, was applied to them by the Kelts, as being the oldest inhabitants of Ireland. Irish scholars now identify them with the Picts. The *Cruithnigh* of Ireland merely differed from them in being a colony of Picts from North Britain, whence their name, as already explained. It is this colony that has caused so much confusion in old Irish history.

Galloway, Argyllshire, Inverness-shire, Ross-shire, Sutherland, Murray, and Aberdeenshire, were pre-Keltic in Roman times. After the fall of the Roman Power in Britain the Pictish kingdom arose in North Britain and also the British kingdom of Strathclyde. The Scots, or Goidels, from Ireland, founded the kingdom of Dalriada, and seized upon Galloway, the south of Ayrshire, and the west of Dumfriesshire. Gaelic supplanted the former language of

these districts, and gradually became the speech of south-western Scotland, and of the whole of Scotland north of the Forth and the Clyde. *Cruithnech*, Pict, was a living name in the twelfth century, as we learn from the "Book of Deir;" but there is reason to think that it was entirely obsolete in the thirteenth, as the two peoples—*Gàidhil* and *Cruithnich* (Scots and Picts)—were so blended into one that there was no longer any distinction between them. I am of opinion that there was a fringe of Norse settlers along the coasts of Forfarshire, Kincardineshire, and Aberdeenshire, who remained in the country, and spoke Norse after these districts had been recovered from the Norsemen, and that a dialect of Norse was spoken in Caithness after it had ceased to be under the sway of Norway. This would account for the rapid spread of English north of the Firth of Forth, because English and Norse are kindred tongues, and the words of Norse origin in the Anglic dialect of Scotland are much more numerous than in English. When English became the court language of Scotland, in the reign of Malcolm Canmore, it became the interest of all to acquire it, so that its spread westwards in the north of Scotland does not at all imply the recession of the old race westwards. The same may be said with respect to the south-west of Scotland.

We have to observe that the Hebrides and a large portion of the mainland of the Highlands were occupied by the Norwegians. The same may be said of Galloway and of the east of Scotland. We have the same ingredients blended in different proportions in the commixture of races that constitute the Scottish nation—Iberian or pre-Keltic races, Kelts, Scandinavians, and Angles; but no Saxons, for *Sasunnach* is never applied to the Scottish Lowlands; he is called *Gall*, a foreign settler. The Saxons settled in the south of England, and were, of course, like the Angles, a variety of the Teutonic race. The Scotch are one mixed race—not two; but consisting of two divisions—the one Gaelic-speaking and the other Anglic-speaking.

Let us study the pedigrees of the Highland chiefs, and we shall see how much Highland blood is intermixed with Lowland blood; and let us make research into the genealogy of the Lowland barons and gentry, and we shall learn how much Lowland blood is blended with Highland blood.

12th FEBRUARY, 1889.

At the meeting on this date, the Secretary read a paper contributed by Mr John Mackay, Hereford, on "Sutherland Place Names." Mr Mackay's paper was as follows :—

SUTHERLAND PLACE NAMES.

PARISH OF ASSYNT.

Returning to this interesting subject, as promised in a previous paper, it is now proposed to take each parish separately, beginning with Assynt, and proceeding round the coast till the circuit is completed in Creich. Each of the parishes comprised in this circuit has the sea for one of its boundaries. It may be assumed that, along their coast lines and somewhat inland, traces of Norse invasion and occupation would be found and met with, corroborating tradition and history, giving ample evidence of the fact; and were history silent upon the point, the record is unmistakeably written on the face of the land, more especially along the coast, and in the fertile valleys, where centres of population are first formed in all countries, in which minerals do not exist, or had not been discovered or worked, nor any other industry, except the pastoral and agricultural.

Sutherland was no exception to this recognised and general and natural law, that, on the sea coast and in river valleys, the original population would centre itself, then increase, gradually occupying to its full extent the coast plains, and extending inland by the river sides, as far as the means of existence could be obtained, leaving the interior wastes of moor and mountain for summer grazings and hunting.

The Norse in their invasions, no doubt predatory at first, gradually obtained possession by superior force. They occupied the plains and those portions of the valleys nearer the coast which were more immediately productive, and more defensible from the sea, as the only line of communication with their base of operations, and afforded a sure line of retreat in the event of a successful native attack. They would either eject the natives, or keep them in subjection, like their brethren in Normandy and in England.

With these possibilities and other facts, we may connect the absence of Norse place names in the interior of Sutherland and Caithness. A brief study of the map of these districts affords a

commentary upon their history. A slight examination of their place names will make it abundantly evident that here we have history itself stamped on the coast, and few subjects of research are more interesting.

The names of places, like those of streets of a town, are endowed with extraordinary vitality, frequently surviving the race or nation that imposed them, and often defying the accidents of conquest and of time, while furnishing information of an unexpected character.

Of the very earliest inhabitants of Sutherland, previous to the Celts or Caledonian Picts, few or no traces are left in local names. The few presumed to be pre-Pictish, or Iberian, can readily be solved by old Gaelic terms now become obsolete. This pre-historic race, living by hunting and fishing, dwelling in caves and woods, or on lake shores, was not likely to leave much behind it, other than a few relics, in caves or crannogs. Who these people were, who they might have been—whether a race of Basques, or Iberians, or allied to Lapps and Finns—must at best remain a matter of conjecture.

That the Celts were differently constituted subjects, there is ample and abundant evidence, for they attained to a great degree of civilisation, leaving their footprints dispersed over Southern and Western Europe. In South Britain, neither Roman, Saxon, Dane, nor Norman has been able to obliterate them. There they still remain, incorporated in the common nomenclature of the country, on the coast, in the plain, in the river, on the mountain, as Avon (river) in several counties, Adour (dark water), Dover (dwfur, water), in Sussex, Dore (dwr, water) in Derby and Hereford, Dor (water) in Dorset, as Axe, Exe, Esk, Usk, Ux (yse, W.; uisge, G., water)—river names, in various counties, Derwent (dwr, W., water; and gwent, W., high-lands—dark water from high-lands) in Derby and York, Cam (crooked), Morcambe Bay (mor, big; cambe, bend) in Lancashire, Dar (dwr, water; gwen, bright) in Darwen, Lancashire; in in Kent, Dartford (darent-ford); in Staffordshire, *Dar-las-ton*, Dar (dwr, water) (las, grey) (ton, Sax town), the town in the grey water; Frith in Chapel-en-le frith, Derbyshire (frith, forest), the chapel in the forest; Glen (gleann, narrow valley), in Glen Magna, Leicestershire; Wey and Wye (gwi, W., water), in Surrey and Hereford. There are tors (hills) in Devon and Derby, and coombes (cwm, W., dingle), in Devon and Somerset, and many others in various disguises in almost every county in England, all of Celtic origin. It is equally the same in South-eastern Scotland, *showing* where the Saxon and the Dane had expelled the Celts.

The Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, by invasion and conquest, have left their footprints, too, in the south, and so have, in the north, the fierce and warlike Norse rovers of nine centuries ago left theirs, in place names, as finger posts of history recording invasion and temporary conquest.

Equally interesting it is to meet with other place names in the north which can only be defined by old Gaelic, or the Caledonian Gaelic of the Picts, who were the inhabitants of the country long anterior to the irruptions of the Norse, tending to prove in some measure that the language of the Caledonian Picts of North Britain has not been lost, though many of its words have become obsolete, but that it still remains in the nomenclature of the north intelligible to the Gaelic student.

ASSYNT.

It has been supposed that this parish name had been imposed upon the district by the configuration of its coast line, indented as it is by headlands and inlets of the sea, or by the aspect of its surface, alternately convex and concave, caused by its lofty mountains and deep valleys. To prove this supposition two Gaelic words have been hit upon. As (out) and innte (in), "out and in," as the origin and definition of the term Assynt, for the simple reason, possibly, that they very nearly represent the pronunciation of the word. In that case Assynt signifies "Out and in."

In charters relating to this district, from 1225 to 1640, of our era, the word Assynt is spelled or written in a variety of ways. In 1455 it is "Assend," in 1509 it is "Assint," in 1600 it is "Assyin," in 1640 it assumes its modern form "Assynt." These differences may be ascribed to the unfixed orthography of the times. They are no doubt phonetic differences in pronunciations, and written at different times by different scribes, and probably from dictation.

Tradition refers the origin of the term "Assynt" to two brothers, whose respective names were "Unt" and "As-unt," signifying, it is said, in the old statistical account of the parish in 1793, Peace and Discord, who in very remote times fought for the mastery of the district. Unt was slain, and As-unt, proving victorious, obtained the mastery, and thenceforth gave it his name. The decisive combat took place, it is said, on a small plain in Lower Assynt (Mhan Assynt), since called Rhi-an-unt (Unt's field), where the unsuccessful warrior fell, and was buried.

The more probable origin of the term, and parish name, may be assigned to the Norse word, "Asynte" (seen from afar), as the

Norse rovers would do, from the Northern Ocean and the Minch, when sailing past the coast in their frequent expeditions to the Hebrideys and Sudereys, or viewing the district from the coasts of Lewis, which are directly opposite. The mountain tops of Assynt would be objects very conspicuous on the horizon, from the ocean or from Lewis, especially the tops of the Canisp, the Suilven, Glasven, Quinag, and Stack. The effect of mountains thus seen is always striking, because, towering aloft into the sky, it fills the imagination, as well as the eye. These mountain names can easily be defined by Norse, though in Sutherland and Caithness it is rarely found that the Norsemen ever imposed a permanent name upon an inland mountain, place, or river, yet in Assynt, inland, as well as along its coasts, their footprints are seen on the mountain, the river, place, and island, lending a probability to the assumption that this parish name is of Norse origin, meaning, as above described, "Seen from afar."

These grand mountains, so conspicuous to the mariner, are, in a geological sense, the oldest in the British Isles. "They stand boldly out to view, in a district dreary and desolate, rugged rough moor and heather tufted rock alternating with lakes that lie under some of the wildest and most imposing scenery in Scotland —Coinne Mheal, the Assynt portion of Ben Stack, 3234 feet above sea level; Ben More, 3273 feet; Canisp, 2786 feet; Quinag, 2453 feet; Glas-ven, 2541 feet; Suilven (the sugar-loaf mountain of the mariner), 2403 feet, composed of silurian quartzite and trap, Cambrian conglomerate, gniess, and sandstone. These colossal piles of Titanic masonry crumbling in ruin bestrew their pedestals with the whitened products of their decay, resulting in a bare bleak country, treeless, and devoid even of bushes, yet, still the resort of the eagle and the falcon." Well might the hardy Norse rovers, seeing these grand objects on the horizon, apply the term "Asynte" to them—"Seen from afar."

On the eastern boundary of the parish a belt of limestone intersects its border in the direction of south to north to a height of several hundred feet at Innis-na-damph (Meadow of the stags). It contains many subterranean caverns, into which streams and springs disappear, to re-appear at a lower level. The Norsemen left their foot-prints here in imposing one of their names on the stream and the ravine not far from the hotel, indicating their opinion upon what they saw, and their proneness to superstitious beliefs. The ravine is truly a hideous sight, and it would seem the Norsemen, impressed with that idea of it, called it Träligill (the fiend's ravine), träll, a fiend, gil, ravine. Were this limestone

mountain situated near the sea coast, or a railway, it would form a valuable property in the midst of much that is valueless, but to the geologist, the district presents a rare field for minute investigation, and to those who delight in the pathless solitude, where, in wild grandeur, nature dwells alone, the solemn and sublime scenery of Assynt, the "Seen from afar," will afford moments of exquisite pleasure. One oft feels in wandering through its superb solitudes as if the next step would conduct him into the ideal and the supernatural. To the philologist, its nomenclature is equally interesting, though perhaps not so absorbing.

MOUNTAIN NAMES.

Ben-more, beinn mor.—G. Lofty mountain.

Ben-Stack, N. Stakkr.—Like a hay stack, very appropriate to the aspect of this mountain. G. stac, high hill, high cliff; stack and stuaic, in the topography of Donegal; stook and stookens, in that of Limerick, also in Tipperary and Galway.

Coinn Mheall.—G. Coinneamh, meeting, and meall, eminence, hence, the meeting of the eminences, probably in reference to its being a portion of Ben-Stack, thus meeting it; B. Scots, mull, Welsh, moel, Armoric, or Bas-Breton, moel, eminence.

Quinag.—G. Cuinneag, a cask, in reference to its appearance; N. kaena, boat-like mountain.

Canisp.—N. Kenna, well-known, and ups, house roof—mountain formed like a house roof, the well-known house roof mountain.

Suil-ven.—G. Suil, eye, and beinn, mountain, or N. sölr, sallow-yellow, and G. beinn, compound word, Norse and Gaelic—the sallow or yellow mountain, from the aspect of its cliffy sides.

Glas-ven.—G. Glas, grey, and beinn, mountain—the grey mountain. N. glaistr, shining, and G. beinn, compound word Norse and Gaelic—shining mountain.

Sail-ghorm.—G. Blue heel, end of the Quinag mountain.

Sail-gharbh.—G. Rough heel, another spar of the Quinag.

Ben-uidhe.—G. Aodh (Hugh) and beinn—Hugh's mountain, where he hunted. Uidhe is frequently seen in the topography of Assynt and the north of Sutherland, in reference to streams and space from one part of a glen to another part. Ben-aodh is 2354 feet high.

Meallach-an-leathad riabhach.—G. Summit of the brindled slope. 2300 feet above sea level.

Beinn-an-fhurain.—G. The mountain of salutations, in reference to the herds and keepers of the Macleods of Assynt and those of the Rosses of Balnagowan meeting on its summit, which formed the

boundary between the two properties, and saluting each other. 1500 feet.

Beinn-nan-Cnaimhsaig.—G. The bear-berry mountain. 1500 feet.

Tarsuinn.—G. Across, in reference to its position in regard to the range of the direction of surrounding mountains.

RIVER NAMES.

Kirkaig.—N. Kirkja, church, so named from an ancient church and village found here, and destroyed by the pagan Norsemen—a Culdee place of worship, founded by St Maolrubha. Assynt Parish Church is dedicated to this ecclesiastic.

Uidhe-fhearna.—G. Uidh, gently flowing water, cognate with Aw, part of a stream that leaves a lake before breaking into a current, and fearna, alder-wood. It is here a river between two lakes, with a slow current, having alder trees on both its sides. Uidh is probably "old Gaelic," meaning a stretch of water gently flowing at an equal rate. In Sutherland it is also applied to a level open space between two points, or to distance between one place and another. It is uncommon in Highland topography. Wel. gwy, Wye in Hereford, Wey in Surrey—slow-flowing water.

Crom-allt.—G. Crooked stream; crom, crooked. Irish crom, Welsh crwm. Cor. and Armor. croum. Allt., stream, brook; Welsh allt, cliff; Lat. altus, high. It would seem that in remote times, allt might have been applied to the steep sides of mountain torrents, and ultimately applied to the stream itself, that came down between them after rains, and so came to represent the stream, and not the precipitous banks of it.

Led-beg.—G. Leathad-beg, small slope or declivity—a place name, the place giving its name to the river near it.

Inver.—G. The angular land formed by the confluence of two waters. Inver and aber, in their different definitions, have been fought out by Col. Robertson and the late Dr Maclachlan. Inver is not aber, nor is aber inver. Aber, from its first syllable à, old Gaelic, flowing water, and bior, point, refers to the point made by one water as it merges with the other at the confluence. Inver, from its first syllable *in*, old Gaelic, is land or country, and bior, point—hence point of land. The first syllable is in Innis, an island, or flat land, such as is found at all abers, and hence the natural conclusion must be that aber refers to the water, and inver to the land on either side of the aber. It is to be noted that the name of the smaller water falling into the larger invariably

imposes itself on the aber, and the inver—thus, the Ness river—a smaller quantity of water, falls into the Beauly Firth, the larger, imposes its name on the confluence of both waters, the aber, and on the land adjoining the aber, which the keen-eyed Caledonian Celt named inver. Both these contested terms are unquestionably Old Gaelic. Aber is not of Welsh or British origin—it is one of those words common to the Celtic language, whether it be Gaelic or Welsh. The student of topographical philology finds that the Caledonians were much more keen-eyed in their imposition of place names, river names, mountain names, and used more variations in describing physical aspects than their brethren the Brythons.

Allt-na-h-airbhe.—G. Allt, stream; airbhe, produce, in reference to its fishing properties. It is said of another stream in Sutherland, Allt-na-harra, that it means the stream of slaughter, from the supposition to have been there, in crossing it, that the last of the fugitives from the battle of Druim-na-coub was killed by the pursuing Mackays. If that be so, the orthography should be Allt-an-àir.

Allt-an-tiughaich.—G. Stream in the dense glen. Tiughaich, dense, thick wood, or scrub; tiugh, thick; W. tew, Arm; teuo, Bas-Breton, tew.

Uidhe-na-Caoraich.—G. Sheep track, or a portion of the glen in which sheep were wont to graze, giving the stream its appellation. It is between Loch-an-tuirc (lake of the boar) and Lochan-an-aite-mhoir (the little lake, near, or by, the big place).

Allt-skiack.—G. Sgiathach, shaded—the shaded stream; Wel. ysgiw, a screen; Corn. sgeth, shade; Greek skia, shade.

Allt-na-beadhan.—G. Biadh (old Gaelic), oppress; beath, treacherous; beathan, as a noun, means deceivers—stream of the treacherous, or deceivers.

Allt-na-beinn-ghairbhe.—G. The rough mountain stream. Wel. garw; Bas-Bret. gara, appears in Gar-onne (rough river).

Allt-a-chamhna.—G. Gamhna, stirk—stream of the stirk.

Amhainn, Loch Bhig.—G. River entering Loch Beg (little lake).

Amhainn, Glen Coul.—G. Cul, back—river of the back glen.

Amhainn, Glen Duibh.—G. Du, black—river of the black glen.

Amhainn, Traligill.—N. Trölla, or träll, fiend, and gil, ravine, in allusion to the depth of the chasm, and the stream disappearing in the limestone caverns. The Norsemen were very superstitious, believing in many gods, goddesses, and evil spirits. It would

appear that they were terrified at the view of this ravine. The name given it by them, "the devil's ravine," represents their opinion of it.

LAKE NAMES.

There are probably 300 lakes in this parish, all of them full of trout, all of them bearing Gaelic names. The following are specimens :—

Barrolan.—G. Bairlinn, billow—lake of the billows, or waves. It lies in the defile leading from Ross-shire into Assynt, and exposed to the force of the east and west winds.

Urigill.—G. Uiriollaich, precipices (old Gaelic term)—lake of the precipices? This lake is sometimes shown on maps as Udrigill, N. udr ; Norse god, Son of Night ; and gil, a ravine. Hence, were a ravine near it, the definition would be "lake of the very dark ravine."

Loch Urchoille.—G. Literally new wood, green wood—lake of the green wood. Near it is a large grove of evergreen wood, hence the name.

Loch Preas-nan-aighean.—G. Preas, bush, or thicket ; aighean, hinds—lake of the hinds' bush ; Wel. pryd, prysg, bush.

Loch Ardd,—G. Ardd, or airde, height, takes its name from the height near it. Dubh-ard, Duart, black height. This lake is an arm of the sea.

Loch Ard-bhar.—G. Ard-bhar, the point of the height. This lake is also an arm of the sea. The district gives its name to the lake. Wel. bar, a point, or summit ; Wel. bara, bread, the produce of the top of corn stalks ; Irish bar, a point ; Corn. bar, a point ; Bas-Breton bar, a point. This is a most interesting root word. As bar, or barr, it is found in most languages, signifying the height of something, whether in quality or degree of excellence. Near the lake is a village called Ardvar, and at the end of the lake are the ruins of a Pictish tower.

Loch Cairn-bhain.—G. Lake of the white cairn. W. carn, a heap ; Manx carn, a heap ; Bas-Bret. carren, heap.

Loch Airidh-na-beinn.—G. Airidh, sheiling—lake of the hill sheiling.

Loch-na-Gainmhich.—G. Gainmheach, sand—lake of the sandy beach.

Loch-na-Creige-dubh.—G. Creige (gen. of creag), rock, and du, black—lake of the black rock.

Loch Nedd.—G. So called from the village name near it.

Loch Bealach-na-buirich.—G. Bealach, pass between hills or mountains; buirich, roaring like a deer or bull—lake of the bellowing.

Loch Assynt.—N. See Assynt; the district names it.

Loch Camloch.— G. The crooked, or bent loch.

Loch Awe.—G. Aw (fluid) is old Gaelic for running water; N. á, in the sense of the Latin, aqua; W. aw, flowing liquid; French eau, water or liquid; Greek a; Gaelic ath, a ford.

Loch Bad-na-muirichinn.—G. Bad, thicket; muirichinn, children—lake of the thicket of the children.

Loch Feithe-an-leothaid.—G. Feithe, quagmire; leothaid, gen. of leathad, a slope—lake of the quagmire slope.

Loch Druim-Suardalain, compound word.—G. and N. Druim, G., back or ridge; suardulain, N., "svarda," svördr, sward; and lain, N., land—lake of the ridge of the sward land.

Loch Roe.—N. Röd, high-stepped banks—lake of the terraced banks.

Loch Crocach.—G. Branched, like the fingers of the hand spread out; N. kroka, crooked.

Loch Beannach.—G. Beann-ach, hilly—lake amongst hills; or G. bean-nach, horny—horny lake, equally applicable as to form and aspect of this lake.

Loch Claise.—G. Clais, ditch, hollow—lake of the hollow; W. clais, riverlet; Arm. clais and cleis; Bas-Bret. cleiz.

Loch Na-loinne.—G. Lake of the blades, probably into which swords had been cast. There is a lake in Rogart named "Loch-na-cliadheamh'n," into which tradition states a party of free-booters threw their swords, leaving the spoil to the pursuers.

Loch Innse-na-fraoich.—G. Lake of the heathy island. Innse may here mean pasture, or island; Welsh ynys; Corn. ennis; Arm. enes; Bas-Bret. enezen.

ISLAND NAMES.

Eilean-a-chleit.—G. and N. Gaelic, rugged height; Norse klettr, rock; Bas-Bret. clet, rock. This small island, out in the sea from Lochinver, is 120 feet above sea level. In the study of the Icelandic, or old Norse, it is interesting to find many words very similar to the Gaelic of North-West Sutherland, leading to the inference that they were introduced into Icelandic literature from that region. From the dissertation of the "Corpus Poeticum Boreale" we would infer that at least parts of Iceland had been colonized by the N.W. inhabitants of Scotland when the Druids were persecuted and expelled after Christianity was introduced, or

that Norsemen who had lived long enough in Assynt and round about it, to acquire the knowledge and the use of Gaelic, had returned to Iceland and Norway carrying with them tales, legends, and terms peculiar to the north-west portion of Scotland. It has been said that it was the expelled Druids who first instigated the Norse to make their incursions into Caithness, Sutherland, and the Hebrides, burn places of worship, and slaughter the priests.

Soyea.—N. Sæ, sea; and ey, island—island in the sea, 100 feet high. It forms a breakwater to Lochinver Bay. It may be Gaelic—from samhach, to quieten.

Crona.—N. Threnn, triple; ey, island; threnn-ey, thronа—eventually pronounced Crona—three islands.

Oldany.—N. Aldinn, old; and ey, island—the old island, from being the largest in size on the coast. In the English Channel we have Alderney, old island; Guernsey, rugged island; Jersey, grassy island; Sark (Sercque) temple island; Herm, serpent island.

Eilean-nan-uan.—G. Island of the lambs. At speaning times lambs were sent there away from their dams.

Eilean-ruadhridh.—N. Ruadr, red, and, ey, island—the red island, from its cliffs of red sandstone; or, G. eilean, island, and ruadhridh, Roderick, Roderic's island, more probably the first.

PLACE NAMES.

Achandoich.—G. Achadh, field, and do-aobhaich, unpleasant—unpleasant field.

Ach-na-carnan.—G. Achadh, field, and carnan, heaps of stones—the field of heaps of stone; ruins of a Pictish tower are near.

Achumore.—G. Achadh, field, and mhor, big—the big field.

Achmelvich, G. and N. compound. Achadh, field; mel, Norse, grassy; uig, Norse, a bay, or a creek—the field of the grassy creek, or grassy bay.

Aird-da-loch.—G. highland, or height between two lakes, the Glencul and Glendu lochs.

Achantur.—G. Achadh, field, and tur, a tower. Tur here means a conical tower like-hill, near 300 feet high. Manx toor, Wel. twr, Corn. tur, Arm. tour, tur, Lat. tur-ris, Gr. turis, Arab. tour, a hill, Heb. thur, a hill.

Allt-na cealgach.—G. A place and stream name. Allt, stream, and cealgach, deceiver—stream of the deceiver, in reference to a Ross-shire man, as tradition states, who gave false evidence in a dispute respecting the marches between Ross-shire and Assynt. Frequent contests were taking place between the herds of Balna-

gown and Assynt regarding the grazings on these marches. The Earl of Sutherland intervened by right of heritable jurisdiction. The oldest inhabitants on the marches were called on to give evidence on the spot. One of the Balnagown witnesses, more astute than truthful, who had placed Ross-shire soil in his shoes, when he came to the march contended for by Balnagown, swore he stood on Ross-shire ground, and the decision was given in favour of Balnagown, but the intrepid Macleod said, "Balnagown may take the land; I'll keep the grazing." It is said that the unfortunate man, who gave the false evidence, met with an untimely end soon after by suicide or assassination.

An Car.—G. The bend.

Am Pollan.—G. The little pool. Wel. pwll, Corn. pol, Arm. poul, Lat. palus, a marsh; Gr. pelos, Norse, pallr, pool.

Ardvreck.—G. Ard, high, or height, breae, speckled—the speckled height.

Ard-roe.—G. and N. Ard, height, and röd (pronounced *roth*), stepped—the stepped height or ridge. Takes its name from the adjoining promontory, Rhu-rodha.

Ard-var.—G. See lake of this name, which takes its name from this village, and the village from the height.

Am Braighe.—G. The brae; cognate is Wel. braich, B.B. brech, Lat. brachium—upper part of the shoulder.

Baddy-na-ban.—G. Groves, or thickets of the women.

Baddy-grinan.—G. Sunny groves.

Baddy-darrach.—G. Oak groves.

Bad-na-carbad.—G. Bad, grove or thicket; carbad, bier—grove of the bier. The grove at which the bier was wont to be set down to rest for refreshments at funerals.

Bae-garbh.—G. Bagh bay, and garbh, rough—the rough bay. Name of the village at the bay.

Ballachladdich.—G. Bal, village or township; and cladich, gen. of cladach, shore—village on the shore.

Balloch.—G. Bealach, gap or pass in a mountain range.

Brackloch.—G. Breac, speckled; clach, stone—place of the speckled stones, conglomerate.

Cà, Cà-beg, Cà-mor.—G. Cadha, a narrow pass; Cà-beg, small narrow pass; Cà-more, big narrow pass.

Cor-eadag-beg.—G. Coire-an-fheadag-bheag, little hollow of the plover. The adjective refers to the hollow.

Cor-eadag-mhor.—G. Large hollow of the plover.

Coire-riabhach.—G. The brindled hollow.

Clach-toll.—G. Clach, stone; toll, hole—the holed stone. Clach-toll is a very interesting locality. On the seashore is a hill of soft-red sandstone, through the softer parts of which the sea made a large hole, gradually increasing it, and forming the hole, as it were, into an archway, which could be discerned from a great distance. Many years ago this arch was destroyed by a slip in the strata, which is composed of red sandstone, alternating with beds of marl, dipping to the sea. The western limb of the arch slid down with the dip of the strata, and the arch gave way. Tradition states that "Coinneach Odhar," the Seer, prophesied that the arch would be broken, and fall to pieces, and when that event happened the noise would be so great that the Ledmore (18 miles away) cattle would be disturbed and frightened from their pastures. When the fracture and fall occurred it so happened that cattle from Ledmore were grazing at Clach-toll, and were actually disturbed by the noise, fulfilling the saying of the Seer. So say the natives. Near Clach-toll are the ruins of a Pictish castle, or Druidic temple, called by the natives Tigh-talmhaidh-na-Druidhaich (earthly habitation of the Druids), "a prodigious pile of huge stones close to a great rock, its front to the sea, and surrounded on the land sides by three circular outworks at regular distances." There are many tumuli all round the outworks, and various ornaments, such as a golden sickle, were found in the neighbourhood. These ruins have been explored.

Cloich-an teine.—G. Stone of fire. Probably here it was that the Druidic priests distributed the sacred fire at certain festivals.

Cloich-ary.—G. Clach, stone; and airidh, sheiling—the stony sheiling.

Clashmore.—G. Clais, hollow; and mor, great—the great hollow, or an extensive area of low lying land surrounded by higher.

Clashanessie.—G. Clais, hollow; and easag, dim., small waterfall—the hollow near the small waterfall.

Camus-vic-Erchar.—G. Camus, bay; vic-Erchar, son of Farquhar—the bay of the son of Farquhar. Probably he lived near it, and was drowned in it.

Cùl.—G. Back; locally it applies to land behind a ridge. Wel. cwl; Fr. cul—back.

Cùlaig, or Cùlag.—G. Cul, back; and ag, dim., the little back land—the area not so extensive as in Cùl.

Cùlin.—G. Culainn, backs—several little back places.

Culbeg.—G. Cul, back; and beg, little—little place behind a ridge.

Culkein.—G. Cul, back; and cinn, heads—a place behind *several eminences.*

Dornie.—G. Narrow channel where the tide ebbs and flows, or narrow channel between two lakes. Dornie, in Kintail.

Druim-suardlain.—G. and N. Druim, ridge; suardlain (N. svördr), sward, and lain (N.), land—the ridge of the sward land.

Druimbag.—G. Dim., little ridge.

Dureland.—N. Dyr, deer, and N. land—deer land.

Eddra-chalda.—G. Eadair, between; da, two; choille dur, woody or bosky streams—between two woody or bosky streams.

Eddra-isk.—G. Eadair, between; da, two; uisge, water—between two waters, or two streams. Here it applies to "between two rivers."

Eddra-ven.—G. Eadar, between; da, two; and beinn, mountain—between two mountains.

Elphin.—G. "El," old Gaelic aill, stone or rock; phin = fionn, fair, white—the white rock. Limestone at this hamlet.

Feithe-na-bad-clisg.—G. Featha, bog; bad, thicket; and clisg, shaky—bog of the shaky thicket.

Felin.—G. Fè, smooth, calm; and linne, pool or arm of the sea —calm pool. Wel. lyn, Arm. lin, a pool, a lake.

Go-na-calman.—G. "Go" = geodha, a creek, or cove, surrounded by rocks; and calman = columan, pigeons—the creek of the pigeons; go (old Gaelic), the sea.

Go-na-dunan.—G. Geodha, as above; na, of the; dunan, little hills—creek of the little hills or forts. Tradition states that the Norsemen, after their defeat at Dornoch and in adjacent parts of Ross, retreated to this place, built forts for their protection, cut down timber to build a "birlinn," or ship, to take them away to their own lands, and, in revenge for their defeat, burnt all the woods round about, to prevent the natives making iron weapons, and so put an end to the manufacture of iron in Assynt.

Gonval.—G. Conn, a man's name, and baile, residence—Conn's residence (Joyce, Vol. I. 25). Conwall, habitation of Coun.

Glaic-na-shellich.—G. Glac, glaic, a hollow, a narrow valley; shellich, seallaich, willow—hollow of the willows.

Glaswell.—G. Glas, grey, pale, wan; "well" (aill O. G.), stone or rock—the grey or pale rock. Wel. glas, blue, green; Corn. glas, blue, green; Arm. glas, grey; march glas, grey horse. The different applications of this colour represent different shades of the primitive blue-green.

Glen-bain.—G. Glen, gleann, narrow valley; bain, bàn, fair, white. Manx, bàn, Irish bàn, Heb. and Chal. la-ban, white or fair. Laban (a man's name), fair skinned.

Glendu.—G. Black glen; gleann and du.

Glenbeg.—G. Little valley.

Glenlerig.—G. Gleann, narrow valley; and lairic, or lairig, sloping hills—glen with sloping hill-sides; lerig, lairg, &c.

Innis-na-damph.—G. Innis, flat land, meadow; damh, stag—meadow of the stag, or stags.

Knockan.—G. Cnocan (dim. of cnoc), an eminence or hillock.

Knock-na-manach.—G. Cnoc, hill, and manach, monk—the little hill (or eminence) of the monks, near the ancient church.

Knock-nan-each.—G. The little hill of the horses.

Kylescow.—G. "Kyles" = caolas, strait; cow = cumhann, narrow—the narrow strait; the "myrkifiord" of the Norsemen.

Kylestrome.—G. and N. Kyle, caolas, strome; N. straume, current, tide—a strait having a current or tide; peculiarly applicable to this strait from the tide rushing in and out at flow and ebb. The town of Calais takes its name from the strait now called Straits of Dover.

Ledbeg, Ledmore.—G. Led (contraction of leathad), slope, and beg, little; mor, great. Manx beg, little; mooar, big or great.

Led-na-beathach.—G. Leathad, slope, and beathach, beast or animal. W. buch, bwch, cattle; Corn. byach; Fr. bête.

Lead-na-lub-croy.—G. Leathad, slope; lub, bend; croy, cruaidh, hard—slope of the hard or rocky bend that resisted the action of the current.

Loyne.—G. Leana, lian, a meadow—a grassy plot of land.

Luban Croma, G.—Luban, dim., little bend; and Croma, crooked.

Mean-Assynt.—G. Meadhon, middle—middle division of Assynt.

Meoir.—G. Fingers—place from which streams issue, and spread out like the fingers of a hand spread out to their full stretch.

Mhan-Assynt.—G. Lower division of Assynt; Ard-Assynt, higher division, or heights of Assynt; mhan, meadhon, and ard often occurs in Highland topography to mark distinction.

Meallan-Odhar.—G. Meallan, dim. of meall, a lump—a hill terminating like a lump; and odhar, dun colour; W. moel; Arm. moel.

Meall-a-bhuirich.—G. Hill of the bellowing of deer.

Meall-nan-imrichinn.—G. Hill; and imrichinn, removals or flittings.

Nedd.—G. a sheltered place like a nest; Wel. nyth; Arm. nyth; Corn. neid; Fr. nid—nest.

Oldany.—N. See the island name definition, *ante*, which gives the name of this hamlet, situated on the shore of the mainland opposite to the island.

Pol-an-dunan.—G. Poll, pool; and dunan, little fort—pool of the little fort. There are many Pictish towers along the coast; here is one of them.

Pal-gavie.—G. Pool; and garbh, rough—the rough pool.

Pal-gawn.—G. Pool; and gamhna, stirk—pool of the stirk, probably where a stirk had been drowned. Wel. pwl; Corn. pol; Arm. poul; Norse pollr; Belg. poel; Gr. pelos; Dor. Gr. palos; Lat. pal-us.

Ry-an-traid.—G. Ruigh, slope, ascent, or declivity; and traghad, shore at ebb tide—the declivity or slope to the shore. Gaelic also traigh; Wel. traeth, traith; Arm. traez.

Raffin.—G. or N. (doubtful).—G. rath, fort or village, and fionn, fair; N. ref, fox, and inn, habitation or resort. N. rafn, a place on the coast where sea weed accumulates.

Ru-store.—G. and N. Ru-rudha, promontory; storr, N., high, big; Gaelic, stör, high cliff; Irish, sturr.

Ryan-crorich.—G. "Ryan," ruighan dim., small slope; and "crorich," cro-bheathaich, cattle shelter—the little slope of the cattle shelter.

Ryan-fearna.—G. The small slope covered with alder scrub or trees.

Slis-chilis.—G. Slios, side; and caolas, strait—the side of the strait.

Strone-chrubie.—G. Strone, nose; and crubaidh, bending—the nose of the bending; in reference to the bending or jutting out of a portion of the mountain.

Stoer.—G. or N. Seems to be common to both, and applied to high pinnacled hills or cliffs. Irish sturr; N. storr; G. stör. The Norse language of Iceland has many words in common with the Gaelic spoken in the north-west of Scotland. The Druid refugees, who fled into the Orkneys, Shetland, and Iceland from Christian persecution, may have imported such terms into those quarters, or the Norse men imported them into the north-west, and after a period of years became incorporated into Gaelic. Stör pinnacle is 530 feet above sea level.

Strathan.—G. Dim. of strath—little or short strath.

Torbreck.—G. Torr, hillock, mound; and breac, speckled.

Tilin.—G. Tigh, house; linn, pool or dam—house near the dam.

Tubeg, Tu-more.—G. "Tu"=taobh, side; and beag, little; "more," mor, big side of land divided by a river or stream. Iron was manufactured here, tradition states, until the Norsemen burnt all the woods, by which the smelting was done, to prevent the "Assintaich" handy craftsmen from making swords and axes and spear heads to defend themselves and supply their neighbours. There is good and superior iron ore lodes in the limestone mountain adjoining Tu-more

Unapool.—G. Una, aon, one; and poll--one pool, jutting out of the lake into the land at the village.

The ancient place name formers generally succeeded in designating places by their most obvious characteristics—every name striking straight for the feature that most strongly attracted their attention, so that to this day a person moderately skilled in such matters may often understand the physical peculiarities, or the aspect of a place, as soon as he hears the name. The Celts were sharp-eyed, the Norsemen no less so. Norse names of places, when applied to the aspect of places, are very descriptive, as we shall see in succeeding papers, round the Sutherland coast.

20th FEBRUARY, 1889.

At this meeting the following gentlemen were elected members of the Society, viz.:—Mr John Finlayson, head master, Bell's School, Inverness, and Mr Malcolm Macinnes, Raining School, Inverness. Thereafter Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., read a paper contributed by the late Dr Cameron, Brodick. Mr Cameron's paper was as follows:—

ARRAN PLACE NAMES.

Section I.

The topography of Arran, like that of all the Western Islands of Scotland, is partly Scandinavian and partly Celtic. Names like Brodick, Goatfell, Ormidale, Kiskadale, are clearly of Norse origin, whilst such names as Tormore, Torbeg, Achanacar, Druimindoon, Dunfin, Dundow, are manifestly Celtic, our names of places thus bearing testimony to the fact that, in past times, the Norsemen and the Celts held alternate sway in our island, the inhabitants of which are a mixed race, being partly Norse and partly Celtic. But although the topography of a country serves

to throw important light upon both its history and its ethnography, I do not intend at present to deal with these matters. All that I intend to do is to give the meaning of such of our local names of places as admit of being explained with a tolerable degree of certainty and accuracy. There is nothing in the world more easy than to discover a meaning for almost any place-name; but we must remember that interpretations based upon a mere resemblance in sound between words, or parts of words, is of no value whatever in the accurate study of topography. It would be easy to give amusing illustrations of this statement.

In what I am now to bring before you, I shall carefully avoid fanciful interpretations. It is better to confess our inability to explain a word than to mislead, by giving an inaccurate explanation, and when a matter is doubtful, it ought to be given as doubtful. This is the surest way of attaining at last to certainty.

I shall begin with Arran (old spelling Aran), the name of our island. Arran has been derived from the words *ar-Fhinn* (the slaughter of Finn)—the name of a place near Catacol, from which the island, it is said, has received its name. This, however, is erroneous. Arran (older form Aran) is an inflection of Ara, the old name of the island, as Alban (Scotland) is an inflection of Alba, and Erenn (Ireland) is an inflection of Eriu. The genitive of Ara is Aran. Our ancestors said, just as we say, "Eilean Aran," and thus Aran became the regular name. Now, *ar-Fhinn* never was Ara, nor could it have been Arran, for the genitive of *Fionn* is *Finn*, or with aspiration *Fhinn*. Besides, there are other Arran islands; in the mouth of Galway Bay there are two islands which have that name. It is, however, much easier to show what Arran has not been derived from than to show what is the correct derivation of the word. In both form and declension, Ara, gen. Aran, agrees exactly with the word *ara* (kidney), gen. *aran*. This word, which has lost a *b* before *r (abran)*, is etymologically connected with the Greek *nephros*, pl. *nephroi*, Lat. *nefrones* (kidneys); but I cannot say whether or not it is the same word as the name of our island. Any explanation, however, which does not take into account that the nominative of the word is *ara*, although the stem is *aran*, cannot be regarded as satisfactory, just as no explanation of Alban is satisfactory which does not take into account that the nom. is Alba, nor any explanation of Erenn which overlooks that the nom. is Eriu.*

In dealing with the place names of the island, I shall begin with the Brodick district. In a document quoted from in the

* Hersey was the old Norse name of Arran.

"Origines Parochiales," and which dates as far back as 1450, Brodick is spelled Bradewik, which means the broad bay.* The Icelandic form of the adjective "broad" is *breidhr*, the Dan. *bred*, and the Scotch (which is closely allied to the Norse language) *brade*. The second syllable, "wik," signifies a bay. It occurs very frequently, both by itself, as in Wick in Caithness, Uig in Skye, and Uig in Lewis, and in composition as the last syllable of very many of the names of our bays and inlets. We find this word also spelled Braithwik and Brethwik. Until lately there was a hamlet at the head of the new street, now called Douglas Row, at Brodick, which the natives called Breadhaig. This was, doubtless, the original Brodick, and in olden times the head of the bay.

Strathwillan furnishes a good example of how words, in the course of time, change not only their form but also their component parts. In old documents Strathwillan is Terrquhilane, and the natives still call the district Tirhuillein. *Tir*, allied to Lat. *terra*, signifies land. It occurs frequently in place-names, and is often connected with the names of persons. Thus, Tirconnell, Tyrone, Tirkeeren—the land of Connell, the land of Eoghain, the land of Cærthainn. The second part of Tirchuilein resembles *cuilionn* (the holly), but if Tirchuilein meant the land of the holly, we would expect to have the article between *Tir* and *cuilean*, and that the word would be Tir-a'-chuilinn, like the Irish place-names Tirachorka (the land of the oats), and Tiraree (the land of the king). We may safely conclude that Tirchuilein means the land of Cuilean, which, although meaning a whelp, is also a personal name, as in "Culen mac Illuilb," who was a king of Albain in the 10th century.

The natives call Corriegills "Coire-ghoill." *Coire* signifies a hollow in the side of a mountain, and occurs very frequently in topography. It is identical with *coire* (a cauldron); it is cognate with the Ice. *hverr* (a cauldron, a boiler).

There is more difficulty about the second syllable of Corriegills. It may from its form be the genitive of *Gall* (a stranger), a term applied in the West Highlands to the Danish invaders. The word would thus signify the "Corrie" of or belonging to the stranger. The last syllable, however, may be the Norse *gil* (a deep narrow glen with a stream at bottom), which occurs so frequently as *ghyll* and *gill* in our Scottish topography, and this I regard as the more probable explanation.

* Dean Munro (1549), calls it Braizay.

From Corriegills we pass on to Dunfin, which does not mean the *Dun* of the Ossianic Finn-mac-Cumhaill, for then the word would not be Dun-fionn but Dun-Fhinn, like Kill-Fhinn. In Dun-fionn is plainly the adjective *fionn* (white, fair), and Dun-fionn is the fair hill ; or it may mean the white or fair fort. The former, however, is the more probable, for we have close to Dun-fionn another hill Dun-dubh (the black hill), and when we look at the two hills, we find that the names are descriptive. The original meaning of *dun* is an enclosure. From an enclosed or walled place, it came to signify a fort ; and as forts were usually built on elevated places, the word came to be applied to hills, and from hills to any heap, even a heap of dung, or dunghill, which in Gaelic is *dúnan*, a diminutive of *dún*.

But *dúnan* does not always mean a dunghill. It also means a hillock, or little hill. Hence the *Dunans* below Corriegills means the hillocks, a descriptive name.

The English etymological equivalent of *dun* is *town*, from the Anglo-Saxon *tún*, literally an enclosure.

We shall now return to the centre of the Brodick district, but must have a look in passing at the sweet glen of Lag-'a-bheithe (the hollow of the birch). *Lag*, as those of us who speak Gaelic know, means a hollow, and *laggan*, a little hollow. Hence Lag, near Kilmory, is the hollow, a very descriptive name, and the Lagans —we have two in the north end of Arran—are very common in Gaelic topography.

The last part of Lag-a'-bheithe is *bheithe*, the genitive of *beithe* (birch). The *a'* between *Lag* and *bheithe* is the contracted form of the article *an*.

We pass by the modern names Springbank and Alma Terrace, and come to the Mais or Maish, which means probably the *moss-land*. Then we have Glenormadell, which the suffix *dell* shows to be a Norse name, although the prefix *glen* (a valley), is Celtic. In Norse terms *dale*, which signifies a plain, a dale, forms an affix, whilst in Celtic words it forms a prefix. Knapdale, Helmsdale, Berriedale, are Norse words, whilst Dalintober, Dalnacardach, Dalanspittal, are Celtic words. It is not an uncommon thing to meet words containing both Norse and Celtic elements. Ormidale is a Norse word, which, at a later period, received a Gaelic prefix. The syllable *orm* is identical with the Ice. *ormr* (a snake, a serpent, also worm), and is the Norse equivalent of the English word worm. Ormidale, therefore, means the valley of snakes.

Glencloy takes its name from the Macloys or Fullartons, who held the lands of Kilmichael early in the fourteenth century, one

of that name having received them from King Robert Bruce. Macloy is MacLouis, or MacLoui, that branch of the Fullartons having descended from a person of the name of Louis, a name still not uncommon among the Arran Fullartons.

Kilmichael means the Church of Michael, or the church dedicated to St Michael. The ruins of the old chapel were to be seen there until a comparatively recent period. *Kil* is the Gaelic *cill*, which signifies a church, and now a churchyard or burying-place. It is borrowed from the Latin word *cella* (a cell).

As Kilmichael signifies the Church of Michael, or the church dedicated to St Michael, so Kilbride signifies the Church of Bridgit, or the church dedicated to St Bridgit; Kilmory, the Church of Mary, or the church dedicated to St Mary; Kildonnan, the church consecrated to St Donnan, and Kilpatrick, the church dedicated to St Patrick.

Aucharanie is the field of the ferns, the first part of the word being *achadh* (a field), and the second part the genitive (Irish) of *raineach* (ferns). A similar example of inflection is Ceum-na-laittagh.

Glensherraig is written both Glenservaig and Glensherivik in ancient documents. Glenservaig may be the glen of the sorrel, but Glenshervik renders this interpretation doubtful.

Glenrossay is the glen or valley of the water Rossay. The last syllable of Rossay is a common affix, signifying water (cf. *Iarsa*, the *Iarsa* water; *Thurso*, the water of *Thor*).

Glenshant is for Cranshant or Cranscheaunt, of which the first part is clearly *crann* (tree), and the second part may be *seunta*, the participle of the verb *seun* (to bless, literally, to cross one's self). The place may have taken its name from some tree in the locality, which was considered sacred.

Knock, which occurs very frequently in the topography of Arran, signifies a hill or knoll, and Knockan, a little hill, a hillock. Knockan was the name of a hamlet of houses near the Castle of Brodick; and there is somewhere in that direction a place which was called Coreknokdow, *Coire-cnuic-dhuibh*, but which I have not been able to identify.

Pennycastel (Peighinn a' Chaisteil), the Pennyland of the Castle, was the name of some fields near the Castle.

Peighinn (a penny), meaning a pennyland, enters largely into the topography of the island. There is a Peighinn near Shisken. There is a Peighin-riabhach, Penrioch (the spreckled Pennyland), and Benlister, which I suspect is a corruption of Penalister, the Pennyland of Alister,* perhaps the same Alister whose name has

* Palester in Rent-Roll of 1757-8.

been kept in remembrance in the name Gortan-Alister (the little field of Alister). (Clachelane, a pennyland).

I may here notice that Gort is the same word as Gart. Gart is now applied to a field of growing corn, but it literally signifies an enclosed field, and is, in fact, the same word as the English word *yard* (an enclosure). The cognates are the Greek *chortos*, the Latin *hortus*, the Gaelic *gort* or *gart*, and English *yard* and *garden*.

I have said that the word peighinn (penny) enters into several of our place names. We have also halfpenny lands as Levincorrach (the steep halfpenny land), and Achenleven. There is a farm in Strachur called Lephin-mor (the big halfpenny land).

Feorline (a farthing), meaning a farthing land, is a common place name in the West and North Highlands. We have a North and South Feorline in Arran, near Kilpatrick.

Mark, in Gaelic *marg*, which was thirteen shillings and fourpence, occurs very frequently in Gaelic topography. In Arran, we have Merkland, near Brodick, and *Marg-na-h eglish* (the Merkland of the Church), near the Manse of Kilbride, and another *Marg-na-heglish*, near Lochranza. Marg-an-ess (the Merkland of the waterfall).

Dupenny occurs as an older form of Dippen, which, therefore, means two-penny or two-penny land. It formed part of what is called in ancient documents the Tenpenny lands of Arran, which embraced the three Largies, Kiskadale, Glenashdale, and Clachlane.

I shall now come to the district of Lamlash.

Lamlash proper is the Holy Isle, so called, no doubt, from its early ecclesiastical associations. It was the residence of St Molash or Molaisi, of Devenish, whose connection with it gave it the names of Helantinlaysch (the island of the flame), Molassa (the island of Molas), and Lamlash (the island of Molash). This saint, whose day in the calendar is on the 12th September, is called also Laisren (the little flame), in the calendar of Angus of Culdee.

I may observe that the name of this saint was not Maeljos or Molios, as stated in the Origines Parochiales. Maeljos or Maelisi means the attendant (that is the tonsured one) of Jesus, whereas Molas or Molash signifies my flame, it having been common to use the possessive pronoun *mo* (my) before the names of saints as a term of endearment. Thus Mernoc, whence Kilmarnock, the Church of Mernoc, is "my Ernoc," Ernoc being the name of the patron saint of the Church of Kilmarnock. Molas or Molash is *mo las* (my flame), *las* signifying a flame. This word *las*, with its diminutives *lasan* and *laisren*, was the name of more than one saint.

There is nothing remarkable in the name of the neighbouring island having become the name of the modern village of Lamlash any more than there is in the name of the neighbouring loch having also become its modern name, for the Gaelic name of Lamlash at the present day is Loch-an-eilein (the loch of the island).

I have already referred to the Pennyland of Clachlands. The old form of this word was Clachelane, also spelled Clachellane. The first part of this word seems to be *clach* (a stone). Of this I would have no doubt if I did not find the word also written Cleuchtlanis. I do not know what the second part of the word, *lane*, means, if it be not the word *lann* (an enclosure). This word occurs frequently in Gaelic topography. It is the same word as the Welsh *llan*, so often met with in British topography, as in Llanbride, Llandudno. We find at least one instance of it in Arran in Lyniemore (the big enclosure or field). It occurs in the word *iodhlann* (a stackyard) a compound from *iodh* (corn), and *lann* (enclosure), and is probably cognate to the English word *land*. It is still used in our spoken Gaelic, but, as in many other cases, the accusative *loinn* has become also the nominative.

At Lamlash we have a Blairmore and a Blairbeg. *Blár* signifies a field. It is very common in Gaelic topography. This [redacted] other meanings, as a peat moss *(blár-moine)*, and battle *Chuil-fhodair*, the battle of Culloden). *More* is the adjective *mór* (great, large, big), and *beg* the adjective *beag* (little, small). Blairmore is therefore the large field, and Blairbeg is the little field.

Kilbride and Marg-na-heglish have been already explained.

In the Blairmore glen, there was a hamlet which was called *Druim-'ic-an-Duileir*. *'Ic-an-Duileir* is the genitive of what must have been the name of a person—*Mac-an-Duileir*. *Druim*, the first part of the word, means a ridge. It is a common element in Gaelic place-names, as in *Druim-a-dúin* (the ridge of the *dún* or hill). It is cognate with Lat. *dorsum*.

I have already noticed Benlester. Glenkill I have not met with except in its present form. The first part of the word, glen, the Gaelic *gleann* (a valley), is plain, but whether the second part, kill, be the same word as that which forms the first syllable of Kilbride, Kilmory, Kilpatrick, &c., and which, as already noticed, signifies a church, it is impossible to say, without knowing whether or not there was a church there, especially as the *kill* is not, as it almost invariably is, prefixed to the name of a patron saint. The place may possibly have taken its name from a kiln for drying corn or for burning lime.

Somewhere in the neighbourhood of Glenkill there are two places which were called the Laigh Letter and High Letter. *Letter*, in Gaelic *leitir*, signifies the side or slope of a hill. It occurs very frequently either by itself or in composition in Gaelic topography.

Cordon, written Corrden in the rent roll of 1757-8, and Buneen, I am not able to explain. It would be easy to give a plausible interpretation of these words, but that would serve no useful purpose. Buneen may mean *bun aibhne* (the mouth of a river), and thus take its name from the stream which falls into the sea at Buneen, and which is large enough to be called *abhainn* (river) in Gaelic. *Bun* is applied in other places to the mouth of a river, as Bunaw (the mouth or lower part of the river Awe).

Moniemore may signify the large hill, *monadh-mòr*, from *monadh* (a hill) and *more* (large), or it may signify, as it is more likely, the large *brake*, for it is not unlikely that the whole of that slope was at one time covered with wood, as a considerable part of it is still.

Gortan-Alestir I have already explained. We come to King's Cross, a name which, although it has a modern look, has been in existence for at least more than 120 years; for I find it in the rent roll of 1757, when it paid a rent of £16. But King's Cross is an English name, and was not, therefore, the old and proper name of that locality. About 1450, King's Cross must have been Pennycrosche: for in a document of that period there is a farm of Pennycrosche mentioned alongside of Monymore, among the lands which paid ferms and grassum to the Crown, the sum paid by Pennycrosche being 46s 8d.

Other places mentioned in the same document are Knockenkelle, Achaharne, Ardlavenys, Letternagananach, and Dubroach. Knockenkelle seems to be Knockencoille (the little knowe of the wood), from *knocken* (a hillock or little knowe), and *coille* (wood). The latter part of the word may, however, be *coiligh*, the genitive (Ir.) of *coileach* (a cock); but, in this case, we would expect the word to be *knocken-a'-choiligh*, with the article between the two parts of the compound.

Achaharn, now Achencairn, is the field of the cairn, from *achadh* (a field), and *càrn* (a cairn of stones).

The first part of Ardlavenys is either the adjective *àrd* (high), or *aird* (an eminence or a dwelling-place), but I do not know what *lavenys* is, nor have I been able as yet to identify the place.

Dubroach must be to the north of Lamlash. It seems to be *Dubh-bhruthach.*

Lettirnaganach is the *leitir* or hill slope of the canons, which points back to the time (1452) when James II. granted to the canons of Glasgow the whole Crown rents of Arran and other lands in payment of the sum of 800 marks, which they had lent to him out of the offerings of their church in the time of the indulgences.

In Whitingbay there are three *Largies*—Largiebeg, Largiemore, and Largiemeanach. Largie, I take to be the Gaelic word *lairig* (a moor, the side of a hill). It is of frequent occurrence in Gaelic topography. There is in Sutherland a parish of Lairg, and you have Largs on the Firth of Clyde. There is a Largie in Kintyre, and the burying-place of the Breadalbane family at Loch Tayside is Finlairig. There is also a Gaelic word *leirg*, which signifies a plain. But we may, with confidence, identify Largie with Lairig. The affixes, *beg*, *more*, and *meanach*, are the adjectives *beag* (little), *mòr* (large, big), and *meadhonach* (middle).

You have also three Kiskadales—North, South, and Middle. In the old written documents, this word is written Keskedel. It is manifestly a Norse word, the affix *dale* or *del* being the same word as our Gaelic *dail* (a plain, a dale), and related to the English *dale* and the German *thal*. The first part of the word I do not know, but I believe that, with a little more research, I shall be able to discover its meaning.

There are some other words, such as Glenashdale, written Glenasdasdale in old documents, and Glenscoradale, clearly Norse names, which I must leave for the present unexplained.

Section II.

In the previous section on the Arran place-names, I started from Brodick, came along by Lamlash, and went as far as the march between the parishes of Kilbride and Kilmory. This time I propose to start again from Brodick, and to go in the opposite direction by Corrie, Lochranza, Catacol, and Dougarie, to Shisken. This includes the whole north end of the island. As in the former section, we shall frequently meet with names at the meaning of which we can only guess, although I do not despair of being yet able to get at their correct interpretation. Here, as elsewhere, names that were once familiar have disappeared, through the process of adding field to field and house to house, from the map, although they still linger in the memories of the people. Thus, we know of a "Gortan gaimheach" (the sandy little field), near where Mr Halliday has his sawmills; of the

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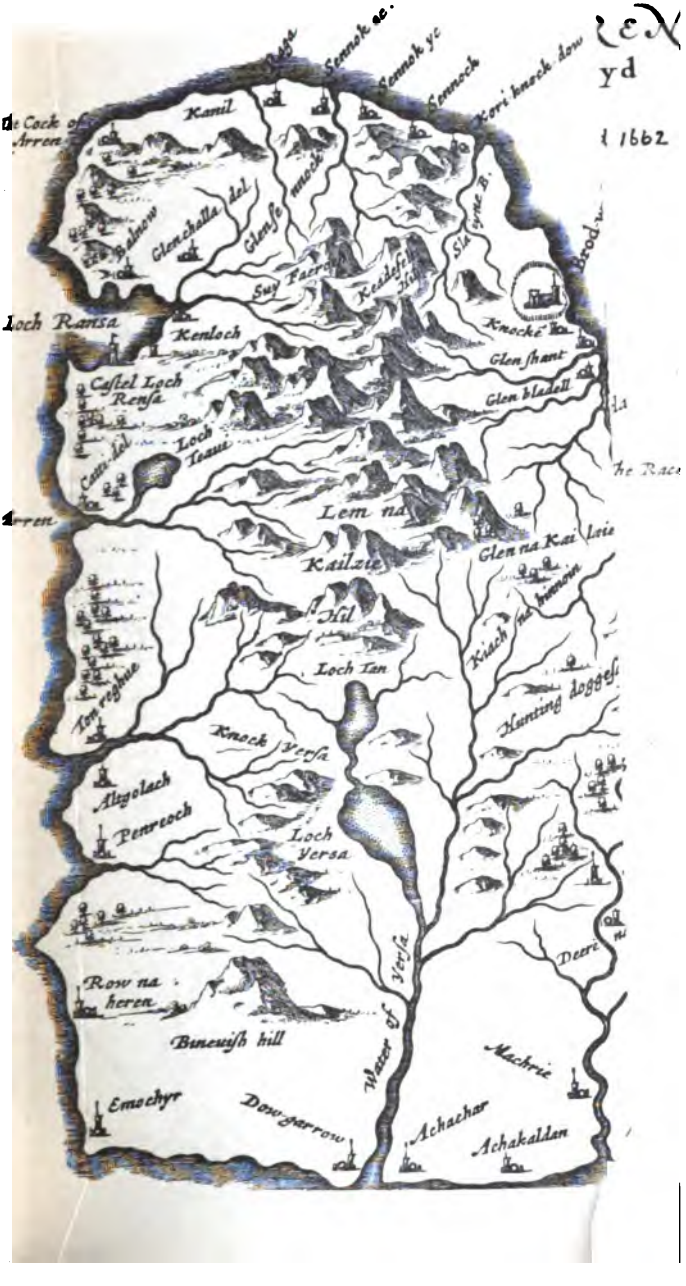

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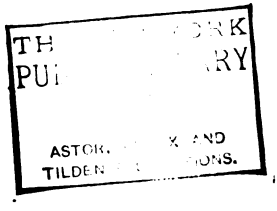
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"Cnocan" (the Knockan), above the Castle; and of "Peighinn a' Chaisteil" (the pennyland of the Castle), near the Castle. The burn coming down through the Castle wood is marked on the map as the "Cnockan Burn," although the "Cnocan" itself is not marked. It would be both interesting and important to get a list made up of as many as can now be recovered of the names that are not on the map before they pass away, as they are certain to do in the course of another generation, from the memories of the people. At present, I must take the Ordnance Survey map as my guide, although, so far as the place-names are concerned, it is by no means a safe guide.

When we leave the Castle behind us, the first name we meet is Merkland, from the Scottish coin *merk*, equal to 13s 4d of our money. This was the amount of superiority money paid by the place in olden times.

We pass by Merkland Point and Birch Point, and come to the "Rudha Salach" (the dirty headland), from *rudha* (headland), and *salach* (dirty).

We meet with no other name on the map until we come to Corrie, in Gaelic *An Coire* (the cavity, the cavern; also, a hollow among hills or in the side of a mountain).

We come next to Sannox, which is really a plural formed by adding *s* to "Sannoc" (the sandy bay), from *Sand-vik*, a common place-name. There are three Sannocs—South Sannoc, Mid Sannoc, and North Sannoc, which the natives still call "Na Sannocan" (the Sannocs).

The burying-place of Kilmichael (the Church of St Michael), from *Kill* (a cell, from Latin *cella* (a cell), and *Micheil*, the patron saint to whom the church was dedicated, is not marked on the six-inch scale map.

If we ascend the North Glensannocs Burn we come to the Glen-du, marked by its Gaelic name *Gleann dubh* (the Black Glen) on the map, and between Glen-du and North Glen Sannocs, lies the hill called in Gaelic *An Tunna* (the Tun, or the vessel).

To the north of North Glen Sannocs, are the Torr Reamhar (the Thick Hill), and the Crogan, probably another form of Cnocan (a little hill), although the Crogan seems to be more than 1000 feet above the level of the sea. But "Crogan" may be for "cracan" (a hill-side).

Proceeding northwards, we come to Lagan (the little hollow), diminutive of *Lag* (a hollow); Creag ghlas (the grey hill), or it may be the green hill, for *glas* means grey, pale, and also green, and before we come to the "Cock" (*an coileach*), we find

Cuithe marked on the map, which signifies a pit, a trench, a deep moist place, and also a cattle fold.

We now cross the water-shed into the Lochranza district. The glen through which the road passes is marked Glen Chalmadal on the map. It is plainly a Norse name, but I have not succeeded in making out the meaning of it. *Dal* is the same as the Gaelic *dail*, and the English *dale*, but I do not know the meaning of the first syllable.

In this glen there are several names that are not marked on the map. One of them is Gortan na Ceardaich (the little field of the smithy). *Gortan* is the diminutive of *gort* (a field), the same as *gart* in Gartsherrie, Gartmore, &c. The "Gortans" are very common in Arran.

The first place we come to in Lochranza is Bolairidh (the fold of the shieling), from *bol* or *buaile* (a fold), and *airidh* (a shieling). On the opposite side of the burn is Narachan, which I cannot explain. Perhaps it is derived from *nathair*, gen. *nathrach* (a serpent). But as there are other Narachans, the name is probably descriptive. On the north side of the burn are also Torr Meadhonach (the middle hill), Creag ghlas (the grey or green rock), Cnoc-nan-sgrath (the turf hill), and, on the shore, Rudha a' Chreagain Duibh (the headland of the black rock).

Rising above Bolairidh is the hill of Torr-nead-an-eoin (the hill of the bird's nest), and farther south is Clachan, either the plural or the diminutive of *clach* (a stone).

We pass now out of the parish of Kilbride (the Church of St Bridget), into the parish of Kilmorie (the Church of St Mary, that is, the church dedicated to St Mary).

The first word that claims our attention now is Lochranza itself, from which the district takes its name. The earlier name was Keanlochransay or Kendlocheraynsay (the head of Lochransay). It was also called Lochede, which I take to mean Loch-head, or the head of the loch.

Keanloch—or Kendloch—the first part of this word, is plain enough. It signifies Loch-head, or head of the loch, and the last syllable is also plain. It signifies an island, and is the same—*a* or *ay*—which occurs so frequently at the termination of the names of islands, as Jura, Islay, Colonsay, &c. Ranza is, therefore, the Island of Ran, but what is Ran? The name of the giant goddess, the Queen of the sea, in Norse mythology, was Ran, so that, perhaps, Lochranza may have derived its name from this mythic goddess. But there is a word *ran* in Danish which signifies robbery, plunder, and, possibly, Ranza may signify the island of

plunder. These explanations are mere conjectures, and must be taken for what they are worth. The island was the place on which the castle stands, and which must have been at one time surrounded with water.

Near the bay of Lochranza, on the south, is the Coillemore (the big wood), and nearer the village are two places marked on the map Urinbeg and Clachurin. *Beg* is the adjective *beag* (little), and *clach* is a stone; but I do not know the meaning of *urin*.

Other names of places at Lochranza are Margnaheglish (the Merkland of the Church), which was no doubt the land attached to an older church of Lochranza which occupied the site of the present Established Church which was built in 1795 (the old church is marked on a map published about 1640); Loch a Mhuilinn (the loch of the mill); a small loch marked on the map, Cnoc leacainn Duibhe (the knoll of the black hill-slope or declivity), and Doire buidhe (the yellow forest), above Catacol.

The glen through which the stream, which divides the two parishes, passes, is named on tne map Gleann Easan Biorach (the glen of the pointed waterfalls).

To the north of Catacol is a cairn, marked on the map Arfhionn, correctly Ar Fhinn (the slaughter of Finn) probably a corruption of some other name. At any rate, this word has not given its name to the Island of Arran.

We come now to Catacol, which is for Catagil, which occurs in an old document. *Cata*, which signifies a kind of small ship, is the same word from which Caithness, from *Kat-nes* (the ship headland), takes its name; and *gil*, which occurs very frequently in names of places, signifies a deep narrow glen with a stream at bottom. Catacol is, therefore, the glen of the *Kata*, or small ship, pointing, in all probability, to the time when ships anchored where are now cultivated fields.

A small stream which falls into Catacol Bay, to the north of the larger stream that comes down Glencatacol, is marked on the map Abhainn bheag (the small river).

A small loch, which sends a streamlet down into the Catacol river, is marked Lochan a' Mhill (the little loch of the hill). *Meall*, of which the genitive is *mill*, signifies a lump, a heap, a hill.

"Craw" I have not seen in any older form, and, therefore, I cannot explain it with certainty. There is a Norse word *krá*, signifying a nook or corner, and a Gaelic word *cró* (an enclosure, a fold, a hut), with either of which it may be identical.

Lennymore is the great wet meadow. The word leana

regeny (back to the wind), the double *r* of *T*
to have arisen from the assimilation of *n* to *r*,
change.

Penrioch, of which Pennerevach was an olde
riabhach (the brindled or gray pennyland).

Allt-gobhlach is the forked stream, from *c*
gobhlach (forked).

Whitefarland, or Whiteforland, is the wh
cape.

Tobar Chaluimchille, between North and S
St Columba's well.

On the shore we find marked Rudha Ai
Glas, and Rudha Ban. There is a Gaelic
signifies a soldier, a champion, a marauder.]
from which Rudha-airidh-Bheirg takes its r
would be the point or headland of the soldier
glas is the gray point or headland, or more]
point or headland; for *glas* signifies both gray
green. Rudha ban is the white point or headl

To the south of Whitefarland is Leac-bhuic
flat stone, and, therefore, Leac-bhuidhe is th
But this name may be Leaca-bhuidhe (the yell
leaca, gen. *leacainn* (a hill-slope).

* Also found written "Trurregeya." In referen
following extract from Dr Joyce's "Irish Names of Pl
doubt as to its meaning. "The Irish word *tón* signifie
the same as the Latin *podex*. It was very often used
also low-lying or bottom lands; and it usually retains
as we see in Tonduff, Tonbaun, Tonroe, black, wh

Imachar is written Tymochare and Tymoquhare in some ancient charters. I cannot at present say anything with certainty in regard to the meaning of this word, and conjectural interpretations are of little value.

The older form Baynleka shows that Ballickine is for Banleacainn (the white hillside or hill-slope). The word is a good example of the ease and certainty whith which words, that on the face appear difficult, can be explained when we get at their older forms.

We come next to Dougrie, which is written Dowgare and Dougarre in old charters. These forms show plainly that the first part of this word is *dubh* (black); but they leave us in some uncertainty in regard to the second part—*gar* or *garre*—which may be either *garadh* (a den, a cave, also a thicket), or *garradh* (a garden). Garadh occurs in other place names, as Gleanngaradh (Glengarry) and Garadh-buidhe (the yellow thicket or shrubbery).

Iorsa, like Rosa, is Norse. The last syllable *a* means water, but it is difficult to say what the first syllable signifies.

A stream, which falls into the Iorsa water, is called Allt-na-h-airidh (the burn of the shielling).

A small lake, at the head of Glen Scaftigill, is called Dubh Loch (the black loch). Loch Tana, which likewise empties itself into the Iorsa water, means, probably, the shallow loch. I say probably because I do not know exactly how the word *tana* is pronounced.

Skaftigill is Norse. The last syllable means a narrow glen, and *skaft* is Danish, for English shaft, haft, handle. The corresponding Ice. word *skapt* occurs frequently in place-names, as *skapta* (shaft-river, Cf. the name Shafto), *skaptar-fell* (shaft-mountain; Cf., shap-fell in Westmoreland). Skaftigill is, therefore, shaft-glen.

We come next to Achencar, a more recent form of Achachara (the field of the standing-stone), from *achadh* (a field), and *caradh* (a pillar or standing-stone), the place having taken its name from the pillar-stone still standing there.

South of Achnacar, Cnocan cuallaich (the little hill of the cattle-herding).

Farther south is Achagallon (in Gael., *achaghalloin*), which likewise means the field of the standing-stone, from *achadh* (a field) and *gallan* (a pillar or standing-stone*).

* There is a standing-stone marked on the map above Auchaghalloin. Ghlaic Bhan (the white hollow) is between Auchaghalloin and Machrie.

On the shore is Cleiteadh Buidhe (the yellow ridge of rocks), from *cleiteadh* (a ridge of rocks in the sea) and *buidhe* (yellow).

There is a little hill above Auchagallon set down on the map as Cnoc-na-ceille (the hill of wisdom), but the proper name, I understand, is Cnoc-na-cailligh (the hag's hill).

We come next to Machaire (a field, a plain), a very common name, as might be expected, in Gaelic topography, both Scotch and Irish.

The next name on the map is Torrmore (the big hill), from *torr* (a hill), and *mor* (great, big). There is also Torr-beg (the little hill).

There is marked on the map a Torr-righ-beag (the king's little hill), which seems to be the name of a small hill, which is marked as being 350 feet above the level of the sea

Between Torr-mor and the shore is Leacan ruadh (the red flag-stones); but I suspect Leacan should be Leacainn (a hill-slope), and Leacainn ruadh (the red hill-slope).

Near Torr-righ-beag there is a place marked as An Cumhann, which means the strait, the defile.

Near the shore, north from Druim-an-dùin, is Cleiteadh-nan-Sgarbh (the cormorant rocks, or, more properly, ridge of rocks of the cormorants).

We come now to Drumadoon; in Gaelic, Druim-an-dùin (the ridge of the fort), from *druim* (back, ridge), and *dùin* (a fort); the Gaelic etymological equivalent of Eng. town, from Anglo-Saxon *tun*.

I have already referred to Torr-beg (the little hill).

The Eilean More, near Black-water Foot, is the big island.

The Dubh Abhainn is the Black-water, and Black-water Foot is Bun-na-Dubh-Abhainn.

Feorline, of which there are two—South Feorline and North Feorline—is the Farthing-land, as *peighinn* (penny) is Pennyland. Cnoc-na-Peighinn is the hill of the Pennyland.

Ballygown is Smith town, from *baile* (town, town-land), and *gobhann*, gen. of *gobha* (smith). Cnoc Ballygoun is the hill of the smith-town.

An t-Allt Beithe is Birchburn, the name by which it now seems to be best known.

Shedog, in Gaelic Seidag or Seidog, is a diminutive formed by the feminine *og* or *ag* from *seid*—corresponding, I have no doubt, to Scottish *sh'd* (a portion of land separate from another).

Ballinacuil is the town or townland of the nook or corner. I have been told that this has been recently given to Mr Allan's

farm, and is in no way descriptive; but I have been also told that the name is much older than at least the time of the present occupant. There are two parts of Balmichael—*Baile Iochdarach* (Lower Balmichael) and *Baile Uachdarach* (Upper Balmichael).

Ballnamoine is *baile na moine* (the town or townland of the moss).

Clachan, a derivative from *clach* (a stone), means a hamlet, and also a burying-place.

Ballmichael is the town or townland of Michael.

Sroin-na-carraige (the nose, or point of the rock), now forms part of the farm of Ballmichael.

Gortan Dubh (the black little field) is near Balmichael.

Sloc a' Mhadaidh (the pit or hole of the dog) is now part of the farm of Balmichael.

Srath-na-Cliabh (the strath of the hurdles, or of the harrows*).

On the Tormore side of the stream is Sliabh-na-Carrachan (the hill or moor of the standing-stones), the name having been taken from the standing-stones.

On the same side is Cnocan-na-tubha (the little hill of the thatch), where, I suppose, turf for thatching the houses used to be cut.

We come now to Dair-nan-each (the oak of the horses), or rather Daire-nan-each (the grove of the horses).

Lag-an-Torra-Duibh (the hollow of the black hill) is the name of the wood below Dar-nan-each.

Tarr-na-Creige (the extremity or tail of the rock) is probably for Torr-na-creige (the hill of the rock).

Glaistre is for Glas-doire (the gray or green grove). In old documents the spelling is Glasdery.

Monyquil was formerly written Monycole, which means the moss or bog of the hazel, from *monadh* (moss, bog), and *col*, gen. *coil* (hazel).

The second part of Glenlaeg I cannot explain with any certainty.

The glen through which the Shisken road passes is Gleann-an-t-suidhe (the glen of the seat), and the glen to the north of it is Gleann an Easboig (the bishop's glen).

Shisken, from which the district which we have now traversed takes its name, is, in Gaelic, *an sescenn*, which means a boggy, marshy, or sedgy place, which, no doubt, was a correct description of the district when it received its name, although it has now a good many fertile fields.

* There is a place here called Cra-léith, or something which sounds like that.

[At this point, Dr Cameron's paper on Arran Place Names, so far as it was thrown into literary form, ends, leaving the south-western corner of the island, from Blackwater Foot to Pladda Isle, unfinished. Fortunately, he has left notes on the place-names of the district, and they are here reproduced as he left them, in order to complete his survey of Arran Place Names. The notes begin at Shisken, where he left off in the last section of his paper :—

Kilpatrick, for *Cill-Phàdraig*—the Church of St Patrick.
Bruthach Breac, speckled brae, near Kilpatrick.
Rudha Garbhard, for *Rudha-garbh-àrd*—the rough high headland.
Aird-nan-Rón, the height of the seals.
Rinn-a'-Chrúbain, the point of the crab-fish.
Cnocan Donn, the brown hillock—two places of this name.
Cnoc Reamhar, the thick hill.
Torr, the hill.
Cnocan-a'-Chrannchuir, the hillock of the lot.
Cor-na-beithe, the round hill of the birch, or the hollow of the birch.
Lean-a'-Chneamh, the boggy land of the garlic.
Torr an Daimh, the hill of the ox.
Beinn-tarsuinn, the cross mountain.
Loch-cnoc-an-Locha, the loch of the hill of the loch.
Tormusk, the hill of the musket.
Beinn Bhreac, the grey or brindled mountain
Cnocan Biorach, the pointed hill.
Cnoc-na-Croise, the hill of the cross.
Cnoc-a'-Chapuill, the hill of the horse.
Cnoc-na-Dail, the hill of the meeting, or the hill of delay, but rather the former.
Ross, for *Ros*, wood. The word also signifies a peninsula.
Port-na-Feannaige, the port of the hoodie crow, or also, the port of the lazy bed.
Cleiteadh Dubh, the black ridge of rocks.
Cleiteadh, near Clachag farm.
Sliddery (Pont has *Sledroi*).
Port Mór, the large port, near Sliddery water.
Glenscorrodale, from Scorradal by prefixing the Gaelic *gleann*. *Skorradal* is a place-name in Iceland. It is derived from *skorri*, apparently the name of a bird. Cf. Vigfusson.
Glenree, for *Gleann-righ*—the glen of the king ; or *Gleann-reagh*, for *Gleann-riabhach*—the grey glen.
Boguille, for *boglach (?)*—a bog, a boggy place.
Birrican, or Burrican.
Bennicarrigan, the hill of the little rock ; but is *Benni-* for *Penni-?*
Clachaig, an inflected form of *clachag ;* Irish *clochag* or *clochoge* (a stony place, a place full of round stones)—from *clach* or *cloch*, stone.
Lagg, for *lag*—a hollow. Laggan, for *lagan*—the little hollow.
Kilmory (St Mary's Church. See above).
Shanachy, the old field. Cf. Shanaghy in Joyce's Place Names, II., p. 450.
Torrylin, for *torra-linn*—the tower or hill of the pool.

Cloined, for *cluain-fhad*—the long meadow; or *claoin-fhad*, the long slope. Cf. Joyce, p. 224 and 400.
Aucheleffen, for *achadh-leth-pheighinn*—the half-penny field.
Achareoch, for *achadh-riabhach*—the grey field.
Bogaire, a soft marshy place; Na Bogaire (plural), because there are two places of the same name.
Achenhew, for *achadh-eó*—the field of the few. Cf. Joyce, I., p. 492.
Levencorrach, for *leth-pheighinn corrach*—the steep half-penny land.
Bennan, for *beannan*—the little hill.
Fladda, old forms *Pladow, Plada.*
[Seven or eight of the Western Isles are called Fladda respectively, the Icelandic island-name Flatey, flat island; Pladda is a Gaelic variant of Fladda with *f* de-aspirated to *p*.—ED.]

Dr Cameron, further, transcribed the names on Blaeu's map of Arran, published in the famous Atlas of 1662. The map of Arran was drawn by Timothy Pont, some fifty years previously. We have thought it best to reproduce the map in its entirety, to illustrate and add value to Dr Cameron's researches in Arran Places Names].

DR MACDONALD'S COLLECTION OF OSSIANIC POETRY.

[INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY THE LATE REV. A. CAMERON, LL.D.*]

A Collection of Ossianic Poetry, taken down from Oral Recitation, by the Late Rev. Dr Macdonald of Ferintosh.

In July, 1805, Dr Macdonald was licensed to preach; and two months later he started, as stated, at the request of Sir John Sinclair, on an Ossianic tour throughout the North-Western Highlands. The object of his journey was to ascertain to what extent traditions of the Fingalians existed in the Highlands, and whether Ossian's poems were still remembered.

In the course of that journey, Mr Macdonald took down from the recitation of several persons, whose names he has recorded, a small collection of Ossianic ballads, which afterwards passed, probably through Sir John Sinclair, into the possession of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, and is now deposited, together with other manuscripts belonging to the Society, in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh.

* Dr Macdonald's Collection is printed in the 13th volume of our Transactions, pp. 269-300, under the editorship of the late Dr Cameron. It wants the introduction which he wrote for it, and which has been found among his papers since his death. It is here printed to complete the edition of the Collection made by Dr Macdonald.

Dr Macdonald's MS., which is in his own hand-writing, extends to fifty-two octavo pages. The MS. is written, apparently, with great care; but the orthography is frequently inaccurate. In after years, Dr Macdonald acquired the art of writing Gaelic with considerable accuracy.

Five of the ballads in this MS., including "The Battle of Ben Eadair," which is made up of more than one ballad, were published by the late Mr J. F. Campbell in his "Leabhar na Fèinne;" but, unfortunately, the transcripts from which he printed must have been inaccurate, for his printed copies abound with mistakes, which frequently render the places in which they occur quite unintelligible. Among those mistakes must be numbered the omission of lines, and sometimes of even whole verses contained in the original manuscript.

We now print the entire MS. exactly as it was written by the collector, except that a few verbal changes have been made in the brief statements or "arguments" prefixed to the ballads. Amended versions of the ballads would, no doubt, be more readable, and, therefore, more interesting to general readers; but those who take a real interest in the study of our Ossianic literature prefer exact transcripts of the manuscript collections, to which they may not themselves have convenient access, to amended versions, however skilfully the editor may perform his task. We, therefore, print the ballads exactly as they were written by Dr Macdonald in September and October, 1805. A. C.

27th FEBRUARY, 1889.

On this date Mr Malcolm M'Innes read a paper contributed by the Rev. Mr John Macrury, Snizort, entitled "A Collection of Unpublished Gaelic Poetry." Mr Macrury's paper was as follows:—

A COLLECTION OF UNPUBLISHED GAELIC POETRY.

A Luchd-Comuinn mo ruin,—Gu ma fada beo sibh fhein agus bhur Comunn. Tha mi anabarrach toilichte sibh a bhith soirbheachadh cho math anns an obair a ghabh sibh os laimh, agus ma's math am bliadhna gu ma seachd fearr an ath-bhliadhna. An uair a sgriobh an run-chleireach agaibh do m' ionnsuidh a dh' iarraidh orm rud eiginn a chur uige a chuireadh seachad greis de 'n oidhche dhuibh, gheall mi da gu'n cuirinn a dha no tri de sheann

ı d' a ionnsuidh. Tha eagal orm nach cord iad ribh ; ach nam h ni b'fhearr agam gheibheadh sibh iad le deagh run. Fhuair ; na h-orain a leanas sgriobhta ann an leabhar beag a dh' fhag -Urramach Iain Tormad Domhnullach nach maireann, a bha mhinistear anns na h-Earradh. Sgriobh e iad ann an Uibhist ionn sheachd bliadhna deug air fhichead. O'n a chaidh cuid ıa h-orain a sgriobh e a chlo-bhualadh anns an "Oranaiche," s ann an leabhar no dha eile, cha 'n 'eil feum dhomhsa an cur an so. Cha 'n 'eil fios agamsa nach 'eil cuid de na tha mi 'cur gaibh air an clo-bhualadh cheana. Co dhiu tha gus nach 'eil, agaibh iad facal air an fhacal mar a fhuair mise sgriobhta :—

LAOIDH FHRAOICH.

An t-oglach o 'n d' fhalbh a bhean,
Ged a bha e seal 'na deigh,
Uime sin na bi fo leann,
Dh' imich o Fhionn a bhean fein.

Dh' fhalbh a bhean o Righ nan Ruadha,
'S bu cheannard e air sluagh cheud,
Chuir i currach air an t-sal,
'S thug i gradh do mhac Righ Greig.

Dh' fhalbh a bhean o 'n Ghlas mac Seirc,
'S cha do dh' fhidir i 'rasg mall ;
Cairioll, ged bu ghlan a ghnuis
Rinn a bhean cuis air a cheann.

Sud 's mac Ridir an Domhain Mhoir,
Phronn e or fuidh dheud a mhna,
Loisg is' e fuidh leinidh luim :
'S mairg a ni muirn fuidh na mnai.

Anagladh gach fear fo 'n ghrein,
A bhean fein mu'n dean i lochd,
Mu'm bi i rithist 'na dheigh,
Mar bha Moibh an deigh nan corp.

Seachd righrean chuir i gu bas ;
Gu'm bu mhor a cradh 's a lochd ;
Fraoch is Cairioll agus Aodh,
Is Conan caomh nan arm nochd,

Cuchullainn ri sgoltadh sgiath,
Saor dian an fhaobhair ghil,
Rosg mac Meaghaiche nan cliar,
Nach d' ghabh fiamh roimh dhuin' air bith.

. . . . . .

Bhuail euslainte throm throm,
Nigheann Moighre nan corn fial,
Thainig i le fios gu Fraoch
Dh'fhidir an laoch ciod e 'miann.

Thuirt ise nach biodh i slan
Gus 'm faigheadh i lan a bas maoth
De chaoireann an lochain fhuair,
'S gun a dhol g' am buain ach Fraoch.

Dh' fhalbh Fraoch 's cha bu ghill tiom'
Shnamh e gu grinn air an loch ;
Fhuair e 'bhiasd 'na siorram suain,
'S a craoslach suas ris an dos.

Thug e leis na caoireann dearg
Dh' ionnsuidh Moighre 's i air tir ;
" Fhir dha math dha 'n d' thig e uait
Cha 'n fhoghainn sid a laoich luaidh
Gun 'fhreimh a bhuain as a bhun."

Dh' fhalbh Fraoch 's cha bu turus aidh,
Shnamh e air an linne bhuig :
Bu diochdair fhios da mar bha,
'M b' e sud am bas da 'na chuid.

Rug e air an dos air bharr,
'S thug e na freimh as am bun,
'N am dha 'chas a thoirt gu tir,
Rug i air a ris a muigh ;

Rug i air 's e air an t-snamh,
'S liodraich i 'dheas lamh na craos,
Rug esan oirrese air ghial ;
'S truagh gun sgian a bhith aig Fraoch.

Nigheann or-bhuidh' 's ceanna-bhuidh' falt,
'S grad a thug thu 'n sgiath o 'n laoch ;
Fraoch mac Iuthaich is a' bhiasd,
'S truagh a chiall mu'n d' rinn iad stad.

Comhrag 's cha bu chomhrag laoich
Bh' eadar a' Fraoch 's a' bhiasd mhor,
Gus 'n do thuit iad bonn ri bonn
Air traigh an leac lom a bhos.

Thainig neultaidh as an Fheinn
'S ghlac iad e 'nan lamhan bog'.
"Ged tha thu 'n diugh an glaic an eig,
'S iomadh euchd a rinn thu bhos.

B' fhaide do shleagh na crann siuil,
Bu bhinne na guth ciuil do ghuth;
Snamhaiche cho math ri Fraoch
Cha do shin a thaobh air sruth.

Bu duibhe thu na fitheach gearr dubh,
'S deirge d' fhuil na fuil a' bhraoin;
Sar mhilltiche nan sral—
'S gile na sin slios an laoich.

An ceol ris an eisdeadh Fraoch,
'S binne na ceileireadh lach air loch—
Langan an loin air a' charn
Buireadh daimh air aird nan cnoc.

ORAN LUAIDH.

'S mi 'm aonar air airidh 'n leachduin,
Luinneag—
Chall ò hì-o-bho hi-hùrabhò,
Chall òro-hì 'sa bho-hì,
Na hi rì riobhò hi hùrabhò.

'G amharc nam fear a' dol seachad,
Chall o, etc.

Cha tig mi mo roghainn asda,
Chall o, etc.

Chi mi na feidh air an leachdaich,
Chall o, etc.

'S iad a' falbh gu fiamhach, faiteach,
Chall o, etc.

Ged 'tha cha ruig iad a leas sud,
Chall o, etc.

'S an giomanach donn am pasgadh,
Chall o, etc.

'N ciste nam bord air a ghlasadh,
Chall o, etc.
'S ard a' ghrian air beanntaibh Uige,
Chall o, etc.
'S a' ghealach air beinn a' smudain,
Chall o, etc.
'S na feidh air leachdaich a' bhuiridh,
Chall o, etc.
Tha 'na chadal fear g' an dusgadh,
Chall o, etc.
'S an gunna breac air a chulaobh,
Chall o, etc.
An daga 's an adharc fhudair,
Chall o, etc.
Ge h-oil leam sin cha 'n e chiurr mi,
Chall o, etc.
Mo thriuir bhraithrean marbh gun dusgadh
Chall o, etc.
'N fhuil a' reothadh air an culaobh,
Chall o, etc.
Bha mi fhin le m' bheul 'g a sughadh,
Chall o, etc.
Gus na rinn air m' anail tuchadh,
Chall o, etc.
Ge h-oil leam sin cha 'n e chiurr mi,
Chall o, etc.
Bhith 'n gaol air an fhear a ruisg mi,
Chall o, etc.
'Fianuis cruinneachadh na duthchadh,
Chall o, etc.
'S mi m' aonar air airidh 'n leachduinn,
Chall o, etc.

'S mise a thug an ceannach
Air bainne nigh'n Domhnuill,
Hi ùrar ùbhi-ùo-hò-hì-ibho.
Cha 'n e mheud 's a dh' ith mi,
Dh' fhidir mi no dh' òl mi.
Challain éileadh hò hi ibho-ro-ho-le
Challain ùrar ùbhi hù-o-hò-hi-ibho,
E ho hì-rì-rì hoirionn ò-ho-le-adh.

Cha 'n e mheud 's a dh' ith mi,
Dh' fhidir mi no dh' òl mi,
Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
No ro mheud mo shinead,
Ach mi mhilleadh m' oige.
Challain eileadh, etc.

Tha mo bhraiste briste,
Tha mo chrios 'na oirnean,
Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Mo ghruag anns na tollan,
Mo phlaide 'na sroicean.
Challain eileadh, etc.

O fhear de Chlann Mhuirich,
Mac Muire 'na thorachd,
Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Nam faicinn do bhirlinn
Fo 'h-eideadh a' seoladh.
Challain eileadh, etc.

Air m' fhalluing nam faiceadh,
Gu rachainn na codhail,
Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Gu'n deanainn mo ghearainn,
Ris an t-seobhag sheolta.
Challain eileadh, etc.

Bhiodh Raoghnull Mac Ailein,
Air toiseach mo thorachd,
Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Gu'm biodh ni nach b'ioghnadh
Bhiodh Raoghnull Mac Dhomhnuill.
Challain eileadh, etc.

Gu'm biodh ni gun tagradh—
Bhiodh dalta nan Leodach,
Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Gaol nam ban a Lathurn,
Aighear ban na Mor-thir.
Challain eileadh, etc.

Trom-cheist nam ban Ileach,
'S ann diubh Sile 's Seonaid,
Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Nam faicinn mo leannan
'Tighinn an coir na buaileadh.
Challain eileadh, etc.

Gu'm paisginn an cuman,
Gu'n lunnainn a' bhuarach,
Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Fear an aodainn shoilleir
Fo thaghadh na gruaige,
Challain eileadh, etc.

Gu'n aithnichean do bhuidheann
A' tighinn o 'n mhointich,
Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Air ghilead an leintean
'S air dheirgead an cota.
Challain eileadh, etc.

Air ghuirmead an triubhais
'S air dhuibhead am brogan,
Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Air gheiread an iubhair
Fo uidheam an dorlaich.
Challain eileadh, etc.

Sgiath o bharr an iubhair
'S claidheamh caol de 'n t-seorsa,
Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Bhiodh pocaidean fudair
Trom dumhail air t'olaich.
Challain eileadh, etc.

Ach a Righ mo chuirre,
Chuir mi 'n luib nan Tuathach,
Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Iomlaid na bà dara
Chuir mo ghradh an gruaim rium.
Challain eileadh, etc.

. . . . . .

Cho do rinn nigh'n Raoghnuill
An fhaoghlum bu dual di,
Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Cha d' thug i dhomh beannag,
Gu falach mo ghruaige.
Challain eileadh, etc.

Ach sguilein beag salach
De 'n anart bu shuaraich,
Hi urar ubhi-uo, ho-hi-ibho.
Eagal mi bhi nasgaidh,
O'n mhasl' ud a fhuair mi.
Challain eileadh, etc.

'S mise 'thug an ceannach
Air bainne nigh'n Domhnuill.
Hi urar, etc., etc.

Tha oran eile an so a rinn an Dall mor mac Neill Mhuilich, agus cuiridh mi e m' a choinneamh an orain a chuir mi sios mar tha:—"Do Alasdair Domhnullach, Bhalaidh ann an Uibhist a' Chinn-a-Tuath, air dha tighinn dhachaidh as an Taobh-Deas, far an robh e car uine air son a shlainte. Le Alasdair Domhnullach ris an cainte an Dall mor mac Neill Mhuilich."

Do bheatha dhachaidh o 'n chuan sgith,
Fhir Bhalaidh nan lann liomhaidh geur,
Fan lann sgaiteach claiseach cruaidh,
Seobhag na h-uasal' 's mor speis.

Mo cheisd air ceannard an t-sluaigh,
Anns an ruaig a b' eutrom ceum,
'S leomhan guineach thu 'n robh spid—
Am beul firinneach gun bhreig.

'S iomadh banntrach air a gluin,
A ghuidh 'na h-urnuigh dhuit deagh sgeul,
Agus dilleachdan gun treoir
Leis 'm bu deonach dhol fo d' sgeith.

Rinn na leannachdan thu slan
Le toil 's le fabhar Mhic Dhe,
Ghairm na seobhaig anns a' chos,
"Theid am fasgadh oirnn gu leir,"
Do bheatha dhachaidh o'n chuan sgith.

Rann a rinneadh ann am Baile nan Cailleach, am F
bhaoghla, do Rob Domhnullach mac an t-Saoir, piobaire l
nuill oig Mhic 'ic Ailein, Tighearna Chlann Raoghnuill, le A
(Dall) Domhnullach, ris an cainte Alasdair mor mac
Mhuilich—

Oidhche dhomh 's mi ann am chadal,
Chuala mi sgal pioba moire,
Dh'eirich mi calamh a' m' sheasamh,
Dh'aithnich mi 'm fleasgach a bhual i.
Bha da leomhain orr' a' beadradh
Claidheamh is sleagh air an cruachain,
Bha fear dhiubh o 'n Chaisteal Tioram
Grunn de na dh'imich mu'n cuairt da.
Mac a Mhor-fhear a Dun-Tuilm,
Gu'n d'labhair sAilbhearr suairc,
Druidibh ri 'cheile 'Chlann Domhnuill,
Leanaibh a' choir mar bu dual duibh.
Rob Mac Dhomhnuill Bhain a Raineach,
Boineid is breacan an cuaich air
Bha suil leomhain 's i 'na aodan,
Coltas caonuaig 'dol 'san ruaig air.
Chluich e " corr-bheinn" air a' mhaighdinn
(Ceol a's caoimhneil' chaidh ri m' chluasan).
Nach iarr biadh, no deoch, no eideadh,
Ach aon leine chur mu'n cuairt dhi ;
Chluich e air maighdinn Chlann Raoghnuill,
Rob a leannan graidh 'g a pogadh,
Meal do mheodhair, meal do mheoirean ;
Meal do chuimhne 's do gloir shiobhalt' ;
Meal do phiob-mhor, 's meal do Ghailig.
Do mhaighistir dh'fhag an rioghachd,
Iain Muideartach mor nam bratach ;
Raoghnull a mhac thogas ire,
'S coma leam co ghabhas anntlachd,
'Se Rob maighstir gach piobair',
Bha 'n urram greis an siol Leoid ac' ;
'Nuair 'bha 'n oinnseach aig na daoin' ud.
Bha i 'n sin aig Clann Mhic Artuir
Piobair sgairteach na caonnaig,
Tha i nis 's a' Chaisteal-Tioram,
'S ait leis an fhiunc so 'faotainn,
Fhad 's a dh'fhanas Rob 'na bheo-shlaint'
Gleidhidh Clann Domhnuill an Fhraoich i.

AN OIGH FHOLUIMTE.

Le Domhnull Frisgal (Rosmarkie), Ball de 'n Chomunn Oisinneach.

Air fonn—"*'Nuair thig an Samhradh geugach oirnn.*"

A cheolraidh bhinn nan coilltichean,
Do m' mhaighdinns' biodh 'ur n-oran-sa ;
'N te fhoinnidh, bhaigheil, bhoillsgeanta,
'N te fhoinnidh, chaoimhneil, chomhraiteach,
'N te mheallach, chanach, fhurmailteach,
'N te shugach shunndach, mhor-mhaiseach,
'N te mhalda, narach, ionnsaichte,
Gun lurdanach, gun bhosdalach.

Air inneal-ciuil nam baintighearnan,
Gur pongail, aghmhor, eolach i ;
'S i ealanta 'g a' laimhseachadh
'S a binn-guth graidh 'g a chordadh ris—
An t-seis a bheireadh faothachadh
Do theasaich ghaoil nan oigearan ;
Am fonn a dheanadh maothachadh,
Air buadhan dhaoine teo-chridheach.

'S ard fhoghluimt' anns an cainntibh i,
'S gu'm b'annsa leam a h-oraidean,
Na'n ceileir ceolmhor bardail ud
A thig o 'n challduinn chrochd-mheuraich ;
Gu'n labhair i gu deiseil
A chainnt Eadailteach is Romhanach,
'S gu fuaimnich i gu h-eagarra
A' Ghailig bheadarr' oranach.

Mar sgeimh na maidne samhraidh i,
'Nuair bhios gach gleann fo fhluraichean,
'S a bhios baird bheaga 'canntaireachd,
Am barr nan crann le surdalachd,
'S na h-osagan gu fann-sheideach
A' siudadh nam meang cuirneineach,
Is toroman binn nan altan
Ann an greannmhoireachd a' tuirling oirnn.

DUANAG DO 'N CHOMUNN OISEINEACH.

LE BARD.

AIR FONN—"*Tha tighinn fodham eiridh.*"

Deoch slaint' a' Chomuinn Oiseinich,
'S e sin an Comunn salasach,
Comunn glan nan oganach,
A sheasadh coir na Feinne.

Tha tighinn fodham, fodham, fodham,
Tha tighinn fodham, fodham, fodham,
Tha tighinn fodham, fodham, fodham,
Tha tighinn fodham eiridh.

'S e sin an Comunn dealasach,
Tha snaoim a' ghaoil 'gan teannachadh ;
Bidh suain aig Gaill a' bhaile so,
Mu'n dealaich iad ri cheile.
Tha tighinn fodham, etc.

Mo bheannachd aig na fleasgaichean,
Na Gaidheil ghasda theas-chridheach,
Ga'm bheil an comhradh deas-chainnteach,
Gun eisiomail do 'n Bheurla,
Tha tighinn fodam, etc.

'S i 'Ghailig cainnt nam fineachan,
'S i 'Ghailig cainnt ar cridheachan,
'S i 'dhuisgeas blaths is cinneadas ;
Cha 'n ionnan i 's a' Bheurla.
Tha tighinn fodham, etc.

'S i so ar canain mhathaireil,
O ! 's caoimhneil agus baigheil i ;
Gur math gu deanamh manrain i ;
Gu brath cha leig sinn eug i.
Tha tighinn fodham, etc.

Lionaibh mar a b' abhaist duibh,
Na glaineachan le gairdeachas,
Gu aiseirigh na Gailig
Is gu buille bais na Beurla.
Tha tighinn fodham, etc.

following note was appended to this song by the collector ngs given in this paper, in October 30, 1854:—

e author of 'Duanag do 'n Chomunn Oiseineach' is not It was sung for the first time at the first dinner of the n the Argyll Hotel, in Glasgow, on the 14th January, or which occasion, I was told, it was composed), by Mr son, F.O.S. It is written down in the first volume of the of the Society, after a long account given of the dinner, nown very little beyond that. It is sometimes, but not ng at the annual dinners. (Signed) "J. N. M'D. ober 30, 1854."

6th MARCH, 1889.

his meeting the Rev. Charles Macdonald, Mingarry, Loch-len, Suinart, was elected a member of the Society. er the Secretary read a paper, contributed by Mrs Mary r, on "The Sheiling, its Traditions and Songs, Part II." kellar's paper was as follows:—

E SHEILING: ITS TRADITIONS AND SONGS.

Part II.*

maiden of the sheiling has been an object of special in all pastoral countries, and was frequently the theme of , in all ages and in all countries—

"'Tis not beneath the burgonet,
Nor yet beneath the crown,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor yet on bed of down;
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the dell without a name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye come hame."

the Lowland bard, but no song on the maid of the sheiling pass that of our own Alexander Macdonald — "Mac stir Alasdair." Was ever a maiden's hair praised more the following verse?—

the first part of this paper see volume 14 of Society's Transactions. *page 135.*

"Chuireadh maill' air mo léirsinn,
Ann an driuchd mhaduinn Chéitein,
Na gathannan gréine,
'Thig bho 'teud-chul cas 'fàineach."

Translation.

My eyes were dazzled
In the early morning of dewy May,
By the sunbeams that flashed from her curling locks,
That were bright as the golden strings of the harp.

In another verse he says—

"'S taitneach siubhal a cuailein,
Ga chrathadh mu 'cluasan,
A' toirt muigh air seist-luachrach,
An tigh-buaile 'n gleann-fásaich."

Translation.

Beautiful is the motion of her locks
As they flash and shake about her ears,
As on her bed of rushes she churns the butter
In her sheiling in the lonely glen.

This reference to the churning the butter on the bed indicates that it was the vessel known as the "imideal," that I explained about in my former paper, that is referred to here, for two girls sat on the bed shaking this vessel until they produced butter.

It is interesting to know that our first recorded romance of the sheiling is to be found in the Book of Genesis, when Jacob met his fair young kinswoman, Rachel, as she tended her father's flocks. The first meeting, with its tears and kisses, is full of romantic interest. Afterwards, the years of service given for her, and, notwithstanding her waywardness, the poetic love with which the patriarch clung to her memory to the end of his long life, must command our admiration. "As for me," said he, "when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come into Ephrath; and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath, the same is Bethlehem;" and the patriarch was then dying in extreme old age.

Another ancient romance of the sheiling is that of Cormac, King of Ireland, which is worthy of being commemorated. Cormac, son of Art, was the grandson of Conn of the Hundred Fights—Conn-ceud-cathach — from whom his descendants, the Macdonalds,

take the title of "Siol-Chuinn." Cormac was one day riding through a forest near his own castle, when he beheld a lovely young maiden milking cows at some distance. He reined in his steed under the boughs of a tree, and with admiration watched the grace of the maiden's actions as she, with a cheerful manner, went about her humble duties. She went home with her milkpails to a little cot that stood near, and then returned singing gladly in a low sweet voice whilst attending to the wants of the milky mothers. She had not noticed him, but he approached her cautiously lest he should alarm her. She attempted to flee away when she saw him, but with his adroitness he set her at ease, and soothed her into confidence. He pretended ignorance of cows and dairy labour; he asked her about the separating of milk from strippings, and was surprised that she preferred fresh rushes to rotten, and clean water to brackish. The girl modestly gave him all the information he wished, and in the course of conversation she mentioned the name of her foster-father, and then he knew that Eite, the daughter of Dunluing, stood before him, and that her foster-father was Buiciodh Brughach who had been a rich grazier in Leinster, and was ruined by the munificence of his hospitality. The Leinster gentry who used to be his guests began to consider his goods their own, and when they left his house they took whatever number they fancied of his cows. They soon ruined the princely farmer, and so he left home quietly, and travelled until he came to a forest in Meath, resolving to spend his days retired and unknown with his wife and Eite, or as she is sometimes called Eithne. The meeting of Cormac with the fair girl led to her becoming his wife, and her foster-father got ample land and herds near the palace of Tara. The daughter of Cormac and Eite became the wife of Fionn Mac Cumhaill, Mac Treuna-mhoir, and thus the maid of the Sheiling was the grandmother of Ossian, the royal bard.

One of the romantic incidents of the sheiling was the fairy lover, and some of the songs concerning those are still to be heard among the old people. This "leannan-sith," or fairy lover, was able at times to win the love of the maid of the sheiling in no ordinary manner; and fairy women, in the guise of milkmaids, have been known to win the affection of the herdsman who on the mountain side attended his flocks. There is a fairy lullaby of which I only know a fragment. It was composed by the "leannan-sith" when the maid of the sheiling, who was the mother of his child, had become cruel and laid his little baby-boy to cry himself to death on the hill-side near the father's uncanny

home. The poor unhappy man came to the relief of his and in his song he is promising every thing good to his "] if she obeys nature's call and comes to her son. Morag it went to look after her herds, and turned a deaf ear to his singing and his deep distress. The melody of this song i sweet and plaintive, as are all those known as "Fonn-sìth, melody. The words run as follows :—

"A Mhór, a Mhór,
A Mhór, a Mhór,
A Mhór, a Mhór,
Taobh ri d' mhacan ;
A hùbh a hó !
'S gheibh thu goidean
Bòidheach bhreac uam.
A hùbh a hó,
A hùbh a hó !
Laogh do chuim,
An cois an tuim,
Gun teine, gun dion, gun fhasgadh.

A Mhór, a ghaoil,
Till ri d' mhacan,
'S gheibh thu goidean,
Boidheach bhreac uam.
A hùbh a hó !
Gheibheadh tu fion,
'S gach ni b'ait leat,
Ach nach eirinn
Leat 's a' mhaduinn,
A hùbh a hó,
A hùbh a hó !
Ged nach eirinn leat 's a' mhaduinn.

Bha 'n ceò 's a' bheinn,
Bha 'n ceò 's a' bheinn,
Bha 'n ceò 's a' bheinn,
'S uisge frasach.
'S thachair ormsa,
A ghruagach thlachdmhor.
A hùbh o hó,
A hùbh o hó !
A nighean nan gamhna,
Bha mi ma' riut,
Anns a' chrò
Is cach na'n cadal.

An daoith gheal donn,
An daoith gheal donn,
An daoith gheal donn,
Rug i mac dhomh.
A hùbh a hó !
Ged is fuar
A rinn i altrum,
A hùbh a hó !
A Mhór, a Mhór,
Till ri d' mhacan,
'S gheibh thu goidean,
Boidheach bhreac uam.

A nighean nan gamhna,
Bha mi ma 'riut,
A nighean nan gamhna,
A nighean nan gamhna
Bha mi ma' riut,
Anns a chrò
'Us cach nan cadal,
A hùbh a hó!
A nighean nan gamhna,
Bha mi ma' riut,
Anns a' chrò
'Us cach nan cadal.

A Mhór, bheag dhonn,
Nach till thu rium,
A Mhór, bheag dhonn,
Nach till thu rium,
A hùbh a hó !
Mi caoidh do mhicein
Air an t-sliabh.
A hùbh a hó,
A hùbh a hó !
'S a bhialan min
Ri m' fheusag liath.

'S tu direadh bheann,
'S a' teirneadh bheann,
A' direadh bheann,
'S a' teirneadh bheann.
A hùbh a hó!

'S na laoigh air chall
A' direadh bheann,
'S a' teirneadh bheann.
A hùbh o hó,
A hùbh o hó !
Gu sgith, fliuch, fuar,
'S na laoigh air chall.

A Mhór, a Mhór,
Till ri d' mhacan,
'S gheibh thu goidean,
Boidheach bhreac uam.
A hùbh a hó !
Laogh do chuim
Ri taobh cnocain,
Gun teine, gun tuar,
Gun fhasgadh.
A hùbh o hó,
A hùbh o hó !
'S gheibh thu fion uam
'S gach ni 's ait leat,
Ach nach eirinn leat 'sa a mhaduinn."

Another unfortunate girl was at the sheiling with her panion; and, when out on the hillside, she made the acquair of a fairy lover, to whom she was most devoted. She u steal away every evening to meet him in a cosy hiding surrounded by trees of holly and mountain ash, and althoug companion watched her, she could not find out where sh going. At last she asked her to confide in her, promising th secret would come through her knee before it came throug lips. The maiden then told her where she went every ev and the other soon revealed the secret; and the girl's br went to the place, and found the lover resting on a bed of that the maiden had made for him at their trysting place. lover, who was probably human enough, was slain by the young men, and the girl, on getting near the place, saw ride away; and on going to her lover, she found him slain.

The poor girl died of sorrow, and composed the following in which she bitterly reproaches her companion for unfa ness :—

" Far am biodh mo leannan falaich,
Cha b'ioghna mise a bhi ann,
Fàile nan ùbhlan meala,
Dhe 'n fhodar a bha fodh cheann.

Ille bhig, ille bhig, hugaidh o,
Hugaidh o, hugaidh o,
Ille bhig, ille bhig, hugaidh o,
Dh'fhag thu 'n raoir gun sugradh mi.

Chith mi mo thriuir bhraithrean thall ud,
Air an eachaibh loma luath,
Sgianan beaga aca ri 'n taobh,
Is fuil mo ghaoil a' sileadh uath.
Ille bhig, etc.

Cha teid mise a chrò nan laoighean,
'S cha teid mi do chrò nan uan,
'S cha teid mi do chrò nan caorach,
Bho nach 'eil mo ghaoilean buan.
Ille bhig, etc.

Chi mi 'n toman caoruinn cuilinn,
Chi mi 'n toman cuilinn thall,
Chi mi 'n toman caoruinn cuilinn,
'S laogh mo chéill air 'uilinn ann.
Ille bhig, etc.

A phiùrag* ud 's a phiùrag eile,
'S mairg a leigeadh riut a rùn,
Gur 'luaithe a thainig an sgeul ud
Troimh do bheul, no troimh do ghlùn.
Ille bhig, etc.

Ach a nighean ud 's an dorus,
Na' robh na fir ort an rùn,
Sgoltadh a bhradain fhior-uisg,
Eadar do dha chioch 's do ghlùn.
Ille bhig, etc.

A luaidh ud 's a luaidh ud eile,
Cha bhi mi na d' dheighidh buan,
'S goirt a reubadh leo mo chridhe,
Gaol nan gillean a thoirt uam.
Ille bhig, etc.

'S a chraobh chaoruinn a tha thall ud,
Ma 's ann ort a theid mi 'n chill,
Tionndabh m' aghaidh ri Dun-tealbhaig,†
'S bheirear dhomhsa carbad grinn.
Ille bhig, etc."

*Some say it was her sister that betrayed her, but we think not, Piuthrag" being the term for confidential friend.

†A fairy hill.

There is another fragment of a song of this kind w
said to have been composed by a young man who was travel
mountain side, when he met a young woman of great beau
pretended to be a maid of the sheiling. She fascinated hi
her charms of looks and manner, and when she asked
become her herdsman, he followed her, to find she had d
him, and her beauty was only seeming. She was one of th
women of the fairy hills, and he regrets having met he
have heard this sung as a lullaby, and also as a waulkin
The melody is very fine—

"A chailin òg a stiùradh mi,
Chailin iu ò, hog hì ho ro,
Hog i hò, na hò ro eile,
'Chailin òg a stiuradh mi.

Latha dhomh 's mi siubhal fàsaich,
Chailin og.

Thachair cailin mhin gheal bhàn orm,
Chailin og.

Sheall i na m' ghnuis 's rinn i gàire,
Chailin og.

Sheall mise na gnuis 's bhuail an gràdh mi,
Chailin og.

Bhuaileadh le saighead a' bhàis mi,
Chailin og.

Mheall i mo chridhe le 'blàth-shuil,
Chailin og.

Bha a gruaidh mar shuthan gàraidh,
Chailin og.

Dath an oir air a cul fàineach,
Chailin og.

Thuirt i rium le guth binn gàireach,
Chailin og.

Buachaill thusa, banachag mise,
Chailin og.

B' fearde banachag buachaill aice,
Chailin og.

Theid e mach ri oidhche fhrasaich,
Chailin og.

Cuiridh e na laoigh am fasgadh,
Chailin og.

Lubaidh e i fhein na bhreacan,
Chailin og.
Caidlidh iad gun sgios, gun airsneul,
Chailin og.
'S eutrom dh'eireas iad 's a' mhaduinn,
Chailin og."

Weird women of the fairy race were said to milk the deer on the mountain tops, charming them with songs composed to a fairy melody or "fonn-sìth." One of these songs is said to be the famous "Crodh Chailein." I give the version I heard of it, and all the old people said the deer were the cows referred to as giving their milk so freely under the spell of enchantment:—

"Chrodh Chailein, mo chridhe,
Crodh Iain, mo ghaoil,
Gun tugadh crodh Chailein,
Am bainn' air an fhraoch.

Gun chuman, gun bhuarach,
Gun lao'-cionn, gun laogh,
Gun ni air an domhan,
Ach monadh fodh fhraoch.

Crodh riabhach breac ballach,
Air dhath nan cearc-fraoich,
Crodh 'lionadh nan gogan
'S a thogail nan laogh.

Fo 'n dluth-bharrach uaine,
'S mu fhuarain an raoin,
Gun tugadh crodh Chailein
Dhomh 'm bainn' air an fhraoch.

Crodh Chailein, mo chridhe,
'S crodh Iain, mo ghaoil,
Gu h-uallach 's an eadar-thrath,
A beadradh ri 'n laoigh."

Mrs Grant of Laggan gave a free translation of this old song, and it had the distinction of having given its name to a distinguished Literary Club in Edinburgh. This club met regularly at a tavern in the Anchor Close, kept by one Daniel Douglas, who knew Gaelic, and whose favourite song was "Crodh Chailein." He was called upon to sing it at the close of every jovial evening. Robert Burns, when in Edinburgh, was a regular attendant at this

club, and he celebrated it in more than one song. I
Smellie, the antiquarian, that he sang—

"As I cam' bye Crochallan
I keekit cannily ben,
Rantin', roarin' Willie
Was sitting at yon board en',
Sitting at yon board en',
And among gude company,
Rantin', rovin' Willie,
Ye're welcome hame tae me."

Burns visited Edinburgh in 1787, and on the 1st of
1788, the death of Mr Daniel Douglas was announced in
lic papers, and he is deserving of some notice from us, as
our simple little song of the sheiling a classic; and Bu
delighted in "Crodh Chailein," gave the song to th
that superseded it, and that ends every meeting o
man in good fellowship—"Auld Lang Syne." Of all i
to soothe an irritated or sulky cow, and make her give
willingly, this song is considered the most powerful. I
cows are considered to have more character than the
breeds, and when they get irritated or disappointed, th
their milk for days. This sweet melody sung—not by a
but by the loving lips of her usual milkmaid—often so
into yielding her precious addition to the family supply.
are other verses sung to this melody which have rather
story. A man was suspected of having killed his wife,
unfortunate woman's brothers came to charge him w
murder, and to avenge her death. As they came to the
at night, they heard the man whose life they sought croo
plaintive song to his little motherless child. As they lis
his words of sorrow, they sheathed their dirks, and return
convinced that he was not the slayer of the woman he mo
such pathetic verses. This set of the words became as
with milk-maids as the "Crodh Chailein" set:—

"Cha till mo bhean chomainn,
Cha till mo bhean ghaoil,
Cha till mo bhean chomainn,
Bean thogail nan laogh.

Thig bàrr air a' ghiubhas,
Thig duilleach air craoibh,
Thig ruinn air an luachair,
'S cha ghluais mo bhean ghaoil.

Cha tig Mór, mo bhean, dachaigh,,
Cha tig Mór, mo bhean ghaoil,
Cha tig mathair mo leinibh,
A laighe ri m' thaobh.

Thig na gobhra do 'n mhainnir,
Beiridh aighean duinn laoigh,
Ach cha tig mo bhean dachaigh
A' clachan nan craobh.

Thig Màrt oirnn, thig Foghar,
Thig todhar, thig buar,
Ach cha tog mo bhean luinneag,
Aig bleoghann, no buain.

Cha dirich mi tulach,
Cha shiubhail mi frith,
Cha 'n fnaigh mi lochd cadail,
'S mo thasgaidh 's a chill.

Tha m' aodach air tolladh,
Tha m' olann gun sniomh,
Agus deadh bhean mo thighe,
'Na laighe fodh dhion.

Bidh mo chrodhsa gun leigeil;
'S an t-eadradh aig càch,
Tha mo leanabh gun bheadradh,
Na shuidh air an làr.

Tha m' fhardochsa creachta,
'S lom mo leac, 's gur a fuar,
Tha m' ionmhas 's mo bheairteas,
Fo 'na leacan na suain.

Uist a chagarain ghràdhaich,
Caidil samhach a luaidh,
Cha tog caoineadh do mhàthair,
As a tamh anns an uaigh."

To sing to the cows was always a sure sign of a good dairy-d. Sometimes the song was improvised in praise of the

particular cow; sometimes there was not much sense in it, but words strung together to a pleasing air, such as the following:—

"Gaol a chruidh, gradh a chruidh,
Gaol a chruidh mheall mi,
Gaol a chruidh cheann-fhionn,
'A thug mi do 'n ghleann leam.
Gaol a chruidh, gradh a chruidh,
Gaol a chruidh chiar-dhubh,
Gradh a chruidh dhriomuin-duibh,
Aghan leam fhin thu."

When a dairymaid in Mull was milking a young cow, of whose pedigree she was proud, she sang to her saying—

"Ogha Ciaraig iar-ogh Duinneig,
Cha 'n fhaigh Mac Iain Ghiarr a' Muil thu."

Mac Iain Ghiarr was a wild reaver of the seas on the West Coast. He was of good family, being of the Macdonalds of Mingarry in Ardnamurchan. His mother had been early left a widow, and she married a farmer in Mull; and one of Mac Iain Ghiarr's feats was —in after years, when his mother died—to steal her body away by night, in order to bury her with his own father. He had a boat painted white on the one side and black on the other which gave rise to the proverb—Taobh dubh us taobh bàn a bh 'air bàta mhic Iain Ghiarr. This was the boat that was so useful to him because no one that saw a white boat go up the loch in the morning thought it was one and the same with the black boat they saw returning in the evening. Mac Iain Ghiarr had been listening to the dairymaid who was singing to her favourite young cow, and he replied, although she did not hear—

"A bhean ud thall ris an t-sior bhleoghann
Bheir mi 'n dubh 's an donn 's a chiar uat
'S dusan de na aighean ceud-laoigh."

And before morning he fulfilled his threat, and only left the breast-bit, or "caisean-uchd," of each cow to indicate that they need not look for them again upon the hill. We may imagine the sorrow of the dairymaid, who neither had her "dubhag," nor her "donnag," nor her "ciarag," to milk in the morning. The affection in the hearts of those good women for the animals they reared and watched over was very intense, and such a sorrow as this dairymaid's would be within hail of Rachel weeping for her children beeause they were not. The following is a beautiful *milking* song that has been much abused in the public prints, but

I give it here as I got it from a good old dairymaid many years ago :—

Chorus—

"Ho hi ho leiginn, ho hi ho leiginn,
Ho hi ho leiginn, m' aghan guail-fhionn,
Ho hi ho leiginn, m' aghan gaolach,
'Us mo chrodh-laoigh air gach taobh dhe'n bhuaile.

Faic an dris ud air an lionaig,
'S i a lubadh leis na smiaran,
'S amhuill sid agus m' aghan ciad-laoigh,
An t-agh is ciatach de chrodh na buaile.

'S i mo rùnsa an t-aghan cais-fhionn,
Cha 'n iarr i buarach a chur mu casan,
'Nuair 'bhiodh cach anns na siomain naisgte,
'S e siod a' Sasunn bhiodh air mo ghuail-fhionn.

M' fheudail fhein an t-aghan cais-fhionn,
Theid do 'n bheinn is nach iarr i dhachaidh,
Cudthrom bainne air a casan,
Is laogh a h-altruim le gheum ga buaireadh.

Dh' fhaithninn gris-fhionn a tighinn thar faire,
Leis a mheanbh-bhric a tha mu braighe,
Righ gur ro-mhath a thogail àil i,
A suas thar chàch 's i 'n ceannard buaile.

M' fheudail ise a chrodh na tìr so,
Bheir i dhomhsa am bainne priseil,
Gheibh mi càise is gheibh mi ìm dhi
'S nam bidh i uam gum bu mhor ga'm dhì i."

The romance of the shieling with its poetry was not confined to those of the fairy race. Sons of men often took great pains to see the maidens of the sheiling in spite of the guardianship of brothers or other male relatives who might be there, after the habit of the family migration to the hills had ceased.

When a young man was objected to as the future husband of the maid of the sheiling he had to have recourse to stratagem in order to see her. A young man of whom we heard went to the sheiling in which his beloved was the presiding goddess, but he dared not go in sight. He hovered about in hopes to get a word of the maiden, but in vain. At last rain came on and he was more than miserable, and he went and opened the cro' or fold in which the calves were shut in. The calves began to low, and the whole occupants of the sheiling got out of their beds to go in

quest of them, when the lover slipt into his sweetheart's room. He threw off his wet plaid and hid himself in a corner. As the maiden went back to her apartment after the calves were secured she touched the wet plaid accidentally and screamed. In a moment, however, she was aware of the situation, and when her brothers asked the cause of her fright she said the cat had jumped in her face, and believing her, they retired unsuspiciously to bed.* That night she promised to elope with her lover, which she afterwards did, for she knew he was trustworthy and true, although her brothers disliked him. A young man less fortunate went forth one morning before daylight to the sheiling to see his sweetheart, and when he got there he found her dead. The following is a fragment of a song composed by him on the occasion :—

"'Nuair a rainig mi bhuaile,
Cha robh 'n sluagh mar bu choir dhoibh,
Bha na mnathan a' fuaigheal,
'S bha na gruagaichean bronach.

Bha miadh air luchd-gul ann,
'S cha robh guth air luchd-orain,
'Nuair a rainig mi 'bhuaile,
Gum b'fuar bha i dhòmhsa.

Bha mo chraobhag chaol dhireach,
Na sineadh 's an t-seomar,
Na sineadh fodh'n uinneig,
Far nach cluinneadh i comhradh.

'Na righe air deile,
As a leine fuar reota,
'S truagh nach robh mi 's an fhiabhrus,
Mu'n d'fhuair mi riamh t-eolas.

Ann an ciste chaoil chumhain,
Air a dubhadh le roiseid,
Ann an ciste nan sliseag,
Fodh shlios nan stuagh reota."

When a death, as in this case, took place away at the sheiling, and the weather was too stormy to carry the body to the famiiy burying-ground, they chose a suitable spot on the hillside in which they solemnly buried their dead. We have heard of a man who was travelling over a mountain, and having got tired, he lay down on a little knoll to rest, and there fell asleep. As he slept he saw a pretty little girl of about eight years old dancing about the spot

* 'Nuair sheallas bean air a cois thoisgeil gheibh i leisgeul.

on which he reposed. "Who are you, my sweet child, and why are you here alone?" "Ah!" she replied, "I died when they were here at the sheiling, and I am here alone. You are sleeping on my grave, and I am glad you came, for they left me all alone. Dh'fhàg iad mise 'an so leam fhéin." On going to the nearest township, the traveller found that a girl had died at the sheiling at that place on the previous summer, and that, owing to stormy weather, she had been buried there. And the description he gave of her quite agreed with the appearance of the little maiden they knew. This happened in one of the sheiling districts of Lochaber.

Many places in the Highlands owe their names to this old habit of sending the cows to the sheiling. Achintore, near Fort-William, now studded with so many lovely villas, is nothing else, interpreted, but the field of the manure. The ancient family of the Macgillonies of Strone had Achintore as a summer grazing. They gathered heaps of manure there in the season twice a day. "Achadh-an-todhaire far an deanar dà thodhar 's an latha" was the old proverb about it. The country people, short of manure for their ground, came there to buy it at so much a creel. Burt, in his letters from the north, speaks of the women in the neighbourhood of Fort-William coming to buy the horse dung from the soldiers at 4d a creel. The creels used for carrying this manure had false bottoms, fixed with pins, and they could be emptied without being removed from the back of the man or horse that carried them. They were known as "cléibh-spidrich."

In the same way they went with those creels to buy manure to Achintore. As late as the beginning of the present century the Macgillonies had their summer grazings in Achintore, for which they paid a rental of £40 per annum. Many of the names of Highland places owe their origin to sheilings. The famous "Fionn-airidh" of Morven is the white sheiling; "Gleann-deas-airidh" is the glen of the south sheiling; "Airidh-fhionn-dail," the sheiling of the white field; "Airidh-mhuilinn," the sheiling of the mill, and so on.

The only place in the Highlands in which the "airidh" is still a summer resort is the Lews, and even there they seem modern institutions. The family do not leave the ordinary home. Only the girls go, and in that the others are losers. The change of air, the break in the monotony of life, especially to the women, must have been a salutary change. The girls, however, enjoy their residence there, free from all restraint; they can sing and dance to the music of their own innocent hearts without fear of either minister or elder. There

are generally four girls in each sheiling, and they occupy one large bed made on the floor, with a first layer of rushes, and then bent, hay, or straw. Between this bed — "leabaidh mhór na h-àiridh"—and the fire there is built up a sofa or couch of turf called "an ceap," and that is their seat as they sew or knit in the evenings, after they have finished their duties. Wednesday night is their great evening, for then their sweethearts come to see them. One brings a Jew's harp, another a chanter, and they have a dance, and the girls sing the Gaelic songs that are too often forbidden at home. Then they hospitably entertain the young men, who came to cheer them in their solitude, the usual feast on such occasions being curds and cream ; and when the lads go to Fraserburgh, they bring nice presents to the girls who were so kind—little shoulder shawls of tartan, ribbons, combs, and pen-knives, or cheap brooches — which are lovingly treasured. All the East Coast fishing is called Fraserburgh by them. If a stranger comes unexpectedly to these sheilings, and they have no luxury to offer, they hastily bake an oat-cake, which is put standing against a stone to be fired. The fire for this purpose is made of dried heather, which gives a clear, hot redness without smoke. This "bonnach-cloiche," taken to a bowl of fresh cream, is considered a great treat. The tit-bit given by the Lews people to their cows, in order to induce them to give their milk, is the dried bones of the cod and ling pounded down small. The cows are particularly fond of it, and yield their milk freely whilst enjoying it; and if they get a song with it, all the better. The great terror of the sheiling was the witch, or any one with an evil eye. The former could, with a sympathetic teat, sit at her own fire-side, and milk her neighbour's cows ; the latter could, with her "beum-sùla," lay the most healthy and beautiful cow of the herd dead on the field in a moment. If the witch were vindictive only, and did not want any benefit herself, she would prevent the cows of her unfortunate victim from having calves, which was the most serious evil that could befall a pastoral people, to whom milk in its different forms meant a wealth of luxurious living.

Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, in his praise of the mainland, says :—

"'S measrach, cuachach, leabach, luachrach,
Dol gu buaile 's t-samhradh.
Heitirin, &c.

'S ònach, uachdrach, blathach, cnuachdach
Lòn nam buachaill' annta.
Heitirin, &c.

'S imeach gruthach, mèagach, sruthach
An iomaraich shubhach shlambach.
Heitirin, &c.

Deoch gun tomhas dol mar comhair,
Gun aon ghlomhar gainntir.
Heitirin, &c.'

Of course this land of Goshen would become a starved and miserable place without the rich streams from the milky mothers, and the calves that were to rise up to take the place of their ancestors on the sheiling. Sometimes if one's cows were injured by a witch, another went privately and bought them with any small silver coin. "You have no cows now," said the buyer, "they are all mine, and spells wrought to injure your cows cannot affect mine." "They are all yours, I have none," replied the owner. And then the witch, who knew not of the transaction, was baffled at the want of success in her spells.

Sometimes butter and cheese and milk were sent to the witch to purchase her goodwill. And there was one spell that was performed at great risk, but which was effectual in making the witch come to terms. A young girl was sent to milk the strippings from the udder of the cow, and after every window was darkened and every inlet to the house shut up, the milk was poured into a pot with a portion of the cow's dung, a tuft of her hair, and as many rusty nails and needles and pins as possible. The pot was set on the fire, and stirred with a stick of mountain ash, and if that is not convenient any other stick will do, and the person who is brave enough to take charge of it keeps stirring all the while, repeating some charm. By and by the witches begin to make a great noise about the house, going to the windows and to the doors and even to the top of the house trying to get a sight of the person who is stirring the pot, for if they get that the victory would be theirs. The person in charge of the pot could then make terms with the person who had injured the cow when he knew the pain undergone was beyond endurance; or, if he or she was very revengeful the person could, by prolonged suffering, be brought to cry out asking for relief, and promising to take the spell away from the cow. Then the pot was lifted off, and as the water gradually cooled the witch got free from pain, and the cow yielded the old full rich quantity of milk.* These cantrips were the terror of the sheiling, and those who caught one of the water

* A gentleman in Stornoway told me that he had used this charm with great efficacy.

cows were considered happy, as no evil eye or witch's spell had any power to injure these creatures of the flood, which are seldom seen by mortal eye as they come in droves from the sea to career about in the dim moonlight. A man in Harris told me that his forefathers had such cows for many generations. One of his ancestors had been out hunting on the hill-side, and as he lay still he saw these creatures of the flood rushing past him. He had the presence of mind to know what they were and threw a handful of earth towards them. The one on whose back it fell stood spell-bound unable to follow the herd to the sea. He led her home, and she seemed quite content with her new mode of life. She and her progeny were all good milchers. I tried to get a description of these creatures, but could only learn that they were beautifully shaped and had long silky black hair.

The following description of a Highland quey of the best stamp may be interesting:—

"Dh'aithn'inn an t-agh dubh no ruadh,
Daite air suaicheantas a bhein,
'S na'n leanadh a phris a' suas
Chumainn fhein mu'n cuairt an ceum.

Adharc fhada, ghorm, no dhearg,
Cluas mhor 'us carball da reir,
Speir mholach, leathan, gharbh,
Bhiodh e searbh mar bi'maid reidh.

E bhi leathan os a chionn;
Goirid o 'n dà shuil a bheul;
Fionnadh dualach, tiugh, 's e dluth,
Gun bhi fo na ghlun ach reis.

Aisne leoghar, dhomhain, chrom,
Trusadh na chom air an fheill;
Togail ann a suas gu bhàrr,
Aigionnach na nàdur fhein."

The names given to the Highland cows were indicative of their colour or of any distinguishing mark such as a brow star, which made her "Blàrag," the brown cow was "Donnag," the dusky grey one "Ciarag," the brindled one "Riabhag," and the dun one always the "Odhrag," the black and white one was the "Grisfhionn," sometimes a quey of no distinctive colour got emphatically called "An t-aghan," and the name stuck to her unto old age. The children at the sheiling gave their playmates, the

calves, those names; and they were the names by which they were sung in the lilts of the milk-maids as they praised them in sweetest song. If the words did not mean much, as sometimes happened, the melodies were always beautiful, and could be played on the bagpipes with fine effect. Of some of those milking lilts I could only get a verse, for instance, the following, which is very fine played on the pipes :—

"A mhnathan na buaile,
Dh' ith sibh an t-ìm,
Dh' òl sibh an t-uachdar,
Dh' ith sibh an t-ìm;
A mhnathan na buaile,
Dh' ith sibh an t-ìm,
Dh' òl sibh an t-uachdar,
'S mise gu tìnn."

Here is a verse of another sweet air :—

"Ged tha crodh chàich a stigh,
Chan 'eil m' agh donn ann,
Ged tha crodh chàich a stigh,
Chan 'eil m' agh donn ann;
Dh' fhuireadh m' agh, dh' fhanadh m' agh,
Dh' fhuireadh m' agh riumsa,
Sheasadh m' agh boidheach breac,
Air a chnoc leamsa."

In all these songs the most affectionate expressions were used to the cows, as in the following :—

"M' aghan fhin thu,
M' aghan fhin thu,
M' aghan fhin thu,
M' aghan donn;
Ged bhiodh na siomain,
Air crodh na tìre,
Bidh buarach shiod
Air an aghan donn.

M' aghan gaoil thu,
M' aghan gaoil thu,
M' aghan gaoil thu,
Air feadh nan tom;
M' aghan aoidheil
Air feadh an fhraoich thu,
'S gur mor mo ghaol
Air an aghan donn.

M' aghan cais-fhionn,
M' aghan cais-fhionn,
M' aghan cais-fhionn,
A thogadh m' fhonn ;
Tha 'm bainne frasadh,
Bho h-ugh gu casan,
'S i greiseadh dhachaidh,
Gu laoighean donn.

M' aghan fhin thu,
M' aghan fhin thu,
M' aghan fhin thu,
M' aghan donn ;
Ged 'bhios na siomain,
Air crodh na tire,
Bidh buarach shioda,
Air m' aghan donn."

The old life at the sheiling is a thing of the past. Yet, its traditions, and songs and proverbs that embalm its history, will live as long as our language is spoken or written, and the beautiful similes that tell of a pastoral people have become part of the mosaic that makes it so grand and worthy of preservation. Of a kind-hearted person it was said, "Tha e mar am bainne blàth"—"he is like the warm milk." The poet could find no better thing to describe the fairness of the skin of his lady-love than to say she was as white as the curd. "Cho gheal 's an gruth leam fhein thu." "Calf-love" was described, "Laoigh na h-aon airidh," the calves of the one sheiling. One going to marry a stranger away from their own people and glen was told in surprise, "Ubh, ubh, b' fhada bho cheile crodh laoigh ur dà sheanar," "Ay, ay, far from each other were the milk cows of your two grandfathers," and so on. The boys brought up at the sheiling had a different stamina from the present generation who rejoice in being English-speaking and tea-drinking from their infancy The new state of things fits them best for taking their places with the Lowlanders in the battle of life, but yet they unfit them to be the representatives of the race that grew up to be like a mighty bulwark to their country—those who from childhood climbed the highest rocks, and swam the deepest pools, and whose simple, temperate lives fitted them for hardships and endurance.

The better life of the sheiling was over when the whole community cased to move together with their flocks in the early summer. The poetry of the old life was gone, and then gradually

"buaile" took the place of the "airidh," and the more modern elic songs celebrate the maiden who was queen of this new order things—

"O 'chruinneag, e 'chruinneag,
O chruinneag na buaile,
Gur tu cruinneag mo chridhe,
Leat a ruidhinn am fuadach.

Gur ann shuas anns a' Chàrnaich,
Gleann ard nan sruth fuara,
A tha chruinneag is boidhche,
'S a dh' fhag fo leon gu Lath-luain mi.

Tha thu cumadail, finealt—
Thu cho direach ri luachair,
Bho chul do chinn gu do shailtean,
Chan 'eil faillinn ri luaidh ort.

Tha do chalpa mar bhradan,
Air an aigeal a' cluaineis,
'S do shlios mar an fhaoileann,
'Snamh ri aodann an fhuaraidh.

Tha do shuil mar an dearcag,
Bhios fodh dhealt anns na bruachan,
Do dha ghruaidh mar an caorann,
Mala chaol 's i gun ghruaman.

Tha do dheud mar a chailce,
Dluth snaight na d' bheul stuama,
O 'm binne thig orán,
Ann an seomar a' fuaigheal.

Bheirinn bradan bho 'n t-saile,
Fiadh bho ard nam beann fuara,
'S coileach dubh o na gheig dhuit,
'S cha bhiodh eis air mo ghruagach.

'S mi gun rachadh do 'n Fhraing,
Le Nic-Raing a chuil dualaich,
'S cha leiginn ort mighean,
'S ceol fidhle na d' chluasan."

nember the heroine of this song, a tall, stately matron in coe, when I was a mere girl, and I do not think that the poet gerates her charms.

13th MARCH, 1889.

At this meeting the Right Rev. Colin C. Grant, D.D., late Bishop of Aberdeen, read a paper before the Society, entitled "Highland-English as found in Books." Mr Grant's paper was as follows:—

HIGHLAND-ENGLISH AS FOUND IN BOOKS.

Highlanders cannot make much complaint about the character given to their countrymen by writers of English. They are depicted as being brave to temerity, strong of endurance, fearless in danger, temperate in eating and drinking, hospitable, of strict honour, proud of their mountain land, true as steel to their chief and clan. On the other hand, they are described as taking unkindly to all sorts of manual labour, adhering unduly to ancient methods, slow to improve the homes, the fields, the roads of their fathers, unforgetful, if not unforgiving, of injuries, with some taste to bloodthirstiness; proud, with a perceptible shade of sly cunning, regarding themselves as more than half the rightful owners of all the sheep, cattle, horses, and chattels of the Lowlander. This side of the picture, or that, or both, may be somewhat overdrawn, but in a broad sense we may look upon it as true, and allow it to pass.

When these same writers make the Highlander speak, he is no longer recognisable. We see in the description given evident marks of his character; but his language is unknown. He acts like a hero, he speaks like a child. His bravery and prowess are his own, but his words are those of a stranger or those of a goose. I have long noticed this manner of treating the Highlander in English works. I have considered the subject of sufficient importance to draw the attention of your Society to it in my paper of this evening. You will kindly bear in mind that, to save the continual repetition of an adjective, I mean throughout by "Highlander" the unlettered of our countrymen, and what I state, though at times applicable to others of us, always refers to him.

A writer, in dealing with men and their doings, may rightly set forth in his own words, as a plain narrative, not only what they did, but the bearing and gist of what he considered to have been their thoughts and their words. To take away from the heaviness and monotony of his narrative, to carry with him the attention of

his readers better, and to make his writing life-like, he may also rightly give what was spoken in conversational form. In place of giving the meaning of a conversation, he may introduce the persons about whom he writes as speaking for themselves. We have, then, not the substance of a conversation, but the conversation itself, either in the writer's or the speaker's own words. There are two ways in which this may be done, both quite allowable and according to the canons of good taste on the subject, and, therefore, both correct and both constantly used by the best of our writers. One way is—that you can make your characters speak correctly in the language in which you write. Thus, if I am writing in French, I give a conversation in correct French though it was spoken in English, even in bad English, by Englishmen. The other way is—that you give the very words of the speaker. This latter way is by far the most difficult, but it is unquestionably by far the best. The former represents, the latter is the truth in the case. The reader is placed as nearly as possible, in the circumstances, in the position of those who heard the words spoken. There is only wanting the tone, accent, and manner of the speaker, which is the part of an actor, not of a book, to supply.

If, however, a writer is not so skilled in the manner of speech of his characters as to be able to reproduce it exactly, he must of right confine himself to the first method. The only latitude permissible is to make use of such errors of language as are common to the country or class to which the speaker belongs. Any other deviation would be an imposition on the reader and a falsehood. I think I have made it clear, that in the one case we have substantially what was spoken and in conversational form; in the other we have the very words spoken and none other. These laws hold good whether one is writing history, actual conversations, or works of fiction. For fiction offends against good taste, the canon of art in writing, whenever any person speaks *what* and *as* one of the class, to which he is described to belong, could not and would not have spoken. In English works, then, where it is the case of a Highlander, these laws of correct writing are in very rare cases observed. When a Highlander opens his mouth he is no longer one of ours.

What may be called the first and most apparent error is that when a Highlander speaks he is made to speak Broad Scotch. Now, my contention is that he speaks English, broken enough English it may be, but not Scotch, or rather broken Scotch. He bungles in his language no doubt, but he bungles in English, and not in Scotch. It may be stated as a fact that he does not know

Scotch, and, therefore, it is impossible for him to bungle or to use it. This is said not by any means in disparagement of Scotch, which is a rich and most expressive dialect, and which no one appreciates more than I do in its proper place. In making this statement of fact I do not include those who dabble in reading, nor those living in a certain depth of border line or country between Gaelic-speaking and Scotch-speaking populations. In such districts the inhabitants are so mixed that the Scotch is continually heard by the Gaelic people, and they become nearly as familiar with it as with their own tongue.

I think, on giving the matter a little consideration, you will admit the truth of the case, as above stated. If anyone, bearing this in mind, pass through the streets of Inverness, keeping an open ear to such snatches of conversation as he may be able to hear, he will be surprised at the little Scotch spoken. The members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness include natives of many parts of the Highlands. What is your experience on the point? Might I not appeal with confidence to you? I myself have spent the greater portion of my life among the Gael, and, as far as it goes, my experience is that they do not and cannot speak Scotch. When they do not speak Gaelic it is English they attempt; how successfully or unsuccessfully is another question. You will find it so in Strathglass. If you journey by the "Great Glen," and diverge, when your purpose requires, to the left and to the right, Stratherrick, Glen-Urquhart, Glenmorriston, and Glengarry will offer the same evidence. Extend your journey to Lochaber, even to Oban. Explore thence Argyll southwards, Ardnamurchan and Mull northwards. Search all the "rough Bounds." Spread your sails to the breeze, and land where you list in Skye; pass the Minch, and circumnavigate the outer isles. Return by Applecross, Lochalsh, and Kintail, or further north examine Gareloch, Lochbroom, and Assynt. I confidently maintain that in all these wide districts the efforts of the natives at English is never murdered "broad" Scotch. You would indeed produce a curiosity if you produced a Gael from Barra, from Uist, from Kintail, or Lochbroom from whose lips flowed the "broad" Scotch. I believe the sources of our countrymen's knowledge of any tongue but their own were the schools amongst them, the occasional English sermons they heard, their intercourse with their clergy and with their proprietor and his friends, the occasional books they read, and especially the Bible. These sources were all English, and what instruction they drank in from them was English instruction. How could it be otherwise? They could not, if this be the true

state of the case, produce the Scottish Doric out of the little smattering of English they had been taught.

Had I the opportunity of examining the subject more closely I might have been able, but, as it is, I am unable to state who was the first writer that fell into the mistake of making Highlanders speak Scotch. It was Sir Walter Scott at all events, who, by his Waverley Novels, spread the error over all the world. The witchery of his tales and of his style made his works favourites everywhere, and all his readers learnt how his Highlandmen spoke, how they floundered in speaking, and floundered in broadest Scotch. In the sixteenth chapter of Waverley we come across one of the first sentences he puts into a Highlander's mouth. Here it is:—"Ta cove was tree, four mile; but, as Duinhé-wassel was a wee taiglit, Donald could, tat is, might—would—should send ta curragh." Do you perceive any sign of Gaelic origin in these words except *Duinhé-wassel* and *curragh?* One would be inclined to look upon them rather as the effort of a Scotch urchin fresh from a grammar lesson in school. *Could, might, would, should* have no trace of Highland features. Then there is this puzzle of a word "taiglit." I must confess my ignorance. I never heard this word used, and, except in these novels, I never saw it. If it were not for the context I could not guess its meaning. How many here present are acquainted with it? It is safe to say that there is not a native in all the Highland districts above mentioned who would understand this "taiglit." Callum Beag speaks:—"Ta Duinhe-wassel might please himself; ta auld rudas loon had never done Callum nae ill. But here's a bit line frae ta Tighearna, tat he bad me gie your honour ere I came back." These incessant *tas* don't strike me as Highland. But what is to be said of "ta auld rudas loon?" Do you consider that a known expression among our countrymen? It is certain that "Tighearna" is never used in this fashion by itself to signify a clan chief, but very solemnly for a high and reverent purpose. Evan Maccombich is a Highlander of a better sort. Judge his language for yourselves. I shall make no comment. "That grey auld stoor carle, the Baron o' Bradwardine, 's coming down the close wi' that droghling coghling bailie body they ca' Macwhupple, just like the Laird o' Kittlegab's French cook, wi' his turnspit doggie trindling ahint him, and I am as hungry as a gled, my bonnie dow" (Waverley, chapter xlii). I shall only give you one passage or two from "Rob Roy," and then proceed with what further I have to say. The *fracas* is just over at the Clachan of Aberfoil. "And fa's to pay my new ponnie plaid," said the larger High-

lander, "wi' a hole burnt in't ane might put a kail-pat through! Saw ever onybody a decent gentleman fight wi' a firebrand before." Now I object to *kail* by itself or in composition, and I object to *pat* whether with or without kail. This altogether smells of the Lowlands. Highlanders were not gardeners. Vegetables were not plentiful among them. They had besides a sort of contempt for kail and for eaters thereof. I still remember some words of a song of my country, wherein the singer makes great complaint of his inhospitable usage—

"Cal fuar, 's aran eorna,
Se sin bu bhiadh mhaidne dhomh."

(Cold kail, and barley bread, 'twas this the morning meal given me). A pot of kail is an out-and-out Lowland dish. Such an image as a kail-pat surely never entered a Highland head. Besides, no Highlander could possibly turn pot into *pat*, for the Gaelic word for it is *poit*, and the *o* sounds so much more potently in *poit* than in *pot* that the change to *pat* would be insufferable to our ears. Rob Roy is made by Sir Walter Scott a sort of cosmopolitan gentleman. Yet I could never credit the real Rob with such a speech as this:—"Ye wad hae tried, cousin, that I wot weel; but I doubt ye wad hae come aff wi' the short measure, for we gang-there-out Hieland bodies are an unchancy generation when you speak to us o' bondage. We downa bide the coercion of gude braid-claith about our hinderlans, let a be breeks o' free-stone and garters o' iron."

Sir Walter was such a wizard of the pen that he held the reading world in a spell. He was such a master in delineating the Scottish character, so inimitable in his conversations in the Scottish dialect, in a word, such a chief handicraftsman of all that embellished works of fiction, and rendered them interesting, that all succeeding writers followed, or endeavoured to follow, at whatever distance, in his footsteps. I, therefore, quote from his writings because they are best known, and he was the guiding star of the others, He made Scotch the English of Highlanders, and his successors were led by him. The freshness of the air, the smell of the salt water, and of the weeds by the shore, proclaim in the darkest night, and even to the blind, the neighbourhood of the sea. but this ill-treated Scotch smacks nothing of the Celtic tongue, and proclaims no lingual kinship to the men of the mountain.

THE USE OF "SHE."

The second error to which I would draw your attention is the use attributed to the Highlander of the pronoun *she*. It cannot be denied that this pronoun is used by many of them with

frequency, and in a manner sufficiently startling, if not ludicrous, to the English ear. Of what then do I complain? I complain, and I assert, that though this pronoun be frequently mis-used, it is not mis-used so frequently and it is not mis-used after the fashion we find set down by English writers. They seem utterly ignorant of the cause of the error, and thus they continually blunder the blunder. You understand as well as I do whence the error flows. Of course, you know that the mistake does not spring from the great gallantry and gentlemanly bearing of the Highlander to the fair sex. The source of it is not far to seek. In Gaelic there are but two genders—masculine and feminine. Everything in that language is either *he* or *she*, and there is no *it*. So, passing through the dictionary from beginning to end, you have as many *hes* and *shes* as there are nouns in it. It is natural, therefore, to one who has but a smattering of English, to say *he* or *she* to things neuter. It requires time and a process of education to drive the "use and wont" of the foreign tongue into one's head, and there will be of necessity many unconscious outbursts of the older usage. Which of you is ignorant that in the great ancient languages, Latin and Greek, though both possess a neuter gender, multitudes of nouns, neuter in English, are masculine or feminine in them? A Latin or a Greek would think quite correct the error of the Gael in his use of *she*, which so upsets an Englishman.

What is this use? It is simply the employment, when speaking English, of the pronoun he would have employed if speaking Gaelic. He blunders as frequently in the use of the masculine as of the feminine pronoun, though our writers have not been sufficiently observant to notice this. They knew nothing of any system in the matter, and the masculine pronoun did not tickle their ears as the feminine did. With them the Highlander is made to call everything *she*. There was no method in the madness of these writers. The Highlander, on the other hand, erred, but erred according to rule. If old Horace or Virgil were to start up in the midst of us, who would wonder if they said—"She is a good pen?" They would necessarily have to undergo a considerable drilling in a public school before the new law of gender got properly fixed in their heads. The Highlander, in this case, if a feather was meant, would say *she*, but if a pen, *he*. We would again require to have recourse to the dictionary and count the nouns before we could exactly tell what pronoun a Gael would use most frequently. The English language itself fails not to give examples of this nature. The sun is often called *he*, the moon *she*. Everyone can recall other words that are used in this way. But

when writers, who are unacquainted with the usage of the language of the people and ignorant of the reason thereof, make this blunder of theirs pervade all likely and unlikely places, it comes to be very tiresome and pitiful. It is a clamant example of the mischief of running counter to Pliny's caution :—

"Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

As to them, there is no why or wherefore on the point; they run riot in most outrageous fashion. The poor Gael is credited with but this one pronoun. All others are Hebrew to him. It, indeed, is a masterful, not to say tyrannical, pronoun. *I*, *thou*, and *he*, *me*, *mine*, *thee*, *thine*, *him*, and *his*, it sweeps unmercifully out of its path. These scribes permit not the limited vocabulary of the Gael to embrace such superfluities. Books make one universal *she* meet the eye of the reader everywhere.

The matter is even worse than this. Our countryman is even made to call himself *she*, and to call his male friend *she*. A woman, as far as I can remember, is never made to call herself *she*, but her brother, not on a rare occasion, not as a particularly ignorant specimen of the genus Hielanman, but as a rule, metamorphosises himself and always becomes *she*. Rob Roy speaks to Dougal—"Fear nothing, Dougal, your hands shall never draw a bolt on me."

"Tat sall they no," said Dougal, "she suld—she wad—that is, she wishes them hacked off by the elbows first. But when are ye gaun yonder again? and ye'll no' forget to let her ken. She's your puir cousin, God kens, only seven times removed."

"I will let you ken, Dougall, as soon as my plans are settled."

"And by her sooth when you do, an' it were twal o' the Sunday at e'en, she'll fling her keys at the Provost's head or she gie them another turn." ("Rob Roy," chap. xxii.)

The following is the language of a Highland gentleman after the fight with the red-hot culter at Aberfoil—"She had better speak nae mair aboot her culter, or, by ——, her will gar her eat her words, and twa handfuls o' cauld steel to drive them ower wi'!"

Our friend Dougal brings Francis Osbaldistone and Rob Roy into a cell in Glasgow jail, wherein there was a bed. As he placed the lamp he bore on a little deal table, "she's sleeping," said he.

"'She! Who? Can it be Diana Vernon in this abode of misery?' I (Osbaldistone) turned my eye to the bed, and it was with a mixture of disappointment oddly mingled with pleasure that I saw my first suspicion had deceived me. I saw a head neither young nor beautiful garnished with a grey beard of two

days' growth, and accommodated with a red nightcap." (Chap. xxii.)

Callum Beag says to Waverley—"Ta Tighearnach did not like ta Sassenach Duinhe-wassel to be pingled wi' mickle speaking, as she was na' tat weel." (Chap. xxiv.)

These quotations might be multiplied to any extent. I have lived in the Highlands nearly all my life, and I cannot recall ever having heard this outrageous mistake made. I have, however, made enquiries of others, and have met some who maintain that they have noticed some cases of men who call themselves *she*. But granting it be so, how can some rare cases justify the continual usage of English writers? These even aggravate the matter by making a Gael call himself, as a matter of course, "her nainsell." "Her ain sell," replied Callum, "could wait for him a wee bit frae the toun, and kittle his quarters wi' her skene-occle." A sleeping Highlander starts up from the floor and joins in the fray at Aberfoil, exclaiming—"Her nainsell has eaten the town pread at the Cross o' Glasgow, and by her troth she'll fight for Bailie Sharvie at the Clachan of Aberfoil." I doubt if one Highlander in a hundred would know what "her nainsell" meant. But "her nainsell" is the commonest of designations they give themselves in books.

It must strike one, after all this, as something very singular that the noun in Gaelic to designate a woman, *boirionnach*, is masculine, so that it would appear that the Gael would have some justification for calling a woman *he*, while he has none for calling himself *she*. If such words are monstrosities, Gaelic cannot boast a monopoly of them. In Latin the word for person, *persona*, is feminine. Everyone is powerless to help himself. No exception can be tolerated. If you are a persona, you must as such be lingually feminine. As to the above Gaelic word, and as to everything, hasty conclusions are to be deprecated. For the conclusion obviously does not follow that the gender of the word *boirionnach* arises from the fact that, though the Highlander wears a kilt, which some people call petticoats, his wife always arrays herself, as some English-speaking wives are known to do, in the equivalent Lowland habiliments!

We progress from wonder to wonder. It would be a safe undertaking to engage to prove that Highlanders, not rarely and even without having partaken liberally of mountain dew, call a mountain *the man*, and a hill *the woman*; a door *the man*, and a window *the woman*; a horse *the man*, and a cow *the woman*. One who knows only English has not the genius or the scholarly

instruction that would fit him to understand the beauty of this nomenclature. English, in many cases, shows no gender. Its adjectives proceed unmoved on their uninteresting, monotonous path. They have something of the cold, unemotional, supercilious nature of the nation in them. The Gaelic adjective, a lively and bright being, changes at its beginning or at its end, or at both, gets knocked about head and heel. Like its sisters of most other languages, it has to wriggle through strange mutations in the course of its uneven life, according to the disposition and circumstances of its yoke-fellow the noun. When in English *this* or *that* is used, *this one* or *that one*, they show no gender. How happy and how handy for purposes of gender is the Latin *hic, hœc, hoc; ille, illa, illud; iste, ista, istud.* What shall we say of the Gaelic? When distinguishing it bears the palm. It says, *am fear so*, this man; *an té so*, this woman. Then, to prove our case, when distinguishing one mountain, one door, one horse, from another, or from several others, we say *am fear sin, that man*; and when distinguishing between hill and hill, window and window, cow and cow, we say *an té sin, that woman.* The very same words *am fear ruadh*, used to denote a *red-haired man*, are used for a *red horse* or any red male animal or thing; and *an té ruadh* means a *woman* or any female animal or thing that is *ruadh*—red. And, in place of *red*, any other applicable adjective may be correctly employed in the foregoing fashion. These, then, are true Celtic equivalents for the demonstrative adjective and not a whit odd to Gaelic ears. There is a sufficient reason for this, dating back to the Creation. Man was placed over all creatures, and why should not all creatures be called after him? "My conscience," Bailie Nicol Jarvie says, "every man maun do as he dow." When he had not his sword, Samson used the jaw-bone of an ass with exceeding effect, as the skulls of the Philistines amply testified. The worthy Gael finds his unpromising demonstrative adjective quite ready and effectual for its purpose.

A story that may look exceedingly well to the uninitiated falls to the ground at the first glance of those who know better. Even on historic occasions grand deeds and words have been handed down, which have no sort of likelihood of truth in them. One story, glowingly told in print, and strikingly depicted by the artist, about the "Relief of Lucknow," was, when first told, seen to be absurd on the face of it by a Highland gentleman, who was an officer, and also a piper. The story goes that the Highland wife of a soldier, when things had come to the utmost straits, gave the first intimation of coming relief by catching the sound of the

pipes, knowing the very tune they played. My friend upset the touching tale with one word :—"That is not a pipe tune," said he. I may add that there are now many versions of the story, and differences about the name of the tune. An instance in case is the stirring words said to be used by the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo—"Up, guards, and at them!" which seem more fitted for the boards of a theatre than to direct far bodies of soldiers drawn out in line at a crisis of the battle. Tested in this manner, and applicable to what I have said above, the words put into the mouth of a Highlander in the '45 may amuse the ignorant, but cannot pass muster with the native. Edinburgh, then, was so quietly and so cleverly captured, that many of the dwellers therein were not aware that they had changed masters. A citizen had seen the town guard in possession of a gate, and, a few minutes thereafter in passing, he found a body of Highlanders mounting guard. He walked up to them to seek an explanation, asking what had become of the town guard? A Gael quietly told him—"She pe relieved." I must say I do not believe in that *she*. This tortured pronoun must be thus thrust into our faces on all occasions. It no doubt deserves to be tortured, for it has wantonly done away with every other one! An insensate writer, excuse my warmth under such provocation, produces a great book, and calls it "She," and the whole foolish world reads and dotes over this "She."

The third error, which I wish to bring to your notice, is perhaps the worst of all. Most English writers have no knowledge of the genius of the Celtic language, and are therefore totally incapable of representing how a Celt would express himself on a given subject and occasion. When they portray the Highlander they portray a gentleman in manners. When they put a sword into his hands they arm a hero. But when they put words into his mouth they show us but a baby or a fool. How can writers represent what they themselves do not know? They should never have made the attempt. *B* is frequently altered to *p*, *d* to *t*, *v* to *f*, *th* to *s*. Thus *because* becomes *pecause*, *good* becomes *goot*, *very* becomes *fery*, and *three* becomes *sree*. Now, if writers who have learned this much would limit themselves to these faults no one would complain. But when they have not learned how a Highlander would express himself they fall back upon their own imagination. This is not an allowable method, for it offends against the truth. In a narrative the spoken words of the persons introduced are given to enliven the narrative. A good writer exerts himself to make his characters express themselves in the manner

that best fits their station, place, and country. The writer shows his own talent by making this spoken language to the point, natural, clever, witty, and surpassing what is generally heard amongst men of the class. In place of this it appears to me that the whole talent displayed by these writers, if it can be called talent, is wasted in trying to make as much a muddle as possible of the words of the Highlander. It seems a too extravagant effort to make him speak as he naturally would speak. Naturally he would try to translate into English the words he would use if he were speaking Gaelic. We would then always find some touch of the Gaelic idiom. Some old-world taste of his ancient tongue would season his discourse. A vein of plaintive, poetic feeling would run through it. His narrow, winding valleys, his rugged mountains and rushing waters have touched up his character with a strain of melancholy and of pathos. The Highland tongue bears impress of these Highland feelings, and continually manifests them in conversation. The Gael does not want wit. Where is the glen or hamlet in which we do not find men and women famed for their witty and sharp sayings? This gift of wit is frequently noticed to descend, like other family characteristics, from father to son and grandson. The houses where such people dwell are, of a winter evening, the well-known rendezvous of the youth of the village. The witty repartee and the humorous saying fall fast and spontaneously from the lips of many a mountaineer, bright and sparkling like golden coin from the mint. In books the same man is made as dull as ditch-water. How few Highland sayings of the writers I allude to are worth remembering? I scarcely know one.

"Tell me where is fancy bred, or in the heart or in the head?" sings Shakespeare Either the Highlander wants both heart and head, or they are barren soil where fancy can never flourish. Other people are allowed wondrous flights of imagination to regions rich and rare, but if a poor Highlander flaps a wing it is in the mire. The furthest flight is to a clan feud, to have his dagger at his enemy's throat, or to spoil the Sassanach. Listen to Evan Maccombich:—

"No; he that steals a cow from a poor widow, or a stirk from a cottar, is a thief; he that lifts a drove from a Sassenach laird is a gentleman-drover. And, besides, to take a tree from the forest, a salmon from the river, a deer from the hill, or a cow from a Lowland strath, is what no Highlander need ever think shame upon." (Waverley, chap. xviii).

The Gaelic possesses an infinite variety of rich saws and proverbs. As you savour food with salt, the Gael incessantly seasons his conversation with new applications of these old words of wisdom, and this with a drollery, a wit, and a grace all his own. Nothing of this kind finds its way from the mouths of the noodles given us for Gaels by English writers. I read two comparatively recent works with a view to this paper:—"A Princess of Thule" and "Chronicles of Stratheden." The writers of these books knew our country and countrymen much better than their brethren of the pen, and they do not fall into the ridiculous fault of making us all speak Broad Scotch and similar monstrosities. But even they seem never to have heard of such a thing as Highland wit. The conversations they give are level and flat like the moors and moss-pools of the sorrowful Lewis. I was barely able to cull one saying from the "Chronicles of Stratheden" worth bringing to your notice. It, wonderful to say, happily hits on a Gaelic idiom. The argument is too deliciously illogical, but all the same very true to nature. An old man says:—"Och, munnistars shouldna be making people laugh; it's no for laughing they're in't. Look at the soalam face Messtur Neeculson hes; try, will he be laughing." That is too good not to be true. "It's no for laughing they're in't" cannot be surpassed. He might have said as conclusively, "It's no for sleeping they're in't;" therefore poor "munnistars" should never take a wink.

The utterly inane style of Highland speech is to be found in the columns of some newspapers in what are reckoned amusing paragraphs, particularly in comic papers. Therein Donald is trotted out for the public amusement in what is thought to be a supremely witty manner. I fail to see the wit. Not the tatter of a kilt or tartan can be recognised, nor the faintest smell of the fragrant birch or blooming heather. It is a mass of nonsensical gibberish, fit for the feeble mind of the idle or for the waste-basket, that we are treated to. If fancy flaps a wing, it is that of the barn-yard cock on the dung-hill, and not that of the grouse on the brow of the mountain. It is difficult to account for the base taste which relishes this impossible display of Donald, nevertheless the amount of this kind of literature is unquestionably extensive, as any person who chooses to examine may easily find. In dread of any blemish to the glory of the tartan we speedily pass it by.

Every language has peculiarities of its own. Some are guttural, some labial, some nasal; one soft, another hard; some long-worded, some short. Chinese seems to be all words of one syllable. Men attribute one quality or perfection to this language, another

to that, and so on. The well-known saying of the great Emperor Charles V. comes *à propos* here; he said he would speak German to his horses, English to birds and serpents, French to his friends, Italian to ladies, but Spanish he would speak in his prayers to God. Unfortunate man! he did not know Gaelic!

To become acquainted with the characteristics of a language, one must learn that language. This signifies not the work of an hour, but a long period of serious application. Men who write books, and so aim at being the instructors of others, have to submit to this apprenticeship. There cannot be two opinions on the subject, they must be the instructed before they can be qualified to be the instructors. Only when a student finds that he can think in a foreign language, only then can he congratulate himself that he begins to master it. Make your own experiments as to this. Try to think in a foreign tongue, and you will observe very quickly how much or how little you know of it. The Highlander has to do all his thinking in Gaelic. This is his first process. The second process is that he has to substitute English words for the Gaelic. His knowledge of English is defective and limited, and he only bungles through it somehow. He has to change his gold coin into silver, and what with crowns and half-crowns, florins and shillings, not taking into account all smaller fry, one like him who does not often handle money may be easily bamboozled, and fare badly in the exchange. In the second proc ss, the exceeding difference of form and idiom between the two languages makes all the difficulty. It also accounts for the nature of the mistakes made, at least in the majority of cases. If you were to have charge of a school for a week in a Gaelic district, and there observe the English compositions of the pupils, I believe you would see more of true Highland-English than in all the books ever written. A mistake then would be the genuine article, and none of your counterfeit "Brummagem" ware. It would no longer be the ass covered with the skin of the lion you heard braying, but the lion himself giving voice in a kingly roar. The truly artistic and competent writer must, therefore, be able to think in Celtic before he can hope to render his thoughts into English as a Celt would, and before he can approach to verisimilitude in his efforts to amuse us by his rendering of Celtic mistakes. This preparatory, yet most necessary, labour is precisely what the writers I speak of have never thought of undertaking. The passages I have quoted must have made this clearly evident to you. To write of things Celtic without being a Celtic scholar—even without being a Celtic student—manifests a lite-

rary foolhardiness which deserves severe condemnation. As I already explained, my quotations have been from Walter Scott, not that he is the greatest sinner, but because his books are in every hand. I shall task your patience with only other two citations :—

"Ah!" said Evan to Waverley, "if yon Saxon Duinhe-wassel saw but the Chief with his tail on!" "With his tail on?" echoed Edward in some surprise. Evan explains at great length that the tail meant the Chief's personal attendants. A few pages after we have—"Phough," said Dugald Mahony, "tat's ta Chief."

"It is not," said Evan imperiously. Do you think he would come to meet a Sassenach Duinhe-wassel in such a way as that?"

But, as they approached a little nearer, he said, with an appearance of mortification—"And it is even he, sure enough; and he has not his tail on after all; there is no living creature with him but Callum Beag" (Waverley, chap. xviii.).

In this quotation the word "tail" is given, and, because it looks ridiculous, is repeated, as the English synonym of the Gaelic word for the retinue of a chief. There is no term in Gaelic with any such signification as "tail" to denote the attendants of a chief. The laugh, instead of being against the Gael, should be against the delinquent writer.

This fitly introduces a new point. It is not enough in writing about a people to know their language. One must also know themselves, their houses, habits, and country, even their local and national history. Familiarity with all these things brings one to the very sources of their ideas. What they esteem, what they despise, what they love, what they hate, what is great, what is mean, what is praiseworthy, what is disgraceful, all has to be learnt. The family must be seen seated round the family hearth. The family must be seen at work in the field, or on the hill. The week-days have their teachings, and so has the Sunday. There are days of gladness and days of mourning. Each occasion furnishes fresh illustrations of the Highland character. And Donald will be found not without shrewdness and rich gleams of humour, far other by a long way than the dry wizened stick he is depicted. The west coast and the islands have different sources of ideas from inland districts. Boats, sails, oars, nets, fishing, storms, billows thundering over the rocks—the winds shrieking through the cordage and tattered sails—men striving for life and death on the great sea, open up an infinite source of thoughts, joyful or sad as the case may be. In the inland districts scanty or plentiful crops, cattle and sheep, rivers and lakes, floods and drought, frost and snow,

woods and mountains, a shot at a stag or a cast for a salmon, and all the variety of incidents of a landward district life, happy or perilous, profitable or unprofitable, exercise the minds, and vary the occupations of the inhabitants. These and such like things form the world of the Highlander, mental and material. Is it unreasonable to say that he who wishes to write about him should learn the things of his world? Walter Scott had all this knowledge of the Scottish people in its widest extent. He had lived amongst them and seen them at home and at work, at kirk and at market. He was as one of themselves. What can excel his Scotch conversations? He can praise, he can blame; scold like a fish-wife, swear like a trooper; he can fawn, he can flatter, he can wheedle; he can joke, he can back-bite, he can beg, he can mock; he can rage and whine, and prose, and rant to the utmost. Nothing escapes him. He blunders nothing, and he embellishes all. He revels in the might of his power. No other country has had such a wizard of the pen—least of all the Highlands—to bewitch us with the charms of the words and wit of their people.

My argument can be still further enforced. What is it that is done by writers on like occasions? Books are as numerous nearly as the leaves of the forest. If examples there are, they can easily be found. What writer would be so bold or so ignorant as to make a Cockney speak the dialect of Yorkshire? Whoever heard of a writer making a Northumbrian speak the dialect of Lancashire? What incredible fatuity any writer would manifest should he make the talk of any of these shires like to the broken brogue of an Irishman. Men are chary of their reputation. No one would dare to be guilty of such blunders as I mention. Every paper in the country would be full of the absurdity. Every critic would snatch the goose-quill from the back of his itching ear, and fill it with ink of the bitterest black, to write in abuse of the unfortunate author. Surely we Highlanders are the most patient of men, the least alert of critics, or the most careless and callous as to the treatment of our countrymen, when such blunders about them, and them alone, pass scatheless. Thousands of readers—questionless by far the majority of readers—could not in the least distinguish between Northumbrian and Yorkshire and Lancashire, and any medley of a mixture, however gross and unpalatable, might never cause a wry mouth. But, though this be so, there are behind the multitude so many who do know, that no writer, with safety to himself, can blunder in these dialects. Here they study and learn; with us such trouble is not to be expected. The Jew, the Turk, the Spaniard, the Frenchman, every one is treated

with more consideration than we are. From the days of Shakespeare until our own, there is a difference between the blunders which each of these peoples falls into in speaking English. The nature of the mistake is, as I have argued in regard to the Gaelic, caused by the difference of idiom between their language and English. No writer can be produced who makes any confusion on this score. The Italian is never credited with the sort of blunder a Frenchman would make; nor is the Spaniard ever credited with the sort of mess a German would produce. We can find men to man the lifeboat in the fiercest storm, and men to dare everything in search of the hopeless North Pole—to climb the most dangerous Alps; we can find men to lead the most forlorn hope: but to find a man who cares so little for his literary reputation as to write such a stupid blunder, I think impossible.

A book brings us into close contact with the mind—with the inmost soul of a person when it gives us his words; for what are his words but the outward expression of what inwardly animates his heart. When we have laid before us many conversations of a vast variety of individuals belonging to a people or nation, individuals taken from every rank and profession, we have exposed to our study the soul of that nation. Their weakness and strength, their views, principles, and aims are thus subjected for admiration or condemnation to the judgment of the reading world. The people of a country have, therefore, a pressing interest or rather a duty imposed upon them to see that writers fail not to give a faithful delineation of their character. They ought to be watchful and ready to commend and uphold the truth, to condemn and expose the false in this important matter. For each portraiture of themselves they allow to go forth unquestioned, helps to fix the position, high or low, which they are to occupy in the estimation of mankind.

I hope, then, I have not erred in my expectations, when I thought of this for the subject of my paper to the influential body which forms the Gaelic Society of Inverness. These expectations are that your greater attention be drawn to the study of this question, that your watchfulness may be excited, your position of influence exercised, that your voices may be raised, and that your able pens be used in newspaper, magazine, periodical, or wherever they may, to condemn strongly the errors I have dwelt upon, and every error in the treatment of the language of the Highlander.

I shall end with one further quotation. Evan Maccombich expresses true Highland sentiments—I cannot say so much for his words at the trial at Carlisle. Great changes have occurred and

are now occurring, whether for good or for evil is a question, as regards the feelings between chiefs and clans, and Evan's feelings may not now animate every bosom. Be that as it may, Evan at Carlisle made the proposal that, should they allow the chief Fergus Mac Ivor to go free, he, by their permission, would go and bring six of the best men of the clan to suffer in his stead. When the proposal was greeted with a laugh, this is the noble answer Evan made—"If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing because a poor man such as me thinks my life or the life of six of my degree is worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, it's like enough they may be very right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word, and come back to redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of a Hielandman, nor the honour of a gentleman."

Those writers, whose case we have been considering, *ken* neither the language nor the ideas of the Highlander.

20th MARCH, 1889.

At this meeting Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., read the following paper, contributed by Mr D. Munro Fraser, H.M. Inspector of Schools, Glasgow :—

CERTAIN PECULIARITIES OF GAELIC IDIOM.

The increased attention given to the study of the Celtic languages, in connection with the advancement of the Science of Language, has operated mainly towards the production of results that are interesting to those who pursue that science for its own sake. A great deal of light has been thrown on obscurities of etymology and syntax in the Gaelic language by investigations into the oldest forms of the language as these are contained in ancient writings. It seems to me, however, that some of the energy that is devoted to the increase of our knowledge regarding the changes which Gaelic has undergone in the course of the centuries might be profitably employed in smoothing the difficulties of the student of Modern Gaelic. We have men who are competent not only to

ount for the transformation of words and to trace the origin of ections, but to supply the light necessary to illumine much it is dark and perplexing in the structure of ordinary Gaelic itences. What I, and perhaps a good many others, desiderate, short, is a good grammar of Modern Gaelic, especially in the partment of Gaelic syntax. Our desire is that somebody ossessed of the requisite knowledge would do for our own ighland tongue what such books as Geddes's "Principles of atinity," Dr Potts' "Hints towards Latin Prose Composition," bbot's "Latin Prose through English Idiom," and Bradley's Arnold" have done, or attempted to do, for the Latin language. Those whose knowledge of Gaelic has been acquired from their infancy onwards understand, at least, how to use its idioms or peculiarities. They may be trusted to make few serious mistakes in expressing any English sentiment in their own mother-tongue. Their language is, as it were, organically connected with their thought, and is recognised by all who are similarly circumstanced as a natural production. Unfortunately, the writer does not belong to this class. All the knowledge he possesses of the language of his native district was acquired after he left school, and chiefly from books. In seeking to extend that knowledge—chiefly for the pleasure it affords, and not for philological purposes—he has encountered many difficulties. These difficulties could be met, and progress in the art of translating English into Gaelic ensured, if the want to which he has already referred were supplied. It may be said, of course, that these difficulties are not of a nature to debar the earnest student of Gaelic from making progress in the study of the language. What he finds out by his own exertions will certainly give him a greater sense of power than any number of empirical regulations contained in text-books. At the same time, the principle of order demands that the facts of language should be classified, as well as the phenomena of other branches of study; and even in the case of the native Gael, a knowledge of the laws of Gaelic syntax is essential to an adequate appreciation of the virtues, or it may be the vices, of his mother-tongue. The alue of a work on Gaelic prose composition would be enhanced if t contained a somewhat full treatment of Gaelic style—that is to ay, the methods employed in that language for expressing oughts in a beautiful as well as effective manner. A little owledge of any language can be easily acquired, but possesses ttle educative worth unless it includes a knowledge of principles well as of facts. Again and again, English students of Gaelic ve been told that "the taste of the English" is on their Gaelic,

the reproach being concerned not merely with the pronunciation of the language, but with the recurrence of constructions which betray a loose knowledge of fundamental laws—in short, with ignorance of the genius of the language.

Concerning the large subject of Gaelic style, I do not propose in this paper to say very much. My purpose is a very humble one. I intend to investigate certain grammatical constructions which are puzzling to the learner of Gaelic, and to deduce therefrom some simple rules, which will be of service to one who approaches the study of Gaelic as an outsider. I by no means depreciate the value of the Gaelic grammars that are in existence. The only fault, or almost the only fault, I have to find with them is, that they are not on certain points explicit enough to satisfy the requirements of one who studies the language as a foreign tongue. My paper is avowedly a fragmentary one. If it serves to indicate what can be accomplished in the same direction by one who possesses a fuller knowledge of the Gaelic tongue, I shall be satisfied. I shall, no doubt, commit some errors, and leave many things as hazy as they were before, but approaching the subject, as I do, with fresh eyes, I hope that I shall at least point out difficulties which have not been detected or attempted to be solved by Gaelic scholars, just on account of their facility in using a language that is part of their natural endowment.

The verbs *Is* and *Tha*.

In acquiring a knowledge of Gaelic, the learner experiences no little difficulty in apprehending the difference between the two substantive verbs, *is* and *tha*. The construction of *tha* is easily understood, but with *is* the case is very different. What I may call the "Gaelist," or the man who learns Gaelic as a foreign tongue, can be readily recognised, either by the attempts he makes to use "is" too frequently, or by the errors he commits when he does use it. Dr Stewart, in his excellent grammar, gives him no assistance in this matter. Munro is a little more helpful. He bids the learner attend to a number of examples (p. 240), which he adduces to show the distinction between *is* and *tha*, as—

Is àrd a' bheinn sin.	Tha a' bheinn sin àrd.
'Tis a high hill that.	That hill is high.

He does not enunciate any principle, however, for the guidance of the learner, except the following:—"'*Is* affirms simply of his object, although that object be expressed by two or more words: as *Is mi Donull...Bi* has a two-fold object, and shows the subject

and predicate distinctly from each other: as *Tha Dònull aig an dorus. Bha* na mnathan a' buain (Dr Neilson, p. 126.' The predicate is placed immediately after *is*.....the subject is placed next after *bi*, &c." I confess I do not possess sufficient intelligence to understand Dr Neilson's remarks (as quoted by Munro): it seems to me a beautiful instance of the explanation of the *obscurum per obscurius*. Munro gives us a fairly good practical rule for the order of the words, when we employ *is* and *tha*, and for the rest seems to be contented with the quotation he has made. A remark he makes on p. 130 of his work indicates that he perceived that the difference between these two verbs is to some extent a matter of style. Of the combination of another verb with *is*, he says—"The Gaelic expression, being more emphatical, generally requires some intensive word or phrase in the English, to exhibit its import more forcibly; as *Is mi nach robh toilichte*, I was *not* (at all) pleased."

What then is the difference between *is* and *tha*?

1. Both verbs are used when we connect an attribute with its subject, with some difference in the force of the expressions. Thus we can say, *Is brònach an duine*, and *Tha an duine brònach*, the latter being the expression ordinarily employed.

2. Only *tha* can act as an auxiliary to another verb—"Tha mi a' bualadh."

3. The essential difference between *is* and *tha* (so far as they are employed in Modern Gaelic) seems to be this—*Is* denotes mere existence, and as an Irishman would say, hardly that. *Tha* denotes existence in certain relations, such as place, manner, or condition. We can say, "Tha mi an so," but not "Is mi an so." *Is* exists entirely for the benefit of some other word in the sentence; thus we can say, "Is *mi*(*se*) a tha an so: "Is ann ('s ann) *an so* a tha mi." The verb *is* in fact has lost its independence; in the last instance, *ann* has to be attached to it in order that it may predicate a local relation. In drawing attention to some other word, its function, as we shall afterwards see, is a very important one, but it cannot itself be used as a predicate of existence. Thus, "God is" cannot be expressed by *Is Dia*. In this respect, *i.e.*, incapability of predicating existence, *per se*, it agrees with *tha*, but it is so much weaker than *tha* that it never receives the voice accent and always leans for support on some word or words which follow it, being usually written '*s*, as in the expression, "'S tu mo Mhairi ghrinn." *Tha* may be emphasised in speaking, but, so far as I can see, *is* always leans for support on the word which follows it. Again, in such expressions as "'S e Dia mo shlainte," the verb *is* requires to be

fortified by the addition of the pronoun "e." Further proof of the weakness or dependence of this verb is to be found in these two facts :—

1. It cannot stand alone in answer to a question, as, "An e clachair 'tha annad ?"—*Is e.* Are you a mason?—Yes. Ct. "Am bheil thu glic ?"—*Tha.*

2. In asking a question, it disappears altogether, as, *Co e?* for "Co is e ?"—Who is he ? *An tu ? An e ?* etc. This happens also in negative statements, as, *Cha 'n ann an diugh a thainig e*, for "Cha 'n is ann"—It's not to-day he came.

I shall now proceed to illustrate the use of the verb *is* more fully and more systematically, giving the various combinations in which it is found, and the corresponding expressions in which *tha* is used where these exist. The combinations may be classified thus—

§ 1. Is + adjective in the predicate.
§ 2. Is + indefinite noun (predicate).
§ 3. { Is + indefinite noun and adj. (predicate)—same as § 2.
Is + adj. (predicate) + noun with the article (temporary subject).
§ 4. Is + pronoun (subject).
§ 5. Is + ann.
§ 6. Is + eadh = seadh.

What is said of "is" applies of course to its past tense "bu" or "ba." A similar remark may be made in regard to "tha" and "bha." Interrogative and negative expressions may be left out of consideration.

§ 1. *Is* + adjective.

Compare the expressions (1) *tha mi brònach*, and (2) *Is brònach mi.* The first expression may be translated *I am sad*, no particular emphasis being attached to any part of the sentence. The second expression is best translated *Sad I am.* In this case particular stress is laid on the fact of the sadness. The first phrase states with logical precision that the attribute sad belongs to the speaker, the second is a rhetorical device for calling attention to the existence of the reality of the sadness. No. (1) is therefore the form to be found in everyday speech when the giving of information merely is the purpose of the speaker ; No. (2) is the language of poetry, and of impassioned statement. The latter form, as one would naturally expect, is to be found frequently in maxims and

proverbs, and is analogous to such inversions of the logical order of a sentence, as "Blessed are the merciful," "Great is Diana," and the like. A certain dignity or weight is added to the sentiment by the employment of such an inversion (cf. the expressions as ordinarily uttered: the merciful are blessed, &c.) A glance at Nicolson's "Gaelic Proverbs" will show the effective way in which use is made of the verb *is* in this connection. A proverb is a generalisation from experience, and is often expressed with the dignity and gravity which pertains to a law. Cf. "Is cairdeach an cu do'n bhanais, Is coltach an gunna ris a' phiob," and similar expressions. The emphatic positions in a sentence are the beginning and end, so that in such sentences as "Is brònach mi," and "Is beannaichte na daoine tròcaireach," both the subject and the predicate receive due prominence, the attention being directed specially, however, to the predicate.*

A third variety of the expression under consideration is used, especially when a defining or conditioning clause follows—"*Is bronach a tha mi* 'nuair 'tha mi cluinntinn nan nithe sin."

A fourth variety of the expression, formed also by combining the two verbs *is* and *tha* (Is mise a tha brònach†), may be translated by using an adverb of degree before the adjective, as Munro has pointed out. (I am exceedingly sad; or, perhaps, sad, sad, I am.) The entire combination *mise a tha brònach* is here rendered emphatic: No sadness is like mine! If anybody is sad, it is I! See § 4.

§ 2. *Is* + *indefinite* noun.

(1). *Is righ mi. Is clachair thu. Is saor e.* These expressions are all grammatically correct, but out of place except in the language of poetry or passion. They are, in short, rhetorical, and rarely occur in ordinary conversation. Cf. the proverb, *is damh thu* = chan 'eil annad ach (an) damh. They seem to be used in conversation, chiefly when economy in words is necessary. Short pithy statements and interrogations like the following are constantly employed. "Is bainne so—nach eadh?" or "Am bainne so?" = Milk—eh? "Is boidheach i so" = Surely, a pretty girl.

(2). *Tha mi saor, tha thu clachair*, &c., are not Gaelic. In ordinary conversation we say *tha mi am righ, tha thu ad chlachair*, literally, I am in my king, You are in your mason.

* An expression of the form *is brònach mi* is very useful when a relative clause follows the subject, as "Is brònach an duine a tha gun chairdean," "Is beannaichte an duine sin nach gluais an comhairle nan daoi." The corresponding expressions with *tha* are somewhat clumsy and weak.

† Or, Is e mise a tha brònach.

(3). The colloquial emphatic forms are "Is e ('s e) righ 'tha annam. 'Se clachair 'tha annad." The following rule can easily be deduced from No. 2—One substantive cannot be predicated of another ("pronoun" being included in the term "substantive") by means of *tha*, or *tha* cannot form the copula between two substantives. Cf. the expression "Is Mi an Ti a 's Mi"—I am that I am—I am the *person* (pred.) | *that* (pred.) I am. Here the Gaelic verb *is* couples substantives or pronouns in both parts of the expression.

Is therefore can couple two nouns, *tha* cannot.

Proverbs may be quoted in illustration of the combination of *is* with nouns, as "Is brathair do 'n mhadadh | am meirleach"—The thief is brother to the hound; "Is bior | gach srabh 's an oidhche"—Every straw is a thorn at night.*

In the case of the so-called *composite verbs*, the constructions *is* + adj. (*is brònach*), and *is* + noun (*is saor*). seem to have lost their rhetorical power through frequency of use, and to have now become the ordinary prose phrases for the ideas intended to be expressed by them, as "Is toigh leam," "Is beag orm," &c.

§ 3. { *Is* + *indefinite* noun and adjective.
Is + adj. + definite article + noun.

The sentence, "Hunting is delightful work," may be translated—

(1). Is obair eibhinn | an t-sealg.
(2). Is eibhinn | an obair || an t-sealg.

The only difference between these two expressions seems to be that in the first emphasis is laid on the whole predicate (delightful work), while in the second the epithet "delightful" is singled out for special prominence, the noun (work) to which it is attached becoming the subject of the sentence, and having appended to it an explanatory subject (hunting) in apposition.† Both the ex-

* It may be observed here that *Is* is followed in the cases noted above only by an adj., an *indefinite* noun, or a pronoun.

† The expression may be analysed thus:—

Link or copula denoting mere existence, but serving to emphasise the quality denoted by the next word.	*Is*	*eibhinn* predicate	*an obair* temporary subject	*an t-sealg* epexegetical (explanatory) and also real subject.
		English Predicate.		

Cf. French (for explanatory subjects), "C'est se tromper (que) de croire." "Lui donner des conseils c'est perdre sa peine." "Son plus grand bonheur (c')est de faire des heureux."

pressions (1 and 2) are rhetorical, but the second is the more common and the more effective of the two.

The idea intended to be conveyed cannot be expressed by *tha*, except under a relation of locality, according to the rule just stated regarding the predication of one noun of another. With *tha* the expression becomes "Tha an t-sealg na h-obair eibhinn"—literally, Hunting is *in* its delightful work, and this is the form used in common speech. We can also say (3) "Is i an t-sealg an obair eibhinn," but this form is definitive and unusual; and (4) "Is e obair eibhinn a tha anns an t-seilg." These forms will be considered afterwards (see § 4). Take, as an additional illustration of *is* in this combination, the translation of the sentence—"The man is *a* good carpenter."*

(1). Is saor math | an duine (rare, poetical, passionate).

(2). Is math an saor | an duine (emphatically *math*, not so rare and more formal; The man is a good carpenter, *that* he is).

(3). Tha an duine na shaor math (colloquial, or simple logical statement).

"'Se an duine *an* saor math" † means the same as No. 3, but is more formal and rarely employed; "'S e saor math a tha anns an duine" is the emphatic form of No. 3.

For a discussion of the use of *ann* (prep.) to express "actual existence in any state, relation, position, or office in which one may be at any time," I must refer the reader to Nos. 3 and 4 of the "Scottish Celtic Review." Dr Cameron explains this idiom on philosophical as well as on etymological grounds. The verb *ta* originally = stand (Latin sto.), and hence signifies "radically existence connected with locality." Thus *tha e na shaor* means primarily "he stands in his relation of carpenter;" *tha e 'na chadal*, "he exists in his relation of sleep." On the other hand, the preposition *ann* is not necessary when the predicate is an adjective, as "Tha e fuar," He is cold, for the simple reason that the adjective in itself denotes posture or local condition (literal or metaphorical), and is in fact equivalent to an adverbial phrase. Cold = in cold. So "Tha e saoibhir," He is rich = He stands in a rich condition. The genius of the language is opposed to such an expression as

* *Rule*—All sentences of this form, therefore, are translated by detaching the adjective from the English predicate, and making its noun follow it in the definite form, when stress is to be laid on the adjective, as "Honour is a tender thing"—"Is beadarach an ni an onoir."

† Only definite nouns or equivalents are used to express equations after *is e*, &c., see below § 4.

"He stands carpenter," although such expressions as, *Incedit regina*, She walks a queen, are common in Latin. Dr Cameron's explanation of "Tha e fuar," is that "a quality exists in the subject, not the subject in a quality." This, however, is metaphysics. It is not true in grammar, for in certain sentences, states, relations, or functions, &c., such as "saor," are regarded as qualities, and so exist in the subject. In Gaelic, the "carpenter" can exist in the man, as well as the man in his "carpenter," *e.g.*, "'S e saor tha annad." (It is a carpenter that is *in you*). "Cha'n eil innt' ach a' ghlaoic." (She is but a silly woman). With this last compare "Cha'n eil ise na glaoic," from which we see that the verb "feil," though by its etymology devoid of the idea of "standing," takes by analogy the same construction as the verb "tha."

§ 4. *Is* + pronoun (subject).*

Consider here, in the first place, such expressions as, "Is mise an dorus," "Is mise am buachaill math"—I am the door, I am the good shepherd. Both these expressions are formal, effective, rhetorical. We may at once deduce the rule—A predicate consisting of a noun and the definite article cannot be made by means of *tha*. In other words, a relation of absolute identity cannot be made by *tha*. The device of using the preposition "ann" with the noun cannot be employed here. We can say, I am *a* door, "Tha mi am dhorus;" but not "Tha mi an dorus." *Is* is the substantive verb used to express absolute identity.

Observe, again, that in connection with such a predicate, the subject pronoun *(mise)* comes after the verb *is*. In former cases we saw that the predicate came after *is*. Contrast with the above expressions the rhetorical forms for "I am *a door*," &c., "Is dorus mi," "Is buachaill mi." Another rule may be enunciated here—*Is* cannot be immediately followed by the definite article,† or by a proper noun. (A proper noun is in its nature definite, restricted in any particular case to one individual). "Is mise Alastair," I am Alexander; "Is Alastair mi," I am *an* Alexander.

The absolute identity of subject and predicate gives us the reason for placing the subject pronoun immediately after *is*. When subject and predicate are absolutely identical, their position is determined by considerations of euphony and non-ambiguity. "Is

* The pronoun may often be considered as the predicate.

†The usage is thus—Is + indef. noun, or adj. + pronoun, or def. noun; and Is + pronoun + def. noun, or equivalent. Cf. An Romhanach thu? and An tu *an* Romhanach?

Alastair mi" *might* mean (logically, though not as matter of fact), I am Alexander; but custom has determined that, in addition to pronouns, only indefinite expressions (such as adjectives, and nouns without the definite article), should immediately follow *is*. Again, the emphatic position is that of the word which follows *is*, and the pronoun "I" is evidently more important than the name Alexander. We cannot say, "Is mi dorus," because dorus is the predicate, and, according to established custom, comes after *is*. It is interesting also to observe that since the word following *is* is in the emphatic position, the pronouns *mi*, *thu*, &c., require in general to be strengthened, and take the forms *mise*, *thusa*, &c., accordingly. Such expressions as "Is e Dia mo bhuachaill," where *e* does not take the emphatic form, will be explained immediately. In the sentence, "Is tu fhein a thòisich an toiseach," &c., the *tu* is strengthened by the *fhein*, and in "Is tu 'thilg a' chlach air a' chaisteal, the *tu* is not emphatic,* a contrast is drawn between the stone and the castle.

Is e, Is i, Is iad.

Such expressions as *Is e, is i, is iad*, are very convenient in translating certain kinds of sentences into Gaelic, and must be considered separately. A very simple rule can be formed from the examples in which they occur. We now pass from the consideration of such expressions as "Is esan am buachaill," which is parallel to "Is mise an dorus," &c.

Let us first determine the grammatical construction of such a combination as "Is e am Focal Dia," The Word is God. We can also say, "Is e Dia am Focal." *Dia* and *am Focal* are two definite expressions, and therefore no consideration except that of euphony and non-ambiguity determines which is to come first. "Is e am Focal Dia," literally means, It, viz., the Word, is God. *It (e)* is the subject, *am Focal* is the explanatory subject. The pronoun "e" is used because *Focal* is masculine. In "'S i so fianuis Eoin," This is the witness of John, the gender of the pronoun is determined by *so*, and the gender of *so* by *fianuis*.† It is interesting

* The form *is mi (is mise)* may, of course, be followed by a relative clause (as in "Is mi a 'tha bronach.") A very effective use is made of this particular combination in answering a question by emphasing a particular fact, as "Am faca tu e?" "Chunnaic," Yes, but "Is mi a chunnaic," That I did—There is no doubt about it.

† It seems more correct, however, to say, "Is e so fianuis Eoin," *i.e.*, this *statement* is the witness of John, not, this *witness* is the witness of John.

to observe by the way that, in ordinary conversation, *is e (is i)*, is omitted when followed by demonstrative pronouns like *so, sin;* as in "*(Is e)* So tigh Sheumais," This is James's house. The verb *Is*, as we saw before, exists in a state of dependence or decay, and has a tendency to become contracted, or to vanish altogether.

The following examples illustrate the usage of the compound expressions, *is e, is i, is iad*—

(1) Is e | Dia | mo shlainte.
(2) Is e | 'n t ionnsachadh òg | an t'ionnsachadh boidheach.
(3) Is i | an oidhche | an oidhche | na'm b'iad na fir | na fir.
(4) Is iad | na laithean fada | na laithean a's miosa.
(5) Is e | do shuil | do cheannaiche.
(6) Is e | deireadh nan ceannaichean | dol a shniomh shioman.
(7) Is e | farmad | a ni treabhadh.
(8) 'S e | 'bh'aig Dàrnlaidh 'na aghaidh, | gu'n robh e fein's a' bhan-righ ro mhòr aig a cheile.
(What Darnley had against him was that he and the queen were too much together).
(9) Is e | tuarasdal a' pheacaidh | am bas.

In all these examples, *is e (is i, is iad)* is followed by two equations, or two identical expressions. In fact, *is e (is i, is iad)* might be translated by the mathematical =, or sign of equality. Again, these two equations are definite nouns* or their equivalents. The subject (in the English expression) comes immediately after *is e, is i, is iad*, and then the predicate. The order of subject and predicate is regulated chiefly by euphony. We may say, instead of "Is e tuarasdal a' pheacaidh am bas," "Is e am bas tuarasdal a' pheacaidh"—just as in English we can say, "Death is the wages of sin." as well as, "The wages of sin is death." The expression which immediately follows the *is e (is i, is iad)* seems to be more accented than that which closes the sentence, although the effect of the construction employed is to give due prominence to both parts of the statement.

In Nos. (7) and (8) the construction is a little different from that of the other clauses. No. (7) It is emulation that makes ploughing. No. (8) is construed as translated.

The reason why the pronouns *e, i, iad* are used, and not the corresponding emphatic forms, is that these words are merely temporary subjects, as the French *ce* in "C'est moi qui parle," and the English *it* in 'Tis I who speak. From the very nature of the

* Mo shlainte = *the* salvation of me. Tuarasdal a' pheacaidh = *the* wages of sin.

case, therefore, the emphasis is laid on the words that follow these pronouns.

Sentences such as the above being formal enunciations of the identity of two definite nouns, or emphatic statements of particular facts, are necessarily translated by the verb *is*. If for sentence No. (7) we were to substitute "Tha farmad a' deanamh treabhadh," the effect of the statement is considerably different. No. (7) means that emulation—more than anything else—makes ploughing. The alternative translation merely states the fact that emulation is in the act of making ploughing—it restricts the attention to the predicate.

We are now in a position to lay down the following rules :—

1. When an English expression consists of two definite nouns or their equivalents, connected by the verb *to be*, it is usually translated by the formulae *is e, is i, is iad*, followed immediately by the more accented of the two nouns, thus :—"*Charlie* is my darling"—"Is e | Tearlach | mo rùn." "Charlie is my *darling*"—"Is e | mo rùn | Tearlach." We cannot say, "Is Tearlach mo rùn" (which would mean, rhetorically, "My darling is *a* Charlie);" nor can we say, "Is mo run Tearlach," *mo rùn* being definite. We could say, of course, "Is run dhomh Tearlach," *run* being indefinite ("*a* darling to me"). Again, "The light of the body is *the eye*"—"Is i an t-suil solus a' chuirp." In "Is e solus a' chuirp an t-suil," the accent is placed on the *solus*.

2. When an English expression consists of a subject and a predicate, if the subject is to be rendered emphatic, the same formulae may be used, followed by the subject and a relative clause, thus :—"Practice makes expert"—"Is e | 'n cleachdadh | a ni teoma." So, "A man acts, a dog tells"—"'S e | duine | a ni, 's e | cu | a dh' innseas."*

What I may call "the phenomenon of the double *e*" is an exact application of Rule 1. Thus, "This is he"—"Is e | so | e;" "It is the city of the great king"—"Is e | baile an righ mhòir | *e*;" lit. "It, viz., the city of the great king—is *it*," the weak "e" (subject in English) being thrown to the end. "Ma 's E | ur toil | *e*" —If IT [viz., a certain statement (neuter), which is] your will is *it* = if it is your will = if you please.

* Man and dog are definite—the class man and the class dog. So, "God created the heavens"—"Chruthaich Dia na neamhan" (ordinary form). "*God* created the heavens"—"Is e | Dia | a chruthaich na neamhan" (emphatic form).

§ 5. *Is + Ann.*

The combination of *is* with *ann* is another device for expressing emphasis in Gaelic. We shall first jot down a few examples :—

(1) Is ann air an duthaich a thainig an da latha !
(2) Is ann air a' mhuic reamhair a theid an t-ìm.
(3) Is ann aige a tha an sgoil.
(4) Is ann mar sin a bha e.
(5) Is ann mar a chuirear an siol a dh'fhàsas e.
(6) An àite seasamh, is ann a theich iad !
(7) Is ann a' dol a dhannsadh a bha iad !
(8) Cha 'n ann a bhriseadh an lagha a thainig mi.
(9) Is ann a dh' fhàsas an siol mar a chuirear e.
(10) 'S ann ur a tha e.
(11) Is ann boidheach, 's cha 'n ann daicheil.
(12) Nach ann | ann a tha 'n latha briagha !*

In all these expressions, *is ann* is the equivalent of the formula "is e," and may be literally translated "it is," or "is there."

The use of *is ann* is much the same as that of *is*, *is e*, &c.—to bring into prominence the phrase that immediately follows it, and by this means to add force to the whole sentence. Wherever *is ann* is used, a change takes place in the usual order of words in a sentence. It is generally employed to express indignation or surprise ; thus, the first sentence may be translated, "What a change has come over the country," and the last, "What a fine day !" Several of the instances given indicate that it is frequently used in proverbs. "Fasaidh an siol mar a chuirear e" = the seed grows as it is sown. "Is ann a dh' fhasas," &c. = Just as the seed is sown, *so it grows*. "Is ann mar a chuirear an siol," &c. = Just as the seed is *sown*, so it grows.

The following rule may be deduced as to its use :—*Is ann* is employed most frequently before adverbs or adverbial phrases or clauses.

Thus it was = 'S ann mar so a bha e. It is employed very effectively in the apodosis or consequential clause of a statement, as "Ge b 'e ni a bhios os cionn so, is ann o'n olc ata e"—Whatsoever is more than this, is of evil. The latter part of the Latin expression *quo... eo* ; English *the.....the* is translated by *is ann*, thus, "The sooner I hear, the sooner I shall go = Mar is luaithe a chluinneas mi, 's ann is luaithe a dh'fhàlbhas mi.

* This sentence is similar in form to the first five. Nach ann = Nach is ann ; the second *ann* is an adverb modifying *tha*, and is transposed in order to be *emphasised* by the first *ann*.

Is ann before adjectives is rare, and not to be imitated. It is frequently used before relative clauses in Gaelic, but these are generally restricted by some adverbial expression, as in Nos (6) and (9).

Is is the word usually employed before adjectives, as we have already seen, and in certain common expressions it takes the place of *is ann* before adverbs, as *Is minig* a bha an Donas dàicheil, *is tric* a bha sonas air beul mòr, *is fhada* bho'n thubhairt mi, &c.

§ 6. *Is* + *eadh* = *seadh*.

The latter part of this expression is cognate with the neuter pronoun *it* (English), *id* (Latin). *Seadh* may generally be translated by *that's it* or *'tis so*. It is often employed absolutely, in assenting to a previous proposition, as "Gu deimhin a ta mi a 'teachd an aithghearr. Amen. *Seadh*, thig a Thighearn Iosa." *Even so.* In some parts of the Highlands, the formula of assent is *sin fhein*. The negative of *seadh* is *Cha'n eadh* or *Ni h-eadh*.

The words "Yes" and "No" are variously translated in Gaelic according to the form in which the question is put. Except in the case of *seadh*, the answer always repeats the verb that is used in the principal sentence of the question. *Is* is the only verb that cannot stand alone in answer to a question. The following are examples of affirmative replies :—

(1). An d' thainig thu ?—Thainig.
(2). Am bheil e marbh ?—Tha.
(3). An tu 'tha ann ?—Is mi.
(4). An esan (ise) a tha ann ?—Is e (is i).
(5). Am bheil e ann ?—Tha.
(6). An ann à Duneidin a thainig e?—'S ann.
(7). An e fear a tha annad ?—Is e ('s e).
(8). Am fear e ? - Seadh.
(9). Am bainne so ?—Seadh.

The rule regarding *seadh* may be thus stated :—*Seadh* is to be used when the answer refers to a predicate (adj. used as a noun, or noun) attached to the verb *is* (expressed or understood).* The last question may be put thus :—"Is bainne so, (nach eadh) ?" and and the answer is *seadh*.

From the preceding discussion, the general conclusion may be drawn that *is* in Gaelic, though unemphatic itself, is largely used when any deviation from the supposed ordinary method of expression takes place for the sake of effect. It is an appropriate device

* An e sin modh ?—'S e. Am modh sin ?—Seadh.—*Professor Mackinnon.*

for altering the usual order of words, especially when the language attains a certain level of dignity, indignation, or pathos. In certain combinations (as in "Is bronach mi an diugh") it occurs more frequently in poetry than in prose, but it is inseparable from the idiom of everyday speech, especially in interrogations, and when employed in conjunction with other verbs (such as *tha*). As a stranger to the language of the Gael is known by his inability to use this idiom aright, so a Highlander more accustomed to his mother tongue than to the language of the Southron is detected most readily by his attempt to transplant this native style of conversation into English. Mr William Black rings the changes on this idiom in his Highland novels. Thus—"There is many a time that I have said to him;" "It will be a bad day the day I quarrel with my own people;" and so on *ad libitum*.

The Position of the Object after an Infinitive.

The next peculiarity of Gaelic diction that I take up is also inadequately dealt with in the grammars. All the grammars state that the noun object which follows the verb-noun, or infinitive mood, is put in the genitive, while the object preceding it is put in the accusative. What learners of Gaelic desire is an answer to the question, When does the object precede the infinitive?

For the sake of clearness, I shall call the form *bualadh* (striking) a verb-noun; in combination with the preposition *do (a)*, the verb-noun may be called the infinitive.

Do is the preposition *to*, and, like the corresponding term in English, seems originally to have denoted purpose. It is usually written in the form *a*. We shall call *a bhualadh*, when it denotes purpose, the strong infinitive; when it does not denote purpose, the weak infinitive.

Consider these two sentences:—

(1) Dh àithn e dhomh | an dorus a bhualadh.
(2) Thàinig mi | a bhualadh an doruis.

In the first sentence, "An dorus a bhualadh" is a noun phrase, in the second, "A bhualadh an doruis" is a phrase of purpose, or an adverbial phrase. The rule, therefore, is—In noun phrases, the object precedes the infinitive, in phrases of purpose, the object follows the infinitive, or, shortly, the strong infinitive is followed by its object; in other cases, the weak infinitive is preceded by its object. This rule, it should be noted, strictly applies only when the strong infinitive (or infinitive of purpose) follows a *verb*.

Obs. 1. Verbs beginning with "f," *(fill,* to fold), and with a vowel (*ol*) are a little peculiar. The *do* (*a*) of the weak infinitive is lost, and an additional *do* (*a*) is placed before the strong infinitive, as—

Dh' àithn e dhomh { an t-aodach fhilleadh.
an t-uisge ol.

Thainig mi { a dh' fhilleadh an aodaich.
a dh' ol an uisge.

Obs. 2. Intransitive verbs in noun phrases are used in their verb-noun form, not in the infinitive form,* as—

Is coir dhomh { eirigh, fuireach.
falbh, tuiteam, &c.

N.B.—The form *a bhi* is always used.

Obs. 3. The noun-phrase construction is used after all those expressions that do duty for verbs, as "Is aill leam," "Is toigh leam," "Is nàr dhomh," "Is beag orm," "Tha eagal orm," &c., as "I wish (what?)—to read the book" (noun phrase), Is aill leam | an leabhar a leughadh†. The noun phrases are in these cases really the subjects of the sentences in which they occur, the predicates being the nouns or the adjectives that immediately follow *is.*

So far there is no difficulty in connection with the position of the object. When prepositions, other than *do* (a), are used before the infinitive, or before the verbal noun, the construction is not so clear. Here, again, the grammars afford us but little guidance.

Obs. 1. When *gu* and *chum* are used to denote a purpose, the object precedes the (weak) infinitive, as "Thainig mi gu | mo bhrathair 'fhaicinn," "Thainig mi chum | mo bhrathair 'fhaicinn," so also "Thaini · mi airson | mo bhrathair 'fhaicinn"—I came for the purpose of—what?—seeing my brother (noun phrase).

Obs. 2. *Ag* and the verb noun is equivalent to the English participle, and of course takes the object after it.

Obs. 3. The construction of *air, an deigh,* and the like is, at first sight, a little difficult.

(1). *Air* may be followed immediately by the verb-noun, in which case the object comes necessarily after the verb. "When the

* It seems better to put the matter thus than to understand such a verb as *a dheanamh* (weak infinitive) after them: *Is coir dhomh eirigh, (a dheanamh).*

† Is toigh leam an leabhar a leughadh—I (myself) wish (or find pleasure in) to read the book. Is toigh leam leughadh an leabhair—The reading of the book (by another) is a pleasure to me.—*Professor Mackinnon.*

soldiers heard these words"—Air cluintinn nam facal so do no saighdearan. "Sending forth executioners"—Air cur fir-marbhaidh uaith. "When you pray"—Air bhi dhuibhse a' deanamh urnuigh.

(2). If the subject of the verb (represented by *do* + noun) comes immediately after *air*, the object precedes the (weak) infinitive, as—"When the soldiers heard these words"—Air do na saighdearan na facail so a chluintinn. "On his sending forth executioners"—Air dha fir-marbhaidh a chur uaith. "When you prayed"—Air dhuibhse urnuigh a dheanamh; but "When you pray"—Air dhuibhse *bhi* deanamh urnuigh. "When you stood"—Air dhuibhse seasamh: bhi and seasamh being intransitive.

(3). The epexegitical or explanatory infinitive after nouns and adjectives takes the object before it, whether used with a preposition or not, as—"Chan'eil cothrom agam [air] sinn a dheanamh," "Chan'eil cothrom agam airson sin a dheanamh"—I have not an opportunity of doing that. "Cha robh uine aca | uiread as biadh itheadh." It will be observed that the infinitive in these cases may be considered as an adj. clause, or even as a clause of purpose, but here the purpose phrase does not occur after a verb, and therefore the object does *not* follow the infinitive. They may be considered as noun-phrases, however, the expression preceding them being equivalent to cha'n urrainn domh (doibh).

(4). When a preposition is attached to a verb, the predicate may be considered as a single expression, and then the rule as to noun-phrases applies, as, "They began to pluck the ears of corn"—"Thoisich iad air | diasan arbhair a bhuain." But the verbal-noun construction may be followed, especially if a relative clause follows, as, "Thoisich mi air sireadh a' bhrathar nach bàsaich am feasd"—"I began to seek the brother that shall never die" (Sinclair's "Life of M'Cheyne," translated).

(5). Object pronouns take the same construction as object nouns, except when they are translated by the possessive adjectives, in which case they, of course, precede the verbal noun. "A shaoradh iadsan" (in order to save them) may also, with a difference, be translated by "g' an saoradh." *Gu* (not *do*) expresses a purpose when the possessive adjective is used.

In conclusion, I may state that it was my purpose to take up several other Gaelic constructions that present some difficulty to the student of Modern Gaelic, and to co-relate these with usages tabulated and explained in books on Latin Prose Composition. But the limits I have appointed to myself in connection with this paper prevent me from referring to these at present. Before I

close, however, I cannot help mentioning a difference in Gaelic construction that has often puzzled me, and that is seemingly inexplicable by the application of logical principles. We say, "C'uine 'tha thu dol do'n eaglais?" but "C'àite (whither) am bheil thu dol?" "C'àite (where) am bheil e gabhail comhnuidh?" The compound interrogative adverbs *c'uine* and *c'àite* are parallel to each other (lit. what time, what place), and yet the first is followed by a relative clause, the second by an interrogative clause. "C'àite a tha" occurrs in the Gaelic Scriptures, however,* and is probably found in some parts of the country.

* John iii. 8.

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

27th MARCH, 1889.

At this meeting the Secretary read the following p
aoidh Chlann Uisne," with English translation, contribute
Alexander Carmichael, Edinburgh :—

LAOIDH CHLANN UISNE.

DHO DHO'ULL MAC-A-PHI, GOBHAINN, BREUBHAIG, BARRAIDH, MART 15,

A Chlann Uisne nan each geala,
Us sibh an tir nam fear fuileach,
Gu de e do bhi eir na'r 'n eachaibh,
Na'n cion-fath a ta 'g ur cumail?

Ta 'g 'ur cumail fada 'uainn,
'S gur ann leibh a chuirteadh an ruaig,
Do lannan bagairt ur namhuid,
Bhur 'n amhladh anns a chumasg.

Ach chuireadh leibh 'ur long a mach
A chaitheadh a chuain gu h-eolach,
Bha Naos bu treasa 'ga seoladh,
Agus Aille maise nan ogan.

Bha Ardan bu deise 'ga stiuireadh,
Eir freasdal dithist bhrathar iular,
Tha ghaoth gun eismeil ri 'sgeimh,
A gleachd ri 'trillse grinne reidh.

Cadal shul is beag a' tlachd,
Dha 'n mhnaoi tha aca ri deoireachd ;
Mar tha 'n oidhche falach a' boichead,
Tha Dearduil dubhach dubh-bhronach,

Dearduil thug barrachd an ailleachd,
Eir mnathan eile na Feinne ;
Cha choimeasar rithse cach,
Ach mar bhaidcal eir sgath na reultaig.

Gu de fath do thurs a bhean,
'Us sinne beo ri do bheatha,
'Us nach aithne duinn neach da'r buadha
An ceithir ranna ruadh an domhan.

CHILDREN OF UISNE.

TAKEN DOWN BY ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL, CREAGORRY, OUTER HEBRIDES.

Close Translation.

Ye Children of Uisne of the white steeds
And ye in the land of the men of blood
What boots it ye to be on your horses,
What the cause of your long delay?

That delays you so long from us
Seeing that ye it is who would force retreat
On the threatening arms of our foes,
Would shield us in the combat.

But ye have sent your ship afloat
To speed the sea so skilfully;
Naos the brave was sailing her,
And Aille, most noble of youths.

The deftest Ardan was steering her
To the guidance of the skilful brothers twain;
That wind which heeds not her beauty
Struggles with her smooth lovely lines.

Sleep of eyes is little to the liking
Of the woman whom they have weeping,
And as night her loveliness conceals
So Darthula is consumed with gloom and grief.

Darthula who exceeded in beauty
All other women of the Feinne,
With her no other woman compares
Save as the nebulæ to the starlet.

What occasions thy grief, O woman,
And that we live but for thy sake
While we know not one to subdue us
Within the four red bounds of the world.

Aisling a chunnacas an raoir,
Oirbhse a thriuir bhraithre barra-chaoin,
Bhur cuibhrcach 's bhur cur 'san uaigh,
Leis a Chonnachar chlaon ruadh.

Eir chlacha sin 'us eir chranna,
Agus eir lacha nan lianta,
Eir chuileana fiar an t-sionnaich.
. .. .

Gu de bheir sinne 'n dail an laoich,
'Us farsuinneachd na fairge muigh,
'S a liuthad cala, caol 'us cuan,
'S am faodamaid taruinn gun uamhas.

Cadal na h-og mhna ni 'm b'fhaoin ;
Is diamhain bhi spairneachd ri gaoith
Loch-Eite nan sian bu chian o'n iul,
Agus Connathuil nan crannachoille ura.

Cha tig saoir 'eas a deas mo nuar,
Cha 'n islich friodh na gaoith tuath,
Cha tig Naos eir ais ri a re,
Cha tog e ri bruthach an fheidh.

Ris tha Coigeamh a' dluthadh,
'Us Connachar nan car 'na 'mhur ann,
Agus an tir uile fo a smachd,
Anns na ghabh Dearduil a tlachd.

Bu shoinemheil le Dearduil an t-og,
Agus aghaidh mar shoillse an lo,
Eir lì an fhithich do bha ghruag,
Bu deirge na'n t-sŭgh a ghruaidh.

Bha chneas mar chobhar an t-srŭth,
Bha mar uisge balb a ghŭth,
Do bha chridhe fearail fial,
'Us aobhach ciuin mar a ghrian.

Ach nuair dh-eireadh a fhraoch 'us fhearg,
Bi choimeas an fhairge gharg,
B' ionnan agus neart nan tonn,
Fuaim nan lann aig an t-sonn,

A vision which I saw yestreen
Of you, ye three all-excellent brothers,
That ye were gyved and laid in the grave
By the wily red-haired Conachar.

By the stones and by the trees
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
And by the cunning cubs of the fox,

What should bring us in presence of the hero
While unbounded ocean lies before us,
And the many havens, straits, and seas
To which we may draw without dread.

Not in vain was the sleep of the maiden,
Vain it is to strive with the storm ;
Loch Etive of the elements is far away from their course,
And Connel of the masted woods so green.

No wind shall come from the south, my grief!
The venom of the north wind will not cease,
Naos will never come back in his life,
He never will ascend the hill of the deer.

To him Fifth is nearing
And Connachar of the wiles in his palace there,
While the whole country is under his sway
Wherein Darthula gave her love.

Delightful to Darthula was the youth
Whose face shone like the day,
Of the lustre of the raven were his locks,
Redder than the rasp were his cheeks.

His skin was like the foam of the stream,
Like melodious water his voice,
His heart was manly and generous,
And his mien serene as the sun.

But when arose his wrath and his ire
His likeness was the ocean wrath,
Like as is the strength of waves—
So was the clang of the glave of the brave.

Mar reodhairt a bhuinne bhorb,
Bha e 'san araich ri streup cholg,
Am facas le Dearduil e an tus,
'S i 'g amharc o mhullach an duin.

"Ionmhuin," ors' an oigh thlath,
"An t-aineol o bhlar nam beud,
Ach 's goirt le cridhe 'mhathar,
A dhainead ri uchd na streup."

"A nighean Cholla nan sgiath,"
Do radh Naos bu tiamhaich fonn,
"Ge fada bh'uainn Alba nam Fiann,
Agus Eite nan ciar-aighe donn."
. . . . . .

Ach a Dhearduil bu ghrinne nos,
Tha do chomhradh air fas fann,
Tha toirm nan stuadh us na gaoith,
A toirt caochladh air d' uirigleadh ann.

"B' ioma-ghointe mo chridhe ma 'm athair,
'Us chrom mi gu talamh ga thearnadh,
Ach chaochail ruthadh a ghruaidh,
Threig a shnuagh us a chail e."

Chaidh long Chlann Uisne eir tir
Fo bhaile mor Righ Connachair,
Thainig Connachar a mach le 'fheachd,
(Fichead laoch ceann uallach).
'Us dh'fhiosraich e le briara bras,
"Co na sloigh ta eir an luing so?"

"Clann eir seachran a t'ann,
Truir sinn a thainig eir tuinn,
Eir einich 's eir comaraich an Righ
Tha gradh dillseachd ar cairdeis."

"Cha Chlann air seachran liomsa sibh,
Cha bheirt saoidh a rinn sibh orm,
Thug sibh uam a bhean am braid,
Dearduil dhonn-shuileach, ghle-gheal."

Like the spring-tide's powerful flood
He was in battle striving with death,
Where Darthula saw him at first
When looking forth from the top of her tower.

Beloved, said the lovely maiden,
Is the stranger from the field of war,
But sore to his mother's heart
Is his rashness on the field of strife.

"Thou daughter of the Coll of the Shields,"
Spoke Naos of the melodious voice,
"Far from us is Alba of the Feinne
And Etive of the brown brindled hinds."
. . . . . .

But Darthula of the kindliest grace,
Weak is become thy speech;
The noise of the waves and of the wind
Is changing thy speech of melody.

Much grieved was my heart for my father
And I bent to the ground to save him,
But the ruddy colour of his cheek forsook him,
His expression and feeling have left him.

The ship of the Children of Uisne went ashore
Below the great town of Conachar,
Conachar came out with his forces
(Twenty strong-headed heroes)
And he demanded in words of wrath,
"Who are the people on board this ship?"

"Children astray are we,
Three who came over the ocean
On the truce and the faith of the king
Is the close friendship of our greeting."

"Children astray ye are not to me,
No act of friendship to me ye did,
From me ye took the woman in abduction,
Darthula the brown-eyed the lovely fair.

"Eirich a dheagh Naos 'us glac do chlaidheamh,
A dheagh mhic righ is glan coimhead,
Ge nach faigheadh a cholunn shuairc,
Ach a mhain aon chuart dha 'n anam."

Chuir Naos a shailltean ri bord,
Agus ghlac e a chlaidheamh 'na dhorn,
Bu gharg deannal nan deagh laoch,
A' tuiteam eir gach taobh da bord.

Shorchar mic Uisne 's a ghreis
Mar thri ghallain a' fas gu deas,
Eir an sgrios le doinionn eitidh,
Cha d'fhagadh meangan, meur, no geug diubh.

"Gluais, a Dhearduil, as do luing,
A gheug ur an abhra dhuinn,
'S cha 'n eagal dha do ghnuis ghlain,
Fuath, no eud, no achmhasan."

"Cha teid mi mach as mo luing,
Gus am faigh mi mo rogha athchuinge.
. . . . . .

Cha tir, cha talamh, cha tuar,
Cha triuir bhraithre bu ghlan snuagh,
Cha'n òr, cha'n airgiod, 's cha'n eich,
Nis mo is bean uaibhreach mis.

Ach mo chead a dhol dha 'n traigh,
Far am bheil Clann Uisne nan tamh,
'S gu'n tiubhrainn na tri poga mine, meala
Dha'n tri corpa caomha, caoine, geala."

Ghluais Dearduil a sin dha 'n traigh,
'Us fhuair i saor a snaitheadh ramh,
A sgian aige 'na leth-laimh,
A thuagh aige 'na laimh-eile.

"A shaoir is fearr ga'm facas riamh,
Gu de air an toire' tu an sgian?
'S e bheirinnse duit 'ga cionn,
Aon fhainne buadhach na h-Eirionn."

e, thee Naos, and grasp thy glave,
ı brave son of a king so goodly to view
ıgh thy comely body shall only get
one round of the soul."

ı placed his heels to the board
he seized his glave in his grasp,
ce was the struggle of the bold warriors
hey fall on each side of her board.

:powered were the sons of Uisne in the combat,
: three saplings growing richly
:royed by the blasting *eitidh*,
branch nor bough nor twig is left.

e thee Darthula from thy ship
ı beauteous branch of the brown eyelids,
nought to fear has thy pure soul
n hatred jealousy or reproach."

will not go out of my ship
I obtain my choice petition
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

not land nor country nor riches,
not the three brothers of fairest form,
not gold nor silver nor horses,
:her am I a proud woman,

my leave to go to the strand
ere the three Children of Uisne are lying
t I might seal the three smooth honeyed kisses
:heir three fair, dear, beautiful corses."

ed Darthula then to the strand
there she found a wright trimming oars,
knife he had in his half hand
his axe he had in his other.

ıou wright the best that has ever been seen
what would'st thou give thy knife?
ıt I would give thee in return
he one choice ring of Erin."

Shanntaich an saor am fainne
Eir a ghrinnead, eir a dheisead, eir 'ailleachd,
'Us thug e do Dhearduil an sgian,
Rainig i leatha ionad a miann.

"Cha ghairdeachas gun Chlann Uisne,
O ! is tursach gun bhi na'r cuallachd ;
Tri mic righ le 'n diolta deoire,
Tha 'n diugh gun chomhradh ri uchd uagha.

Tri màghamhna Inse-Breatuinn,
An triuir sheobhag shliabh a Chuillinn,
An triuir da 'n geileadh na gaisgich
'S da tiubhradh na h-amhuis uram.

Na tri eoin a b'ailli snuagh,
A thainig thar chuan nam barc,
Triuir Mhac Uisne an liuinn ghrinn,
Mar thriuir eal' air tuinn a' snamh.

Theid mise gu aobhach uallach,
Fo 'n triuir uasal a b'annsa ;
Mo shaoghal nan deigh cha'n fhada
'Us cha'n eug fear abhuilt domhsa

Tri iallan nan tri chon sin
Do bhuin osna ghoint o m' chridhe ;
'S ann agamsa bhiodh an tasgaidh
Mur faicinn an saor cumha.

A Chlann Uisne tha sid thall,
Na'r luidhe bonn ri bonn;
Nan sumhlaicheadh mairbh roimh bheo eile
Shumhlaicheadh sibhse romham-sa.

Teann a nall, a Naosne mo ghraidh,
Is druideadh Ardan ri Aillein ;
Na'm biodh ciall aig mairbh
Dheanamh sibh ait dhomhsa."

The wright coveted the ring
For its beauty, its power, and its loveliness,
And he gave to Dearduil the knife,
She reached with it the place of her desire.

There is no joy without the Children of Uisne
O ! grief not to be in your company
The three sons of a king who helped the helpless
To-day without speech on the brink of the grave.

The three strong bears of the Isles of Britain,
The three hawks of the hill of Cuillionn,
The three to whom heroes would yield,
And to whom hirelings would pay homage.

The three birds of loveliest colours
That are come over the ocean of barques,
The three Sons of Uisne of the beautiful mien,
Like unto three swans on the water sailing.

I will go with joyous gladness
To the side of the three heroes beloved,
My world behind them is not long.
Nor coward's death is mine.

The three leashes of their three dogs
Have drawn sore sighs from my heart,
'Tis I who would have the treasures
Had I not got the fitting gift.

Ye Children of Uisne over beyond
Lying together sole by sole
If dead would closely lie for a living
Ye would closely lie for me.

Press closer over ye Naos of my love,
And Ardan lie ye closer to Aillein,
Dead ! if ye would have feeling
Ye would make room for me."

3rd APRIL, 1889.

At this meeting the Rev. William Cameron, minister of Poolewe, was elected a member of the Society. Thereafter Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., read a paper contributed by Mr Alexander Macpherson, solicitor, Kingussie, entitled "Sketches of the Old Ministers of Badenoch, Part II." Mr Macpherson's paper was as follows:—

SKETCHES OF THE OLD MINISTERS OF BADENOCH.

Part II.

Unfortunately, in the case of many of the earlier Ministers of the Parishes of Alvie and Laggan—as in the case of the earlier Ministers of the Parish of Kingussie—since the Reformation in 1560—I have been unable to trace any particulars beyond the bare record of their names, with the addition, in some cases, of the duration of their ministry. But I proceed to give a summary of the succession of the Protestant Ministers of Alvie and Laggan for the last three hundred years, with such glimpses, gleaned from various sources, regarding them as may, I hope, be considered of some general interest.

II. PARISH OF ALVIE.

1. JAMES SPENCE, EXHORTER.
1572-15—.

2. JOHN ROSS.
1579-15—.

A son of John Ross, Provost of Inverness. Presented by James VI., 31st March, 1579, but does not appear to have been settled.

3. WILLIAM MAKINTOSCHE.
1580-1585.

Demitted prior to 19th August, 1585.

4. SOVERANE MAKPHERLENE OR M'PHAIL.
1585-159—.

Presented by James VI., 19th August, 1585, and 6th April, 1586. Continued in 1594.

5. ROBERT LESLIE.
1595-159—.

Continued in 1597.

6. RODERICK SUTHERLAND.
1599-16—.

Continued in 1601.

7. JAMES LYLE.
16—-1626.

Formerly of Ruthven. Was Minister of Alvie "long before 12th October, 1624"—Laggan being also under his care. Is said not to have understood the Irish language. "Being of verie great age and infirm," demitted his charge in 1626 on condition of getting ij l.i. (3s 4d) yearly.

8. RODERICK MACLEOD.
1632-1642.

Declared "transportable," 5th April, 1642. Deposed towards close of same year for fornication.

9. THOMAS MACPHERSON.
1662-1708.

Of the family of the Macphersons of Invereshie. For sometime Schoolmaster in Lochaber. Having entered to preach without having passed his trials, he expressed his sorrow to the Presbytery of Lorn, 12th September, 1660, and was licensed by that Presbytery, 11th April, 1661. Ordained before 21st October, 1662. During his incumbency the Parish of Alvie was (in 1672) united with the Parish of Laggan. Died in 1708.

10. ALEXANDER FRASER, A.M.
1713-1721.

Alumnus of the University of King's College, Aberdeen, where he obtained his degree in 1706. Was "Highland Bursar" to the Presbytery of Haddington. Licensed by that Presbytery 10th March, 1713. Ordained, 13th September, same year. Mr Fraser was Minister of Alvie during the Rising of 1715, and in the Minute of the Kirk-Session, of date 13th May, 1716, it is declared that "there was no possibility of keeping Session in this Paroch all the last Session until the Rebellion was quelled"—Mr Fraser, it is added, "being often oblidged to look for his own safety." Mr Fraser was translated to Inveravon on 26th April, 1721.

11. LUDOWICK (or LEWIS) CHAPMAN.
1728-1738.

Had a Bursary at the University of Glasgow on the Duchess of Hamilton's Foundation. Studied afterwards at Edinburgh and Leyden. Licensed at the latter place, 2nd March, 1728. Called to Alvie by the Presbytery of Abernethy, *jure devoluto*, 5th, and ordained, 25th September, same year. Translated to Petty, 30th March, 1738.

12. WILLIAM GORDON, *alias* MACGREGOR.
1739-1787.

For sometime Schoolmaster in Kingussie, and subsequently Catechist in Laggan. Ordained and admitted as Minister of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, 24th December, 1730. Called to Alvie, 30th January, and admitted 20th September, 1739. Mr Gordon was well and favourably known in connection with the '45. Remarkably enough, in view of the prominent part the Highlanders of Badenoch took in that Rising, there is no reference thereto either in the Session Records of Kingussie, or in those of Alvie. From other sources of information, however, we learn of an event connected with the '45 reflecting the greatest credit on Mr Gordon. For the capture of "the devoted Ewen of Clunie," who held such powerful sway in Badenoch, and had, at the head of the Macphersons, been among the first to join the Standard of Prince Charlie, a reward of £1000 was offered. Burnt out of hearth and home, Cluny was, subsequent to the Battle of Culloden, hunted in the mountain fastnesses of Badenoch for the long period of nine years, ultimately—after many hair-breadth escapes and enduring the most terrible hardships—making his way beyond the reach of his relentless pursuers only to die in exile. He and his Clan had been long proscribed, and Mr Gordon was employed by "the bloody Duke of Cumberland" with the view of inducing them to lay down their arms on the assurance that, if they did so, they would be restored to their name and countenanced by the Government, or if they joined the Royal Army, "that their commanders would have similar rank and be cared for by the Commander-in-Chief." This offer, however, was firmly rejected. Reduced to the greatest privation after the sad disaster on "bleak Culloden Moor," many of their number applied to Mr Gordon for relief, and were hospitably received at his Manse. The fact having been communicated to the Duke of Cumberland, then at Inverness, Mr Gordon was summoned to headquarters, and required to answer for himself. With a feeling of conscious integrity, he said:—"May it please your Royal Highness, I am exceedingly straitened between two contrary commands, both coming from very high authority. My Heavenly King's Son commands me to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to give meat and drink to my very enemies, and to relieve, to the very utmost of my power, indiscriminately all objects of distress that come in my way. My earthly King's son commands me to drive the homeless wanderer from my door, to shut my bowels of compassion against the cries of the needy, and to withhold from my

fellow mortals in distress the relief which it is in my power to afford. Pray which of these commands am I to obey?" Inhumanly cruel and bloodthirsty as he proved to the poor houseless wandering followers of ill-fated Prince Charlie—the "King of the Highlanders"—the Duke, it is narrated, was so impressed with the humane feelings and noble sentiments of the worthy Minister, that he felt constrained to reply:—"By all means obey the commands of your Heavenly King's Son."

Mr Gordon died on 2nd April, 1787, in the 101st year of his age and 57th of his ministry, discharging, we are told, the duties of his sacred office until within six months of his death. All honour to his memory!

13. JOHN GORDON, A.M.
1788-1805.

Native of Ross. Studied at the University and King's College, Aberdeen, where he took his degree in 1770. Ordained by the Presbytery of Abertarff, 8th May, 1779, as Missionary at Fort-William. Presented by Alexander, Duke of Gordon, and admitted as Minister of Alvie, 8th May, 1788. Got a new church built in 1798. Died 6th October, 1805, in the 55th year of his age and 27th of his ministry. His descendants were tenants of Easter Lynwilg, on the estate of the Duke of Richmond, for a period of about sixty years after his death in 1805.

14. JOHN MACDONALD, A.M.
1806-1854.

Native of the County. Obtained his degree from the University and King's College, Aberdeen, in 1797. For some time Schoolmaster of Dornoch. Licensed by the Presbytery of Dornoch, 4th February, 1802. Ordained by the Presbytery of Abernethy in December, 1803, as assistant to the Rev. John Anderson, Kingussie. Presented to the Parish of Alvie by Alexander, Duke of Gordon, in Marc' and admitted, 24th July, 1806. Long familiarly known by the cognomen of "Bishop John." For the following particulars regarding him, I am indebted to the Rev. Mr Anderson, the present Minister of the Parish:—

The current volume of the Session Records begins with Mr Macdonald's incumbency. It has been well kept, and the penmanship and fullness and clearness of its Minutes are admirable. Mr Macdonald was for many years the Clerk of the Presbytery of Abernethy. He was a very able and popular preacher, both in English and Gaelic, and took great interest in the education of the young. Apart from the Parish School, he established in the early

part of his Ministry three other schools—one of these being wholly confined to instruction in Gaelic. Besides preaching at Alvie, he officiated every third Sunday at Insh, and frequently had services on Sunday evenings in outlying parts of the Parish. Thus, the early and greater part of his ministry was abundant in labours.

As an author, he wrote a *satire* in verse on the "Men" of Duthil, in which he exposes, in trenchant terms, the love of these worthies for the good things of this life. Their professional piety formed a passport to every table, and in exercising this privilege they made a point, he maintained, of making choice of the table best known for its rich food and good whisky. Pre-eminent intellectually among the Highland Ministers of the time, Mr Macdonald was no less distinguished for his physical strength, a well-known instance of which may be appropriately related. On one occasion he was waiting in the Churchyard for a funeral announced to take place. After waiting for two hours beyond the time appointed, he started to meet the funeral, which was coming from the west end of the Parish. On reaching the Moor of Alvie, about a mile and a half from the Church, he found the bier laid at the side of the road and the whole of the funeral company engaged in a free fight. Boldly going into the midst of the combatants, he sought by word and hand to separate them. Among their number was a well-known bully, who made a rush at the Minister and attempted to trip him. The Minister, however, seized his antagonist and threw him with such force to the ground that he lay stunned for some minutes. This incident brought all the combatants to their senses, and the bier was immediately raised and carried in silence to the Church yard. The Minister further punished the company by ordering them away as soon as the grave was closed, without allowing them to partake of the customary refreshments in the Churchyard. "Here," adds Mr Anderson, "reference may be made in passing to the use of whisky at funerals in the Highlands. This use has, in times past, been turned too often into abuse. But in many houses of mourning other suitable refreshments cannot be conveniently given, and as people often come long distances on foot to funerals, and the bier has frequently to be carried many miles, there can be no doubt that in such cases some refreshments are required, and probably whisky with bread and cheese is the most available. Those who condemn its use do not keep this in view. The use of whisky at funerals cannot, I fear, be stopped until a hearse is provided for every parish. With such a vehicle in common use, the partaking of whisky at funerals in the Highlands

would, I believe, be as rare as it is in towns, and the custom, old as it is, thus become more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

Mr Macdonald was married in 1841 for the fourth time—his fourth wife predeceasing him in 1845. He died in 1854 at the advanced age of ninety-four years. Now that the intensely bitter and unchristian spirit to which the Secession of 1843 so unhappily gave rise, has, in a great measure, subsided, many old persons still living in the parish who joined in that Secession may be heard speaking of Mr Macdonald with affection, and of his long ministry with admiration.

15. DONALD MACDONALD.
1854-1879.

Presented by the Duke of Richmond Lennox. Translated from the Parliamentary Parish of Trumisgarry, and admitted as Minister of Alvie, 29th November, 1854. Died 6th November, 1879.

16. JAMES ANDERSON.
1880——.

The present energetic and much respected Minister. Was for some years a Minister of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. Called by the congregation, and admitted as Minister of Alvie, 22nd April, 1880. Through Mr Anderson's instrumentality, great improvements have, within the last few years, been effected in connection with the Church and Parish. Since his appointment the Church has been almost entirely renewed and so much improved that it is now one of the neatest and most attractive edifices of the kind in the Highlands. Through his unwearied efforts, a commodious and comfortable hall has also been erected at Kincraig, which has been found most useful for parish purposes.

For sometime after the Secession of 1843, only a lay Missionary was employed in connection with the Free Church in Alvie and Rothiemurchus, namely, Mr Donald Duff, Lynchat, long a Catechist in the district down to 1853 or 1854. Was subsequently Catechist for some years at Dingwall under the late well-known Dr Kennedy, and afterwards at Strathcarrick.

The Free Church of Alvie was built in 1852. Mr James Grant, who was ordained as minister of that Church in Rothiemurchus and Alvie on 17th March, 1856, was a man of great mental power, with a decided turn for languages and mathematics. He knew a little of sixteen languages, but excelled in Hebrew. In devotion to his books, in primitive simplicity of character and habits, and in firm attachment to the "fundamentals," he reminded one very much

of Dominie Sampson. As a preacher, Mr Grant never wrote his sermons, nor did they pretend to much culture, but, intimately acquainted as he was with the habits and modes of thinking of the people, he was often pointed and graphic, frequently upsetting the gravity even of "grave and reverend seigniors."

Mr Norman Macdonald, the present incumbent, was ordained as minister of the Free Church in Alvie, on 27th October, 1868. Possesses excellent attainments, and writes with great ease and vigour. His subjects are always arranged with admirable clearness, and handled with more than ordinary ability. Has now ministered with untiring zeal and devotion to his attached flock in Alvie for a period of fully twenty years.

III. PARISH OF LAGGAN.

Short descriptions of the old churches of Kingussie and Alvie have been given in previous papers. "St Killen's Church," the "little aul' kirk of Laggan," says Gordon, the editor of the new edition of Shaw's "History of the Province of Moray," published in 1882," is worth notice. Besides a very small altar-stone, it has two little side altars under rounded arches. At the south entrance is a large, round granite baptismal font, capable of immersing the infants. In the oldest version of the ballad of 'Sir James the Rose,' founded on fact, reference is made to the churchyard of Laggan. The doorway is not 3 feet wide, and in both sides there is a groove, as if it had been closed in the manner of a portcullis, and a hole in each side may have been for the reception of a wooden bar. Near one side of the door is an eyelit or oilet for reconnoitring."

In "A Survey of the Province of Moray," published in 1798, it is said that in the midst of the *Coill-more*, the great wood, extending at one time about five miles along the southern side of Loch Laggan, "is a place distinguished by the name of the *Ard merigie*, the height for rearing the standard. It has been held sacred, from remote antiquity, as the burial-place of seven Caledonian kings, who, according to tradition, lived about the period when the Scots, driven northward of the Tay by the Picts, held their seat of Government at Dunkeld. It is likewise, by tradition, represented as a distinguished place for hunting; and it abounded in deer and roe till they were lately expelled by the introduction of sheep, with whom they never mingle. The kings, it is said, and their retinue, hunted on the banks of the lake for the greater part of almost every summer, which is rendered probable by its vicinity to the parallel roads of Glenroy, which must have been

ormed solely for the purpose of betraying the game into an impassable recess, and could not have been executed but by the influence of some of the first consequence and power in the State.

"In the lake are two neighbouring islands; on the largest the walls remain of a very ancient building, composed of round stone laid in mortar, untouched by the mason's hammer. Here their majesties rested from the chase secure, and feasted on the game. The other, named *Eilan-nan-con*, the 'Island of Dogs,' was appropriated for the accommodation of the hounds; and the walls of their kennel, of similar workmanship, also remain.

"Near the middle of the parish is a rock 300 feet of perpendicular height; the area on the summit, 500 by 250, is of very difficult access, exhibiting considerable remains of fortification; the wall, about 9 feet thick, built on both its sides with large flagstones without mortar.

"Near the eastern end of Loch Laggan, the venerable ruins of St Kenneth's Chapel remain in the midst of its own consecrated burying-ground, which is still devoutly preferred to the other."

"Laggan," says Shaw in his "History of the Province of Moray," "was a mensal church, dedicated to St Kenneth. The Bishop was patron, and settled the parish *jure proprio*. Now, the King is properly patron, and the family of Gordon has no act of possession. This parish was sometimes, by the Bishop, annexed to Alvie, that he might draw the more teinds from it. Mr James Lyle served long in both parishes, and, it is said, understood not the Irish language, such penury was there of ministers having that language. Upon his demitting, the parishes were disjoined, but were again united (by Murdoch Mackenzie, Bishop of Moray) in 1672, and so continued to the death of Mr Thomas Macpherson. It was again disjoined and re-erected in 1708."

For many particulars regarding the later ministers of Laggan, I am indebted to the Rev. Mr Sinton, minister of Invergarry, the Clerk of the Presbytery of Abertarff,* a well-known native of Badenoch.

1. ALEXANDER CLARK.
1569-1574.

Entered Reader at Lammas, 1569. Promoted to be Exhorter in November following. Presented to the Parsonage and Vicarage by James VI., 27th September, 1574, his stipend then being XXVI. Ii. XIIIs. IIIJd. (£2 4s 5⅓d). Died prior to 6th November, 1575.

* Now the Minister of Dores.

2. JOHN DOW MACQUHONDOQUHY.
1575——.

Reader at Dunlichtie and Daviot in November, 1569. Presented to the Parsonage and Vicarage by James VI., 6th November, 1575. Continued in 1589.

3. JAMES LYLE.
16—-1626.

Was Minister of Laggan and Alvie "long before 12th October, 1624." Demitted for age in 1626. See No. 7, Parish of Alvie.

4. ALEXANDER CLARK.
16—-16 –.

"Laureated" at the University and King's College, Aberdeen, in 1619. Admitted prior to 3rd April, 1638. Deposed by the Commission of Assembly at Aberdeen before 5th October, 1647. Admitted Master of the Grammar School at Kingussie in 1652.

5. JAMES DICK, A.M.
1653-1665.

Obtained his degree from the University of St Andrews in 1645. Ordained to Laggan prior to 4th October, 1653, having Alvie likewise under his care. On 29th October, 1656, the Synod of Argyle wrote him "to know what Presbytery he is in, that they may write anent his carriage in Lochaber." Was deposed by the Bishop and brethren on 15th November, 1665, for drunkenness.

7. WILLIAM ROBERTSON, A.M.
1667-1669.

Graduated at Aberdeen in 1660. Passed his trials before the Presbytery of Fordyce, and was recommended for licence on 21st February, 1666. Admitted as Minister of Laggan prior to 1st October, 1667. Translated to Crathie and Kindrocht or Braemar after 6th April, 1669.

7. THOMAS MACPHERSON.
1672-1708.

Was also Minister of Alvie from 1662 to the date of his death in 1708. See No. 9, Parish of Alvie.

8. JOHN MACKENZIE.
1709-1745.

Translated from Kingussie to Laggan, and admitted prior to 31st May, 1709. In 1743, Mr Mackenzie, "owing to his great age, and manifold infirmities attending it," petitioned the Presbytery of Abertarff to have an assistant and successor appointed. The people

concurred, and signified their desire to have Mr Duncan Macpherson, who had been recently licensed by the Presbytery, settled as their minister. The Presbytery entreated the Duke of Gordon to favour the nominee of the people; but, until there would be an actual vacancy in the parish, the Duke declined to entertain these overtures. So the matter remained until the parish was declared vacant, after Mr Mackenzie's death in 1745. In 1747 Mr William Gordon was appointed by the Presbytery to supply services at Laggan upon a certain Sabbath, "and to sound the inclinations of the people as to their choice of a proper person." Afterwards two candidates were put upon the leet. These were Mr Macpherson and a Mr Neil Macleod, a brother of Mr Donald Macleod of Swordale. This Neil Macleod was Macleod of Macleod's chaplain to the Royal forces during the Rising of 1745. In December, 1746, Macleod writes from London to President Forbes of Culloden, asking his influence in favour of Neil Macleod's appointment to the parish of Laggan. "You may remember," the writer says, "he was of the Church millitant, and tended me in my expedition eastward, and stayed with the men constantly till they were sent home, and preached sound doctrine, and really was zealous and serviceable." Consequent, apparently, upon President Forbes's influence, the Duke of Gordon signified to the Presbytery "his inclination" to have Mr Macleod settled as minister of Laggan. As regards Mr Macpherson—the choice of the people—there was some difficulty, inasmuch as he had fallen under suspicion of being concerned in "the late unnatural rebellion." After due enquiry, however, "the Presbytery unanimously agreed to reject the call to Mr Neil Macleod, in respect it was signed only by four, two of whom were reputed Papists, and to sustain the call to Mr Duncan Macpherson, as being signed by a great many heads of families, together with the elders of the parish." Mr Macpherson was accordingly duly admitted to the charge. Mr Macleod, it would appear, had been officiating within the bounds of the Presbytery; but shortly before the termination of the Laggan case the following minute occurs in the Presbytery records:—"A letter from the Committee (Royal Bounty) was read, signifying their disapproval of employing Mr Neil Macleod as itinerant of Kilmonivaig and Laggan, and to approve of Mr Kenneth Bethune being continued at Laggan." "Subsequently," adds Mr Sinton, "Mr Martin Macpherson was appointed, and so ended Mr Macleod's relations with the parish of Laggan and the Presbytery of Abertarff, which were apparently the north side of friendly. One can scarcely suppose that the Duke of Gordon was very ardently in his favour;

and, considering the condition of Brae-Badenoch at the time, and the pronounced political opinions of Mr Macleod, it is likely that he was regarded by the people as being a sort of Government spy in their midst."

Mr Mackenzie died Father of the Church, on 27th April, 1745, in the 59th year of his ministry.

9. DUNCAN MACPHERSON, A.M.
1747-1757.

Graduated at the University and King's College, Aberdeen, 1st April, 1731. Licenced in 1742. Ordained by the Presbytery of Abertarff 23rd June, 1743, as Missionary at Glenroy, &c. Transferred to Mull in October, 1744. Called to Laggan, 2nd June, and admitted 16th September, 1747. Familiarly known by the cognomen of the *Ministeir Mór*, and distinguished for his herculean strength, as well as for his powers of mind. For some particulars regarding him I have to express my obligations to the Rev. Mr Maclennan, the present minister, and to Mr Angus Mackintosh, the worthy ex-schoolmaster of Laggan.

The old Kirk Session records of Laggan having been accidentally burnt, the particulars I have been able to obtain regarding many of the earlier ministers of that parish are very scanty. There is one, however, Duncan Macpherson (the *Ministeir Mor*), who was well known to the grandfathers of the present generation. Whether the Reformers worshipped in St Kenneth at Camus Killin is uncertain. At anyrate, one of the first Protestant churches was that at the *Eilean Dhu*, near Blargy. The church was of very rude construction, and thatched with heather. The remains are still to be seen. Mr Macpherson had his residence at Dalchully, and, in order to get to the church, had to cross the Spey on horseback, there being no bridges. Sunday was generally observed both as a holy day and a holiday. For hours before public worship began, the young men of the parish met and played shinty until the arrival of the clergyman, who, *nolens volens*, was compelled to join the players; otherwise he was given clearly to understand that he would have to preach to empty benches. So, after a hail or two, shinties were thrown aside, and a large congregation met to hear the new doctrine. The sermon was short, but pithy, and people began to think there was something in the new doctrine after all. Immediately after services were over, shinty was resumed, and carried on at intervals till darkness put an end to their amusements, when many retired to the neighbouring crofts and public-houses, where high revelry was kept up till morning.

Frequently the river was unfordable, and on such occasions the *Ministeir Mor* was obliged to preach from a knoll on one side, while one-half of the congregation stood on the other. A difficulty arose in connection with the proclamation of marriage banns, and the minister, when not very certain as to the financial status of the ardent swain, would, in stentorian tones, cry out—"*Ma chuireas tusa nall an t-airgiod, cuiridh mise null am focal*"—a request that was immediately responded to through the medium of a piece of cloth in which the fee was carefully wrapped up, and flung across the river. It is also related that in the case of baptisms by the *Ministeir Mor* when the Spey was similarly in flood, the infant would be taken to the brink of the one side of the river, while the minister, standing on the brink of the other side, would, with his powerful arm, throw the water across with such unerring aim as to descend in showers on the face of the child, and thus, with the appropriate words uttered in tones sufficiently loud to be heard a long way off, administer the rite of baptism.

The universal application of the scriptural maxim that "the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong" was, alas! strikingly exemplified in the case of the *Ministeir Mor*, the worthy man, strong and vigorous though he was, having been cut off on 13th August, 1757, at the comparatively early age of 46.

10. ANDREW GALLIE, A.M.
1758-1774.

Native of the parish of Tarbat. Graduated at Aberdeen, 3rd April, 1750. Licenced by the Presbytery of Tain in 1753. Ordained in 1756 as missionary at Fort-Augustus. Presented to Laggan by Alexander Duke of Gordon, and admitted 6th September, 1758. Mr Gallie was well-known in connection with the Ossianic controversy. As having reference to visits paid by James Macpherson, the translator, to the Manse at Laggan during Mr Gallie's incumbency, let me give a few interesting extracts from the evidence given by the latter on the subject:—

"When he (Macpherson) returned from his tour through the Western Highlands and Islands he came to my house in Brae-Badenoch. I enquired the success of his journey, and he produced several volumes, small octavo, or rather large duodecimo, in the Gaelic language and characters, being the poems of Ossian and other ancient bards.

"I remember perfectly that many of those volumes were, at the close, said to have been collected by Paul Macmhuirich, Bard

Chlanraonuil, and about the beginning of the fourteenth century Mr Macpherson and I were of opinion that, though the bard collected them, yet they must have been writ by an ecclesiastic, for the characters and spelling were most beautiful and correct. Every poem had its first letter of its first word most elegantly flourished and gilded; some red, some yellow, some blue, and some green; the material writ on seemed to be a limber, yet coarse and dark vellum; the volumes were bound in strong parchment; Mr Macpherson had them from Clanranald.

"At that time I could read the Gaelic characters, though with difficulty, and did often amuse myself with reading here and there in those poems while Mr Macpherson was employed on his translation. At times we differed as to the meaning of certain words in the original.

"I remember Mr Macpherson, when reading the MSS. found in Clanranald's, execrating the bard who dictated to the amanuensis, saying, 'D——n the scoundrel; it is he himself that now speaks, and not Ossian.' This took place in my house in two or three instances. I thence conjecture that the MSS. were kept up, lest they should fall under the view of such as would be more ready to publish their deformities than to point out their beauties.

"It was, and I believe still is, well known that the ancient poems of Ossian, handed down from one generation to another, got corrupted. In the state of the Highlands and its language, this evil, I apprehend, could not be avoided; and I think great credit is due, in such a case, to him who restores a work of merit to its original purity."

Mr Gallie was translated to Kincardine, in Ross-shire, on 18th August, 1774.

11. JAMES GRANT.
1775-1801.

Appointed by the Committee of the Royal Bounty, 21st August, 1769, as missionary at Fort-Augustus. Presented to Laggan by Alexander Duke of Gordon, and admitted 21st September, 1775. Was married on 29th May, 1779, to Anne, only daughter of Lieutenant Duncan Macvicar, Barrack-Master at Fort-George, afterwards so well known as the amiable and accomplished Mrs Grant of Laggan, the authoress of "Letters from the Mountains," "Essays on the superstitions of the Highlanders," and other literary works.

Mr Grant got the Church of Laggan rebuilt in 1785. In 1794 he was appointed Chaplain of Lord Lynedoch's Regiment of Perthshire Volunteers, the 90th Foot. Of refined and cultivated tastes,

and gentle and amiable in manner, Mr Grant was greatly revered and beloved by the people of Laggan. Died suddenly on 2nd December, 1801, in the 60th year of his age—his remains being interred in the Churchyard of Laggan beside those of his mother—"venerable for the fervour of her piety, and the sanctity of her life, and beloved for the endearing qualities of a tender and affectionate heart, and a liberal and beneficent spirit."

Here are some very touching and beautiful glimpses of Mr Grant, given by his gifted and devoted wife in a letter written from the Manse of Laggan, of date 1st January, 1802, shortly after his death:—

"You wish to know how I bear the sudden shock of this calamity. I bore it wonderfully, considering how much I had to lose. Still, at times, the Divine goodness supports me in a manner I scarcely dared to hope. Happily for me, anxiety for a numerous orphan family, and the wounding smiles of an infant, too dear to be neglected, and too young to know what he has lost, divide my sorrows, and do not suffer my mind to be wholly engrossed by this dreadful privation—this chasm that I shudder to look into. A daughter, of all daughters the most dutiful and affectionate, in whom her father still lives (so truly does she inherit his virtues and all the amiable peculiarities of his character)—this daughter is wasting away with secret sorrow, while 'in smiles she hides her grief to soften mine.' I was too much a veteran in affliction, and too sensible of the arduous task devolved upon me, to sit down in unavailing sorrow, overwhelmed by an event which ought to call forth double exertion. None, indeed, was ever at greater pains to console another than I was to muster up every motive for action, every argument for patient suffering. No one could say to me, 'the loss is common—common be the pain;' few, very few indeed, had so much happiness to lose. To depict a character so very uncommon, so little obvious to common observers, who loved and revered without comprehending him, would be difficult for a steadier hand than mine. With a kind of mild disdain and philosophic tranquility, he kept aloof from a world, for which the delicacy of his feelings, the purity of his integrity, and the intuitive discernment with which he saw into character, in a manner disqualified him—that is, from enjoying it. For who can enjoy the world without deceiving or being deceived? But recollections crowd on me, and I wander. I say, to be all the world to this superior mind, to constitute his happiness for twenty years, now vanished like a vision; to have lived with unabated affection together even this long,

when a constitution, delicate as his mind, made it unlikely that even thus long we should support each other through the paths of life, affords cause for much gratitude. What are difficulties when shared with one whose delighted approbation gives one spirits to surmount them? Then to hear from every mouth his modest, unobtrusive merit receive its due tribute of applause; to see him still in his dear children, now doubly dear; and to know that such a mind cannot perish, cannot suffer—nay, through the infinite merits of that Redeemer, in whom he trusted, enjoys what we cannot conceive! Dear Miss Dunbar, believe me I would not give my tremulous hopes and pleasing sad retrospections for any other person's happiness. Forgive this; it is like the overflowing of the heart to an intimate friend; but your pity opens every source of anguish and of tenderness."

Removing to Edinburgh a few years after the death of her husband, whom she survived for the long period of 37 years, Mrs Grant continued to live in that city for nearly 30 years, namely, from 1810 until her death in 1838. "During this lengthened period, Mrs Grant mixed extensively in the literary and other circles of Edinburgh, where her house was the resort of many eminent characters, both of her own and foreign countries. She continued all this time to maintain an extensive correspondence with her friends in England, Scotland, and America, and her letters, as may be supposed, contained many sketches of the literary and other society of the Scottish Capital, and of the varied characters with whom she was brought into contact, as well as notices of the literature and general topics of the day."

Mrs Grant's life, for some years after she gave up writing for the public, had been in part devoted to an intellectual employment of another kind—the superintendence of the education of a succession of young persons of her own sex, who were sent to reside with her. From the year 1826, also, her means had been further increased by a pension of £100, which was granted to her by George IV., on a representation drawn up by Sir Walter Scott, and supported by Henry Mackenzie, Lord Jeffrey, and other distinguished persons among her friends in Edinburgh. In that representation they declared their belief that Mrs Grant had rendered eminent services to the cause of religion, morality, knowledge, and taste, and that her writings had "produced a strong and salutary effect upon her countrymen, who not only found recorded in them much of national history and antiquities which would otherwise have been forgotten, but found them combined with the *soundest* and best lessons of virtue and morality."

Of the five sons and seven daughters of Mrs Grant's marriage, four died in early life before their father; and, with the exception of John Peter, for many years a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, who edited her correspondence and the memoir of her life, published in 1845, all predeceased their venerated and famous mother. The following is the inscription on the tombstone erected to her memory, beside that of her husband, in the Churchyard of Laggan:—

"Sacred to the Memory of Mrs Anne Grant, Widow of the Rev. James Grant, Minister of this Parish, who died in Edinburgh, 7th November, 1838, aged 83. Her writings illustrate the associations and scenes of her eventful life. Her eminent virtues adorned its relations. Her Christian faith and fortitude sustained its many severe afflictions in humble submission to the will of God. Her numerous family of twelve children, for whom she made most meritorious and successful exertions, was, by the will of a mysterious Providence, all cut off before herself, except him who now records this memorial of his love and veneration.

"Her mortal remains are interred in the burying-ground of Saint Cuthbert's Parish, Edinburgh."

12. JOHN MATHESON, A.M.
1802-1808.

Native of Ross-shire. Obtained his degree at the University and King's College, Aberdeen, in 1778. Licenced by the Presbytery of Dornoch, 29th March, 1785. Became Missionary at Badenoch and Lochaber, 19th September, 1791. Ordained by the Presbytery of Forres, 3rd April, 1792, as assistant to the Rev. Alexander Watt of Forres. On Mr Watt's death, Mr Matheson returned to his old Mission in Badenoch. Presented to Laggan by Alexander Duke of Gordon, and admitted 11th August, 1802. Died 1st December, 1808, in the 49th year of his age and 17th of his ministry.

13. DUNCAN M'INTYRE, A.M.
1809-1816.

Native of Fort-William. Graduated at Aberdeen in 1779. Licenced by the Presbytery of Abertarff, 25th November, 1783. Ordained by them as Missionary at Fort-William, 13th July, 1784. Became subsequently Missionary at Kilmuir, in Skye, then at Laggan and Glenurchy, and thereafter at Glencoe. On the nomination of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, he afterwards resumed the charge of the Mission of that Society at Fort-William. Presented to Laggan by Alexander Duke of Gordon in March, *and admitted 7th September*, 1809.

Kilmallie appears to have been regarded by Mr M'Intyre as a perfect paradise compared to Laggan. Having received a call to Kilmallie, the reasons for his translation submitted by himself to the Presbytery of Abertarff are so candid and amusing as to be worth quoting. Here they are:—

"(1). Because your petitioner has a large young family, as yet uneducated, and because that in his present parish the proper Seminaries of Education are not nearer to him than Perth or Inverness; and because the Living of Laggan is inadequate to the expenses that unavoidably would attend their being sent to either of these places; whereas at Kilmallie education falls more within his reach and ability.

"(2). Because the climate of Laggan is so severe as in general to render the crop most unproductive, and is commonly attended of course with most serious loss; whereas the climate of Kilmallie is warm, kindly, and favourable to the rearing of crops, as well as most congenial to his own and his family's constitutions, they being natives of the Parish.

"(3). Because that Laggan is at the distance of fifty miles from any market town where he can be supplied with the necessaries of life; whereas at Kilmallie he can get whatever he requires for the use of his family and for the improvement of the Glebe by sea to the very door.

"(4). Because that the Living of Kilmallie, including the Glebe, is much better than that of Laggan.

"(5). Because that the feeling of *amor patriæ* binds him more to Kilmallie than to any other parish.

"For the above stated reasons, and others to be stated by your petitioner *viva voce* at your bar,

"He humbly trusts and earnestly entreats that the Rev. Presbytery of Abertarff will be pleased to grant him an Act of Translation, and your petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray, etc., etc."

Notwithstanding the vastly superior attractions of Kilmallie, in the estimation of Mr M'Intyre, I question very much whether the present estimable Minister of Laggan would readily exchange that Parish for that of Kilmallie. Apparently, however, Mr M'Intyre's reasons proved so irresistible to his Presbytery that they agreed to his translation to Kilmallie *nem. con.*, and he was accordingly inducted as Minister of that Parish on 26th March, 1816.

14. WILLIAM ROBERTSON, A.M.
1816-1818.

Licenced by the Presbyterv of Edinburgh, 28th July, 1810. Ordained by the Presbytery of Abertarff as Missionary at Fort-William on 1st April, 1812. Presented to Laggan by Alexander Duke of Gordon in July, and admitted 3rd September, 1816. Was a brother of John Robertson, the famous Minister of the neighbouring Parish of Kingussie from 1810 to 1825. Appointed a Justice of the Peace for the County of Inverness in 1818. Translated to Kinloss, 19th June, same year.

15. GEORGE SHEPHERD, A.M.
1818-1825.

Native of Rathven. Graduated at Aberdeen in 1812. For sometime Schoolmaster at Kingussie. Licenced by the Presbytery of Abernethy, 16th July, 1816. Ordained by the Presytery of Abertarff as Missionary at Fort William, 2nd September, 1817. Presented by Alexander Duke of Gordon, 26th September, and admitted as Minister of Laggan, 16th November, 1818. Translated to Kingussie and Insh, 11th May, 1825.

16. MACKINTOSH MACKAY, LL.D.
1825-1832.

For sometime Schoolmaster at Portree. Licenced by the Presbytery of Skye. Presented by Alexander Duke of Gordon, 27th July, and ordained as Minister of Laggan, 27th September, 1825. Was the seventh Minister presented to Laggan by Duke Alexander during the long period of seventy-five years that nobleman enjoyed the family honours, namely, from 1752 down to his death in 1827. Degree of LL.D. conferred upon Mr Mackay by the University of Glasgow in 1829. Appointed a Justice of the Peace for the County of Inverness, 13th May, 1831. Translated to Dunoon and Kilmun, 27th March, 1832. Joined the Secession of 1843. Elected Moderator of the Free General Assembly, 24th May, 1849. Sailed for Australia in 1853. Admitted as Minister of the Gaelic Church of Melbourne in 1854. Also to a congregation at Sydney in 1856. Returned to Scotland in 1861. Admitted as Minister of the Free Church, Tarbat, Harris, in 1862. Died 17th May, 1873, in the 80th year of his age.

Dr Mackay was one of the foremost Gaelic scholars of his day. In connection with the excellent Gaelic Dictionary published by the Highland Society, the following note indicates the importance attached to the aid rendered by him in its preparation:—

"In its progress through the press it has been superintended and corrected by the Rev. Mackintosh Mackay, now Minister of

Laggan, and it is only just to add that in its present form the Gaelic Dictionary is much indebted to his indefatigable labours, and his philological acuteness and learning have greatly contributed to render it more accurate and complete."

17. DONALD CAMERON.
1832-1846.

Appointed Schoolmaster at Southend in 1815. Admonished by the Presbytery, 28th June, 1816, "for cruelty to his scholars, being censorious and backbiting, and declared to be ill-qualified to be useful." Licenced by the Presbytery of Kintyre, 13th December, 1820. Ordained by the Presbytery of Kincardine O'Neill, 21st March, 1824, as Missionary at Glengairn. Presented by the Trustees of Alexander Duke of Gordon in May, and admitted as Minister of Laggan, 1st August, 1832. Is said to have been possessed of some sterling qualities, but apparently he was of a most combative disposition. So little sympathy does he appear to have had with the manly pastimes of the Laggan people that he strongly objected to any members of the Kirk-Session patronising shinty matches, and the Session Records of the time show that he even frowned upon any of their number appearing at Meetings of the Session in the kilt!

Unfortunately no Session Records of Laggan now exist earlier than 1827. Here is an extract from a Minute of the Session, during Mr Cameron's incumbency, dealing with a profanation of the Sabbath quite prevalent in Badenoch down to within living memory:—

"Compeared in terms of citation————————Balmishaig accused of profaning the Lord's Day by proclaiming a Roup at the Churchyard gate on Sabbath last, the 30th ult. The said ————————being interrogated as to his guilt, acknowledges that he did publicly give intimation of said Roup, and expresses his regret for such violation of the Sabbath, and gives in his letter expression of the same that it may be read in face of the Congregation next Lord's Day immediately after Divine Service."

Mr Cameron died 19th April, 1846, in the 54th year of his age, and 23rd of his ministry.

18. WILLIAM SUTHERLAND.
1846-1850.

Translated from Harris. Presented by the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and admitted as minister of Laggan 24th September, 1846. Was an amiable, genial, and popular minister. Translated to Dingwall, 17th October, 1850.

19. JOHN MACLEOD.
1851-1869.

Translated from Ballachulish and Corran of Ardgour. Presented to Laggan by the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and admitted 30th January, 1851. A faithful and most estimable clergyman, universally esteemed throughout the district. In quiet, unassuming, practical usefulness was the *beau ideal* of a parish minister. Died at Laggan, 8th April, 1869, in the 63rd year of his age. One of his sons is the well-known Dr Donald Macleod, the genial and popular minister of the Scotch National Church in London.

20. DONALD MACFADYEN.
1869-1880.

Translated from Ardnamurchan. Presented by the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and inducted as minister of Laggan, 22nd September, 1869. An excellent preacher, both in Gaelic and English, and a genuine Highlander to the very core, with a most marked personality. Apt though he was, at times, to be carried away by the Celtic warmth and impetuosity of his feelings, and with what, on the surface, appeared a somewhat unattractive manner, no more devoted, kind-hearted minister than Mr Macfadyen ever, I believe, filled the pulpit of Laggan. Was a capital story-teller—of which he was himself frequently the hero—and had a keen sense of the humorous, as well as of the tender and pathetic, side of the Highland character. Mr Macfadyen died 1st November, 1880. In testimony of their deep and affectionate regard, his Congregation, soon after his death, erected a handsome granite monument to his memory in the Churchyard of Laggan, with the following Gaelic inscription :—

"Mar chuinhueachan air Mr Domhnull Macphaidein, ministeir Lagain, a chaochail air a cheud latha de'n Gheamhradh, 1880.

"Duine a choisinn meas 'san eaglais agus urram 'na dhuthaich. Chuir a chomhthional an carragh so aig a cheann."

Let me give a few extracts from the just and eloquent tribute paid to his memory soon after his death by his old fellow-student, Dr Mackenzie, of Kingussie :—

"Your minister was one of my oldest friends. Long before we were neighbours, we were fellow-students, thrown very closely together, so that I knew him well. He was a brave fellow—a true man—a real Christian. These features of his character were marked at College ; they continued in a more subdued form to the close of life. When a lad at the University he showed a manly independent spirit. He worked his own way. While attending

the classes he earned his maintenance by extra labour—maintaining a sturdy independence. Amongst his fellow-students he was looked upon as a type of the true Highlander, fearless in his expression of opinion—seeking a fair field and no favour.

"He earned distinction in his classes, and gained a valuable money prize for an essay on a philosophical subject. . . . He resolved at an early period to study for the Church of Scotland. He did so at a time when to do this in the Highlands entailed from many ill will and reproach. When a schoolmaster in Rossshire, his sister was not allowed to take water from a public well, because her brother was a *Moderate*, and he himself was shunned as an outcast. He boldly faced the trials of that time, and it was a cause of rejoicing to him that he lived to see in the North a wider toleration prevail, and old enmities and feuds laid to rest, by the growth of a kinder and more Christian spirit. . . .

"His career in the Ministry was not a very prosperous one measured by the world's standard. He was called to no eminent charge. His words were not chronicled in newspapers. No crowded congregation hung on his lips. He was a simple Parish Minister trying to do his Master's will, and feeling honoured by the position to which his Master had called him.

"Beginning his Ministry at Aucharacle in Argyleshire, he was, after four years, translated to the Parish of Ardnamurchan—that immense parish which stretches along the western sea-board for miles. There he laboured cheerfully and successfully among a kind and devoted people for nine years. It was a parish that, which to work thoroughly, entailed immense bodily fatigue; distances were great, but by boat or on horseback, the faithful Pastor found his way to the most outlying districts. He loved Ardnamurchan and the sea, and would never, I believe, have left it if he had not been compelled to do so from the state of his health.

"Most of you remember his coming to Laggan at the unanimous request of the Congregation then worshipping in the Church, and all of you know what his ministry here has been. He had his faults, but how few they were compared with his virtues. His impetuosity, which was the side of his character on which perhaps he tended to err, was prompted always by a thorough conviction that he was in the right. He was a pure-minded simple-hearted man, with the guilelessness of a child. I never knew one more guileless and free from double dealing. He was intensely single-minded, and absolutely disinterested in all his dealings. You never could mistake him. As he was at College, so he continued to the last—a true Highlander full of Celtic fire, fond of his

kindred, of his country, of its language, of its mountains, brave and full to the brim of courage. I don't think he knew what fear was. . . . . .

"His character was tried at the last as the character of few is tried. With the sentence of death hanging over him for weeks, with pain unceasing and no hope of recovery, his faith never wavered. He looked the last enemy in the face with an unquivering eye. For him, resting on his Saviour, with the everlasting arms around him, death had no terror. He told me that he was full of thankfulness to God for his goodness to him throughout his life, and especially for continuing his faculties to him to the end. If he had sorrow, it was for those he was leaving, not for himself. "Be kind to my Mother," were almost his last words as he bade farewell to his aged parent, who had, indeed, been a true mother to him. His death-bed was a peaceful scene. Kind friends and parishioners of all denominations were unceasing in their attention and inquiries. His colleague in the Parish—the Minister of the Free Church—stood more than once at his bedside, and prayed fervently with him and the sad household. May he, when his time comes, not want a man of God to render to him the same holy and blessed ministry he rendered to your Pastor. So your Minister—my friend of many years—passed to his rest in God. The grass on his grave in Laggan Churchyard will soon grow green, and other interests will cause him to pass out of mind—no one can be long remembered on earth. But to-day his memory is warm among you. . . . . Unselfish, true-hearted, brave-spirited Christian soul! We sorrow that thou art gone from us—most of all, that we shall see thy face on earth no more. But we sorrow not without a sure hope of meeting thee again in the land of peace and joy." . . . . .

21. DUNCAN SHAW MACLENNAN.
1881——

The present Incumbent. Translated from Kilcolmonell and Kiberry. Called by the congregation, and admitted as Minister of Laggan, 8th July, 1881. A faithful, upright, and devoted Minister, Mr Maclennan has won the esteem and good-will of all classes of the community. Taking a warm and sincere interest in the welfare of the people of Laggan, he has proved a judicious and prudent counsellor, as well as a most reliable and true-hearted friend.

Soon after the Secession of 1843, the Free Church of Laggan were fortunate in securing the services of the Rev. Dugald

Shaw, who for a period, now extending to nearly half a century, has ministered with great acceptance to that Congregation. While ever earnest and active during his long ministry in promoting the life and work of the Congregation committed to his care, Mr Shaw's sermons and prayers have been characterised by an unction, delightful quaintness of expression, and personal directness of application, peculiarly his own. The Free Church of Laggan having been unfortunately burnt down some years ago, the present comfortable and handsome edifice was erected on the same site; and mainly through the unwearied efforts and persuasive appeals of Mr Shaw, is now entirely free from debt. Although he has already attained such an advanced age, it is, I am sure, the sincere wish of the whole body of the Parishioners that he may be spared for many years to come, and long be able in health and strength to go out and in among the members of his attached Congregation. Mr Shaw's only daughter is married to the Rev. Murdo Mackenzie, the worthy and popular successor of the late venerated Rev. Dr Mackay, in the ministry of the Free North Church of Inverness.

"If men were free to take, and wise to use
The fortunes richly strewn by kindly chance,
Then kings and mighty potentates might choose
To live and die lords of a Highland manse.
For why? Though that which spurs the forward mind
Be wanting here, the high-perched glittering prize,
The bliss that chiefly suits the human kind
Within this bounded compass largely lies—
The healthful change of labour and of ease,
The sober inspiration to do good,
The green seclusion, and the stirring breeze,
The working hand leagued with a thoughtful mood;
These things, undreamt by feverish-striving men,
The wise priest knows who rules a Highland glen."

17th APRIL, 1889.

Mr D. Munro Fraser, H.M. Inspector of Schools, Glasgow, was elected a member of the Society at this meeting. Thereafter Mr Colin Chisholm read a paper entitled "A Collection of Unpublished Gaelic Songs, with Notes." Mr Chisholm's paper is as follows:—

A COLLECTION OF UNPUBLISHED GAELIC SONGS, WITH NOTES.

The following memento, or "cuimhneachan," was written by Rev. Ranald Rankin, C.C., and given by him to the children his congregation at Moidart, when he was parting with them Australia, in 1855. I have heard several verses of his com-sition, the most humorous of these I remember is his "Address the Railway Engine," which was included in a former paper that read before this Society (see Vol. XII., p. 153. The Rev. anald Rankin (W.D.), Australia, died in 1863, aged 64.

TALADH AR SLANUIGHIR.

Air fonn—"*Cumha Mhic Arvis.*"

Aleluiah, Aleluiah, Aleluiah, Aleluiah.
Mo ghaol, mo ghradh, a's m' fheudail thu,
M' ion'ntas ur a 's m' eibhneas thu,
Mo mhacan aluinn ceutach thu,
Cha 'n fhiu mi fein bhi 'd dhail.
Aleluiah, &c.

Ge 'mòr an t-aobhar cliu dhomh e,
'S mòr an t-aobhar curaim e,
'S mòr an t-aobhar umhlachd e,
Righ nan dùl 'bhi 'm laimh.

Ge d' is leanamh diblidh thu,
Cinnteach 's Righ nan Righrean thu,
'S tu 'n t-oighre dligheach, firinneach
Air Rioghachd Dhé nan gràs.

Ge d' is Righ na glorach thu
Dhiult iad an tigh-osda dhuit,
Ach chualas ainglean solasach
'Toirt gloir do'n Tì is àird.

Bu mhòr solas agus ioghnadh
Buachaillean bochda nan caorach,
'Nuair chual iad na h-ainglean a' glaodhaich,
"Thainig Slanui'ear thun an t-saoghail."

B' e sin an ceol, 's an naigheachd aghmhor
'Sheinn na h-ainglean anns na h-ardaibh,
Ag innseadh gu'n d' rugadh Slanui'ear
Am Betlehem, am baile Dhaibhidh.

B' e sin sgeula binn nam beannachd,
Mu'n aoidh a rinn tearnadh gu talamh,
Cha 'n ioghnadh mi 'bhi muirneach, geanail,
Is gile na ghrian mo leanamh.

Dh' fhoillsich reulta dha na righrean,
Lean iad i mar iuil gu dileas,
Fhuair iad 'n am achlais fhein thu,
Is rinn iad umhlachd dhuit gu lar.

Thairg iad or dhuit, mirr a's tuis,
Thug iad aoradh dhuit a's cliu,
B' e turas an aigh do 'n triuir,
'Thainig a shealltuinn mo ruin.

'O na dh' innis aingeal Dé dhuinn
Gu'n robh 'n fhoill an cridhe Heroid,
Dh' fhalbh sinne leat do'n Eiphit
G' a sheachnadh mu'n deanta beud ort.

O ! 'Heroid a chridhe chruaidh,
Cha choisinn t'imleachd dhuit buaidh,
'S lionar mathair dh'fhag thu truagh,
'S tu dian an toir air bàs mo luaidh.

'S fhada, fhada, bho Iudea,
Tearuinte bho d' chlaidheamh geur e,
'Measg nam mac cha d'fhuair thu fein e,
'S fallain, slan thu, 's fath dhomh eibhneas.

Dh' aindeoin do mhi-rinn a 's t'fharmaid,
Bidh mo mhac-sa cliuiteach, ainmeil,
Cha chuir e uigh an òr n'an airgiod,
A rioghachd cha rioghachd thalmhaidh.

Gur galàch, brònach, tùrsach iad
An drast ann an Ierusalem,
A' caoidh nam macan ùra sin,
'S b' e 'n diubhail 'n cur gu bàs.

Tha Rachel an diugh fo bhròn,
A' caoidh a paisdean aluinn, òg,
'S frasach air a gruaidh na deoir
Bho nach 'eil iad aice beò.

Tha mi 'g altrum Righ na mòrachd,
'S mise mathair Dhe na gloire—
Nach buidhe, nach sona dhomhsa,
Tha mo chridhe làn do sholas.

Thainig, thainig am Messiah,
Fhuair na faidhean uile 'n guidhe,
'S fhada bho 'n b' aill leo thu thighinn,
'S aluinn thu air mo ruighe.

A ghnothach gu talamh cha b' fhaoin e,
Cheannach sabhaladh chloinn daoine,
'S e 'm Fear-reite 's am Fear-saoraidh,
Is e 'n Slanui'ear gradhach caomh e.

Ciamar a dh' eirich dhomhsa
'Measg an t-sluaigh a bhi cho sonruicht' ?
'S e toil a's cumhachd na gloire
Mac bhi agam ge d' is oigh mi.

'S mise fhuair an ulaidh phrìseil,
Uiseil, uasal, luachmhor, fhinealt,
'N diugh cha dual dhomh bhi fo mhighean,
'S coltach ri bruadar an fhirinn.

Cha tuig ainglean naomh no daoine
Gu la deireannach an t-saoghail
Meud do throcair a's do ghaoil-sa,
Tighinn a ghabhail coluinn daonnta.

Bheir mi moladh, bheir mi aoradh,
Bheir mi cliu dhuit, bheir mi gaol dhuit,
Tha thu agam air mo ghairdean,
'S mi tha sona thar chloinn daoine.

Mo ghaol an t-suil a sheallas tlà,
Mo ghaol an cridh 'tha liont 'le gràdh,
Ged is leanamh thu gun chàil
'S lionmhor buaidh tha ort a' fàs.

M' ulaidh, m' aighear, a's mo luaidh thu,
Rùn, a's gaol. a's gràdh an t-sluaigh thu ;
'S tus' an Tì a bheir dhoibh fuasgladh
Bho chuibhreach an namhaid uaibhrich.

'S tu Righ nan righ, 's tu naomh nan naomh,
Dia am Mac thu 's siorruidh t'aois ;
'S tu mo Dhia 's mo leanamh gaoil,
'S tu àrd cheann-feadhna 'chinne-daonn'.

'S tusa grian gheal an dòchais,
Chuireas dorchadas air fògairt ;
Bheir thu clann-daoin' bho staid bhrònaich
Gu naomhachd, soilleireachd, a's eòlas.

Thigeadh na sloigh chur ort failte—
Dheanadh umhlachd dhuit mar Shlanui'ear,
Bidh sòlas mòr am measg siol Adhamh—
Thainig am Fear-saoraidh, thainig!

Thig a pheacaich, na biodh sgàth ort,
Gheibh thu na dh' iarras tu 'ghrasan ;
Ge d' bhiodh do chiontan dearg mar sgàrlaid
Bidh t'anam geal mar shneachd nan àrd-bheann.

Hosanah do Mhac Dhaibhidh,
Mo Righ, mo Thighearna, 's mo Shlanui'ear,
'S mòr mo shòlas bhi 'ga d' thàladh,
'S beannaichte am measg nam mnai mi.

The following lament was composed by the late C
Donald Chisholm, at Musselburgh, for his son Archibald Chi
who died in India :—

CUMHADH CHAPTAIN SHISEAIL DO MHAC, GILLEASBAIG SI

A FHUAIR BAS ANNS NA H-INNSEAN, DOL NA 19 A DH'AOIS.

AIR FONN—Och ! Ochain ! 's mi trom inntinneach,
'S nach urrainn mi ga innseadh dhuibh.

D'fhalbh mo Leanabh fada bhuam,
Air a chuan 's na h-Innseannan,
Och, Ochain, &c.

Gur e bhas aig Serampore,
A d' fhag fo 'bhron 's fo 'mhi-ghean mi.

Air mo chridhe rinn e crua'ach',
Co chruaidh 's nach gluaiseadh ligh'chean e.

Ach an t-Athair, a b'fhearr coir air,
Cum mo bhron gun mhi-mhodh dhuit,

Gabh mo Leanabh fo' do churam,
O 'n bha run 's inntinn dhuit.

'S mor bha earbsa as do throcair,
'S as gach gloir a dh'inn's thu dha.

As tric a fhuair mi e ri urnuidh,
Air a ghluinibh diblidh dhuit.

Bha barail mhath aige air cach,
Ach bha e ghnath ga dhiteadh fein.

Cul-chainnt cha 'n eisdeadh a chluas,
Ge b'e co bhuaithe thigeadh i.

Bho bheul cha d' thainig mi-stuaim,
A chuireadh gruaim no mi-ghean orm.

Gar an robh a sporan lan,
Bha chridhe tla do 'n dilleachdan.

'S tha mi nise ann an dochas,
Gu'n seinn e gloir gu siorruidh dhuit.

John Mackenzie, in his "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," gives six ses of the following popular song. I give eight verses, as well the name of the poet. It was Christopher Macrae. He was schoolmaster in Kintail in the latter part of the last century. I ve heard verses of other sweet songs he composed. To disnguish him from his neighbours, he was called "Gillecriosd asal":—

FAILTE DHUT A'S SLAINTE LEAT.

Luinneag.

Fàilte dhut a's slainte leat,
Fàilte chuirinn a 's do dhéigh;
Fàilte dhut a 's slainte leat,
Fàilte chuirinn a 's do dheigh.

'Se mo rùn an Gàel laghach,
Gur tu a thaghainn 's cha b'e 'n Gall;
Ort a thig na h-airm air thaghadh,
Os ceann adharc chrios nam ball.
Fàilte dhut, etc.

Ach gur e mo ghaol an Crathach
Oganach deas flathail treun,
'S truagh nach robh mi 's tu fad seachdain,
Anns an stachd sam bi na feidh.
Fàilte dhut, etc.

Eadar Cluanaidh ghorm 's Braigh-choilich,
'S tric a leag thu lan damh croichd,
Bhiodh do ghillean tighinn gu baile,
Sithinn bhiatachd dhaibh mar choir.
Fàilte dhut, etc.

'S tu sealgair a's dirich amharc,
'S geal an aingeal th'ann ad ghleus ;
'S tric do luaidhe ghlas na siubhal,
'S i gu fuilteach, guineach, geur.
Fàilte dhut, etc.

Bu tu nàmh'd a chapuill-choille,
'S a bhric an doire nan stùc ;
Marbhaich a bhric ris a choinneil,
'S a choilich anns a choille dhluth.
Fàilte dhut, etc.

'S math thig siud dhut air do ghiulan,
Flasg anns am bi fùdar gorm,
'S aithreach leam nach d'rinn mi 'cùis riut,
Ged a bhiodh iad diumbach orm.
Fàilt dhut, etc.

Leat cha'n iarrainn seòmar cadail,
No clàraidh leap 'bhi ri m' thaobh ;
B' annsa bhi le m' ghaol 's le m' aighear,
'N aros nan aighean 's nan laogh.
Fàilte dhut, etc.

Fhir chaidh timicheall an rugha,
Tha mi dubhach as do dheigh ;
Gus am faic mi, ghaoil, thu rithisd,
Gu'n robh gach slighe dhut rèidh.
Fàilte dhut, etc.

In a former occasion I read a paper before this Society in I gave, from memory, nine verses of the following lament derick Mackenzie, ninth Laird of Farbrainn. Through the ess of a friend, I am now able to give eleven verses, ly the whole of the composition :—

CUMHA DO RUAIRIDH, FEAR FARBRAINN.

Sgith mi ag amharc an droma
Far bheil luchd nan cul donna fo bhron;
Ann am Farbrainn an tuir so,
Far am bu shilteach an suilean le deoir;
Lot an suilean dha 'n gearan,
Bas Ruairidh, Mhic Alastair Oig;
Gum bu dhalta 'Righ Álb' thu,
'S oighre dligheach air Farbrainn an coir.

'S iomadh cridhe bha deurach,
An àm dhol fodha na greine Diluain,
Aig a' chachaileidh 'n dé so,
'S an deach na h-eachaibh 's na seis as thoirt uaibh;
Shil air suilean do pheidse,
Sud an acaid a leum orra cruaidh;
Ach 'sann ann a bha ghair bhochd
Dha do thogail air ghairdean an t-sluaigh.

Gur a tursach am bannal,
A th' anns an tur mheallach a thamh;
Tha do Bhaintighearn og, galach—
Bhean uasal, chiùin, fharasda, thlà!
Tha do pheathraichean deurach;
Stric an cuailean gun réiteach an drast;
Mur h-eil Coinneach ri fhaodainn,
Theid a' choinneal a threigsinn gun smàl.

Na'm bu daoine le 'n ardan
A bhiodh coireach ri d' fhagail an cill,
Mur a marbht' ann am blar thu,
'Casgadh maslaidh as taire do 'n Righ,
Cha'n 'eil duine no paisde
A b'urrainn biodag a shathadh no sgian,
Nach biodh uil' air do thoireachd,
Eadar Cataobh 's Caol Rònach nan ian.

Bho 'n a dh'fhagadh 's a chrùids thu,
'S beag ar n-aighear 's ar sùnnt ris a cheol,
Bu leat àbhachd na duthcha,
'Nuair a shuidheadh gach cùis mar bu chòir.
Bu leat Conainn gu h-iasgach,
Agus Monair gu fiadhach, a sheòid,
Oidhche Challainn na 'm b' àill leat,
Gheibhte bradan o'n Fhàineas gu d' bhòrd.

'N am sgaoileadh nam macan,
Gun robh uaisle a's ceartas a' fàs,
Cha bu chùbaire gealtach,
Ach curamach, smachdail, gun sgath,
Ri am tional na tuatha
Cha b' ann agartach cruaidh mu na mhàl,
Bhiodh na bochdan ag eigheachd
"Gun robh fortan mhic Dhe dhuit an dàn."

Dh' eireadh sud 's an Taobh-tuath leat,
Mac-Coinnich, le shluagh air an ceann,
Nall o Leoghas, na h-Earadh,
Cinn-t-saile, Loch-Carunn, 's Loch-Aills';
Bu leat armuinn na Comraich,
Agus pairt dh' fhearaibh donn 'Innse-Gall,
Mar sud a's siol 'Ille-Chaluim,
'S iad a' dioladh na fola gu teann.

But leat na Gordanaich riòghail,
Luchd a chruadail gun mhi-chliù an camp,
'S e sud an cinneadh nach striochdadh,
Gus an cailleadh iad direach an ceann;
Clann-an-Tòisich nam pios leat,
Bha iad crosda 'nuair shineadh am fearg;
'S mur deachaidh fad air mo chuimhne
Thigeadh brod Chlann-'ic-Aoidh leat a nall.

Dh' eireadh sud mu do ghuaillibh,
Na'n cluinnt' thu bhi 'n cruadal no 'n càs
Clann Eachainn nan Roibnean,
'S cha bu ghealtach an toiseachadh blair;
Bhiodh da shlios Locha-Braon leat,
'S ged bhitheadh cha b' ioghnadh leam e,
Mar sud 's a Choigeach Chinn-Asainn,
Dha do chomhnadh, fhir ghasda, 's an spairn.

Righ gur mis' tha fo mhulad,
'S beag m' aighear 's mo shunnt ris a cheòl ;
'S mi gun duine m' an cuairt domh,
Ris an gearain mi uair de mo bhròn.
Tha mo stuic air am maoladh,
Gus an cinnich na maotharain òg,
Ma 's a toileach le Dia e,
Na'm bu fad' ach an lion iad do chòt'.

'S tim dhomh sgur dheth mo mhulad—
Mo chreach leir mi cha bhuidhnig e bonn,
'S ann is fheudar dhomh sgur dheth ;
Na d'dheigh theid gach duin' air an fhonn.
Mar na coilltichean connaidh,
Tha na saighdean a' pronnadh nan sonn ;
Sgith mi dh' amharc an droma
Far bheil luchd nan cul donna gu trom.

The maker of this merry song describes the charms, and mentions several admirers, of Betsy, the daughter of the host at Sub-gharrgan :—

'S fheudar dhomh bhi beo
Ged a robh thu 'm dhith,
Cia mar gheibh mi smuairean
A chumail dhiom.

'S ann san Luib tha chaileag,
Dha 'n tug mi'n gaol falaich,
Ma ni i mo mhealladh
'S arrabanach mi.
'S fheudar, etc.

Betaidh, fhir na Luibe,
'S mor a ghabh mi loinn dhi',
M' aisling feadh na h-oidhche,
Mu na mhaidean ghrinn.
'S fheudar, etc.

'S i mo ghaol an ainnir
Dha 'n tig breid is anart,
'S iomadh diuc is baran,
D' fharraideas co i.
'S fheudar, etc.

'S i mo ghæol an steudag,
'S deise theid na h-eideadh,
Coimeas do 'n a ghrein
'Nuair a dh' eireas i.
'S fheudar, etc.

Cha 'n urra mi aireamh,
Na th'air thi' do thaladh,
'S ann diubh Fearachar taillear,
Murachadh Bàn, 's mi fhin.
'S fheudar, etc.

Tha fear eile an drasta
'S e air tì do thaladh,
Fleasgach de chlann Thearlaich
'Sa chaoirich ard an glinn.
'S fheudar, etc.

'S ann diubh Donul Grigor,
Giullan boidheach, sgiobalt,
Posaidh e gun fhios i,
Thuirt e sud rium fhin.
'S fheudar, etc.

Ged tha Donul boidheach,
'S e cho binn ri smeorach,
Ni thu mar 's coir dhuit
Posaidh tu mi fhin.
'S fheudar, etc.

LAOIDH AN SPIORAID NAOIMH.

O thig a nuas, a Spiorad Naoimh,
A shealltainn anmannan do ghaoil,
'Us lion ar cridh' le d' ghrasan caomh,
A Chruthadair a' chinne-dhaoin'.

'S tu ar Comhfhurtair 's gach cas,
'S tu gibht' ro-naomh an Dé a's àird',
'S tu 'm fuaran beò, an teine, 'n gràdh
'Us ùngaid spioradail an àigh.

Tha do thiodhlaicean seachd fillt',
Miar deas-lamh Dhé thu 'thriath gach ni,
'S tu gealladh 'n Athar naoimh le cinnt,
Bhuat-sa thig deas-labhairt cinn.

O las le d' sholus ar ceud-faith,
'Us taom a nuas na 'r cridh' do ghradh,
Cum ri 'r nàdur lag do lamh,
'Us thoir dhuinn neart, 'us feart, 'us càil.

Ar naimhdean fuadaich fada bhuainn,
'Us builich oirnn do shith gu buan,
Bi ad iuil dhuinn fad ar cuairt.
'S gu'n seachainn sinn gach béud 'us truaigh.

Deonaich dhuinne eolas fior
Air an Athair 'us air Criost',
'S annad 'fhein 'tha bhuap' 'ad Dhia,
Creideamaid a nis 's gu sior.

Gloir gu'n robh gu sior gun tamh,
Do 'n Athair 'us do Mhac a ghraidh,
A rinn an aiseirigh bho 'n bhàs,
'Us dhuts' a Chomhfhurtair nan gràs.

SEINNEAM LAOIDH DO CHORP CHRIOST.

Theanga, seinn le caithrim cheòl-bhinn,
Diomhaireachd Corp glormhor Chriost',
Agus 'Fhala prìseil, mòrail,
'N 'eiric chòrr a dhiol ar fiach,
Toradh cuim ro-naoimh na h-Oighe,
'Dhòirt àrd righ gach slòigh gu fial.

Dhuinne thugadh, dhuinne rugadh,
Leis an Oigh nach d' fhuilig béud ;
Bhos air talamh labhair 's thuinich,
Sgaoil 'us chuir e facal Dhe' ;
'N dòigh 'na chrioch e cuairt a thurais,
S' ionadh dhuinne 's do chùirt nèamh.

Aig an t-suipeir, oidhche 'a Phàise,
Shuidh le 'bhraithrean sios gu biadh,
'S choimhlion e an lagh gun fhàillinn,
'S na deas-ghnathan 'dh' òrdaich Dia ;
'S thug e 'chorp—'s e beò na 'n làthair—
As a laimh do'n dà fhear dhiag.

Le cumhachd 'fhacail naoimh tha Criosta
'Tionndadh arain fhior gu 'Fheòil,
'Sa 'tionndadh fiona gu 'Fhuil dhiadhaidh—
Ged nach tùr sinn 'mhiorailt mhòr,
Foghnaidh creideamh dhuinn mar fhianis,
Biodh an cridhe dian gun ghò.

'Shacramaid, tha sinn le umhlachd,
'Toirt dhut aoraidh, cliù, 'us gloir';
Riochd an t-Seann-lagh chuireadh cùl ris,
'San Lagh-ur tha'n fhir-bheachd chòrr;
Ged nach tuigear le 'r ceud-fàthan,
Creideamh cha dian fàillinn òirnn.

Glòir do'n Athair, 's glòir do'n Mhac,
'S glòir co-cheart do'n Spiorad Naomh—
Cliù 'us aighir, onoir 's neart,
Slainte 's beannachadh a chaoidh—
Trianaid chumhachdach nam feart,
Molamaid mu seach 's mar aon. Amen.

URUAIGH NA SACRAMAIDE.

Deagh do bheatha Chuirp Chriosta,
Deagh do bheatha Righ na 'm feartean,
Deagh do bheatha fhuil is fheoil,
Deagh do bheatha phor na'n gràs,
Deagh do bheatha Dhiadhachd Naomh,
Deagh do bheatha dhaonndachd cheart.
Bho 'n thoilich thu teachd,
Fo sgeimh arain a chuirp shlain,
Leighis m' anam bho gach olc,
Ormsa nochdaidh mar a ta,
A Thrianaid naomh, gun deireadh gun tus
Na bidh t'fhearg rium na's mòdh,
Bath m' uilc am fuil do ghràs,
Failte dhut a Mhoire sa Dhia. Amen.

Before I left London the following very good Gaelic translati of "Auld Langsyne" came to me by post. I laid it careful aside, and discovered it recently in the leaves of a MS. Th

whom I take to be the translator, simply endorsed the us—"O Dhonnachadh Sdiuard do Chailean Siseal. 'Auld ne' air a thionndadh gu caint mhilis nam beann":—

NA LAITHEAN CIAN.

'N coir seann luchd eolais dol air chul,
'S gun tigh'nn gu brath gu cuimhn',
'N coir seann luchd eolais dol air chul,
'S na laithean bh' ann o' chian.

Luinneag.

Air sgath nan laithean cian a ghraidh,
Air sgath nan laithean cian,
Gu'n gabh sinn cupan cairdeil lan,
Air sgath nan laithean cian.

Bhith trusadh neoinean feadh nam bruach,
B'e siod aon uair ur miann,
Ach 's iomadh ceum sgith a shiubhail sinn,
O laithean bh' ann a chian.
Air sgath nan, etc.

Bha sinn araon a cluich 's na h-uilt,
Gu h-oich' o'n chite ghrian,
Ach bheuchd na cuaintean eadar-uinn,
O laithean bh' ann o chian.
Air sgath nam, etc.

Sin mo lamh-sa chairid chaomh,
'S thoir dhomh 's do lamh 's gun ghiamh,
'S gu'n gabh sin tarruinn fhialaidh lan,
Air sgath nan laithean cian.
Air sgath nan, etc.

'S co cinnteach sa bhios tusa stop,
Bidh 'm fhearsa air bord le 'm mhiann,
'S gheibh sinn cupan cairdeil lan
Air sgath nan laithean cian.
Air sgath nan, etc.

MARBHRANN AIR IAIN SIOSAL, *i.e.*, FEAR CHNOIC-FHINN AN STRATHGHLAIS, A CHAOCHAIL, ANN AM BLIADHNA 1810 [redacted]. LE ALASTAR OG A BHA 'M BAILECHLADAICH.

'S ann mu thoiseach na 'm faoileach,
Fhuair mi naigheachd nach caomh leam ri sheinn,
Mu 'n tra anamoch Di h-aoine,
Gun bhuail saighead bho'n aog fear Chnoic-fhinn,
'S cruaidh leam acan do dhaoine,
Mathan galach cha 'n ionadh do dheigh,
'S do bhean og ga do chaoine,
'S ann oirre s' fhaide bhios saoil a do dheigh.

Tha do planntanan oga,*
Air an lionadh lan bron a do dheigh,
Mar sin 's Deadh Mhac do Pheathar,
Agus Cloinn Bhrathair t'athair 's e fein,
'Chraobh mhullaich a b'airde,
Bhi air tuiteam mu 'n d'fhàs a cuid geug
Dh-fhag do cheile fo chrà lot,
'Si bhi cumha gu brach a do dheigh.

'Strom do chinneadh ga t'iargainn,
'S do cheann fine lan siorrachd do dheigh,
Cha bhiodh t'fhuil uaibhreach gun dioladh,
Na 'm bann le naimhdean a riabt do chreibh,
S lionmhor Siosalach mor,
Rachadh fo armachd a comhnadh chum feum,
Bhuaileadh sporan ri ord,
Aig na cuiridh ga seoladh ri gleus.

Chaill an Righ ceannas feachd,
Bhuinnigeadh cis far a faltrich air cach,
Nuair dheireadh na Glaisich,
Na fir mhor fo do bhratach gun sgá,
B' fhior Chaiptean air sluagh thu,
Sheasadh dana an cruadal a bhlair,
Gun lean sud ribh mar dhualchas,
Nach cuireadh lasar no luaidhe oirbh sgá.

* The "planntanan oga" alluded to here were the six sons of Fear Chn[redacted]aic-fhinn. "Deagh Mhac do Pheathar" was the Rev. Colin Grant, for some t[redacted]air missionary priest in Nova Scotia, where he died. "Cloinn Bhrathar t'at[redacted]er, 's e fein" were the two Bishops Chisholm, who died at Lismore, their sis[redacted]e, Mrs Allan Chisholm, late of Kerrow, and their venerable father, Valent[redacted] who died at Inchully, aged 96

Troidh as cuimir an caiscart,
'Sas boidhche ni coiseachd air straid,
Claidheamh geur air do chruachan,
Boineit iteach ort suas as coc-ard,
N'am b'ann an Cogadh no'n cruadal,
Rachadh saighead a bhualadh na t'fleoil,
'S lionmhor cuiridh lan misnich,
Dh'eiridh leats' as na Friosalaich òg.

Na 'n tigheadh eigin na càs ort,
Bhiodh Mac Shimidh bhon Aird leat a nios,
Oighre dligheach Chuilbaice,
Dol air thus a bhatalain gun fhiamh,
Uaislean Easgadal 's Aigais
'S iad nach tilleadh le sgà san dol sios,
'S bu mhath gu buannachd na larach,
Nuair a ghluaist iad gu ardan na crioch.

Bu ghniomh faoin dha do namhaid,
Thighinn le baoghal na fath air do chul,
Leat a dh'eiridh Mac Phadric,
Agus tighearna bhraidhe sa thall,
Na fir ghasda nach failnich,
Bu mhath gu buannachd na larach le camp,
Racheadh sios leat sa charraid,
Le lús ghairdean a taruinn na lann.

'S lionmhor fine thig ga d' chomhnadh,
Mu 'n leigte do leoin a measg Ghall,
Leat dh'eireadh Cloinn Donuill,
'S Mac Mhic Alastair og air an ceann,
Ann an cogadh na Righrean,
Fhuair mi mach gur i an fhirinn a bh'ànn,
Nach d' fhuair Sasuinn fo chis sinn,
Nam biodh Alba cho dileas san 'àm.

Sgeul nach duilich do shloinneadh,
Ann a brod Cloinne-Choinnich so thal,
Na fir ardanach uasal,
'S ceann an fheigh dhaibh mar shuaicheantas ri crann,
'S iad a thigheadh sa bhuaileadh,
'N àm tarruing na truaille dheth lann,
Gum faicte na 'n cruachan,
Luchd nan casagan ruadh ann am fang.

Gur lionmhar stuth uaibhreach,
Tha direadh ri do ghruaidhean gu h' ard,
Fuil Sir Eoghan nam bratach,
Leis an eireadh na gaisgich san spairn,
Bhiodh na naimhdean ga 'n gearan,
'S iad a call an cuid fala ann sa bhlar,
Aig na laoich bu mhor meanmna,
Rachadh sios leat gu dearbhadh do leois.

Ach gur mor mo chuid artail,
'S mi bhi cluinntinn 's a faicinn mar tha,
Gun d' fhuair innleachd fir Shasuinn,
Comas comhnuidh na t'aitreabh a thamh,
An dara ceannas bu shinne,
Deth 'n t-seann linn de na chinneadh a b'fhearr,
Crion a n 'ionad nan saoidhean,
Mac a Ghoill thigh 'n an taobh so na d' ait'.

Gum b' e 'n caraiche an saoghal,
Le chuid faileasan faoine gun sta,
Smairg a ghabhadh droch mhisneachd,
Na dheilegeadh briste bhi dha,
Mar bha Iob air a cheusadh,
Le lotan lan chreuchdan gu bhas,
An deigh chuid cloinne agus fheudal,
A sgrios bhuaidh mu 'n d'eirich sud dha.

Nuair bhiodht 's tigh-osda,
Cha ba sgrubaire poit thu bha crion,
Cha b'e eigheachd nan stopan,
Bu mhian le do sheorsa riamh,
Ach goc am buideal as deabh i,
'S olar as i mu'n deonaich sinn triall,
Ge b'e dhianadh a traghadh,
'S tusa a b'urrainn a paidheadh sa diol.

'S goirt a ghaoir aig na feumnaich,
'S iad a cumha mu dheidhinn do bhàis,
'S iomadh fear agus te,
Fhuair cnodach gun éis air do sgà,
Gheibht a pocaid na feile,
Rud a bheireadh na feumnaich a cas,
'S cridhe farsuinn na ceille
Ga thoirt seachad gun eis air a laimh.

'Nuair thilleadh tu dhachaidh,
Gu tur meadhrach do bhaile le muirn,
Bhiodh mnai oga lan aiteas,
Na dc sheomraichean dait le surd,
'S iad fuaigheal air anart,
Ann an uinneagan glainne gun smuid,
Gheibht seanachas mu'n Fheinn ann,
Agus iomadaidh sgeul air a chul.

Gheibht am Biobull ga leughadh,
Aig do sgoilearan geura le tur,
'S deadh bhean-tighe na feile,
Cur an ceill daibh mar dh-fheumadh a chuis,
An àm dhaibh eiridh sa mhaduinn,
Agus sleuchdadh roi' chadal na h'oidhche,
Gu 'm bitheadh creud agus paidir,
Mar ri laoidh agus leadan ga 'n seinn.

24th APRIL, 1889.

At this meeting the following gentlemen were elected members ie Society, viz.:—Major Randle Jackson of Swordale, Evanton, -shire, a life member; Mr Cecil Kenard, Sconser Lodge, Skye; David Todd, Kingsburgh; Mr Gilbert Matheson, draper. rness; and Mr Peter Macintyre, of the Crofter's Commission, rliament Square, Edinburgh, ordinary members. Thereafter John Whyte read a paper contributed by the Rev. Archibald donald, Greenock, entitled "Some Hebridean Singers and their gs." Mr Macdonald's paper was as follows:—

SOME HEBRIDEAN SINGERS AND THEIR SONGS.

John MacCodrum, popularly known in his own day as "Iain : Fhearchair," was undoubtedly the greatest of our Hebridean ds. The MacCodrums were, I believe, a sept of the Macdonald , but the origin of the name is unknown, and the family seems e extinct. John MacCodrum has immortalised his birthplace a verse of "Smeorach Chloinn Domhnuill," a song composed in our of his favourite clan, and published in Mackenzie's eauties"—

"An Cladh Chothain rugadh mise
'N Aird-a-Runnair chaidh mo thogail,
Fradharc a chuain uaimhrich chuislich,
Nan stuadh guanach, cluaineach, cluicheach."

The works of this bard have never been published in a separate form, though the most famous of them have appeared in the collections of Stewart and Mackenzie. Since then, and within the last few years, two of his other songs, "Taladh Iain Mhuideartaich" and "Oran na h-Oige," have appeared in print for the first time, the former having been contributed by the Rev. John Macrury, Snizort, to Mr Sinclair's "Oranaiche," and the other by myself to the *Celtic Magazine*. "Oran na h-Oige" was taken down from the recitation of Donald Laing, Howmore, in South Uist, who died a few years ago, and who was really a marvellous repository of poetical lore. Though already in print, it is not out of place that it should be reproduced here, along with other effusions by the same bard, obtained from the same reciter. The Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness will thus possess a complete record of all that has been rescued from oblivion of the productions of a bard of whom his countrymen are justly proud. These poems, with one exception, published for the first time, are an interesting illustration of the length of time the works of a great, though untutored bard may be handed down by oral tradition.

ORAN NA H-OIGE.

An toiseach nam bliadhnaichean ur,
Deireadh gheamhraidhean ùdlaidh nam fras,
'Nuair is anmoiche dh' eireas a ghrian,
'S is lionmhoire 'shileas an sneachd ;
Bi gach leanabh, gach naoidhean bochd, maoth,
A' gabhail gu saothair 's gu cnead,
Ach geiread an fhailidh 's an fhuachd,
Nach faodar an gluasad bho nead.

'N toiseach Earraich thig Gearran fliuch, garbh,
Chuireas calluinn gach ainmhidh air ais,
Thig tein-adhair thig torrunn 'na deigh,
Thig gaillionn thig eireadh nach lag ;
Bi gach leanabh gach naoidhean bochd maoth,
Nach urrainn doibh innse 'de staid,
Gun eirbheirt, gun asdar, gun luth,
Gus an teirig an dudlachd air fad.

Mart tioram ri todhar nan crann,
A' sughadh gach allt 'us gach eas,
Gach luibh bhios an garadh no 'n coill,
Gun snodhach, gun duilleach, gun mheas ;

Bi turadh fuar fionnar gun bhlaths',
A' crubadh gach ail a thig ris,
Bi gach creutair 'n robh aiceid 's a' Mhart,
Tigh'n air eiginn o 'n bhas no dol leis.

Mios grianach ur feurach an aigh,
'M bi gach luibh a' cur blath os a ceann,
Nach boidheach bhi 'g arach gach luis,
Ur aluinn fo ghucaig 's fo dhriuchd!
Bi gach deoiridh 'n robh aiceid 's a' Mhart,
Fas gu boidheach snuadhmhor glan ur,
Le eirbheirt, le coiscachd, 's le cainnt,
'N deigh gach bochdainn 's gach sgraing chur air chul.

Bailc-Bhealltuinn* nan cuinneag 's nan stop,
'S nam measraichean mora lom-lan,
Trom torrach, le uibheau, 's le eoin,
Le bainne, le feoil, 's le gruth bàn;
Fasaidh gillean cho mear ris na féidh,
Ri mire ri leum 'us ri snamh,
Iad gun leth-trom, gun airtneul, gun sgios,
Sior ghreasad gu ire 's gu fas.

Mios dubharrach bruthainneach blath,
Bheir sineadh 'us fas air a' ghart,
Fasaidh gillean an iongantas mor,
Le iomadaidh bòsd agus beairt;
Iad gun stamhnadh gun mhunadh 'nan ceill,
Cuid de 'n nadur cho fiadhaich ri each,
'N duil nach 'eil e 's nach robh e fo 'n ghrein,
Ni chuireas riuth 'fein aig meud neart.

'N tusa 'n duine 'n robh iomadaidh bòsd,
C'uim 'nach d' amhairc thu foil air gach taobh,
'N e bhi beairteach seach iomadaidh neach,
No bhi taitneach mu choinneamh nan sul?

* Bailc-Bhealltuinn.—The word *bailc* is a good deal out of use in the sense which the bard uses it in "Oran na h-Oige." In the Highland Society's Dictionary the word bailceach is found meaning rainy—*pluvious*. Macleod & Dewar's Dictionary gives bailc among other meanings that of a flood—a mountain torrent. In this sense also it is found in "Mac Mhaighistir Iasdair's" "Marbhrann do Pheata Columain," signifying the flood, in allusion to the service done by the dove to Noah after his long imprisonment in the ark. MacCodrum, in his use of the word, gives the idea of the soft, dewy weather so desirable in May, and so productive of the fertility depicted in "Oran na h-Oige."

[redacted]

'N tigh creadha so 'm bheil thu 'n ad thamh,
Chois cheadhaig ni cnamh anns an uir,
Ma 's droch dheaghad* a bh'agad 's an fheoil,
Thig fathast dhuit doruinn 'g a' chionn.

Cia mar dh'eireas do n choluinn 'n robh 'm bosd,
'Nuair a theid i 's a' bhord-chiste dhluth ?
Cia mar dh'eireas do'n teanga 'n robh cheilg,
No do 'n chridhe bha deilbh a mhi-run ;
No do uinneagan buairidh nam miann,
Dh' fhad bruaillein a' d' inntinn bho thùs ?
'S grannada sloc anns an robh iad a' d' cheann,
'N deigh an stopadh le poll 'us le uir.

'N deigh a stopadh le poll 'us le uir
Anns a' closaich gun diu is beag toirt,
'S am beagan a thug thu leat sios,
Bheirear buileach e dhiot anns an t-sloc ;
Cia 'n aghaidh bu mhaisiche fiamh,
Cia do shuilean, cia t-fhiaclan, cia t-fhalt,
Cia na meoirean an glacaibh nan lamh,
Bha cur seachad gach spàirn a rug ort.

'Nuair a dh' fhalbhas an Samhradh ciuin blath,
Theid gach uamhar 's gach ardan air chul,
Bi cnuimhean 'g 'ur ithe 's 'g 'ur searg,
Ris an abair iad farmad 'us tnu ;
'Nuair nach foghainn na dh'fhoghnadh de'n bhiadh,
'S nach foghainn na lionas a bhru,
Cha robh bheairteas aig Solamh 's aig Iob,
'Na thoilicheadh comhlath do shuil.

Gur e 'n gaisgeach nach gealtach am bas,
Leis an coingeis an saoibhir no 'm bochd,
'Nuair a thilgeas e 'n gath nach teid iomrall,
Cho cuimseach ri urrachair a mhoisg ;
Cha 'n amhairc e dh' inbhe no dh'uaisl',
Ach gach ardan 's gach uamhar 'na thosd,
'S ni cinnteach shiol Adhamh o thùs',
Bas nadurr' 'us cunntas na chois.

* Ma 's droch dheaghad a bh' agad 's an fheoil.

The word *deaghad* is not uncommonly employed in North Uist in the [illegible] living, or morals. It appears to be a corruption of the English wo[illegible] though never used in Gaelic in the original sense of that word.

ery touching poem was composed by MacCodrum on the a number of the Macdonald clan emigrating to America. ng seems to have been composed in prospect of their ire; but tradition says that the greater number of the ff among the supposed emigrants were in a plot to get orer neighbours away, under the pretence that they themwere to accompany them across the Atlantic. The story at the conspirators carted a large quantity of what appeared aggage to Lochmaddy, the port of departure, but that their and boxes only contained peats! Those who were not in t—and among them, it is said, Macdonald of Griminish—ade genuine preparations to depart, and carried out their ns, even after the conspiracy was discovered, with feelings o be imagined than described; while the rest, satisfied y with the success of the *ruse*, returned to their respective

The song seems to have been composed before the plot ulged, as it makes no suggestion regarding the treachery as enacted :—

Moch 's mi 'g eiridh
Fo sprochd 's fo éislein,
Gur bochd mo sgeula
'S cha bhreug mo chainnt,
Ma 's sgeula fior e,
'S e sgeul is cianala,
Chualas riamh
Ann an Innse-Gall.
'S e sgeula mor e
Air bheagan solais,
'S e sgeula bhroin e
Gun cheol, gun fhonn;
'S e sgeul is truaighe
Chuala cluas e,
Air bheagan bunnachd
'S gur buan a chall.

'S e sgeul tha cruaidh e
Gu'n d' ghabh sibh fuadach,
Ar sar dhaoin'-uaisle
Gun ghruaim, gun sgraing;
Gu'n d' ghabh sibh fogradh,
'S cha b'ann 'g 'ur deoin,
Dha'n an tir nach b' eolach
An seors' ud ann.

Bi sinne bronach
Air cnoc 'nar onar,
'S e luchd ar foirneart
A bhuinigeas geall,
Gur eiginn striochdadh
Do luchd ar mi-run,
'S ar cairdean dileas
Dol fad o laimh.

'S e sgeul is cinntiche
Dhuinn r'a innse,
Ga 'n d' bhuail a chuibhl'* oirnn,
An tuinnse teann ;
Gu'n d' rug beul sios † oirnn,
Gun duil direadh,
Gu'n d' luidh am mi-fhortan
Air ar ceann.
Mu'n fhine phriseil
Bu mhisneachd righ sibh,
An am dal sios duibh
Sibh cruinn 's a' champ,
'S a sheasadh laidir
Ri aodann Spaintich,
'S nach traoight' ur n-ardan
Gun bhas nan Gall.

Gur bochd an sgathan
Bhi triall 'g 'ur n-ardaich,
Gun ann ach fasach
'Us larach lom,
Na tighean maiseach
Am biodh am pailteas,
An deigh an sgapadh
Gun chloich, gun chrann.

* Ga 'n d' bhuail a chuibhl' oirnn
Le tuinnse teann.

The word "cuibhle" in this connection probably means the wheel of fortune, or Providence. Iain Lom uses the word similarly in his elegy to Alasdair Dubh, Ghlinne-Garaidh—

"Thionndaidh cuibhl' air Clann Domhnuill,
'N treas a conspunn bhi bhuatha."

"Tuinnse" means the fatal blow which this wheel gave in the course of its revolution.

† "Beul sios" was an old phrase conveying a malediction. "Beul sios ort" was a strong expression of ill-will, and, though not now in use, is to be found in some of Campbell's West Highland tales.

Far 'm biodh a' choisir
Gu muirneach, ceolmhor,
'S na tighean mora
Bu bhoidheach greann ;
Bi comhlan ur ann
A danns' air urlar,
A lionadh bula*
'S gu'n chumhn' air *dram.*

Ar daoine fialaidh
Bha cliuiteach ciatach,
Nach d' fhuaireadh riamh
Ann a' fiar no feall,
Bha fearail fearrgha
Gun bhleid, gun anbharr,
Gun tnu, gun fharmad,
Gun chealg, gun sannt' ;
Iad ri falbh uainn
An dudlachd aimsreach,
Le uprait fairge
Is aingidh greann,
'Se smaoint an ànraid
Air mnaoi 's air paisdean,
Is goirt a rainig
Gach cridh' an com.

Mar nach b' àbhaist
Cha chluinn sinn lamhach,
Bi cadal samhach
Aig damh nan eang,
Caidlidh earba
Bheag nan gearr-chas,
Cha chluinn i farbhas
No stoirm 's a' ghleann.
Bho 'n dh'fhalbh Clann Dònuill
Nam brat 's nan rò-seol,
An fhine bhoidheach—
Bu nòs domh 'n dream !
Leis 'na dh'fhalbh a cheud uair
'S na bheil gu triall dhuibh,
Ri uine bliadhna
Cha 'n fhiach sinn plang.

*ula" is probably a corruption of the English word *bowl*, and refers to ashioned punch-bowl.

Tha 'n taod ch
Tha chuis ra'r
Cho cruaidh 's
'S a fearann da
Gun saorsa pla
Tha 'n t-sid air
Le gaoith 's le
'S an tuil air a
Bho thaobh na

Ar daoine finea
Socair, siobhall'
'N robh pailtea
Gun stri, gun s
B' e mais' 'ur b
Bhi sgaipteach
Bhi tapaidh, tr
Gu cur 'na 'che
Bhi reic ar n-ai
'S ar n-aite tain
'S e dh'fhag 'ur
Gu tursach tro
'Na bheil an la
Falbh am mair
Gun dad a dhai
Ach gu'n tig an

'S i Ghearmailt

Sinn nis 'nar traillean
Ma thig an namhaid,
Gur lag ar pairt dhiubh
'S ar n-aireamh gann.

Le mheud 's tha mhiann orm,
'S tha run air m' inntinn,
Cha 'n eol domh innse
Bho cheann gu ceann ;
Gach lasgair ur-ghlan
A chaidh an taobh ud,
Cha 'n eol domh chunntas
Bho thus mo rann.
Ach 's mor an dith
Air a' chearn 'so 'n righeachd,
Aig meud na h-ire
'G an tug sibh ann,
'S a nis bho 'n thriall sibh,
Le 'r cliu 's le 'r ciatabh,
Biodh beannachd Dhia leibh
'Gar dion 's gach ball.

Much of the foregoing is in the poet's happiest style, and although some of the verses, as we have them, are not lacking in obscurity, the poem is not unworthy of the poet's reputation.

The next of MacCodrum's unpublished poems I am giving you is an elegy composed to Alexander Macdonald of Kirkibost and Balranald better known in his day as "Alasdair Mac Dhomhaill." He was the seventh in succession of the Macdonalds of Balranald, of whom Alexander Macdonald of Edenwood, in Fifeshire, is the eleventh and present representative. Alasdair Mac Dhomhaill was married twice, both times with issue, and the Macdonalds of Penemuirean, in South Uist, are the representatives of the younger family. They are all the descendants of Donald Herrach Macdonald, who was a son of Hugh, first of Sleat, brother of John, last Lord of the Isles. He was called Domhall Herrach from the fact that his mother was a daughter of Macleod of Harris, where he was probably brought up. "Alasdair Mac Dhomhaill" was factor for Macdonald of Sleat over his Long Island property, and was a man held in much esteem by the people of North Uist. He was also renowned for his great physical strength. His tragic death is celebrated in the "Marbhrann." The channel which separates the island of Kirkibost from the main island of North

Uist is fordable at low water, and it is supposed that Macdonald, while crossing the sands, fell from horseback in a fit, and, before he regained consciousness, was drowned by the rising tide. The first two verses of the elegy refer to two other deaths by drowning which occurred about the same time, but the remainder of the poem is an eulogy on the virtues of "Alasdair Mac Dhomhaill" :—

Ach ge fada mi m' dhusgadh,
Gur a pailte le m' dhusal no m' thamh,
Gu bheil sac air mo ghiulan,
Agus aiceid 'g a' chiuradh le cradh ;
'S beag de sholas na duthcha,
Tha dhe m' chomhradh ri dhusgadh an traths',
'Na 'bheil a dhith air a chunntais,
Dh'fhag e sgith sinn 'g a' dhusgadh gach la.

Gur e fuaradh na Bealltuinn
Dh'fhag am bruaillein 'nar ceann gun bhi slan,
Sinn a' copadh gu frasach
Air na dh'ol na fir ghasda dhe 'n t-sàl ;
Ar sar chonnspuinn Gilleasbuig,
Agus Eoin a chuil chleachdaich mo ghradh !
Dh'fhag iad tairnean nar cridhe
Chaoidh cha slanuich aon lighich ach bàs.

Fhuair sinn fuaradh 'n a dheigh,
S' tric an ruaig ud 'g ar taghal a ghnath,
Dh'fhag fiamh gul air ar rosgaibh
Sinn uile ri acain 's nach nàr ;
Ar sar spailp a dhuin' uasal,
Bu deacair fhaotainn mu'n cuairt dhuin' ni b'fhearr,
Duine macanta-suairce,
Duine tapaidh gun tuaireapachd lamh.

Duine measarra cliuiteach,
Bha gu h-aoidheil 'na ghiulan 's na ghnaths',
Beul na firinn 's an t-sugraidh,
'S mor an dith air an duthaich do bhas ;
'S mor a' bhearn 'n ar daoin' uaisle,
Chaidh am maran 's an uair sin mu làr,
Dh' fhalbh ar tacsa 's ar reite,
Cuis is goirte do sheathar bhi fas.

Duine sgiamhach ri amharc,
Tha sud cianail 's tu d' luidhe fo 'n fhàd,
Bu cheann uidhe ro cheud thu,
'Nuair bu mhithich dhoibh triall air an t-sraid ;
Gheibhte slainteachan dumhail,
Agus traghadh air bulachan lan,
Urlar farsuing lom sguapte,
Far 'm bu tartarach fuaim bhrogan àrd.

Dol a dh'innse do phearsa,
Cha bu bhrideach ri t'fhaicinn air blar,
Cha d'fhuaireadh riamh ort cron cumail h,
Ged a dh'iarrt' thu bho d' mhullach gu d shàil ;
Duine smearail, deas, treubhach,
Bu sgafanta ceum air an t-sraid,
Bu cheann feadhna mor, beachdail,
Laidir teom thu neo-thais ann a' speirn.

Tha mi sgith dhe na roidean,
Cheart cho direach, 's cho comhnard, 's tha'n traigh,
'S ann a dhireas mi mhoin'each,
Bho nach cuimhneachan solais do charn,
Ann a' larach na coise,
Far nach d'fhuair thu cur solais air lar,
Luidh an t-Eug ort a thiota,
Aig an aon Dia tha fios mar a bha !

Righ ! gur h-oil leam do cheile
'N am luidh' agus eirigh 'us tamh,
I gun sunud air gair' eibhinn,
'S tu gun dusgadh 's a' leine chaoil bhain ;
'S lag a guallainn fo 'n eallaich,
Agus luasgan fo h-anail le cradh,
Chiorn a fagail 'n a h-onar,
Agus fad a' cur feoir ort 's a' charn.

Rug an dil oirnn am bliadhna,
'S goirt an sgrioba thug fiaclan an t saibh,
Mar tha fuaradh na bochdainn,
'S ann tha tuar air a' chnoc a bbi fas ;
Mallachd buan air an dosgaidh,
Thug i nainn na cinn stoca cho trath,
Mar a bhuaileadh a' chrois oirnn,
'S ann a fhuaireadh do chorp anns a bhàgh.

Bu tu beannachd na tuatha,
'S tu nach teannadh iad cruaidh mu'n a mhàl,
Ceann diadhaidh nan truaghan,
'Nuair a dh'iarradh iad fuasgladh na'n càs ;
Fhir a b'aon-fhillte cridhe,
'S tu gun chlaonadh gu sligheachan cearr,
'S tu nach buaineadh a bhuinig,
Air a chluain sin nach cuireadh am tarr.

Cha robh ar diobhail gun ghainne,
'S Di-ciadain mu dheireadh de 'n Mhaigh,
Ann an iochdar na sgeire,
Bha ar mi-stath so shoilleir le càch ;
Ann an uachdar a' chladaich,
Far nach d'fhuair thu tigh'n dhachaigh gu blaths',
Cas bu luaith air an astar,
Agus guallainn 'n robh neart air an t-snamh.

Gu'm b' e imrich an fhuathais
Anns a' mhaduinn 'nuair ghluaiseadh Di-mairt,
Gu'n robh frasan air gruaidhean,
Agus basan g' am bualadh le cràdh ;
Gu'n robh gruagan 'g an cireadh,
Daoine truagha 'g an spionadh gu làr,
Mar nach guidheadh neach riamh leat,
'S ann a dh'uidheamaich Dia dhuit am bàs.

We now pass "from grave to gay," from those more serious and pathetic efforts to others of a lively, sportive, and humorous description, a style of composition which was thoroughly characteristic of MacCodrum, whose sallies of wit are still remembered and quoted in his native island. One of the sprightliest and most amusing of his comic songs is "Oran a bhonn-a-sia," of which the following is an account:—A cattle dealer and farmer from Skye, called Roderick Macleod—or, from the name of his place, Ruairi Bhorlain—had occasion once to ferry live stock from Loch Ephort, in North Uist, across the Minch to Skye. Among others, the bard, who was as vigorous in body as in mind, was called upon to assist in taking the cattle on board. After this was accomplished, and the sails of the smack were about to be hoisted to catch the favouring breeze, MacCodrum received from the drover, as the reward of his services, what, in the uncertain light of eve, the poet's exuberant fancy imagined to be a guinea. In "Oran a bhonn-a-sia" he describes his reception of the gift, his thanks to

e generous donor, and the despatch of a messenger to the neighuring inn to get a part of the gold dissolved into mountain w. When the supposed guinea was presented in payment the *leau* may be imagined :—

Soraidh slan do 'n duin' uasal,
Thug dhomh an duais nach robh miothar,
'N deigh do 'n ghrein do 'na suidhe,
'S greis air tighinn de 'n oidhche ;
Gus 'n do rainig mi 'n teine,
Mo chridhe mire ri m' inntinn,
Ann an duil gur e *guinea*,
A rinn an duine dhomh shineadh.

Haoi o haoirn horo thall,
&c., &c.,
Cha cheil mi air cach,
Nach 'eil am bàidse leam gann.

Rinn mi fichead troidh *square*,
Agus barrachd a sgriobadh,
Urrad eile 's ni 's modha,
De mhodhanna siobhalt' ;
A' faighneachd le cnoir,
Ciod am moladh a b' fhiach e.
'Nuair a chuncas am baidse,
'S ann bu nar e ri' a inuse.

B' ann 's an tigh air a' laimhrig,
Fhuair sinn tearmad na h-oidhche,
Dh'fhaighneachd Aonghas Mac Aulaidh,
"Ciod a th'ann a cheart riribh ?"
Thuirt mi fhin gu'n robh *guinea*,
Gun aon sgillin a dhith air,
Labhair esan gu socair,
"'S coir dhuit botal thoirt dhuinn dheth."

Thuirt mi fhin le guth fosgarr,
"'Uam am botal beag spiocach,
C' uim' a bhith'mid ri bochdainn,
C' uim' nach cosgamaid pinnt dheth ?
Falbh thusa bi tapaidh,
Thoir an clachan so shios ort,
Gabh rathad na Leacaich,*
Fag do chaisbheairt cuir dhiot e."

* "Leacaich"—So called from the rocky nature of the land.

'Nuair a rainig e Tearrlach
An araidh nach dolach,
A bha 'shliochd nan daoin' uaisle,
Do 'm bu dualach an onair;
'N deigh na botail a lionadh,
'S ann bhi trilleach an donais,
'Nuair a dh'fheuchadh am baidse,
Bha da fhairdinn 's a' sporan!

'N sin leag Tearrlach a mhala,
'S thug e criothnachadh mor dh'i,
"Cha iobh mise 'm bhall buirte,
Bho 'n la ghiulain mi cota,
Bonn-a-sia air son *guinea*,
Cha ghabh duine tha beo e,
Fhaic thu cuineadh na Ban righ,
'S dealbh na clarsaich fo 't-n air."

Labhair Aonghas an trathsa,
"'S ann tha naire sin domhsa,
Na bi rithist 'g a' thumadh,
'Sinn 'nar urrachan coire;
Far a faighte' duin' uasal,
Cha b' e Ruairi an drobhair,
'S mar a deachaidh mi mearachd
Gur a balach gu bhroig e.

"'Nuair chluinneas Tormod a Uinis,
Agus Uilleam a Os e,
Tormod eile 's a Siorram,
Far an cruinnich iad comhlath;
Their iad fein nach duin' uasal,
C thug uaith as a dhorn e,
Ach fior sheamanach ballaich,*
Fear gun aithne gun colas.

"Their Fear-fearann an Leigh,
Tha mi 'g eisdeachd ni 's mo dheth,
Thig an gnothuch gu solus,
Le onoir 's le comhdach;

* "Fior sheamanach balaich"—The dictionaries render the word *seamanach* as meaning "stout, jolly, cheerful." But the bard makes use of it as signifying a sturdy indifference to the rights or feelings of others. "Seamanach balaich" is a rough, churlish, bullying character.

'S maith a dh'aithneadh e 'n copar,
Air a shocair fo mheoirean,
Ach chuir an donas glas lamh air,
Mar tha meirleach fo chordail.

'S tim dhuinn nis bhi dol dachaigh
Gus ar cairtealan coire,
Sinn gun *dram* gun *tombaca*,
Gun dad againn a dh'olas ;
Bonn-a sia eadar ochdnar,
Cha bu choltach an lon e,
Dh'ith e fein a' mhin choirce,
'S cha d'thug moisean dad dhomhsa !

ct of this satire was a person of some consequence in his kye, and, as might be expected, much offence was d among his friends by the ridiculous representation of eared to be his meanness. The bard's intention, how- not really malicious. He was simply carried away by aspect of the scene, and "Oran a bhonn-a-sia" was the In the end he was willing to give the hero of his sally fit of the doubt. On singing the verses afterwards in , and hearing his audience laugh immoderately, he added wing supplementary impromptu verse, in which the pparent niggardliness was condoned or explained away—

Fairi ! fairi ! dhaoin' uaisle,
C'uim' nach gluaiseadh sibh stolda,
'S ann tha Ruairi 'n a bhantraich,
Agus clann air tigh'nn og air ;
'S gu'm bi dubhar na h-oidhche,
Cur na milltean gu dorainn,
Cur nan loingeas gu cladach,
Far nach faiceadh an t-seolaid.

s relation to womankind was, for a bard, anomalous and He was married thrice, yet, notwithstanding that acknowledgment of female attractiveness, his poetical to the fair sex never assumed a more sentimental tone d-humoured chaff or banter. In the following lines he in a series of complaints against his wife, for real or mismanagement of those domestic matters in which he as more directly interested :—

'S eiginn domh 'n t-anart
A cheannach gu leine,
Dh'aindeoin no dh'eiginn
Ged tha mo bhean beo.
'S eiginn domh rithist
Dol an iochd na cloinn nighean,
Ag iarraidh a nighe
Ged tha mo bhean beo.
Cha bheag a chuis anntlachd*
'S gun mi gann do na caoirich,
A bhi ceannach an aodaich,
Ged tha mo bhean beo;
Ge beag e ri radh
Tha e nar leam air uairibh,
Bhi air faoigh an t-snath fhuaighill
Ged tha mo bhean beo.
Cha 'n fhuiling a chlann domh,
Bhi ri streampull no briodal,
Chual iad gu cinnteach
Gu bheil mo bhean beo.
'S truagh nach robh mise
'S gun ise 'm Eirgini,
Far nach deant' orm innse
Gu bheil mo bhean beo.
Chuirinn teachdaire romham
Gu iomall gach sgire,
Dh'innse gu cinnteach
Nach robh mo bhean beo.
Gheibhinn te og ann
A chordadh ri m' inntinn,
'S cha chluinneadh i chaoidh
Gu bheil mo bhean beo.
Tha i mall air a lamhan
'S i dana gu labhairt,
'S e dh'fhag mi gun samhuilt
Mo bhean a' bhi beo.

Somewhat similar in tone is another fugitive effusion of th bard's—"Oran nam Bantraichean." He pretends to be annoye by what would at first appear to be the obtrusive attentions

* In these verses against his wife, it may appear unreasonable on the bar part to complain of having to buy his clothes, or beg for thread. It ne hardly be explained that clothes and linen thread were all home-spun in th days out of native wool and home-grown flax.

the widows of the district. These dames, who did not refuse to be comforted, were not disposed to regard John as an ineligible match, though he had by that time buried his second wife. The satire of the following stanzas is as much directed against himself as against the "widders," of whose supposed arts he seems to have been as much afraid as Dickens' famous hero. Whether he succumbed to the charms of one of these experienced sirens or to the attractions of a spinster in his third matrimonial venture we are unable to say :—

Tha na bantraichean 'g am sharuch',
'S gun agam mu dheighinn pairt diubh,
Och ! och ! mo chall 'us mo naire,
Falbhaidh mi 's fagaidh mi 'n tir.

Theireadh iad gur mi 'n coireach,
Mi 'n coireach, mi 'n coireach,
Theireadh iad gur mi 'n coireach,
Ged a theirinn-sa nach mi.

'M Pabuill 's a' Sannda, 's a' Sollas,
Gu'm bi dream dhiubh anns gach dorus,
Leis mar a chuir iad 'nam bhoil mi,
Theid mi sgorr am faigh mi sith.

Thuirt te dhiubh le comhradh caoimhneal,
"'S maith a b'airidh e air maighdinn,
'S math a cheannsaicheadh e raoin',*
An dorus faing ged bhiodh i stri."

Thuirt te eile gu ceol spors doibh,
"Ciod e 'm fath dhuinn bhi 'g a thorachd,
B' fhearr leis bhi falbh leis na h-orain,
Na bhi doruinn ri cois-chruim."

Sin 'nuair thuirt Bailidh an Tighearn,
"'S ann tha 'm baini ort a' tighinn,
'G iarraidh gu posadh a rithist,
'S tu 'n deigh dithis chur do 'n chill."

* The word *raoine* is not, I think, in books or dictionaries. It is, however, quite intelligible in Uist, though not quite so common or current as it was forty years ago. It means a young barren cow that had a calf, or perhaps two ; but, being barren, and having "cuid a laoigh air a leis"—*i.e.*, the calf's part or share (of milk) on her thighs—she would be strong, and difficult to lay hold of and manage at the time of shipping. Hence the propriety of the compliment to MacCodrum's strength.

Thuirt fear Ghriminis gu fiadhaich,
'S e tarruing bucuis air fhiaradh,
"A faca sibh riamh cuis mi-thlachd,
Ach fear liath gun chiall gu mnaoi !"

The satire on the tailors—a fraternity he held in scant respect—is the last of MacCodrum's unpublished efforts I am in a position to give you. My version of it seems to be a fragment, and I am not aware of the existence of any other. He appears to have encountered insurmountable difficulties in securing the services of the "knights of the needle," and the irritation caused by this unsatisfactory state of matters resulted in "Oran nan Taillearan." Its chief interest lies in the fact that it was MacCodrum's second effort at rhyme :—

Saoil sibh fein nach mòralach,
An spòrs a bha 's na taillearan,
Fairi ! fairi ! co bhiodh ann
Na foghnadh danns' 'us gaireachdaich ;
Ach ma bheireas dragh no trilleach orra,
Drip le mnaoi no paisdean,
'S ann a chithear feadh na tire iad,
'Nan aoidheachdaich 's nan anrachdaich.*

'M b' aithne dhuibh-se mhnathan,
A mac samhuilt aig na taillearan ?
'Nam eirigh anns a mhaduinn,
Gun dad aca chuireas blaths orra,
H-uile sian de 'n riatanas,
'Ga iarraidh air na nabaidhean,
'S an te bheir ultach moine dha,
Bheir Dia na gloire paidheadh dhi !

* "Nan aoidheachdaich 's nan anrachdaich."

Aoidheachdach is derived from *aoidh*—a guest ; first, of course, in a good sense, but a man who taxes too much the hospitality of his friends, becomes contemptible, and is called an *aoidheachdach*—a "sorner." *Anrachdach* probably comes from the word *rath*—a fortune, or luck, or prosperity—with the privitive *an* prefixed, so that it would first be *an-rathach*, an adjective ; *an-rathachd* being the noun. With the common termination *ach* added, the above noun might very easily become *anrachdach*. It means a miserable wanderer, in fact, a tramp, without the idea of vicious practices. The shorter word, *anrach*, is in Neil Macleod's "Gleann 's a' robh mi og." in the sense of a wanderer, but does not seem to involve any degradation, but may mean honest poverty, still a state men *will* look down upon.

Labhair mi ri Mac-a-Phiocair,
Ghealladh tric 's e sharuich mi,
Gheall e 'm bliadhna gheall e 'n uiridh,
Dh' fhuirich e 's cha d' thainig e.
"Cha dean mi tuilleadh briodail riut,
Bho 'n tha mi sgith dhe t'abhartan,
Gur truagh nach 'd rinn iad greusaich dhiot,
'S gu'm biodh na breugan nadurra."

Labhair mi ri Mac-an-t-Saoir,
Cha b'ann aon uair bha mo chairdeas ris,
B'eol domh agus b' aithne dhomh,
Thaobh athar 'us a mhathar e.
"Cha ruig thu leas bhi smaointeachadh,
Gur duine faoin an Gaidhlig mi,
Mholainn agus dh'aoirinn thu,
Cho maith ri h-aon air Ghaidhealtachd."

Labhair mi ri Mac Aonghais Ghlais,
"An tig thu mach am maireach dhomh ?"
Thuirt e, "S ann is neonach leam,
'S tu eolach air an fhailingeadh;
Nach faic thu fein bean og agam,
Nach leig 'ga deoin air fath chul mi,
Ged dh'fhalbhainnse cha choisichinn,
'S cha bhi mi nochd an Cairinis."

The foregoing, with one or two exceptions, are all I have picked up of the unpublished songs of Iain Mac Fhearchair. One of the exceptions is "Oran na Bainnse," a satire upon a wedding, at which, as a half-grown lad, he seems to have been ignored. The young wedding guest resented the slight, whatever it was, and poured forth his contempt for the principals in vigorous, though not elegant, verse. Like the juvenile efforts of most great poets, it hardly indicates the future eminence of its author, and the publication of it would do nothing to enhance the poet's fame, even although a liberal use of asterisks should make it acceptable to ears polite.

We now come to another distinguished Hebridean singer, Archibald Macdonald, known in his time as "Gille na Ciotaig." He was born at Paible, in North Uist, where MacCodrum composed the "Smeorach." He received all the education he ever got in the parochial school of that parish, the only school there at the time. When the gifted and amiable Sir James Macdonald, pro-

prietor of North Uist, was, with a number of Uist and Skye gentlemen, deer-stalking in the hills there, they came upon a sheiling, or "airidh," where the parents of the bard were residing for a few weeks, with their cattle and sheep, as was the custom in those good old times; and, the goodwife having shown her hospitality by offering them a drink of the milk of her heather-fed cows, which all Highlanders know to have a peculiar sweetness of its own—"bainne air airidh"—Sir James, who added to his other extensive and wonderful accomplishments a good knowledge of the mountain tongue, entered into conversation with her, asking her about the welfare of her family, and so forth. She told him, among other things, that her two boys were at the west side in school, and that one of them had been born with a defective arm, short and with only rudimentary fingers. Sir James asked his name, and when told that he was baptised by the name of "Gilleasbuig," he answered, "It was a pity that they did not call him Coll, so that there would be another 'Colla Ciotach' again in the Macdonald clan." Before leaving, Sir James gave her money to aid in the prosecution of her sons' education. Luckily the sound arm was the right one, so that he was able to use it in various ways; and, being an expert writer, he was employed by Macdonald, the "baillidh breac"—a son of "Alasdair Mac Dhomhaill," to whom MacCodrum composed the elegy—as clerk, whilst he held the factorship of the Clanranald estate of South Uist. Mention having been made of Sir James Macdonald, it may be added that during that shooting excursion the gun of Macleod of Tallisker went off accidentally, and the shot lodged in Sir James' leg, and that it was with difficulty the crofters of North Uist were kept from laying violent hands on the offender. It was said his fine frame never recovered the shock from the accident. It was then that his kinsman, Macdonald of Vallay, composed the well-known *piobaireachd*, "Cumha na Coise." "Gilleasbuig na Ciotaig," like all true bards, had an ambition to immortalise himself, by having his bardic effusions perpetuated in a book; and, with this purpose, he started for Inverness, the town with which the Western Isles had most frequent communication and easiest access in those days. He only reached as far as Fort-Augustus, where he died and was buried; and, if the spot could be identified, which is very unlikely, it would be well on the part of his countrymen to erect a monument to the memory of one who has justly been called the finest and cleverest of all the Gaelic comic bards. It is said that while at Fort-Augustus he met with Alexander Stewart, who had been parochial schoolmaster of North Uist—the

hor of "A Mhairi bhoidheach, 's a Mhairi ghaolach"—and that manuscripts, having fallen into Stewart's hands after Mac-ald's death, formed the foundation of that excellent volume of lic poems, called "Stewart's Collection." Macdonald is ntially the bard of humour and satire, and his only serious luction, his eulogy of Lochiel, is much inferior to his livelier ns. One of his most amusing songs is his lampoon on the octair Leodach," published in Mackenzie's collection. This octair Leodach" was a favourite mark with Macdonald at which im his shafts of ridicule. Macleod was born in St Kilda, and ns to have returned there on a visit once at least in the course his life. Hence Macdonald nicknamed him the "Giobain each" in a sprightly effusion, of which I have picked up the wing. The hero seems to have been a great fop, who went it arrayed in full Highland dress :—

Gu seinn mi 'n Giobain Hirteach dhuit
'S e nis a tigh'n do 'n duthaich,
Cha dean mi di-chuimhn' idir air,
'S ann bheir mi tiotal ur dha ;
Ma dh'fhalbh e uainn gu briogaiscach,
Gu'n d' thainig e gu biodagach,
'S cha'n fhaigh e 'n aite bhrioscaidean,
Ach iseanan an t-sùlair.

'Nuair chunnaic iad an Lunnain thu,
Bha h-uile fear a feòrach,
Co as thainig an lunnaiche,
'S am buimealair 's an t-òlach,
Ma 's maraich e gur culach e,
'S gur leathunn tiugh a *phullet* e,
'S tha *watch* urrad ri *turnip*
Aig a' lunnaiche 'n a' phòcaid.

An gille bh'aig na doctairean,
Gur iomadh poit a sgurr e,
Gu'm b'olc gu *reefadh topsail*,
'Nuair bu chaise thigeadh cuis e ;
'Nuair chunnaic an long Spainteach e,
Gu'm b'ard a chluinnte rainich e,
Cha saighdear am fear spairtealach,
Cha seas e *guard* no *duty*.

Another hitherto unpublished poem by Macdonald is in the of a *sgiobaireachd*, in which a most amusing description is

given of a tempestuous voyage in an ill-found craft, from I maddy, the principal harbour in North Uist, to some other pc the Outer Hebrides :—

A falbh a Loch-na-mada dhuinn,
Le *rant* a ghaoith an Iar,
A' togail a cuid aodaich ri,
Cha 'n fhacas aogas riamh ;
Bu lionmhoire dhuit sracadh ann,
Na cunntas shlat an cliabh,
'S their leam fein gu'm b'amadan
Thug anam innte sios.

Sgiobair laidir aineolach,
Ro bharaileach mu ghniomh,
Gu'm b' olc gu cunntas fearainn * i,
'S i an-sheasgair 'n a' gniomh ;
Da thota 's dh'ith na giurain iad,
Na croinn air an cul sios,
B'e cuid de'n fhasan ur,
An cur an taobh nach robh iad riamh.

B' e sud na croinn 's bu neonach iad
Gun dad ach seorsa ramh,
Gun dad a snaidheadh riamh orr',
Ach an liadh thoirt dhiubh le tàl ;
Spreod de bhun slat iasgaich,
Mar a thogas fiannuis chaich,
'S gur iomadh uair a shiolaigh'mid,
Mar bhitheadh Dia nan gras.

Na cuplaichean † gun sughadh annt',
'S an stagh 'sa dhuil ri falbh,
Na croinn a bagairt lubadh,
'Nuair a thigeadh tuirling gharbh ;
Deich laimhrigean a chunnt mi,
'S mi 'nam chruban air a calg, ‡
'S mi greimeachadh le m' innean,
Ann an ait' nach direadh sgarbh.

* "Cunntas fearainn"—A phrase applied to the progress of a boat as skirts along the coast.

† "Cuplaichean"—The shrouds.

‡ "Calg"—I am in doubt as to *calg* being the proper reading in this passage as I have not been able to ascertain that the word is applied to any part of boat. It has been suggested, with some likelihood, that the word is real *balg ;* and I find that the word *bulg*, in Macleod and Dewar's dictionary, well as in the Highland Society's, is rendered, "the convexity of a ship."

'Se e mo run an Domhnullach,
Bha comhlath rium 's a bhàt,
'N robh spionnadh agus cruadal,
Air a guallainn leis a' ramh;
Dol sios gu Ruadha Lirinis,*
Gu tir Mhic Raonaill Bhàin,
Bha fear an sin na eiginn,
'S gun air fein ach an aon lamh.†

Bu chruaidh eadar da Eigneig ‡ i,
'S a muir ag eirigh searbh,
'S a ghaoth a bha 's a speuraibh,
Cur an ceill gu robh e garbh;
'Nuair rainig sinn rudh Eubhadh, ||
'S a bha h-uile beud air falbh,
Gu'n d'fhuair sinn lan na gloine,
Ghuireadh anam am fear marbh!

Dh'falbh sinn agus fras ann,
Cha bu stad dhuinn 's cha bu tamh,
Gus 'n do rainig sinn an cladach,
'S an robh acarsaid an aigh;
Seann teadhair a bh 'air capull,
Chuir iad orr' i air son cabull,
Fullag airson acair,
Cha robh acasan ni b' fhearr.

Ruadha Lirinis" is a well-known point on the Minch, where crofters live previous to the absorption of those pendicles on the east coast into razings. "Mac Raonaill Bhain" would have been one of the largest on that part of the sea-coast.

† "'S gun air fein ach aon lamh."
This of course, is a serio-comic reference to his own deformity.

Da Eigneig" are two rocks, somewhat similar to the Scylla and Charyb- the ancients, and which were very dangerous to the smaller boats, ound it necessary to keep near the land. The same *Eigneag* is descrip- he danger incurred in getting past them.

tu Eubhadh" is a point opposite the south end of Beinn Eubhall, the hill in North Uist. There is a harbour for boats—"Seolaid Ru' Eubh- ere there was a small inn at one time for the convenience of callers, ere Macdonald got the potent and reviving glass of whisky to which he such feeling reference. Near Ru Eubhadh, MacCodrum, the bard, ring a good part of his life, and probably died there, though tradition ery clear upon the matter.

Another Hebridean singer, well known in his day, but of very much inferior powers to either of the foregoing, was Alexander Macdonald, two of whose songs were given to your Society recently in a paper by the minister of Snizort. He was descended from the aboriginal family of Macdonalds in North Uist. He was called the "Dall Muileach," from the fact of his father having resided for a number of years in the island of Mull, where the bard was probably born. His father, however, like a true Highlander—who is beyond all others "faoileag an droch cladaich"—migrated back to Uist, and his posterity are still called the "Muileachs," from their ancestor having sojourned in "Muile nam Morbheann" for a time. He was a man of fine presence, a splendid specimen of a stalwart Highlander. He went about always dressed in the garb of Old Gaul, and from his great size, as well as to the fact of there being in the same locality another blind man of diminutive stature, he was called the "Dall Mor." He lost his eyesight in early youth in consequence of a virulent attack of smallpox. The "Dall Mor" was a great rhymester, but not many of his effusions have been preserved. Being a man of great powers of memory, and being thus able to repeat the whole of the Shorter Catechism and large portions of the Bible, he was appointed as catechist for the parish of North Uist, through which he travelled summer and winter, and it is said did a lot of good by teaching the youth of his day to learn by heart the Catechism, a number of Psalms, and other portions of holy writ. The following verses were composed by him to one of the Macdonalds of Vallay, probably a son of Ewen Macdonald, first of Vallay, who has been already referred to as the author of "Cumha na Coise." They are all I have been able to pick up of the "Dall Mor's" productions:—

'S toigh leam an Domhnullach sobar,
Aig am bheil an t-aigne stollda,
Bheir gach aon duit urram corra,
Eoghainn oig a Bhàllaidh.

'S toil leam an Domhnullach subhach,
Cruinn chas a dhireas am bruthach,
Le gunna caol a bheoil chumhainn,
Bheireadh fuil 's a lamhaich.

Tha thu d' dhannsair, tha thu d'fhidhleir,
Tha thu foghainteach deas direach,
'S tu nach labhradh ach an fhirinn
Beul o'm binn thig mànran.

Snamhuiche taobh gheal na stuaidh thu,
Bheireadh tu bric gu na bruaichean,
'S mairg a rachadh riut 's an tuasaid,
'Nuair a ghluaiste t'ardan.

'S cairdeach thu do Chaisteal Tioram,
'S do Mhuideartach mor a ghlinne,
Am Blar Leine rinn thu milleadh,
Le do ghillean laidir.

'S cairdeach thu Dhuntuilm nam baideal,
Anns an tur am biodh na brataich,
Buidheann nan seol 's nan srol daite
Rachadh grad do 'n lamhaich.

I must now bid farewell to the Hebridean singers, but I hope it is not for long. In the preparation of this paper I have received material assistance from my father—Rev. Roderick Macdonald, minister of South Uist—especially as regards the information I have given about "Gille na Ciotaig" and the "Dall Mor," with reference to whom I have almost given his *ipsissima verba.* I have also had valuable aid from him in the explanatory notes appended. I would trust on a future occasion to submit to your notice another, if a smaller, galaxy of poetical stars in the Western firmament, with some snatches of song, worthy of remembrance, which I have picked up in the course of a few flying visits to "Uidhist bheag riabhach nan cradh-gheadh."

1st MAY, 1889.

At this meeting Mr Angus J. Beaton, C.E., London and North-Western Railway, Bangor, North Wales, was elected a member of the Society. Thereafter the Secretary read a paper contributed by Mr Chas. Fergusson, The Gardens, Cally, Gatehouse, entitled "The Early History, Legends, and Traditions of Strathardle." Mr Fergusson's paper was as follows:—

SKETCHES OF THE EARLY HISTORY, LEGENDS, AND TRADITIONS OF STRATHARDLE AND ITS GLENS.

At a meeting of the Gaelic Society, about a dozen years ago, when I was a resident member in Inverness, the subject of collecting the early history, legends, traditions, folk-lore, &c., &c., of the Highlands, was brought forward, and, after discussion, it was

agreed that every member then present should collect, in their respective native districts, whatever old lore they could find for the Society; and as I was the only Perthshire man present, I was specially asked to do what I could for my native Athole, to which I readily agreed, as I had been for many years previously engaged in collecting material for a proposed history of my native Strathardle, a work in which I am now well advanced, and from which I now give some short sketches.

I am very glad to see that other two members who were present at that meeting have already redeemed their promise—Mr Colin Chisholm and Mr William Mackay, who are doing such good work for their native Glens of Strathglass and Urquhart; and I hope the other members will be to the front next session with what they have collected in their several districts.

The writing of the history of many districts of the Highlands, such as Athole, Breadalbane, Braemar, or Strathspey, is comparatively easy, as, in general, it is simply the history of the great families who ruled there, and whose deeds and doings are part of Scotland's history, and, as such, are preserved in public and private records. But in Strathardle, as in some other districts, it is more difficult, not from want of material, as I do not think there is another district of the same extent in the Highlands where so many historic scenes can be pointed out; but from the fact that no great historic family ever ruled there as lords supreme, for though most of the district is in the ancient Earldom of Athole, and the Duke of Athole bears the title of Earl of Strathardle, yet the native clans—the Robertsons, Fergussons, Rattrays, Smalls, Spaldings, and M'Thomas or M'Combies—always followed their different chiefs, who generally took opposite sides. Owing also to its position on the Lowland border, and as one of the great passes into the Highlands, it was generally in a state of war and turmoil, from that famous day in 84, when the defeated Caledonians fled for shelter to the woods of Strathardle from the conquering Romans, after the battle of Mons Grampus, till 1746, when Lord Nairne and other defeated Jacobites sought shelter in its caves and woods after Culloden. So most of its lands very often changed owners, and many of the old families are extinct, and their histories mostly forgotten and their records lost, so that its history has to be collected from many scattered sources.

The M'Leans of Mull, claim to have been so far advanced at the time of the flood, as to have started opposition to Noah, in "having each a boat of their own." I will, however, be more modest for Strathardle, and only go back to the year 1, when we

abited by the great tribe of the Vagomogi, as we are at old geographer Ptolemy. In the year 84 was fought battle of Mons Grampus, between the Caledonians and ns, the site of which has caused so much controversy various writers, some placing it near Ardoch, in south , and others as far east as Stonehaven; but when all the as been duly weighed, I think most of our authorities that it was fought about midway between those places, rmont, at the lower end of Strathardle. That site in agrees better with the account given by Tacitus than , and from the vast number of very large tumili and cairns found in that district, it must have been the reat slaughter and carnage at some very early date, and he number of Roman weapons, spurs, coins, &c., found ce the matter beyond doubt. In the old statistical f the parish of Bendochy we read—"The battle of Mons happened in the heart of the Stormont, upon ascending the parishes of Kinloch, Cluny, and Blairgowrie, at the led Cairns, Upper Balcairn, Nether Balcairn, Cairnbutts, Roman, on the side of the Grampian ridge. The Haer Cairns of Gormack, below and immediately contiguous e together, about 80 in number, and about 15 ft. each gh, mark the contest that followed. The flight is still ed by numerous tumili through Mause, in the parish of ie, along the track that lies between the River Ericht loss of Cochridge.

eat Cairn of Mause lies in the tract not far from the nks of the Ericht; it is 81 ft. wide and 4 ft. high. It ed in the centre by the writer hereof, and found to man teeth, sound, and a great quantity of human bones uced, which were mixed with charcoal and lodged oose earth, and having undergone the fire which con- o preserve the bones. This is the grave of the 340 ho fell. In the New Statistical Account we are told oman spear was found in the Moss of Cochridge, and ear the bed of the River Ericht; also a bronze Roman to one of the Cairns.

Old Statistical Account of the parish of Cluny we read—ne of the engagement at Heer Cairns is at no great rom the mouth of the Tay, where the Roman army in feat would have easy access to their ships. On the west ded by the steep banks of the Tay, and on the south- north-east by the banks of the Isla and Lunnan.

"It commands a distinct view of the upper grounds of the Stormont, and looks directly westwards on the entrance into the Highlands by Dunkeld, which was then the capital of the Caledonians, and in the vicinity of which it would be natural for them on this occasion to hold a general rendezvous. In several parts of this neighbourhood the surface of the ground exhibits a singular appearance of long hilly ridges or drums, answering very well to the "colles" of Tacitus, running parallel from west to east, and rising above one another like the seats of a theatre. This appearance is remarkably exemplified at the Guard Drums, which are partly enclosed by the Buzzard Dyke or Vallum, which is still in many places 8 or 10 ft. high. If the line of battle was formed at Balcairn, then Agricola's right wing might extend to the hill still called Craig Roman, where several Roman urns and spears were dug up by the proprietor of the ground about 1750; and Tacitus informs us that the wings of the army consisted of 3000 cavalry.

"The Caledonians in their retreat northwards over the Guard Drums, seemed to have faced about on the summit of each Drum, and there to have made a resolute and bloody stand against their pursuers. This appears presumable from the number and position of the tumili on each of these Drums. It likewise appears from the disposition of the tumili along the neighbouring hills that the flight of the Caledonians, previous to their final dispersion, was principally by two distinct routes, one north-west to the woods of Strathardle, and the other north-east to those of Mause, where there is also a number of cairns in which Mr Playfair has lately dug up cinders and some bits of human bones, and where some have thought it probable that Aulus Atticus and some of the thirty-three Romans who fell with him were burnt together in one funeral pile at the Great Cairn, which is about 80 to 90 yards in circumference, and in the centre of which we had occasion to see cinders turned up last summer" (1792).

Much more could be said on this very interesting subject, but as space is limited, I must now pass on from Roman to Druidical Cairns and Relics, which are even more interesting, and for which Strathardle stands pre-eminent over all other districts in Britain for the number and variety of its Druidical remains. Chalmers in his "Caledonia" says, at page 72—"The number and variety of the Druid remains in North Britain are almost endless. The principal seat of Druidism seems to have been the recesses of Perthshire, near the Grampian range." And again, he says, in a note, at page 75—"In Kirkmichael Parish, Strathardle, Perth-

shire, '*the distinguished site of Druid remains in North Britain,*' there are a number of Druid Cairns in the vicinity of Druidical Circles and other remains."

The Rev. Dr Marshall, in his "Historic Scenes in Perthshire," says—"Cairns and Druid Circles abound in the Parish of Kirkmichael more than in any other of which we have written. It has also a Rocking Stone, which was, no doubt, used for the purposes of priestcraft." In the Old Statistical Account of the Parish of Kirkmichael, by the Rev. Allan Stewart (the famous Maighister Allain), we read—"In the middle of a pretty extensive and heathy moor stands a large heap of stones or cairn, 270 feet in circumference, and about 25 feet in height. The stones of which it is composed are of various sizes, but none of them, as far as they are visible, large, and appear to have been thrown together without order. They are in a good measure covered with moss, and in some parts overgrown with weeds. Round this cairn are scattered, at different distances, a great number of smaller cairns. They are generally formed in groups of eight or ten together. About a furlong to the west of the great cairn are found vestiges, quite distinct, of two concentric circular fences of stones, the outer circle being about 50 feet, the inner 32 feet in diameter. There are also the vestiges of six, perhaps more, single circular inclosures of stone, from 32 to 36 feet in diameter, lying at different distances in the neighbourhood of the cairn. Two parallel stone fences extend from the east end of the cairn, nearly in a straight line, to the southward, upwards of 100 yards. These fences are bounded at both extremities by small cairns, and seem to form an avenue or approach to the great cairn of 32 feet in breadth. There can be but little doubt that all these cairns are reliques of Druidism; that the great cairn is one of these at which they celebrated their solemn festivals in the beginning of summer and the beginning of winter, when they offered sacrifice, administered justice, &c., and that these circles and lesser cairns must have been the scenes of some other religious rites, of which the memory and knowledge are now lost. Similar cairns are to be seen in the neighbouring parishes, but this parish has to boast of a more uncommon and remarkable monument of Druidical superstition. About a mile north-east from the above-mentioned great cairn, on a flat topped eminence, surrounded at some distance with rocky hills of considerable height, and rocky ascent, stands one of these Rocking Stones which the Druids are said to have employed as a kind of ordeal for detecting guilt in doubtful cases. This stone is placed on the plain surface of a rock level with the ground. Its shape is

quadrangular, approaching to the figure of a rhombus, of which the greater diagonal is 7 feet, and the lesser 5 feet. Its mean thickness is about 2½ feet. Its weight will be about three tons. It touches the rock on which it rests only on one line, which is in the same line with its lesser diagonal, and its lower surface is convex toward the extremities of the greater diagonal. By pressing down either of the extreme corners, and withdrawing the pressure alternately, a rocking motion is produced, which may be increased so much that the distance between their lowest depression and highest elevation is a full foot. When the pressure is wholly withdrawn the stone will continue to rock till it has made 26, or more vibrations from one side to the other before it settles in its natural position. Both the lower side of the stone and the surface of the rock on which it rests appear to be worn and roughed by mutual friction. There is every reason to suppose from the form and relative situation of the surrounding grounds, that this stone must have been placed in its present position by the labour of man. It will hardly be thought, therefore, an extravagant degree of credulty to refer its origin to the same period with those other tribunals of a similar construction mentioned by writers who have treated of the customs of the ancient Celts.

"This opinion is, however, the more confirmed from finding in the neighbourhood of this stone a considerable number of other Druidical relics. On the north side of the stone, at a distance of 60 yards, on a small eminence, are two concentric circles, similar to that already described, and a single circle adjoining to them on the east side. Beyond these, at 45 yards' distance, is a third pair of concentric circles, with their adjacent circle on the east side. Further on, to the north-east, at a distance of 90 yards, is a single circle, and beside it, on the west side, two rectangular enclosures of 37 feet by 12 feet. Also a cairn 23 or 24 yards in circumference, and about 12 feet high in the centre. Several smaller cairns are scattered in the neighbourhood. One hundred and twenty yards west from the Rocking Stone is a pair of concentric circles, with a small single circle beside them of 7 feet in diameter. All the pairs of concentric circles are of the same dimensions, the inner one being about 32 feet, and the outer about 45 or 46 feet in diameter, and all of them having a breach or doorway 4 or 5 feet wide on the south side. The single circles are, in general, from 32 to 36 feet in diameter, and have no breach. The vestiges of all these structures are perfectly distinct, and many of the stones still retain the erect posture in which all of them had probably been placed at first.

"Cairns and circles similar to these described are to be found on other hills in this parish, particularly between Strathardle and Glen Derby. There are likewise several tall, erect stones, called here in Gaelic, *Crom-leaca* or *Clach-shleuchda*, stones of worship. Some of them are five or six feet above ground, and may be sunk a considerable way below the surface from their remaining so long in the same position, for a superstitious regard is paid them by the people, none venturing to remove them, though some of them are situated in the middle of corn fields."

There are also many Druidical cairns and circles on the south side of the river Ardle, especially one very large cairn at the foot of Benchally, and a little to the south of that large cairn there are a great many smaller ones. There are also two immense cairns, one at the north-east and another at the south-west extremity of the parish of Cluny, which are said to mark the ancient boundary between the Caledonian and the Pictish Kingdoms. So numerous and extensive are the Druidical remains in Strathardle, that they would require an entire paper to do them full justice, so I will now leave them and move on to another class of historic stones—the monoliths, or single standing stones, of which there are many in Strathardle. Of these Dr Marshall says in his "Historic Scenes, Parish of Kirkmichael"—"There are also in this parish several monoliths, or single standing stones. The inhabitants call them in Gaelic *Crom-leaca*, or *Clach-sleuchda*, that is being interpreted, stones of worship. This name shows that they have been connected in the popular mind with the observance of the Druid worship; and in treating of the religion of the Druids in his 'History of the Religious Rites, Ceremonies, and Customs of the whole world,' Dr Hurd says—'Sometimes stones were set up to perpetuate the memory of the deceased, but more commonly a hillock of earth was raised over the grave.' That stones were sometimes set up for this purpose is undoubted, but monoliths were more commonly memorial as distinguished from sepulchral stones. They were set up to perpetuate the memory of certain events which men wished to preserve from falling into oblivion. This, however, they failed to do, principally from the want of inscriptions on them. In the lapse of time the stones and the events they were to hand down to the latest generations became dissociated, so that, as Chalmers in his 'Caledonia' has observed, 'they do not answer the end either of personal vanity or of national gratitude.' That is quite true, but it was a fact well known to those who raised these stones, as we find it beauti-

fully alluded to in the poem of 'Dan na Du-thuinn,' in Dr Smith's *Sean Dana*, page 85 :—

'Ach a nis cha chluinnear mo dhàn,
Cha 'n aithnich an t-anrach m' uaigh ;
Chi e leac ghlas, is cuiseag ga còdach',
Feoruichidh co d' an uaigh i.
Cha 'n aithne dhuinne, their claun a ghlinne,
Cha d'innis an dàn a chliu dhuinn.'

'Now, there wont be heard the song of my fame,
The stranger will not know my grave ;
He will see a grey stone with ragweed o'ergrown,
And he will ask—whose grave is this ?
We know not, the children of the glen will say,
The song has not carried down his fame to our day.'

There are three very fine monoliths in the upper part of the glen, in the parish of Moulin, one on the farm of Cottartown of Straloch, another at Tulloch, and one at Ennochdhu, besides the one at Ardle's grave. The stones at Tulloch and Ennochdhu are memorials of the great battle of Ennochdhu, fought between the Strathardle men and the Danes at a very early date. I have never yet been able to ascertain the exact date of this battle or to find any distinct notice of it in any of our old historical records. Many incursions by the Danes into the districts of Angus and Gowrie are recorded, but as the sites of the battles are not always mentioned, it is difficult to find out on which occasion this battle took place ; but, though it must have been at a very remote period, the tradition of the district about it is still very distinct. The hero Ardle is always said to have been the eldest of three brothers, each of which gave his name to the district over which he ruled—Ard-fhuil, high or noble blood, to Strathardle ; Ath-fhuil, next or second blood, to Athole ; and Teth-fhuil, hot blood, to Strath Tummel. The latter's hot blood was the cause of his death, for wishing to cross the river Tummel on some hot-blooded expedition with a band of followers in winter, they found the river in very high flood, with great quantities of large blocks of ice floating down, and they all saw it was impossible to cross except Teth-fhuil, whose hot blood neither ice nor water could cool, so he dashed in to swim across, but the ice knocked him under, and he was drowned, so the river and the Strath took their name from him. If Ardle was really Athole's brother, then they must have lived at a very early age, as Athole is the earliest district mentioned in Scottish history. In fact, if we are to

believe the old Irish annals, as given in the ancient books of Ballymote and Lecain, Athole was only tenth in direct descent from Noah! He was one of the sons of Cruithne, the first king of the Picts. Skene, in his Chronicles of the Picts and Scots, page 24, gives the following account of the origin of the Picts from these ancient records. (The Book of Ballimote was written in 1391, and is a copy of the works of Gillacaemhin, who died in 1072):—

"De Bunadh Cruithneach andseo.

Cruithne mac Cinge, mic Luchtai, mic Parrthalan, mic Agnoinn, mic Buain, mic Mais, mic Fathecht, mic Iafeth, Mic Noe. Ise athair Cruithneach, agus cet bliadhna do irrighe.

Secht meic Cruithneach annso i.

Fib, Fidach, Fodla, Fortrend cathach, Cait, Ce, Cirigh. Et secht randaibh ro roindset in fearand, ut dixit Columcille.

Mhoirsheiser do Cruithne clainn,
Raindset Albain i secht raind
Cait, Ce, Cirig, cethach clann
Fib, Fidach Fotla, Fortrenn.

Ocus is e ainm gach fir dib fil for a fearand ut est, Fib, agus Ce, agus Cait, agus reliqua."

Of the Origin of the Cruthneach here.

Cruithne, son of Cinge, son of Luctai, son of Partalan, son of Agnoin, son of Buan, son of Mais, son of Fathecht, son of Jafeth, son of Noe. He was the father of the Cruithneach, and reigned a hundred years.

These are the seven sons of Cruithne, viz.:—

Fib, Fidach, Fodla, Fortrend, warlike, Ceit, Ce, Cirig; and they divided the land into seven divisions, as Columcille says:—

Seven children of Cruthne
Divided Alban into seven divisions,
Cait, Ce, Cirig, a warlike clan,
Fib, Fidach, Fotla, Fortren.

And the name of each man is given to their territories, as Fib, Ce, Cait, and the rest.

Fodla and Fotla are the spellings given here; in the Annals of Tighernac, in the year 739, it is *Athfoithle*, and in the Annals of Ulster for the same year it is *Atfoithle*. If the tradition that

Ardle and Tummul were brothers of Athole's (or Fotla) be correct, then, no doubt, if they had not come to an untimely death before "the great divide," they would have each received a large slice of Scotland as well as their brothers.

Previous to the death of Ardle, the strath was called *Srath Mor na Muice Brice*—the Great Strath of the Spotted or Brindled Sow. This famous sow, like Diarmad's wild boar in Glenshee, had ravaged the district for a long time, and had her den at Sron-na-muice, the Sow's Rock. In the old Statistical Account of Kirkmichael we read:—"According to tradition, Strath Ardle was anciently called in Gaelic Strath-na-muice-brice, the strath of the spotted wild sow, which name it is said to have retained till the time of the Danish invasions, when, in a battle fought between the Danes and the Caledonians, at the head of the country, a chief named Ard-fhuil, (High or Noble Blood) was killed, whose grave is shown to this day. From him the country got the name of *Strath Ard-fhuil*, Strathardle." Ardle's grave is at the back of the village of Ennochdhu, close to the entrance lodge of Dirnanean. It is sixteen feet long, as both Ardle and his faithful henchman, who fell with him, are buried in it, with their feet towards each other. There is a large stone at Ardle's head, and a lesser one at the henchman's. According to tradition, when the Danes marched up the strath, Ardle and his men posted themselves on the round hill of Tulloch, and awaited their approach. As soon as the Danes reached the foot of the hill, the Highlanders rushed down on them, and a fierce battle began at the Standing Stone of Tulloch. After a time, the Danes were driven back to the Standing Stone of Ennochdhu, the Black Moor, where the fight raged hottest, and the issue seemed doubtful, till Ardle led a fierce charge on one wing of the enemy, and drove all before him; and, as they turned and fled eastward, he pursued them too eagerly, as he left all his men behind him, and, supported only by his faithful henchman, rushed in amongst his foes, who, seeing only two men, suddenly turned, and, surrounding them, cut them to pieces, at the spot where they are buried, before his men could come to their assistance. The slain Scots were buried at the Standing Stone of Ennochdhu, and the dead Danes were thrown into the Lag-ghlas, the Grey Hollow, a round hollow in the wood at the back of Ennochdhu; and my uncle has told me that when the wood there was planted, the workmen, in making pits for the trees, turned up quantities of very much decayed bones and pieces of old metal, which were supposed to be the remains of the slain Danes, and their arms.

I must now pass on from these ancient memorial cairns and stones to other historic stones and cairns, of which there are many in the district; and I may begin at the head of Glen Brierachan, with the famous "Gled Stone"—*Clach-a-chlamhain*, so called from its being a favourite perching place for the gled or kite hawk. Its legend is given in the following note from the *People's Journal* of Feb. 28th, 1885:—"Pitlochry. Singular Legend of a Boulder.—At a meeting of the Edinburgh Geological Society, held on Thursday, the Chairman read a notice of the 'Gled Stane' and other boulders near Pitlochry, Perthshire. The 'Gled Stane,' he said, was a large boulder of mica-schist, situated about a quarter of a mile to the west of the road between Pitlochry and Straloch, at a height of 1100 feet above the sea, on a moor near Dalnacarn farmhouse. A singular legend was attached to this boulder, viz., that it gave its name to the Gladstone family, an infant having, it was said, been found there by a shepherd, who took it to his wife to be nursed." So that Strathardle has a claim on the Grand Old Man himself.

The farm of Dal-nan-carn, field of cairns, here mentioned, is also an historic spot, and took its name from the cairns raised over the slain in the great clan battle fought there in 1391 between the Clan Donnachaidh, or Robertsons, and the Lindsays of Glenesk, after the famous raid of Angus, which will be noticed when we come to that date.

We next cross the hills to Glenloch to Cumming's Cairn, and the famous Leac-na-diollaid, or Saddle Stone, both of which I will afterwards notice in connection with the Cummings at the proper date, but I may here mention the very curious tradition connected with the Saddle Stone, viz., that if any lady who was not blessed with children made a pilgrimage to Glenloch, and sat on the Saddle Stone, she would in due time become the happy mother of a large family! So firmly was this believed, that well on in the present century pilgrims from all parts of Scotland visited the famous Leac-na-diollaid.

Coming down Glen Fernate, we come at the bottom of that glen to another famous stone, the Clach Mor, or Big Stone, an immense boulder, which tradition also connects with the Cummings. Some years ago, a very learned and worthy clergyman gave me a long account of how the huge boulder, which is of a different kind of stone from any of the rocks found in the neighbourhood, must have been floated here, in the early glacial ages of the world, from distant lands, embedded in immense icebergs, and got stranded here. When he was done I rather shocked him by

giving *my* version of how it came there, which, as it is the old tradition of the country, no doubt the Gaelic Society will prefer to the learned divine's scientific theory. Well, as the story goes, when the Cummings were lords of Badenoch, and ruled there with a rod of iron, centuries ago, the great Comyn proposed to build a castle there so strong that no human power could take it, so instead of employing masons to build it, he engaged a famous Badenoch witch, who, for a great reward, agreed to carry the stones in her apron, and to build an impregnable castle. Her first proceeding was to hunt up two enormous boulders of equal size and shape for door posts for the outer gate, but after searching all Scotland, no two such stones could be got, equal matches, and she was in despair till on her midnight rambles she met a sister witch from the Isle of Man, that famous stronghold of witchcraft, and all sorts of "dealings wi' the deil," who told her of two such stones on the hills of Man. Next night she started for the Isle of Man, and having got one of the stones in her apron, she started northwards for Badenoch on a clear moonlight night. As she was passing where the stone now lies, a famous hunter who lived there was coming home from the Athole Forest with a deer on his back, and seeing such a great black mass flying through the air, he uttered the exclamation—*Dhia gleidh mis*—God preserve me. The moment he uttered the Holy Name it broke the witch's power, and her apron string at the same time, so down the stone fell, and there it lies to this day, as she could never get another apron string strong enough to carry it, or even lighter stones. So the Comyns' Castle never went further, and ever since, on the anniversary of that night, the witch returns, and spends the night trying to move the Clach Mhor, so that the good folks of the glen used to give such an uncanny spot a wide berth after dark. This stone stands 20 feet above ground, and is 74 feet in circumference, and calculated to weigh nearly 1000 tons.

The next notable stone is another *Clach Mor*, or big stone, and I think it well deserves the name, as it is 22 feet high, 25 feet wide, and 51 feet long, quite flat on the top and covered with long heather. It lies at the foot of Kindrogan Rock, or, as it was anciently called, *Craig Chiocha*—the Pap Rock—from the rounded form of its western shoulder. In olden times, when wolves were common in Strathardle, and when they had their dens and reared their young in the great cairn there, this stone was a famous place for killing wolves, on the clear moonlight winter nights, when the young men of the district lay in ambush in perfect security amongst the long heather on its top, and shot the wolves with

their bows and arrows, as they ran past on the scent of some carcase which the hunters trailed along the ground past the stone during the day.

There is another place, a few hundred yards further up, on the west shoulder of Kindrogan Rock, which was another famous place for killing wolves, where a ravine, or gully, runs down the face of the hill to the foot of the rock. On the ridge on the low side of this ravine, there is still seen a circular pit, now partly fallen in, and covered with moss, which was dug and used for a place of ambush to lie in wait for the wolves as they came up this pass in the morning, making for the hills, after prowling all night in the district. The Laird of Kindrogan had got a very valuable mare as part of his wife's tocher, and as fodder was scarce in spring, the mare was turned out to feed on the hill-side, where she was killed and partly devoured by wolves in this ravine. Before next night the carcase was drawn within shot of the pit, and two renowned hunters lay in wait, and shot the two wolves when they returned to feed, in memory of which the place is still called "Clais-chapuill" — the Mare's Ravine. The wolves' cubs were afterwards found in the deep cairn on "Creag Mhadaidh"—the Wolf's Rock—near Loch Curran, which got its name from being a famous breeding-place for wolves, as it still is for foxes.

So numerous and destructive were the wolves in Strathardle, Glenshee, and Glenisla, that all tenants were bound by their leases to keep a pair of hounds for hunting the wolf and fox. In a lease granted in 1552 by Abbot Donald Campbell, of Cupar-Angus Abbey, to Donald Ogilvie, of the "haill toun and landis of Newton of Bellite, half of Freuchy and one quarter of Glenmerky," he was bound to have a pair of good hounds and a pair of sleuth-hounds, "and sall nwrice ane leiche of gud houndis, with ane cuppill of rachis, for tod and wolf, and salbe reddy at all times quhene we charge them to pas with us or our bailzies to the hountis." Many other leases with similar conditions could be given.

The wolves of Ben Bhuirich, at the head of Glen Fernate, were reckoned the largest and most ferocious of all, and Colonel Robertson, in his "Historical Proofs of the Highlanders," says that that mountain took its name from the roaring of its wolves. This is also mentioned in "Oran nam Beann," one of the most ancient poems known in Athole :—

"Chith mi Beinn Ghlo nan eag,
Beinn Bheag, 's Argiod Bheann,
Beinn Bhuirich *nam Mhadadh Mor*,
'S Allt-a-nid an-cun ri tiobh."

I see Ben Ghlo of the pointed tops,
Ben Bheag and Argiod Bheann,
Ben Bhuirich of the great wolves,
And the Brook of the Bird's Nest by its

But to return to our historic stones. The next is
nam Barain"—the Baron's Stone—at Balvarron, the
several generations of that famous old Strathardle
"Barons Ruadh"—the Barons Reid or Robertson—
and Inverchroskie, four generations of whom were b
varron, and each young Baron was baptised with wat
circular hole or basin hewn out of this stone, a new
made for each Baron. There are four such basins cu
there would have been many more, tradition inform
parents of the last Baron had not, in their pride, despi
baptismal font of the family, and got their heir baptis
silver basin. "And there were no more Barons," as
only daughter. This last Baron was the famous Gene
Robertson, one of Strathardle's most illustrious sons, t
of "The Garb of Old Gaul," and founder of a Chair
Edinburgh University. He died in 1803. The Baron
a great block of granite, and it is situated on the risin
little above the stables at Balvarron House. Some y
had a very narrow escape from being blown to pieces, t
ignorance of a local worthy, who was employed blastin
building purposes. "A stone was just a stone to him
nothing more," so thinking this huge boulder a gran
bored a hole in it, and had begun filling in the powde
late proprietor happened to come that way, and at onc
to such an act of vandalism.

The next notable stone is the great boulder in the
in the pool formed by the croy that sends the water t
Mill. According to tradition, this stone makes thr
jumps up the stream every time the cock crows in t
So firmly was this believed, that old people have assu
they remember it much further down the stream thar
I have never been able to learn anything about the or
very curious belief of the supernatural movement up
of this huge boulder, or of its connection with the cro
cock. The top of this stone was also a famous haunt
kelpie, especially when the water was in high flood. I
old people who would not upon any account pass this
dark, for fear of the kelpie. It was altogether a p
repute, and as such the whole of its surroundings g

of dubh—black—attached to them. The water itself here was called Dour-Dubh, or Black-Water; the hill on the north side Dunie-Dubh, the Black Hillock; and the mill on the south side, the Moulin-Dubh, or Black Mill. I have noticed in the topography of Strathardle, that in all cases, and there are many, where the adjective dubh—black—is added to place-names, there has always some bloody deed been done there—a battle, or murder, or a lot of slain buried there—which gave the place an evil repute in these superstitious times. This will be noticed as we go along.

We have already seen that Dal-nan-carn, at the head of Glen Brierachan, got its name from the cairns raised over the slain in the great clan battle of 1391. We now come to another Dal-nan-carn, at Kirkmichael, which got its name from cairns of a different nature. I may give the story as told by Dr Marshall in his "Historic Scenes in Perthshire":— "A large cairn called Carn-na-baoibh, used to stand a little to the north of the village of Kirkmichael. It was the sepulchre of a fairy lady. She was one of the bad class of that order of beings, and did much mischief in the strath. At length a great mortality took place among the cattle in it. This was universally imputed to her malignant influence; and with one voice the Strathardalites passed judgment on her—she must die. We have not fallen in with any authentic account of how they managed to catch and kill her; but they must have managed to do so somehow, for she was buried at the spot to which we are now pointing, and Carn-na-baoibh was raised over her. At a comparatively recent date, the laird of the ground on which the cairn stood was in want of stones for drains which he had cut in it. It was suggested to him by a gentleman of the cloth, who must have had very little reverence for the traditions of the fathers in the strath, that he need not be in a strait for stones as long as such a mass of them was at hand. He ventured to make free with the cairn, and ere his draining operations were completed not one stone was left. No remains of the fairy were found; and we are rather surprised that we have never heard of her race taking some marked revenge on the laird for demolishing her tomb."

The tradition, as I have always heard it, of how they managed to discover and kill her was as follows:—One of her favourite amusements was to attend all social gatherings, funerals, and places of worship in an invisible state, and when everything was going on quietly, she gave a smart slap on the cheek to one here, and a dig with a large needle to another there, and as they could not see her, they very naturally concluded that it was their nearest

neighbours who had done it, and at once struck them in return, so that every meeting ended in a free fight. Things went on this way for a long time, getting worse and worse, till an old tailor at last discovered by accident the cause of all the disturbance. Having to wait rather long one morning for the coming of the clergyman, the tailor amused himself with his shears, which he had brought in his pocket; and happening to catch them by the blades, and holding up the handles, and looking through the finger-holes, like spectacles, he to his great astonishment at once saw the Baobh going about her usual wicked pranks. However, he had the shrewdness to keep to himself what he saw, till after the service, when he informed the priest, who told him to tell no one, but to come back next Sunday, and take his shears with him. The tailor promised to do so; but alas! it was just the old, old story—woman's wiles beguiled him; for he was so excited when he went home that his wife at once saw that something unusual had happened him. So in a very short time she had fished it all out of him, and in a shorter time had told all her gossips; and it became so public that the Baobh herself came to get an inkling that she was discovered and, in revenge, killed nearly all the cattle in the country that week. Next Sunday, the priest put a bottle of holy water in one pocket, and the tailor's shears in the other, and began the service. After a little, he took a sly peep through the finger holes of the shears, and saw the Baobh present. He at once stopped the service, and telling the people to follow him, he pursued her. She took to the hill for a little, and then sat down on a stone, to let them pass, as she thought she was still invisible. However, the priest, looking through the shears, saw her on the stone, and pulling out his holy water, he made a circle round the stone and her, out of which it was impossible for her to get. He then set the people to gather stones, and pile them over her, which they did with right good will. She pleaded hard for mercy, and even after the stones were high over her head, she offered the priest to turn all the stones in the cairn into gold, if he would only release her; but, to the honour of the clergy of Kirkmichael, he refused this very tempting addition to his stipend, and only answered her by calling to the people—"Cuiribh oirre, cuiribh oirre, clach air sa gach mairt." (Put on her, put on her, a stone for every cow she killed).

Having got the Baobh in safe keeping under her great cairn we will now go some miles down the Strath, to another similar *cairn*, also built over the grave of another wicked female being

but of a different class—a mermaid. Strathardle seems in olden times to have been a favourite haunt of all kinds of these supernatural beings, belonging to both land and water. I will quote this story from a series of articles which appeared some years ago in "The Blairgowrie News," from the pen of a worthy laird in the Strath, who knows, perhaps, more of the old legendary lore of Strathardle than any other individual now living:—"On Bal-na-bruich hill stands a cairn of immense magnitude called Carn-liadh, the Grey Cairn, the origin of which, according to tradition, was thus:—A loch on the contiguous estate of Dalrulzion, belonging to the same proprietor, was the haunt of a mermaid, which occasionally visited the lower part of the Strath, but never without committing damage. Her depredations became insupportable, and the inhabitants being in terror of her visits, various fruitless attempts were made to capture and conquer her, with a view of putting a stop to her ravages. Ultimately, a famous dog named Bran, belonging to the Fingalians, was let loose on her at the village of Kirkmichael, and, after an exciting chase and a fierce encounter, overpowered and killed her where the cairn lies. In olden times many curious and incredible stories were current amongst the people of the Strath regarding the doings of this fabulous being. The loch said to have been her abode was by no means of a lovely appearance, and its banks were very unsafe for people walking on them, being liable to give way. It is about a mile distant from Dalrulzion House, and is now a handsome loch, its surroundings having been greatly improved by the proprietor. Its Gaelic name is Loch-Mhairich, the Mermaid's Loch. According to the traditional exp anation, the cairn referred to was obviously reared to mark the spot of the mermaid's grave, with the object of preventing the return of sea monsters to the district. The accumulation of such an enormous pile of stones—principally large boulders—must have been the work of many men and horses The cairn has recently been considerably diminished in size by the removal of stones for the building of fences, &c. On Tuesday, 26th September, 1865, it was visited by Mr Stewart, the secretary of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, accompanied by the Lairds of Woodhill, Blackcraig, and Ballintuim, and many other gentlemen, and about a score workmen were engaged to turn over the old cairn. Mr Stewart superintended the work for two days, and all were eager to find some relics of the ancient Druidical worship, which, it was anticipated, would be brought to light. The result, however, was not very gratifying, the relics found consisting chiefly of stones used for weights and for grinding meal in

those days. The circumstances above stated regarding the pursuit and conquest of the mermaid by the dog Bran gave the name Pitvran—Gaelic, *Pitbhran*—to the whole face of the hill from Kirkmichael to the Cally boundaries, and the memorial gave name to the loch alluded to."

We will now cross the hills to Glenshee, to a stone connected with still another kind of female spirit—the Clach-na-narriche, or Serpent Stone of Inveredrie, of which Dr Marshall says—"On the lands of Inveredrie, on the north side of Loch Bainne, is a wonderful stone called *Clach-na-narriche*, or the Serpents Stone. The explanation of the name is this: One of the Lairds of Inveredrie had a familiar spirit, through whose favour and influence he prospered remarkably in everything to which he put his hand. His prosperity was the admiration and envy of the whole neighbourhood. In process of time a misunderstanding took place between him and his familiar. The laird had a child that died, and he blamed the familiar for its death. She (the familiar was of the female sex) took the imputation very much amiss, but he persisted in it, denounced her, and forbade her to appear in his presence. One day they met by the side of Loch Bainne, at the above stone, and renewed the contention between them as to the death of the child, and it waxed very violent. The laird's Highland blood rose to the boiling point, and he drew his sword to run it through his familiar. In an instant she transformed herself into a serpent and darted into the heart of the stone by a hole which no instrument could have made—such were the turns and curves in it! The laird in his towering passion, hacked at the stone with his sword, and left marks on it which, it is said, may be traced to this day. When he was going away his familiar spoke out of the hole she had made in the stone, saying—'As long as you look at your cradle, and I look at my stone, we may speak and crack, but we will never be friends.'"

Now that we have gone over the principal historic stones in the district, and landed in lone Glenshee, we will leave these graves of supernatural beings and turn to the grave of a famous lady of the human race who, along with her husband, made Glenshee a noted spot from the earliest ages. This was the beautiful Grainne and her beloved Diarmid Donn, who lost his life hunting the boar on Ben Ghuilbuinn, at the head of Glenshee. Dr Marshall's version is as follows:—"As far back as the days of Fingal there was a great hunt on Ben Ghuilbuinn at the head of the Glen. It was the wild boar that was hunted. It had long abounded in these wilds and disputed the sovereignty of them with man. The

ıich we refer is specially memorable, because it was in
with it that Diarmid, one of Fingal's heroes, lost his
fell the victim of a stratagem of his master, at the
one of the basest of passions. Grainne, Diarmid's wife,
:y beautiful woman, and Fingal loved her too well.
ıtood between him and his wishes, but might he
t out of the way? Fingal thought that he might.
ıitions for the great boar hunt he made accordingly.
rmid, with his two dogs, in the most dangerous place,
ɜ that the infuriated creature, as the hunters closed on
et upon him and tear him to pieces. It did attack
urled his spear at it, which stuck in its body. Seizing
ı and putting forth all his strength to wrench it out, it
e then drew his sword, cleaved the boar's head with it,
it.

was bitterly disappointed. Uriah still stood between
athsheba. He next set Diarmid to measure the carcass
'. He did so from the head to the rump, but that was
ı. He must do it again, and from the rump to the
e hope that the bristles of the animal might pierce his
ɔison and destroy him. In this the murderer succeeded.
as wounded by the bristles in the foot, and the wound
ıd proved mortal. Still Fingal was baffled of his
Diarmid's wife must have been as loving as she was
She could not survive him. She died forthwith of a
rt. This was the end of Diarmid, and the story, as we
t, must have been known and accepted in Glenshee at
y period. It gave to several places the names which
to this day, and which they have borne from time
l. Such is the spring called *Tobar-nam-Fiann*, that is,
n of the Fingalians—the well from which they drank
t, and it may be, on other occasions. Such is the spot
Ghuilbuinn, called the Boar's Bed, that is, the place
ade its lair. Such is the loch called *Loch-an-Tuirc*, that
r's Loch. The boar was killed near this loch, and its
ragged and cast into it. So likewise was a magic cup
ɔ Fingal. That cup possessed such virtue that who-
draught from it was cured of whatever disease he had.
Diarmid should, after his wound, get a draught from it
, the cup was thrown into the loch. Such, moreover,
s grave, to which his comrades committed his dust,
oving and beloved wife beside him, and his two dogs,
vise died of their wounds."

There are none of our ancient poems of which there are so many different versions as of this of Diarmid; however, they all agree that the hunt took place on Ben Ghulbuinn.

James Grant in his "Thoughts on the Origin and Descent of the Gael," says—A poem called "Bas Dhiarmid," or the death of Dermid, was till late well known in the Highlands. As handed down it is extremely fabulous and inconsistent, and can lay no claim to poetical merit. However corrupted in all the editions we have heard repeated, it is expressed that both Dermid and Grana died in the hunting ground where the boar of Ben Ghuilbuinn was killed by Dermid, and that both were buried hard by one another. It bears genuine intrinsic marks of remote antiquity. It makes mention of the Druids, and intimates their prescience of future events; and it mentions the elk, an animal not known in Britain for many ages:—

Gleann Sith, an gleann seo tha ri m' thaobh,
Far 'm bu lionmhoir guth feidh 's loin,
Gleann an tric an robh an Fhiann,
An ear 's iar an deigh nan con.

An gleann sin fos Beinn Ghuilbuinn ghuirm
'S aileadh tulachan tha fo'n ghrein,
Is tric bha na sruthan dearg
An deigh na Fiann bhi sealg an fheidh.

Glen Shee, that glen by my side,
Where oft is heard the voice of deer and elk,
That glen where oft the Fiann have roved,
East and west after their dogs.

That glen below Ben Gulbin green
Of the most beautiful hillocks under the sun,
Often were thy streams dyed red
After the Fiann hunted the deer.

We will now leave the dim mythical ages of remote antiquity, and come down to events recorded in history, which will be arranged in chronological order.

729. In this year the great Angus M'Fergus, King of the Southern Picts, advanced against the Northern Picts of Athole, and a great battle was fought between them on the hill of Blathvalg, between Strathardle and Athole, at the back of Loch Broom. The battle took place on the height called Druim Dearg —Red Ridge—or as it is sometimes called the Lamh Dearg—Red

Hand. The Athole men were defeated with great slaughter, and Drust, their King, slain. The dead were all gathered and thrown into the small loch there called the Lochan Dubh—Black Loch—which took its name from that event, and to this day it is supposed to be haunted by the ghosts of these ancient dead. It is a place of such evil repute that nobody cares to pass that way, and I well remember when a boy how carefully I kept away from it even in daylight when alone. The only one of consequence who fell on Angus M'Fergus' side was his favourite bard, who had ventured too far amongst the enemy when pouring forth his *Brosnacha-cath*, or Song of War, to encourage on his clan to battle, which was the duty of bards in those days. His body was not thrown into the Lochan Dubh, but was buried on a round heathy hillock in the great corrie which runs down from Blathvalg into Glenderby, and which to this day is called *Coire-a-bhaird*—the Bards' Corrie. This battle is recorded in the Annals of Tighernac: "729. Cath Droma Derg Blathmig etir Piccardaibh i Dtuist agus Aeugus Ri Piccardach agus ro marbadh Drust andsin la dara la deg do mi Aughuist." The Battle of the Red Ridge of Blathmig between the Piccardach, that is, Drust and Angus, King of the Piccardach, and Drust was slain there, on the twelfth day of the month of August.

In the Annals of Ulster it is recorded in Latin instead of Gaelic:—"729. Bellum Dromaderggblathnig in regionbus Pictorum inter Oengus et Drust regem Pictorum et cecidit Drust." Though victorious in this great battle, Angus did not finally subdue Athole for other ten years, when he overthrew and drowned another King of Athole, as recorded in the Annals of Tighernac:—

"739 Talorcan mac Drostan Rex Athfhotla a bathadh le h-Aengus."

Talorcan, the son of Drostan, King of Athole, drowned by Angus.

This Angus M'Fergus was the greatest of all the Pictish kings, and subdued all opponents, and united the Northern and Southern Picts. He reigned for 30 years, and died in 761.

806. In this year Constantine M'Fergus, the grandson of Angus M'Fergus, founded Dunkeld as the seat of the primacy of the Scottish Church. In the Pictish Chronicle we read—

"Constantin Fitz Fergusa xl. annz. Cesti fist edifer Dunkeldyn."

Constantin M'Fergus reigned forty years. He caused Dunkeld to be built.

Col. Robertson, in his "Historical Proofs," says:—"The Register of St Andrews even, admits the foundation of Dunkeld by King Constantine, which, coming from a quarter that was jealous of all other churches, is strong confirmation of its truth; and as the district of Athole and country near Dunkeld was then in the Crown, by the conquest of its provincial rulers by Angus M'Fergus, King Constantine had it in his power largely to endow his church, and place it also where it must have been considered safe from the heathen plunderers."

Amongst the lands with which Constantine endowed Dunkeld were the whole barony of Cally, the lands of Persie and Ashmore, and the whole stretch of country from there to Dunkeld, which continued to be the property of the Bishops of Dunkeld till the Reformation.

In later times there was a monastery and a nunnery at Bridge of Cally in connection with Dunkeld. This connection with the church gave their names to many of the places in Strathardle. Cally itself is derived from *Caillach*, a nun, and the full name of it is *Lagan-dubh-chaillich*, the Hollow of the Black Nuns; Rochallie comes from *Ruith-chaillich*, the Nuns' Sheiling; Benchallie and Loch Benchallie are *Beinn Chaillich* and *Loch Beinn Chaillich*, the Nuns Mountain and Loch; Blackcraig, in full, is *Craig-dubh-chaillich*, the Rock of the Black Nuns. There was also the Monks' Mill near Bridge of Cally.

In 903, the Pictish Chronicle tells us, the Danes laid waste Dunkeld and all Alban. Possibly it was then the battle of Ennochdhu was fought.

About 1005, in the reign of King Malcolm II., Kirkmichael gave the title of Abthane to Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, who had married the King's daughter, Bethoc or Beatrice. This title of Abthane is peculiar to Scotland, as no trace of it is found in any other country, and only three in Scotland. In the article on Malcolm II. in the "Scottish Nation," we read:—"Malcolm's daughter Bethoc married Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, and this marriage gave a long line of Kings to Scotland, ending with Alexander III. Their son Duncan succeeded his maternal grandfather on the throne, and was the 'gracious Duncan' murdered by Macbeth.

"Crinan is styled by Fordun *Abthanus de Dull ac Seneschallus Insularum*. The title of Abthane seems to have belonged to an abbot who possessed a thanedom. It was peculiar to Scotland, and only three Abthaneries are named in ancient records, viz., those of Dull in Athole, Kirkmichael in Strathardle, and Madderty

in Strathern. The three thanedoms mentioned seem to have been vested in the Crown, and were conferred by King Edgar on his younger brother Ethelred, who was Abbot of Dunkeld. On Ethelred's death they reverted to the Crown."

Dr M'Lauchlan says in his "Early History of the Scottish Church":—"Malcolm II. had a peculiar interest in Dunkeld, his daughter Bethoc having married Crinan the Abbot. This Crinan was head of the Athole family, this including in his own person both the civil and the ecclesiastical authority of the Athole district. Crinan engaged in war, raising troops, as we find, on behalf of his grandchildren, and was slain on the battlefield."

Crinan was Abthane of Kirkmichael, and as both spiritual and temporal leader, was followed by the Strathardle men in this, his dire hour of need, when he fought and fell fighting against the "Bloody Macbeth" to win back the kingdom for his grandson, the famous Malcolm Canmore. How well and bravely Crinan-Crinan's, Athole, and Strathardle men fought on that day is proved by the fact that their fame spread beyond even the limits of their own kingdom to the remote parts of Ireland, as we find recorded in the old annals of Tighernac:—

"1045.—Cath etir Albancho araenrian cur marbadh andsin Crinan Ab. Duincalland agus sochaighe maille fris. i. nae XX. laech."

Battle between the Albanich, on both sides, in which Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, was slain there and many with him, viz., nine times twenty heroes.

The fall of Crinan enabled Macbeth to reign another dozen years, till Malcolm, again assisted by the Strathardle men, marched from the wood of Birnam to the Hill of Dunsinane, and defeated Macbeth, as told by Skakespeare; and three months after slew his son Lulac in Strathbogie, and so firmly seated himself on the throne in 1057.

After being securely seated on the throne, Malcolm Canmore kept up a close connection with the Abthanedom of Kirkmichael, where he built the old Castle of Whitefield as a hunting seat, from where he followed the chase in the surrounding royal forests of Athole, Mar, Alyth, Bleaton, Cluny, &c.

Whitefield is a modern name, the old name and that still used in Gaelic being *Morchloich*—the Castle of the Big Stone—from a large boulder on an eminence in the vicinity. This castle afterwards passed into the possession of a branch of the Clan Spalding of Ashiutully. It is now a a fine old ruin.

In 1033, when Thorfinn, the Danish Earl of Caithness, defeated and slew King Malcolm, and subdued and overran the whole north of Scotland as far south as Fife; the only districts north of the Forth which he did not conquer were Athole and Strathardle.

As we have now followed the History of Strathardle for a thousand years, and are now entering on modern history, I will leave the remainder for another paper.

8th MAY, 1889.

At this meeting, Mr Roderick Maclean, Ardross, read a paper entitled, "Notes on the Parish of Kiltearn." Mr Maclean's paper was as follows:—

NOTES ON THE PARISH OF KILTEARN.

The Parish of Kiltearn lies on the north side of the Cromarty Firth, west of, and parallel to, the Parish of Alness. Its greatest length is nearly 16 miles, and its average breadth 3 miles. The total area by the Ordnance Survey of 1876 is 29,956 acres, of which 4578 acres are arable. The surface is beautifully diversified by hill and dale, wood and water, arable and moorlands—the hills rising in successive altitudes to the crowning point at Wyvis, 3429 feet high. From the summit of Wyvis on a clear day the view is grand. A description is almost useless; it must be seen to be appreciated.

The origin of the name is to me doubtful. It is traditional that one of the early Barons of Fowlis was buried at the site of the present Parish Church, that in process of time many of the retainers of the family were buried around him, and that when a place of worship was built there it was called Kill-an-Tighearn—the burying-place of the lord of the manor. I am not aware of another place of worship or of burial in the Highlands which, if dedicated, is so to any other than to the Divine or to a saint. May not the dedication be to the Lord—Kill an Tighearna?

Great changes have taken place in the parish since Dr Robertson wrote his Statistical Account in 1791. There were then very few stone and lime houses—those of the poorer classes were miserable turf and mud huts. The population then was 694 males and 922 females—together, 1616; in 1831, 1605; and

in 1881, 1146. I have no doubt the difference of the number of males under that of the females in 1791 was owing to the number of the Clan Munro who were then serving in the army. They were always famed as a warlike race.

The object of this paper being to give the place names, I now proceed with them in alphabetical order :—

Achleach—Achadh-an-Leathad—The field on the slope.

Allt-Cailc—The chalky burn. Plants under water on the banks of this burn have the appearance as if covered with chalk, no doubt caused by lime held in solution in the water. Limestone must be there, though as far as I know it has not been discovered.

Allt-Duack—The black small burn.

Allt-Duilleag—The leafy burn, named after water-cresses that grow there.

Allt-Garbhaidh—The rough burn.

Allt-Gràd—The ugly burn. This is a portion of the river flowing from Loch Glais, now too well known to require a minute description. North of the village of Evanton, the river, for a distance of nearly two miles, runs through a narrow chasm from 80 to 120 feet deep—in one place only 16 feet wide—and it is said in the last century a smuggler pursued by excisemen leapt over the chasm at this place.

Allt-a-Choilich—The burn of the blackcock.

Allt a Ghoill—The burn of the stranger or Lowlander.

Alltan-Teann—The swift running burn.

Allt-na-moine—The burn of the peat moss.

Allt-nan-Caorach—The burn of the sheep. Supposed to have got the name from a large number of sheep having been smothered in it during a severe snowstorm. There is here a lead mine, which was found to produce good lead, but the work was not prosecuted.

An Leacainn—The side of the hill.

Ardullie.

Ath-a-Bhealaich Edheannaich.

Bad a Ghortain—The clump of wood at the small arable field.

Badgharbhaidh—The clump at the rough place.

Balachladoch—The town at the shore.

Balacreig—The town of the rock.

Balmeanach—The mid town.

Balconie—Balcomhnuidh—The residence. So named from having been the first building erected by the first Earl of Ross, and in times gone by known as Baile Comhnuidh Mhic Dhonuill.

Balnacrae

Bog Tuath—The north bog.

Bog a Phiobaire—The piper's bog.

Bogandurie—Bog-an-Tùr—The bog of the tower. The tower is now in ruins.

Bognahairn—The bog at the south side of the Skiak water, where there existed a tower now in ruins.

Cadha Dubh—The black narrow pass.

Clach-a-Cholumain—The pigeon's stone.

Clachan Biorach—The pointed stones.

These stones have evidently been erected as a Druidical place of worship. There are twelve of them disposed into the form of two ovals joined to each other, of equal areas, measuring 13 feet each from east to west in their longer axis, and 10 feet from north to south in their shorter axis. In the west end is a stone 8 feet above the ground, and the others are from 4 to 5 feet high. In the middle of the western oval is a flat stone, which probably may have been the altar. About 9 feet from the eastern oval is a circular hollow, said to have been a well of considerable depth, now filled up. It is 8 feet diameter at the top. Around these ovals are the remains of three consecutive circles—the first 35 paces, the second 50 paces, and the third 80 paces in circumference. The remains of large sepulchral cairns and tumuli in the parish are numerous, and are worthy of being kept on record.

Clais Bhuie—The yellow hollow.

Clais Dhaibhidh—David's hollow.

Clare—Clàr—A name applied to a plane, or land having a smooth surface. There is here an area of about 200 acres of what was till about 40 years ago arable and meadow land, about 700 feet above the sea, but which cannot now, owing to the coldness and lateness of the seasons, be profitably cultivated.

Caolasie—The narrow passage at the lower end of Loch Glais. Here is the ford of the old drove road that passed that way.

Clyne—Claon—The slope. This is the name by which the estate, now called Mountgerald, was known till recently.

Cnoc a' Mhargaduidh—Cnoc-a-Mhargaidh-Dhuibh—The hill of the black market. Supposed to have got the name from some disaster that happened there, either in loss of life or loss in business—the former probably—on account of the number of tumuli at the base of the hill. This is a beautiful hill, oval in form, having its longer axis from north-west to south-east, or parallel to the valley of the Glais. Its base measures about 800 yards by 400 yards, and its summit 60 by 20 yards. Its elevation is 1020 feet above the sea, and about 250 feet above the average level of the surrounding ground. On the eastern slope can be

traced out what was evidently a roadway formed to the summit. A view from the summit of the surrounding valley suggests that its form was caused by glacial action, the flow of the ice being from the valley in which Loch Glais is situated, and from the eastern corries of Ben Wyvis, along the valley of Allt-nan-Caorach, immediately north of the hill. The united glacier appears to have swept the valley on both sides of the hill, and to have left the hill itself in its present beautifully smoothed shape. How it was able to withstand the destructive flow of the glacier is not very evident, as no rock is to be seen in it. From the summit are seen the vitrified hill forts of Knockfarrel, Craig-Phadrig, and the Ord of Kessock, and also the ridge of the Black Isle from Mount Eagle to Cromarty. Though the slopes are heathery, the summit is covered with green sward on fine black mould, and on digging to the depth of 18 inches, charcoal was found, suggesting that though no remains of a fort can be traced, it was a beacon hill that might be in communication with the above hill forts and the beacon points of Resolis and Cromarty. As the name indicates, and tradition has it, markets were held at this hill in times long gone by. This is confirmed by easily traced remains of stone and turf walls at the base of the hill on the south side. They enclose an elongated area of 30 acres, sub-divided into stances by internal walls, and conspicuous in one place are the sorting fanks, of circular form, and other four-sided enclosures. More interesting, and within the same general enclosure, are five hut circles—undoubtedly ancient—two of them joined by a passage, and another having an internal wall from the circumference to near the centre, apparently intended for partial privacy. Around and north of the hut circles are a great number of tumuli, apparently grave mounds, which, except in two instances, have not been opened.

Cnoc-Rais—Reis—The hill of the race, so named on account of some person who was wanted being seen at this place, and hotly pursued, but he won in the race and escaped.

Cnoc-Vabin—Mhath-beinn—The good hill. This hill, about two miles north of Mountgerald House, has been, and still is, productive in grass.

Cnoc-an-Teampuill—The temple hill, north of the Clachan Biorach.

Cnoc-na-Lathaich—The hill of the mire. The ground at the base of this hill is miry.

Coire-na-Comhlach—The corry of the meeting place.

Corrie-Bhacie—The corrie of the peat bogs.

Culbin—Behind the hill.

Culcairn—Behind the cairn. This portion of the parish lies to the east of the Alltgrad, awkwardly jutting into the parish of Alness It was included in the parish of Kiltearn on account of the small estate which it forms having belonged to a scion of the Fowlis family when the boundaries of the parish were fixed.

Culnaskeath—A nook enclosed on one side by the Skiak water.

Dal-Gheal—White plain.

Drummond—Drummean—The low ridge. A farm west of the village of Evanton.

Dunruadh—The red mound. The ruins of an old stronghold, relating to which there is no tradition.

Eileanach—The place of the islands. The place is about a mile and a half south of Loch Glais. The ground is flat, and during floods the river spreads out so as to form a few islands. Near this place is a beautiful waterfall, called "Conas," properly Coneis—The waterfall of the dogs. Why it is called so I could not ascertain. The fall is in two leaps, about 15 feet each. The first falls into a large basin, over the lips of which it has been recently observed that less water flows out than falls in. Curiosity led the observing party to try by experiment if there existed an invisible channel, and, to their astonishment and delight, small pieces of wood and other light substances thrown into the basin were sucked up by a small eddy, and they reappeared in the pool at the bottom of the fall, after having made their way through the under channel.

Evanton—A village situated between the Alltgrad and Skiack, about a mile north of the Cromarty Firth. The first house was built there about the year 1800, when Mr Fraser was proprietor of Balcony, and he called the village after his only son, Evan. Before then a small village existed to the west of Skiack water, to the north of the farm of Drummond, where there are still a few houses, still called the village of Drummond; and, to distinguish the one from the other, Evanton was, and is still by old people, called "Am Baile Ur"—the new town. This village is laid out with regular streets, its sanitary condition is good, and, a few years ago, the present superior—Mr Ferguson of Novar—introduced water at considerable expense to himself.

Fannyfield—The name given by the late Mr John Munro of Swordale, in 1859, to a portion of the estate of Swordale, formerly known by the name of Bog-Riabhach—the brindled or greyish bog.

Ferrindonald—Fearann Donuill—The country of Donald, which includes the parishes of Alness, Kiltearn, part of Dingwall, and part of Kincardine.

Buchanan relates that, about the beginning of the eleventh century, King Malcolm the Second of Scotland feued out the lands in the country to great families in it, on account of their eminent services in assisting him to extirpate the Danes out of the kingdom. And, according to the records of the Fowlis family, it was on that occasion that the lands between the Borough of Dingwall and the water of Alness were, in 1025, given to Donald de Bunroe, progenitor of the family of Fowlis, from whom all the Munros in this country are descended. Part of these lands were afterwards, by the king, erected into a barony, called the Barony of Fowlis. From this Donald de Bunroe is lineally descended the present Sir Hector Munro, bart., who is the thirty-second baron of Fowlis. The surname of Bunroe (now softened to Munro), is said to have originated in the fact that Donald came to assist King Malcolm II. with a band of trusty followers, from the foot of the river Roe (Bun Amhainn Roe), which falls into Loch Foyle, in the north of Ulster, and hence we have a few place names of Irish origin still existing in Ferrindonald, the most prominent of which is Fowlis, Ben-Wyvis, and Loch Glais. When the first charter was granted by the Crown is not known. The earliest I could get at is the one granted by James the Sixth of Scotland, dated 8th March, 1608, granted to Sir Robert Munro.

Fluchlady—Fliuch Leathad—The wet hill-side.

Fowlis—Fodh-'n-Lios—Beneath the fort. The word lios is now applied to a garden, but originally in the Irish language it meant the enclosure of the garden, or that which defended the garden from the inroads of cattle or other animals. It meant also a wall of defence surrounding a dwelling. Hence we have Lismore in Ireland, and the island of that name in Argyleshire, both meaning the big fort or stronghold. Now, on the top of the hill above Fowlis Castle, there is to be traced the foundation of what appears to have been an oval fort, and the late Sir Charles Munro told me that the site of Fowlis Castle derived its name from its being situated beneath this old fort. Hugh Munro, first of the family, authentically designated of Fowlis, died in 1126, and he seems to have been the grandson of Donald de Bunroe. Hugh's grandson built the first tower of Fowlis on a piece firm ground surrounded by a bog about 1150 or 1160. It is only in the present century that the last of this bog has been drained. The present Castle of Fowlis is built upon the foundations of the old tower, greatly extended in area, and the dates upon it are 1754, 1777, and 1792. The barons who successively occupied the fort

and castle are eminent in the history of our country, and to do justice to their memory would be the writing of volumes. I cannot, however, refrain from mentioning an anecdote which is told of Sir George Munro of Culcairn, uncle of Sir John Munro, known as the "Presbyterian Mortar-piece," and from whom the present Baronet of Fowlis has descended. He was a soldier of fortune, and was engaged in the thirty years' war. He was called the "Presbyterian Mortar-piece" on account of his firm adherence to Presbyterianism during the twenty-eight years of Prelacy in Scotland from 1660 to 1688. He was too powerful a man for Bishop Paterson to take before the Commission for nonconformity, but his dependants did not always escape. The Bishop was informed that two men on the Fowlis estate, John Munro (Caird), and Alexander Ross (Gow), were in the habit of holding conventicles, and caused them to be summoned before a Commission which sat in Elgin in December, 1684, or January, 1685, on nonconformity, "to fine, confine, banish and hang, as they should see cause." The Commission consisted of the Earls of Errol and Kintore, and Sir George Munro of Culcairn. Sir George was a friend to the oppressed. He was told by his lady that John Caird and Alexander Gow were summoned to appear before the Commission, and he desired her to tell them when called not to answer to their names of "Munro" and "Ross," but "Caird" and "Gow." He then, on the Court day, when the men were before them, said that their Lordships did not understand Gaelic, which he did, and that the names of the men meant "tinker" and "blacksmith;" that such characters never troubled themselves about religion—they rather engaged in drinking, swearing, and fighting, and that the Court was really disgraced by the Bishop bringing such characters before them, and he moved that the men be ordered out of Court, never to appear before them again, which was agreed to, and the Bishop was censured. At the same meeting Sir John Munro of Fowlis was ordered to be imprisoned in Tain, and his son in Inverness, for nonconformity.

Sir John was a man of great physical power. Here is the whisky bottle out of which he used to give his tenants a dram when paying their rents, and this is the glass. The bottle contained $5\frac{3}{4}$ gallons, and the glass $2\frac{1}{2}$ large wine glassfulls. It is said that Sir John could, with ease, lift the bottleful in his right hand and steadily fill the glass. From other anecdotes related of him he must have weighed over 30 stones. He died in 1696. Many of his dependants also were strong men. It is said that about this period an English champion came to Fowlis and

challenged any man to fight him. He was entertained in the castle according to the custom of such challenges till an opponent could be found. Some days passed without any accepting of the challenge, till a township of crofters from the side of Loch-Glais came down with their stent of peats as part of their rent. After delivering their peats they were taken into the castle kitchen and entertained to a supply of beef, bread, and beer. The champion went in to see what kind of men they were. Among them was a big bonnetless and shoeless youth, whom the champion took a fancy to tease. He spat upon the meat the youth was eating without effect; he did it a second time, which caused a disturbance in the youth's face, but on it being done a third time the youth threw down the meat he had in his hand, caught the champion by the neck and legs, and with one stroke broke his spine on the massive bars of the kitchen grate.

Fuaran-buidhe—The yellow well.

Gortan—The small corn or arable field.

Katewell—Ceud bhaile—The first town or piece of land possessed by the Earl of Ross.

Knockan-Curin (Caoran)—The hill of the rowan trees, or mountain ash.

Knockgurmain—The indigo hill.

Lemlair (Leum-an-làir)—The mare's leap.

Meall-na-speraig—The sparrow hawk's hill. Here three lairds' lands meet—Tulloch, Fowlis, and Wyvis.

Loch-nam-buachaillean—The herds' loch.

Mountgerald—So named by Mackenzie, the proprietor, who resided there in the middle of the last century, in honour of his supposed progenitor, Fitzgerald. The estate was formerly called Clyne, and is still called Claon (a slope) by Gaelic-speaking people.

Mountrich—A name recently given; why, I have not ascertained. Its Gaelic name is Kil-a-choan.

Ochtobeg—The small eight of a davoch of land.

Ord—The height.

Pealaig—The patchy looking ground.

Ridorach—The dark slope.

River Skiack—Sgitheach, or blackthorn.

Teachait—Cat house.

Teánord—Tigh-an-ord—The house on the height.

Teandallan—Dallan is an old name for plough-yokes and swingletrees. A carpenter lived here who made a trade of them.

Tòrr na h-Uamhaig—The hill of ticks.

Waterloo—This house, recently an inn, was named after the Battle of Waterloo.

Weyvis—Fuathais (3429 feet), is an Irish word, meaning a den, or a dismal place to look into. Near the summit of the mountain there is a corrie, which cannot be viewed from above without feelings of awe. It is comparatively narrow, and 1000 feet deep. On the south-west side the cliffs are nearly perpendicular, and it would take a cool head indeed to attempt to scale them. On the north-east side the descent can safely be made. From this corrie the mountain has got its name. It is now called Corry-na-feol, on account of the number of cattle that were killed by falling over the cliffs in the days when Ross-shire farmers sent cattle there to summer grazing. It is said of a man who at one time herded the cattle that when he happened to be short of food he did not scruple to drive some of the cattle under his care to the edge of one of the cliffs at night, making himself sure of dead meat at the bottom of the corrie next morning. Many stories are told of excursions to Weyvis by caterans in the days of cattle lifting, I will relate one. Twelve Lochaber men, in quest of spoil, came to Weyvis, and drove before them all the cattle they could find into Corrie-na-feol, with the intention of commencing their home journey the following morning. A powerful old man, who herded the cattle, known by the name of "Breachie," from the freckled appearance of his skin, assisted by an active young man named Donald òg, took a bundle of withs, came upon the twelve men by surprise during the night, overpowered and bound them with the withs. They were handed over to justice. Seven were hung, and the rest set at liberty. The leader, who was a bit of a poet, composed a song on the occasion of his capture, of which the following is a verse:—

"Tha mo bheansa torrach òg,
'S truagh a ri nach b'e mac e,
Ach an toir e steach an tòir,
Air Donull òg is air Breachie."

At no time is Wyvis without snow. Even in the hottest summers a patch is to be found in some one of its corries, and in allusion to this, says Dr Robertson of Kiltearn, in his Statistical Account of the parish, written in 1791, "there is a remarkable clause inserted in one of the charters of the family of Fowlis, which is, that the forest of 'Uaish' is held of the King on condition of paying a snowball to his Majesty on any day of the year, if required. Snow was actually sent to the Duke of Cumberland when at Inverness, in 1746, to cool his wine."

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

2. 'S e tha an rùn a' Chomuinn :—Na buill a dheanamh iomlan 's a' 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 cliunan 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, feumadh tri 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

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 Celtic 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

Cheann, tri Iar-chinn, Cleireach Urramach, Rùnaire, Ionmhasair, agus coig buill eile—feumaidh iad uile Gailig a thuigsinn 's a bhruidhinn; agus ni coigear dhiubh coinneamh.

6. Cumar coinneamhan a' Chomuinn gach seachduin o thoiseach an Deicheamh mios gu deireadh Mhairt, agus gach ceithir-la-deug o thoiseach Ghiblein gu deireadh an Naothamh-mios. '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-mios air-son Coinneamh Bhliadhnail 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 thrian 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, mios, 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, durachdach air-son na firinn, agus cuirear gach ni air aghaidh ann an spiorad caomh, glan, agus a reir riaghailtean dearbhta.

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. 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.

INTRODUCTION.

It is exactly a year ago that our 15th Volume was placed in the hands of our members, and the Publishing Committee have much pleasure in issuing this, the 16th Volume, at anyrate as early as any of its predecessors. It was expected to be finished at the beginning, rather than at the end, of the winter session of this year, but the usual causes of delay proved too strong. This Volume contains the record of the Society's proceedings for exactly one year, from the Annual Assembly held on the 11th of July, 1889, to the last literary meeting of the Society for the winter of 1890, namely, the 7th of May. The Volume will, it is hoped, be found to be equal to any of the preceding ones in variety of subjects and quality of work.

Still another of our Gaelic literary stars sunk to rest! Mrs Mary Mackellar, the bard of the Society, died in Edinburgh on the 7th of September of last year, at the comparatively early age of fifty-five. She had been ailing for some time: a cold in the winter of 1890 had not been shaken off, and this, aggravated by heart disease, finally brought the poetess to her grave. Mrs Mackellar's body was laid in the churchyard of Kilmallie, among her own native hills, and in the land of the Clan Cameron, to whom she belonged, and whom she loved so well. Mary Cameron —the Mary Mackellar that was to be—was born at Fort-William, on the 1st October, 1834. Her father was a baker there, but Mary's younger days were spent at Corrybeg with her grandparents, and here she imbibed the lore of her country, and laid the foundation of that wealthy store of tradition which she possessed. She *married early* a John Mackellar, who was captain *and joint owner of a coasting* vessel, and with him she visite *many places throughout* Europe. Finally, she settled in Ed

burgh from all sea-wanderings in 1876, where she had her principal abode till her death. The last ten years of her life was clouded by domestic sorrow, husband and wife parting by "judicial separation;" and Mrs Mackellar had to make her living and fight the battle of life alone. She was a brilliant conversationalist in both languages, but her writings scarcely do justice to her powers and wealth of lore. Mrs Mackellar was a woman of warm heart, high spirit, and fine intellect. Her poems, Gaelic and English, were published in 1880, and she wrote much poetry for periodicals and newspapers since then. Much of her prose and her lore has appeared in the volumes of this Society, and this one contains her last contribution, which is incomplete owing to the death of the authoress. She also wrote some fiction for the weekly press, notably the "White Rose of Callart;" she composed a book of Gaelic phrases, and described her native Lochaber in her guide to Fort-William. She also translated the Queen's latest volume into excellent Gaelic. It is hoped that the Clan Cameron Society will collect and publish her works in a complete and handy form.

A good deal has been done since May of last year in the way of publication of works connected with Gaelic and the Highlands. A new edition of Paterson's *Gaelic Bards* has been published by Mr Sinclair, Glasgow. He also publishes the poetical works of Mr John Macfadyen, a new star in the poetic firmament, whose work —and an excellent work it is—is entitled *An t-Eileanach*. As we write there is issued from the press the collected works of another bard, those of the Skye poetess, Mrs Mary Macpherson. Besides being racy poetry, full of the love of scenery and natural beauty characteristic of the Celtic bard, Mrs Macpherson's work is a well of Gaelic undefiled, which is none the worse of being very carefully edited. Mr Sinclair, ex-M.P. for the Ayr burghs, has published a racy work on the "Scenes and Stories of the North of Scotland," and Mr Alexander Mackenzie has added another to his popular works on the Highland clans, this one being the *History of the Chisholms*, which has been very favourably received by the clan and by the public. Dr Mackintosh, of Aberdeen, has written

Scotland for the "Story of the Nation" series. Much activity is displayed in periodicals and newspapers. The *Highland Monthly* is doing good work in all departments of Gaelic and Highland literature; and the northern papers contain much Gaelic matter, including history, antiquities, and poetry. Even the *People's Friend* has opened its columns for Highland song, and "Fionn" is contributing an interesting series of articles to that periodical on the songs of the Gael.

In general Celtic literature, the progress has also been good. Moore's *Place Names of Man* deserve a position equal to any of Dr Joyce's volumes, which means high praise. In Ireland matters are going well. Dr Atkinson's edition of Keatings' *Three Shifts of Death* is an excellent work with a valuable vocabulary. Dr Douglas Hyde has published some dozen Irish folk-tales under the heading of *Fireside Tales* (Nutt), and their bearing on Gaelic tales is fully explained. Dr Whitley Stokes is still pursuing his studies in Celtic philology, and besides an edition of the *Lives of the Saints in the Book of Lismore*, he has lately issued a brochure, included in the Philological Society's Transactions, dealing with the Irish Annals, where he discusses the Pictish Question, and gives a valuable vocabulary of Pictish words. It is probably the most important contribution yet made to the subject. He views the Picts as Celts belonging to the Cymric branch. Gaelic philology is fully and excellently represented in Brugmann's great "Grammar of the Indo-European Languages" now in course of publication. Professor Rhys has issued from the Clarendon Press a learned and suggestive work entitled *Studies in the Arthurian Legend*, which ought to be of interest to all Gaels, especially at a time like this, when Professor Zimmer is doing his best to prove that Fionn and his Feinne were merely Norsemen masquerading as Gaels! This new piece of German perversity is argued in a work of close on two hundred pages, which was noticed in the *Academy* of last February the 14th by Mr Nutt, and there given in a condensed form.

The Highlands have benefited much by the remission of fees, for it means money found, the fees being formerly nominal as a

rule. The relaxations in the New Code cannot also fail to be beneficial. The scheme whereby the old S.P.C.K. funds have come under the control of a "Trust for Education in the Highlands" came into operation last November. The new Governors number nineteen, and are appointed by the two Churches, the Colleges, the northern School Boards, and the old directors of the S.P.C.K., each having nearly an equal number. The money is to be mostly devoted to encouraging central schools, but a sum considerably over £1000 annually will be available for bursaries.

The North has been all agog during the last twelve months with schemes and rumours of schemes for harbour and railway developments. The practical result has been that something like £50,000 of public money is to be expended on harbours and roads mostly on the West Coast, and especially in the Lews. Nothing definite has been arrived at in regard to the rival railways proposed, whether to Ullapool or Aultbea.

The Mackintosh's offer of a £10 prize for the best essay on the "Social Condition of the Highlands since 1800" brought the minimum number of essays requisite for a competition, that is to say, three essays only were sent in! These will be adjudicated on soon, and the result will be announced at the forthcoming Annual Assembly.

INVERNESS, May, 1891.

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TRANSACTIONS.

ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

THE Seventeenth Annual Assembly of the Society was held in the Music Hall, on Thursday evening, 11th July, 1889. There was a crowded and fashionable attendance, and the gathering was one of the most successful ever held under the auspices of the Society. The platform as usual presented a background of Highland weapons and armour, relieved by shrubs, heather, and tartans, amid which might here and there be seen stags' heads, and wild birds and animals; the whole harmonising into an exceedingly tasteful and appropriate picture.

Sir Henry C. Macandrew, Provost of Inverness and Chief of the Society, presided; and he was supported on the platform by Major Rose of Kilravock; Mr Reginald Macleod of Dunvegan; Colonel W. Gostwyck Gard, late 91st Highlanders; Captain Chisholm of Glassburn; Colonel Hector Mackenzie, Inverness; Rev. Father Bisset, Fort-Augustus; Rev. Mr Campbell, Glen-Urquhart; Rev. Mr Sinton, Dores; Rev. Mr Macdonald, Daviot; Rev. Mr Maclennan, Laggan; Mr D. Fraser of Millburn; Lieutenant Colonel Alex. Macdonald, I.H.R V., Portree; Mr Kennard, Tormore; Mr James Fraser, Mauld; Mr Alex. Macpherson, banker, Kingussie; Mr D. Cameron, Moniack Castle; Mr A. Macbain, M.A., Raining's School; Mr Alex. Mackenzie, of the *Scottish Highlander;* Bailie Stuart, Inverness; Bailie Mackenzie, Silverwells; Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; Mr R. Maclean, factor for Ardross; ex-Bailie Mackay; Mr H. V. Maccallum, Inverness; Mr Duncan Mackintosh, Secretary of the Society; and others.

While the company were assembling, Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, of the 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, played a selection of Highland airs in the entrance lobby.

Shortly after eight o'clock the proceedings commenced by Mr Mackintosh, the Secretary, intimating apologies for absence from the following gentlemen :—The Mackintosh of Mackintosh ; Mr Duncan Forbes of Culloden ; Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost ; Mr R. B. Finlay, M.P.; Mr C. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr R. C. Ferguson of Novar, M.P.; Mr Chas. Innes, solicitor ; Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, Kilmorack ; Mr Wm. Mackenzie, Crofters Commission ; Mr A. D. Campbell of Kilmartin ; and others.

The Chief, who was cordially received, said he was very glad to be in his present position once again, and to open the seventeenth annual Assembly of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. He was glad to state that the Society was in a flourishing condition, active in the departments which the Society had set up for itself as the sphere of its work, and he was now in presence of an assembly which was quite as brilliant as any that had preceded it. They would see that each year the interest taken in their meeting increased ; the attractiveness of the programme kept pace with the interest taken in it, and he thought the managers of the Society had produced as interesting a programme for their entertainment as they could possibly have wished. As they were aware, the objects of the Society were to keep up the interest in the past history of their country, and the particular district of the country which was long peculiar and was to some extent yet peculiar, and which they looked back upon with so much pride. Last year it was announced that The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, who, unfortunately, was not able to be there that night—he believed very much owing to the continued illness of his wife—offered a prize of 10 guineas for an essay on the social history of the Highlands. That was a subject which peculiarly and particularly interested and occupied the attention of the Society. He regretted to say that in competition for the prize only one essay had been received. He believed the essay was worthy of the subject and well worthy of the prize that had been offered. He regretted, however, that more competitors had not come forward to offer contributions. Probably it was from the characteristic modesty of the Highlander —(laughter)—and that each man who might have wished to throw some light on the subject, thought that somebody else was more able to do so. He had no doubt the contents of the essay would be given to them by-and-bye in some shape or other. The subject was full of interest to all who loved their country, and who loved to look on what they grew from, and what they had come to. It was a subject which he had always taken a very

peculiar interest in, and he felt that the more one read of what their ancestors were, the more one was inclined to be proud of belonging to the race. There was something connected with the simplicity and nobility of their manners, which could not fail to impress them. He had been lately interesting himself in a book which he had only heard of within a few weeks, although he was a somewhat diligent reader of catalogues for books containing anything relating to the past history of the Highlands. It was the journal of a man who was the pioneer of one of the influences which had more than any other tended to modify the state of the Highlands. It was the journal of Colonel Thornton, who came in 1784 to the district of Strathspey for the purpose of enjoying the scenery and sport. He fancied he was the first who came into the Highlands for this purpose. As he (Sir Henry) happened, while reading the book, to be living in the district in which Colonel Thornton had settled himself for the time, he had read the book with extreme interest. He was surprised to find that, being, as he was, a man living in the most fashionable society in London—moving in the very highest circles, for on his visit to Scotland he visited half-a-dozen ducal castles, and was on terms of intimacy with the great men of the country—he associated with the ordinary inhabitants of the district, and there was not a single remark to indicate that he felt himself associating with people who were not entirely his social equals. Alluding to the conditions of life in the Highlands, he points out what they would hardly have expected, that the climate was particularly agreeable and genial; and that the Highland proprietor or Highland farmer had within the compass of his own domain everything that life required for its full enjoyment. As he had said, the main and most interesting part of the book was the silent and full acknowledgment of the courteous manners and high social and intellectual condition in which the farmers and the resident proprietors in Strathspey lived at that time. The book was also peculiarly interesting, because Col. Thornton came in contact with people who had been out in the Rebellion, and he was at the entertainment given by the Clan Macpherson on the restoration of the forfeited estates. In his concluding remarks, Sir Henry said he was glad to tell them that, in all the departments to which it had directed its attention, the Gaelic Society of Inverness had been diligent, and from the last volume of the Transactions and from the coming volumes, which they would see year after year, he had no doubt that in them a very valuable record of the history of the country would be preserved, and that the Society would leave its mark in that department of archæology and history to which it had devoted itself—(applause).

The Rev. Father Bisset, who was received with hearty cheers, delivered the following Gaelic address:—Fhir na Cathrach mhnathan-uaisle, 'sa dhaoine-uaisle gu leir—Tha e na chleachdadh aig gach Comunn Gailig, aig co-chruinneachadh mar so, beagan bhriathran a labhairt ann an cainnt a Ghaidheil fhein. Tha 'n cleachdadh so ri mholadh gu mor, 's bu mhor an t-aobhar naire mur bitheadh e air a chumail suas. Chur luchd-riaghlaidh a chr chruinneachadh mhoir eireachdail, thoilichte so, mhor chomain ormsa, gun do chuir iad mu 'm choinneamh beagan bhriathran labhairt nar lathair a nochd. Cha bu luaithe dh'aointich mi i so dheanamh na ghabh mi 'n t-aithreachas, agus tha 'n t-aithreachas sin orm fhathast, agus innsidh mi dhiubh carson. Tha mi duilic bhi togail an uine ghoirid luachmhor a tha air a cuir a mach airso na Gailig a nochd, le na briathran tioram neobhlasda a bheir mi dhuibh an aite an oraid bhlasda, thorach, shomalta sin a gheibhead sibh bho fhichead fear eile dheth 'n chomunn so, d'fhaodadh bhi am aite-sa nochd. Ach mu 's e bhur toil e foighidinn bheag bl agaibh, agus eisdeachd thoir dhomh, cuiridh mi uine bheag seachs a toir dhiubhsa, a Ghaidheil ghleusda ghasda, brosnachadh beag bi fhathast, a bhith-ghabhas e, ni's Gaidhealiche agus ni's gaolicl air a Ghailig, agus air gach cleachdadh Gaidhealach a chumail sus Cha bu luaithe chaidh 'n comunn so chuir air bonn, 'sa chaic "Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis" thoir mar ainm air, na chaidh chu an geill gu'n robh e'n run a chomuinn gach urra bhiubh dheanan iomlan 'sa Ghailig—bardachd, ceol, seanachas, sgeulachd, leab richean, agus sgriobhannaibh 'sa Ghailig a thearnadh o dhearma coir is cliu nan Gaidheal a dhion, agus na Gaidheil shoirbheachadh a ghna ge b'e ait am bi iad. Tha 'n seann-fhac ag rath gun cuidich am Freasdal iadsa chuidicheas iad fhein; a cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach d'thug Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis misneach 'us cuideachadh do dh'iomadh Gaidheil og gu e fhein adhartachas 's a thogail 's an t-saoghal. Tha obair luachmhor 'ga deanan gach latha, air chul na chaidh dheanamh cheana, le coimpirean Chomuinn so, sgaoileadh eolas air gnothuichean Gaidhleach 's gleidheadh bardachd, sgeulachd, 'us scriobhannaibh Gailig 's Gaidhealtachd o' dhol air di chuimhne. Ach tha eagal orm gu beil moran fhathast ri dheanamh gus a chuid sin do run a Chomuin a chuir an gniomh, tha sireadh gach aon de'n chomunn dheanan iomlan 'sa Ghailig. Far am beil an toil bithidh 'n gniomh, a cha 'n 'eil an toil aig moran dheth na Gaidheal fhein suim ghabhail dheth 'n Ghailig leis a bheachd amaideach nach 'eil e buanachd a cumail suas, nach 'eil i uasal ni's leoir, gu'm beil i luath a dol as, 's nach fhada bhitheas feum idir dhi. Tha cuid

duil mar bhi' a' Ghailig gum bidheadh an fortan deas. Tha e riatanach mar tha cuisean a dol gum bidheadh eolas againn air Beurla, gu na cuid thoir a comaith. Ach na leigimid air di-chuimhne gur i Ghailig cainnt nan gaisgeach, cainnt nan treunfhear, gleusda, gasda, choisinn cliu 's gach buaidh. Do'n Ghaidheal, le threuntas, le thur nadur, le cheud'an cuirp 'us anma, 's le gach buaidh tha fuaighte ris, bunaidh a dheadh chor ann an morachd 's an soirbheachadh na rioghachd so. Ach gun eolas air a Ghailig, tha 'n Gaidheal mar dhuine fo chioram—mar dhuine calma air leth laimh, no air leth shuil. Shaoil le Fearchar a Ghunna, gur e tiodhlacadh an fhear mhilleadh bha 'nn 'sa chiad sealladh fhuar e dheth 'n each-iarruinn, 's a shreath charbadan as a dheigh, a gabhail seachad am Blur-dubh. Ach shaoil le daoine bu ghlice na Fearchar bochd, 'nuair thainig an rathad iaruinn thar Druim-Uachdar, 's a ghabh e gu tuath gu ceann shuas Ghallabh, gu'n robh uair dheirceannach an Gailig air tighinn. Ach tha Ghailig beo slan fallain fhathast ged tha i aois mhor. Ach a nis 'nuair tha 'n t-each iaruinn, faodar a' rath, a sitrich an Inbhirlochaidh, 'nuair tha muinntir Arasaig a cuir seol air co an taobh dhiubh air an gabh e seachad, 's iad fhathast an teagamh co-dhiu bhitheas a cheann-uidhe aig bonn Roisbheinn no air cladach Mhalaig; 'nuair tha Gearrloch 's Lochbraoin a stri co aca bheir stabull dha, 's an nuair tha duil aig muinntir an Eilean Sgiathanaich agus Leodhais, ri gearran beag cruaidh do dh' each-iaruinn dhaibh fhein, feumar aideachadh gu'm bheil coir air suil a chumail a Ghailig 'sa h-iarrtas eiridinn. An dean sibh Gaidheal dhe'n dubh Ghall le boinead biorach a chuir air a cheann, breacan feile bhar a ghuaille, feile-beag suainte mu chruachanan cruaidhe cnamhach, osain 'us cuaran mu chalpanan speilgeach? Cha bhitheadh e ach seang. Cha mho na sin a ni Gaidheal Sasunnach dheth fhein, le pheirceallean a chuir ach beag as a cheile, 's a theanga a cumadh a stri ri fhacail tharruinn caol, 'ur Beurla uasal a labhairt! Air chul mata leis an aithris bhochd so, 's le faoineachd cho leibideach. An aite naire bhi oirnn a canain 'us cleachdanan nan Gaidheal, gabhamaid uaill asda, agus gabhamaid 'h-uile cothrom, air an cumail suas, 's air an sineadh sios dhaibh-san thig as ar deigh. Tha e robh thaitneach ri innse gu bheil uaislean Gaidhealach 'us luchd-foghlum a gabhail suim dhe'n Ghailig, 's a cuir seol air nach bi an sliochd air an togail suas gun eolas aca air a chanain, bhlasda, adh-mhor a bh'aig Adhamh 'us Eubha. Agus na'n gabhadh ceannach air a bhuaidh, 's lionar fear nach caomhainneadh, storas air ghaoil 's gun tuigeadh 's gu'm bruidneadh e Gailig cho deas ri na paistean, ceannruisde, casruisde, tha ris a bhuachailleachd cuir thoimh-

seachan air cach a cheile 's a stri co is luaithe their na briathran toinnte so, "Cha robh laogh ruadh, luath riamh." Suas, mata, leis a Ghailig, agus mar bhuill dhilcas dhe'n Chomunn so deanamaid coir 'us cliu a Ghaidheal a dhion, le ur deadh ghiulan oirnn fheinn mar Ghaidheil a cuimhneachadh ann am briathran a Bhaird—

"Fhad's 'sa bhitheas grian anns na speuraibh,
No gealach a'g eirigh 's an oidhche,
No gaoth a seideadh 's na h-airdibh,
Bithidh cliu nan Gaidheal air chuimhne."

In the intervals between the speeches and the close of the proceedings an interesting programme of Gaelic and English songs and Highland dances and music was gone through. Mr Paul Fraser, an old favourite, opened the concert with "Mairi Bhoidheach," for his rendering of which he received hearty applause. Miss Kate Fraser sang "Glencoe" with much expression, and later on she scored a distinct success in "Farewell to Fiunary." Miss Fraser possesses a voice of singular purity of tone, and it is heard to most advantage in the plaintive old melodies such as she usually sings. Miss Clara Fraser sang "Turn Ye to Me" and "Wha's at the Window," with the scientific accuracy and delicacy which always characterises her performances. Miss Forbes, Tore, did full justice to "Dark Lochnagar" and "Gu ma slan a chi mi." In the former piece, especially, her clear rich voice was given full play; while the pretty Gaelic air which followed was rendered with accurate pronunciation, appropriate sweetness, and purity of intonation. M. Oscar la Valette Parisot sang "The Roll-call" and "Macgregor's Gathering," for each of which he received an enthusiastic encore. He responded in both cases with a serio-comic song. Mr J. Leslie Fraser sang "Cam' ye by Athol" very effectively. Misses Grace Macdonald and Todd and Masters King (Nairn) and Clark (Church Street) danced a reel, and afterwards, in response to a unanimous recall, the Highland Fling, with great spirit; and the Reel of Tulloch was performed later on by four stalwart and be-medalled young Highlanders, Messrs Ferguson, Dewar, Forbes, and Macdonald, with equal acceptance. A quartette party, consisting of Misses Fraser and Forbes, and Messrs Ross and Fraser, sang "Bonnie Loch Lomon'" and "Wae's me for Prince Charlie;" but perhaps the greatest treat of the evening was the piano and violin duets by Mrs Mackenzie of Ord and Mr W. D. Davis, who seemed to be able to evolve almost anything they pleased out of their instruments. Their rendering of the old

Jacobite songs was a musical revelation, and the enthusiastic encores which followed sufficiently attested the feelings of the audience. The pianoforte accompaniments were tastefully supplied by Miss C. Fraser, and the proceedings were appropriately diversified by an excellent selection of pipe-music from Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie

The Rev. Thomas Sinton proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman and artistes, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the performers brought a most enjoyable and successful assembly to a close. Through the kindness of the following parties, the platform was decorated with plants, tartans, stags' heads, and old arms :—Plants, Howden & Co.; Urquhart & Co.; and Macleod & Co., nurserymen ; plaids, Macdougall & Co.; Murray & Watson ; Macbean & Sons ; R. Fraser & Sons ; Campbell & Fraser ; and Mr William Mackay ; stags' heads, Hugh Snowie & Son, Mr Macleay, and Mr J. Grain ; old arms, Bailie Stuart and Mr Leslie Fraser.

The following is a copy of the programme :—

PART I.

Address..... THE CHIEF.
Song (Gaelic)—"Braigh Rusgaich".....Mr HUGH FRASER.
Song—"Turn ye to me" *(Ho ro mo Mhairi Dhubh)*.....Miss CLARA FRASER.
Song—"The Roll Call"..... M. OSCAR LA VALETTE PARISOT.
Song—"Glencoe" *(Ancient Gaelic Air)*.....Miss KATE FRASER.
Piano and Violin Selections—Scotch and Highland Airs.....Mrs MACKENZIE of Ord and Mr DAVIS.
Song—"Mairi Bhoidheach"..... Mr PAUL FRASER.
Dance—Scotch Reel..... FOUR YOUNG GAELS.
Song—"Lochnagar"..... Miss FORBES.
Quartette—"Bonnie Loch-Loman"..... Misses FRASER and FORBES, and Messrs FRASER and ROSS.

PART II.

Address (Gaelic).....Rev. Mr BISSET.
Song—"Farewell to Fiunary"..... Miss KATE FRASER.
Song—"Macgregor's Gathering".....M. OSCAR LA VALETTE PARISOT.
Piano and Violin Selections—Scotch Airs...Mrs MACKENZIE of Ord & Mr DAVIS.
Song—"Cam' ye by Athol"..... Mr LESLIE FRASER.
Dance—Reel of Tulloch.....OGANAICH GHAIDHEALACH.
Song—"Gu ma slan a chi mi"..... Miss FORBES.
Quartette—"Ae' fond Kiss" *(Ancient Gaelic Air)*.....Misses FRASER and FORBES, and Messrs FRASER & ROSS.
Song—"O, wha's at the Window?"..... Miss CLARA FRASER.

'Auld Langsyne."

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

6th NOVEMBER, 1889.

This meeting, being the first of Session 1889-9(attended. The Rev. Donald Masson, M.A., M.D read a paper, entitled, "The Church and Edu(Highlands." The following is Dr Masson's paper :—

THE CHURCH AND EDUCATION IN THE H

In dealing with this subject, it would be ur exclusively on the splendid educational work of t Presbyterian Church—that work, so wisely begun b which, for good or evil, was finally closed by the Ed 1872. We must remember that from very early tim the Reformation, there were favoured spots of ou where the lamp of knowledge was trimmed and tend care by learned and faithful men, whose teaching a sonal influence shed abroad into the darkness some r and the light of softened manners. We ought als that education is not always and necessarily a ma and writings, and books. Already in our own da and book-learning count for so much, we have cor a little of technical education, the education of q manual dexterity, and special craft-culture. nation, we boast of our ocean greyhounds, w turning the wide Atlantic into a convenient fer and recrossed without fear or concern at the business or pleasure. But what of the long and of those hardy Norsemen who, ages ago, darin the German Ocean in their slim canoes, swep shores to give us, if through the channel of t that precious *tertium quid* in our blood, the in our national character? They were pagans, a sacrifice. But who shall say that they were n whole technique of a sailor's life and work graduates in honours. Among them were gold, silver, and iron. Their precious orn silver, their swords of finest temper, beautif high rank as works of art, and form the "ground-find," enriching the museums of merchantmen as well as sea kings. The ge

Carthage were buried with them in the funeral mound, side by side with the shirt of mail, the war-steed, or the ship which was their home. Such men were surely educated, and must have been educators as well. And what of the men of an unknown but evidently a still earlier age, who carved the rude contents of those handsome funeral urns, daily turned out in our day by a horde of promiscuous excavators, irreverent as too often they are wholly incompetent, pottering among the hoary burying grounds of a forgotten race? Ignorant of our three R's, these primitive men, of unknown age and race, very obviously were; but wholly uneducated we dare not call them. And the carvers of that wonderful series of beautifully sculptured memorial stones, long ago set up along the north east shores of Scotland, what shall we say of *them?* Were they missionaries of the Asian Mystery? pilgrims from the sacred banks of the Five Rivers, who voyaged all the way to Thule to propagate the mild religion of Buddha? A learned Aberdonian, long resident in India, and a competent student of Comparative Archæology, has fully convinced himself that they were; and he has written a large and learned book to make good this faith that is in him. Whether, indeed, it be really so; or whether, as is most likely, these sculptured stones are the work of the earlier Norsemen, their beautiful workmanship bespeak no mean attainment in decorative art; for they are the admiration of the artists, not less than the antiquaries of our day. These men had not *our* education. But who shall say that they had not an education of their own which, in us, it were at once unfair and unwise to ignore or despise?

So much I frankly grant. In Scotland, as elsewhere, there was some sort of education, lopsided, indeed, and at its best confined mostly to the few, which not only preceded Christianity but was also, to some extent at least, independent of the great Roman Empire.

Still there can be no doubt that, in the wider and modern sense of the word, the real education of Britain came to us through the Christian Church. When, for example, about A.D. 560 Columba visited the pagan court of Brude Mac Maelchon, on the shores of the Ness, he must necessarily have left his converts something more than the abstract truths of our most holy religion. Columba, though brave and strong as the bravest hero of his warlike days, was above all a missionary of the Gospel of Peace. He was deeply versed, moreover, in all the book-learning of his day. His sword was the transcriber's pen, and his only buckler that *leabhran beg bàn* he loved so well. If he found not at the Pictish Court

the arts of reading and writing, he must have left them there; for the service of the Church could not be carried on without them. In like manner every little centre of Christian activity, in those rude times, became necessarily a Christian school. The Scriptures had to be copied, or at least such portions of the sacred writings as were used in the service of the Church. The Gospels especially were largely transcribed. So were the Acts of the Apostles, the Psalms, the Song of Solomon, and an abstract or condensed commentary of Genesis. Nor did the transcriber confine himself to the contents of the sacred volume. The works of Origen, the "Sentences" of St Bernard, and other devotional writings were much sought after, and copied with pious care.

Thus beginning at Iona, the blessed work of education and enlightenment spread to other centres of light and leading throughout the land—to Abernethy, St Andrews, and Loch Leven; to Stirling, Perth, Dunkeld, and Aberdeen; and, in due time, to Beauly, Fortrose, and Baile Dhuthaich. Under the shadow of the Church, and springing out of the exigencies of the Christian worship, the School sprang up, a weak and humble sapling at first, ill-fitted in itself to battle with the rude blast of rough and stormy times but sheltered by the walls of the monastery, and nurtured by the piety of the monks, it grew in strength and stature, spreading out its branches on every side, and lifting them high towards heaven till at last it overshadowed and helped to crush the mother that gave it birth and sheltered its tender youth.

But I must not anticipate; nor here dare I enter upon debatable ground. Suffice it to say that the seat of every great church or monastery thus naturally became also the seat of a growing school, each with due array of "scoloc," "master," and "ferleyn." The scoloc was not yet a mere "scholar" in the modern school sense. At a date as late as 1265 there is proof that, if still in training for higher service, he was already in some real sense an ecclesiastic, or "clerk." The late Dr Joseph Robertson traces the "scolocs" back to the previous century, when he finds the Latin "clerici" described in the book of the Miracles of St Cuthbert, as "scolofthes in the Pictish language," *clerici illi, qui in ecclesia illa commorantur, qui Pictorum Lingua Scolofthes cognominantur.* The master, or rector, was an ecclesiastic of high dignity, as may be gathered from the fact that in one of our oldest charters his name stands side by side with the names of Malcolm Canmore's three sons. It may be added that in 1212 Pope Innocent III. addressed a bull to the archdeacons of Dunkeld and Dunblane, and "magistro scholarum de Pert"—to the master of the schools at Perth—

appointing them to act as arbiters in a dispute between the clerk of Sanquhar and the monks of Paisley, concerning the ownership of the Church of Prestwick. Dr Joseph Robertson thinks that in the Irish and Scoto-Irish Churches the Ferleyn was the same as the Chancellor in the English and Scoto-English Churches; and he points to the fact that, as late as 1549, in St Andrews, where there was no Chancellor, the archdeacon, "in right of his office of Ferleyn," enjoyed certain rights, and was still under certain responsibilities, in regard to the grammar school of that city.

Who was this Ferleyn, and what his position, duties, and the origin of his name? The name is obviously Gaelic, and in Scotland it is found only in the churches which derive from Iona. A learned but somewhat eccentric friend of mine will have it that the Ferleyn is simply "the shirted-man;" and on this simple basis of very simple philology he founds a learned argument for the place in the Celtic Church of "the simple white surplice!" You will, however, agree with me that in all probability the Ferleyn was the "reader" in the simple service of our primitive Celtic worship. That he may also, later on, have had his place and work in the scriptorium, or transcribing room, of the early Christian brotherhoods, I will not deny; but whatever in the way of parallel there may be traced between the scriptorium of the monks and the sanctum of the modern sub-editor, it cannot be conceded that the "reader" of the old Church establishment and the modern press can claim any kinship, whether of origin or vocation.

For many long years there must, however, have lingered on one slender bond of brotherhood between the schools and schoolmen of the ancient Celtic Church on the one hand, and the potential idea of that newspaper on the other, which in our day aspires to show men a better and higher way than the old pagan pathway of vulgar English, and the humdrum commonsense of the common people. The *Saturday Review* aspires to be "written by gentlemen for gentlemen." Even so is it with the old schools of which we have been speaking; they were at first *taught by ecclesiastics only for ecclesiastics*. For the gross ignorance of the common hordes of men around them they do not seem to have taken much concern, and on the thick darkness of that gross ignorance of the common people they certainly made little perceptible impression. It is not till near the close of the thirteenth century that we find much evidence of any serious attempts to educate laymen—

> "Thanks to St Bothan, son of mine,
> Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line."

So sings the Douglas bold, and if he did not exactly speak the sentiments of his order and his day, he certainly di l not belie to any great extent the prevailing practice, and the prevailing opinion of times but a little earlier. The earliest direct evidence of any provision for the education of a layman in Scotland is found in the chartulary of Kelso, under date of 1260. In that year a certain devout widow, named Matildis of Molle, made over to the abbot and convent of Kelso certain life-rent interests of hers, on condition that they should "provide victuals" and training for her son William—*ut exhibuerint in victualibus.* In 1383-4 there is found similar evidence of certain payments to the bishop of St Andrews, on account of James Stewart, son of Robert II., then under his Grace's charge. By the end of the century the education of laymen was more common, and a stray layman now begins to show himself also among the schoolmasters. At this time too there is evidence that laymen as well as churchmen resorted to the great schools of the Continent for that higher education which was not available at home. In 1411 was founded at St Andrews the first of our Scottish Universities. The sister University of Glasgow followed in 1450, and Aberdeen in 1494. They were all the creations, and the gifts to Scotland, of the Church; being founded by Papal Bull, and their professed object, in the words of the Bull, "the extension of the Catholic faith, the promotion of virtues, and the cultivation of the understanding by the study of theology, canon and civil law, the liberal arts, and every other lawful faculty." It were too long to tell, even were this the place, how this feather from the Roman Eagle's wing was used to speed the arrow which, not long after, pierced the breast of Mother Church in Scotland.

I must, however, crave your indulgence if for a moment I advert to one special reason assigned by the Pope for erecting the University of Aberdeen. It was because it had been represented to his holiness by "our dearest son in Christ, James, the illustrious King of Scots," that in the northern or north-eastern part of his kingdom there are certain parts separated from the rest of the kingdom by arms of the sea and very high mountains, in which dwell men rude and ignorant of letters, and almost barbarous—*homines rudes et literarum ignari et fere indomiti*—nay, are so ignorant of letters that, not only for the preaching of the Word of God to the people, but also for administering the Sacraments, proper men cannot be found." On this complaint, by no means a flattering one to the memory and character of our ancestors in these northern parts, the King of Scots appealed to the Pope to erect a

University in Old Aberdeen, "where many men, especially of those parts," above described, "would readily apply themselves to the study of letters, and acquire the precious pearl of knowledge;" thus "would provision be made for the salvation of souls, and the rude and ignorant people would be instructed in honest life and manners by others who would apply themselves to such study of letters."

Such was the picture drawn about a century before the Reformation, by a not unfriendly hand, of the social, religious, and intellectual condition of our North Celtic forefathers.

Of the history of the Reformation in Scotland, as of the subsequent bickerings of Prelatist and "Priest writ large," I have nothing here to say. The truly catholic aims and constitution of your Society very rightly forbid it.

But when the thunderstorm of the Reformation had passed away, and when the subsequent storms-in-a-teapot had subsided—when the public life of Scotland was again settling down, so far as peace and settlement could then be looked for—what provision do we find for the education of the Scottish people?

Of actual provision, at least outside the larger towns and royal burghs, there was in truth very little left. With the rich patrimony of the Church, the nobles and barons had gobbled up also the little provision of oatmeal, already grievously attenuated by lay impropriation, on which wholesome "victual" the scoloc and ferleyn had formerly contrived to cultivate their modicum of literature. But the General Assembly did not long sit down with folded hands while this work of spoliation was being consummated. For the new clergy the rescue of the tiends, or of what little of them remained, was naturally a matter of first importance. They did not, however, at all neglect to make inquiry about the "school-lands" and other special endowments for education. In 1616 the Privy Council had, no doubt, ordained the erection of a school in every parish in Scotland. But for long years in the Highlands, and largely also in the Lowlands, the Act was a dead letter. For this neglect the Highland proprietors had an excuse which would naturally carry great weight with the Highland people; for to the Highlanders the Act of the Council was grossly insulting. Its one great professed object was "that the Ingleshe tong be universally planted, and the Irishe language, which is one of the chieff and principall causes of the continuance of barbaritie and incivilitie among the inhabitants of the Isles and Heylandis, may be abolished and removit." Among Highland landowners there were already not a few who really had little regard for their native

tongue. But they jumped eagerly at this excuse, and clung to it with stubborn tenacity, which was so convenient and so serviceable in saving their pockets. In 1638 the Assembly, which that year met in Glasgow, "recommended" the several Presbyteries to see to the settling of schools in every parish, and the providing in such schools of "men able for the charge of teaching the youth, public reading, and precenting of the Psalm, and catechising the young people." In 1642 the Assembly "appointed," that is, ordered, that this should be done, and they demanded that "the means formerly devoted to this purpose" should now be applied to their proper use. The Assembly's Act of 1649 is so significant that I will quote the words of the authorised abridgment—"'Tis recommended to Parliament or the committee for plantation of churches, that whatever either in parishes of burgh or landward was formerly given for maintenance of those who were readers, precentors in congregations, and teachers of schools, before the establishment of the Directory of Public Worship, may not, in whole or in part, be alienated or taken away, but be reserved for maintenance of sufficient schoolmasters and precentors, who are to be approven by the Presbytery; and Presbyteries are required to see that none of that maintenance given to the foresaid uses, or in use to be paid thereunto, before the establishing of the Directory for Worship, be drawn away from the Church."

Thus did they, whose duty it was to preach the great text, "Ask and ye shall receive," themselves plead, pray, and remonstrate for the disgorgement of some part of the stolen endowments of church and school. They asked, but in the Highlands, at least, they received nothing. On paper, no doubt, the parish schools had already, as we have seen, been erected by Act of the Privy Council, but all over the Highlands and Isles the Act was almost universally evaded. The Church had therefore no alternative but to turn from the landowners to the people. In 1704 the General Assembly ordered contributions and collections throughout her bounds, in order that, by the funds thus voluntarily raised, the scandal of the Highlands might be removed. Again and again, from 1704 to 1709, was this order of the Assembly renewed and earnestly pressed on all her members and congregations.

It is in the midst of all this concern and urgent solicitude o the Church for the deplorable ignorance of the Highlands that t Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge fir emerges on our view. In response to the repeated appeals of th General Assembly, and more especially in reply to its pointe

injunction in 1709, that in every parish in Scotland the minister and elders should perambulate the parish to solicit the contributions of the people, a sum not largely exceeding £1000 was provided. The money was handed over to the Society, which now, on this modest nest-egg in name of capital, began its blessed and beneficent work. The Society was not what we would now call a scheme of the Church. Church schemes and Church committees were, in truth, the outcome of the Church's wider experience and later emergencies. But the Society was, from its origin, most intimately associated with the Church. Its members and directors were leading Churchmen; it began its work with the Church's free contributions, which were renewed from year to year for half-a-century, and at frequent intervals thereafter, down to recent times; and by its charter, its whole work, more especially its whole work in the Highlands and in Highland schools, was placed expressly under the supervision of the Church Courts, and made primarily subservient to strictly religious purposes. I need not tell you how splendidly did grow and prosper the work and the wealth of this the oldest of all our Scottish patriotic and charitable Christian Societies. In 1711 it had already "settled" a school in the lone islet of St Kilda, and it resolved to erect eleven "itinerating schools" in the places following:—Abertarff, Strathdon, Braes of Mar (2 schools), some one of several competing localities in Caithness, the same in Sutherland, the same in Skye, Glencoe, the South Isles of Orkney, the North Isles of Orkney, and in Zetland. In 1712 five of these schools were "settled;" in 1713 there were 12 schools; in 1715, 25; in 1718, 34. The capital of the Society grew in equal step with the advancing number of its schools. Thus, in 1719, there were 48 schools and a capital of £8168, and by 1733 there were 111 schools, with a capital of £14,694.

In 1717 the Society reported to the General Assembly a fact which was eminently discreditable to the Highland landowners. In many parishes in which its schools were settled there was still no parish school, as by law provided; so that the heritors were using the charity of the Society to relieve them of a legal burden. For this reason the Society withdrew several of their schools, removing them to other localities, and the General Assembly renewed its injunctions to Presbyteries and Synods to see that every parish was provided with a parish school at the expense of the heritors, as by law required.

The Act George I. cap. 8, set aside for education in the Highlands, a capital sum of £20,000 out of the forfeited estates; but

not a shilling of that money ever reached the coffers of the Society, or was in any way applied to educational uses. It seems never to have got farther than the itching palms of parasites and Court favourites. The old minutes of the Society are justly indignant on this shameful grievance. Need we wonder if again the innocent paid for the sins of high-born evil doers. The Society withdrew every one of their schools on, or near, these forfeited estates! In 1753 the Society's capital had risen to £24,308, and its schools numbered 152. In 1755 it is reported to the General Assembly that no fewer than 175 parishes are still without the parish schools by law required of the heritors. No wonder that the Assembly does well to be angry, and peremptorily instructs the Procurator and Agent of the Church to bring the offending heritors into Court.

Of the missionary schoolmasters employed in the beneficent work of the Society, I shall name but two—Alex. Macdonald, Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, the foremost of our native Gaelic poets, and Dugald Buchanan of Rannoch, the prince of Gaelic hymnists. Than these two men, though in widely differing ways, and with widely different effects, there are few of our countrymen, in high or low estate, who ever exercised a larger influence over the Highland people. Macdonald's poems, the first original Gaelic work ever printed in Scotland, if not the inspiration of the people, have furnished an excellent model for the Gaelic poets who came after him. To him we owe the first attempt at the production of a Gaelic dictionary. To Buchanan and other pious men of like gifts and graces we owe, mainly through the funds and influence of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, almost everything that we possess in the way of Gaelic devotional literature. Nor should it be forgotten that Buchanan had also some share in the Society's greatest work—completed subsequently by the revered Stewarts of Killin and Luss, father and son—our Gaelic version of the Holy Scriptures. Thus, in various spheres of pious and patriotic labour, and through the agency of able and godly men, from generation to generation wisely chosen for its service, did the work and wealth of this venerable Society go on and prosper till, in 1872, the abstract of its scheme stood thus:—268 schools, male and female, costing annually £416½; 55 superannuated teachers and catechists, £456; 11 mission churches, £700. Its vested capital now touched £200,000.

Before leaving the purely historical aspects of my subject, I must be allowed to pay a tribute of warm admiration to the labours and research in this connection, of your honorary secretary,

Mr William Mackay. His unwearied zeal and fine historic instinct have turned to most fruitful account the many opportunities for such inquiry which his widespread and influential professional relations have opened up to him from time to time; and his papers in the *Celtic Magazine* will serve, not only as a rich granary of local historic lore, already winnowed and sifted, but they may very profitably be used as an index for yet farther research into your many sources of as yet unwritten history.

Like the statutory work of the parish schools in the Highlands, as ordered by Act of the Privy Council, the teaching in the Society schools had at first one blot and serious blemish—it ignored, and ignored of set deliberate purpose, the native tongue of the people. Gaelic was regarded as the fertile source of Highland Jacobitism and so-called Highland indolence. It was, therefore, to be rooted out at all cost. The whole work of the school was gone through in speech which, to most of the pupils, must have been less intelligible than dumb show. It is true that ere long this absurd and barbarous cure for so-called Highland barbarism was, to a great extent, abandoned or mitigated. But with the more pedantic and baser sort of Highland dominie the practice was much in vogue down to the time of my own school days. I well remember the first bit of high English which was regularly taught to new comers at my first school. It was an iron rule that, under certain stress of nature, we should thus address the supreme head of the school—"Please, Master, shall I get out?" If asked in Gaelic, come what might, no notice was taken of the agonised request. It must be spoken in English. You can fancy what happened, and happened often. The poor shy, self-conscious boy would long defer the awkward attempt to utter the sounds he could neither remember nor co-ordinate in proper sequence. But nature in such cases has a strong pull on a young fellow; and so the attempt must be made. Very slowly, and painfully embarrassed in more ways than one, wee kiltie edges his way up to the master's desk, pulls his forelock, and makes his doubly painful bow, "Pleasche, Measch—pleasch-h-h, Mheaschter-r Mo-v-v-v-MH—N. *(Tableaux!)* Another curse of this absurd practice, in the hands of an ignorant, pedantic teacher, was the utter hopelessness, on the part of really thoughtful boys, of the most earnest attempts at learning. I well remember one nice, bright boy, who was thus sat upon with crushing effect. He was kept for more than a year at the alphabet. All that time he was made the sport of the school. His shy attempts at English were mimicked and grossly caricatured. Hours were spent in making game of him,

for minutes given to any honest attempt to teach him. To crown all, he was almost daily made to wear the fool's cap—a huge erection of goatskin, with the hair outwards, and the tail hanging down behind. I liked the boy, and greatly pitied him. To this day my blood boils when I recall the cruel and grossly absurd "teaching" of which he was the helpless victim.

Sooner or later such sickly absurdities will work their own cure, or bring their antidote. Thus the lingering leaven of English teaching in Gaelic-speaking communities brought the cure and antidote of Gaelic schools. The origin of this valuable addition to the educative machinery of the Highlands dates from 1811. It was preceded, as long before in the case of the old Society, by a careful and far-reaching inquiry into the then existing educational destitution of the large Highland parishes. In Lochbroom parish, out of a population of 4000, "hardly 700 had the barest smattering of book-learning;" and even they could read only in English. Less than 20 "could read in Gaelic a chapter or a psalm." From Lochalsh the Rev. Mr Downie reports as follows:—There is a Society school, in which the practice is to first teach some elementary book in English, and after thus learning the sounds of the alphabet, or after making still greater progress in English, then to teach the reading of Gaelic—it is, of course, very rare to find any person who can read Gaelic without having first learned some English. This also is generally true of the whole Synod of Glenelg. Of those under 35, one in twenty on the mainland, and one in forty in the islands, can read the Gaelic Scriptures.—From North Uist, the Rev. Mr Macqueen reports a population of 4000; of them 200 could read the English Scriptures, and most of them also (the 200) the Gaelic Bible. "I never knew any who could read Gaelic alone, as the education of youth always, as far as I have seen, begins in English."

The Gaelic School Society never reached the large proportions, whether for work or for wealth, of its wealthy and much honoured predecessor. But it did good work in its day, and, school boards notwithstanding, it still finds some work to do. Its management, since 1843, has been almost exclusively in the hands of leading members of the Free Church, but it seeks diligently, if not very successfully, to gather its funds beside all waters.

The Education Scheme of the Church of Scotland will long be remembered as, perhaps, the largest and most successful of all the voluntary agencies which have been employed for the spread of knowledge and enlightenment among the Highland people. It dates no farther back than 1824, when the General Assembly

ordered a return of the existing educational necessities of the six Highland Synods. The result showed that no fewer than 258 new schools were urgently called for. The next step was to order church collections and gather subscriptions. Then was put in hand the preparation of a new series of school books, under the care of Dr Andrew Thomson of St George's. They were at once translated into Gaelic by Mr John Macdonald, the proof-reader of the Gaelic Bible of 1826, and afterwards minister of Comrie. For this series of books Dr Norman Macleod of St Columba's prepared also a Gaelic Collection, which was highly prized, and is now rarely met with. In 1826 a sum of £5488 was collected, and 40 stations for schools were fixed upon. In 1827 as many as 35 schools were already in operation; and 35 stations, subject to the erection of suitable buildings, were selected. The Convener of the Committee was the very Rev. Principal Baird, whose melting style of pulpit eloquence led to the joke among his friends, when he preached before the King, of "George Baird to George Rex, greeting." Dr Norman Macleod was also a very active member of the Committee, which thus reports (1826)—"Within the short period of two years they have collected a fund of £7639; they have carefully investigated the necessities of almost every Highland district, in respect of education and religious instruction; they have secured, by a correspondence with heritors, the provision of liberal and permanent accommodation for schools at 120 different stations; and already they have established 35 schools, and placed them under competent teachers."

The Committee's report for 1829 is now before me. It tells a tale of widespread, earnest, fruitful work. In this, the fourth year only after its appointment, the Committee has already 85 schools with 7000 scholars. Of these some 3000 are learning to read Gaelic by the use of Gaelic schoolbooks, 6000 are learning to read English, over 3000 writing and arithmetic, 70 book-keeping, 120 Latin, 57 geography, and 76 mathematics.

There was at first a serious effort to induce aged people to attend the schools so as to learn to read the Scriptures in Gaelic; and in some districts the idea was taken up with enthusiasm. The movement was sometimes productive of unexpected results. I well remember an aged dairymaid who thus sought the instructions of the General Assembly schoolmasters. The school was fully two miles away, and the good woman had her work at home. For a time she visited the schoolmaster in the evening; and sometimes she came to me, then a very small boy, to help her with the arduous work of her little Gaelic school book. By and by the

teacher found the way to the "big house," where an interesting class of smart young serving-women received his instructions. He was vastly popular with his class. Though a cripple, he was a bachelor, and a clever insinuating fellow to boot. He was also the precentor of the Parish Church, and could play the fiddle. The dairymaid, as pioneer and first-foot of the class, looked for the special attention of her teacher. She was of mature age and experience, and in her own opinion was well-fitted to be the helpmate of one whose calling implied a certain sobriety and gravity of deportment. She had, moreover, saved a trifle of money. No wonder the gossips wagged their heads. To her the schoolmaster was always considerate and respectful; but in vain was her ribboned cap set at him with nearer and warmer interest. He had his pick of the lot, and the sly rogue chose the prettiest, the youngest, and the pertest. She was my lady's-maid, and having passed a week or two on one memorable occasion in London, her effort to discipline her dainty tongue and pouting rosy lips to the rude vulgarities of "that horrid Gaelic," was supremely amusing. All the same she made the cripple schoolmaster a good, ambitious wife. She taught him the ways of the gentry, and made him throw away his stilts to limp springingly along to church, in time iambic, with a fashionable walking stick. Finally, she brought up, healthily and wisely, a family of well-doing lads, who are an honour to their home and to the Highlands. Some of you may have heard of Dr Norman Macleod's examination of one of these schools, in which he found son, father, and grandfather, in the same Gaelic Bible class. At a certain stage in the work of examining the class, the little boy was visibly moved, and unable to contain himself any longer, at last burst out into a wail and bitter cry. "What's the matter with you, my boy?" asked the kindly doctor. "Please, sir, I hae trappit my grandfather, and he winna let me up!"

The most interesting feature, perhaps, in the work of these General Assembly schools, was their experience of what we now call "the religious difficulty." From the report of 1829, I see that in the Assembly's school at Glenlivat 26 of the pupils were Catholics; at Dalibrog, in Uist, all the pupils but five were Catholics; and of the school at Balivanich, also in Uist, the teacher thus naively writes to the Convener:—"The greater part of the Roman Catholics have sent their children to this school, but they never allow their children to learn either Shorter or Mother's Catechism. For my part I have never insisted on their learning anything that might be the means of making a division, as has been the case before. What surprises me very much is, to find

that their children are allowed to learn portions of the Psalms like other children; but not a single *question* (of the Catechism) will they learn. I only remonstrated with two or three of them, and they told me that their mothers would not allow them to learn any Protestant Catechism, as they had a Catechism of their own."

On this significant letter I make two remarks; the schoolmaster of Balivanich must truly have been a Nathanael in whom was no guile, not to have seen the ecclesiastical differences between the Catechism and the Psalms, closely associated although they were in the work of our Highland schools; and in Uist, as elsewhere in the Catholic Church, the devout mothers were the best guardians of the Faith. But it should be noted that the priest, under this arrangement, did not discountenance these General Assembly schools. Along with the minister, the laird, and the factor, he was usually found assisting at the great annual function of the school examination by the local Presbytery.

It has been stated that from the first the General Assembly's Committee resolved that in Gaelic-speaking districts the teaching should be bilingual. But it must be confessed that in many cases their intention was never fairly and fully carried out. For one thing, the parents in many cases, even those of them who themselves knew little or no English, were dead against the teaching of Gaelic; they wished their children to learn English, that they might get on in the world. But there was another serious drawback. There was not then, and there is not now, a reasonably suitable set of Gaelic school-books. The Committee's Gaelic school-books were prepared by an eminent Gaelic scholar and an experienced teacher. But the books proceed on a vicious principle —they are strict translations of Dr Andrew Thomson's school-books. Even as English class-books these last are exceedingly faulty. They consist largely of heavy printed blocks or paragraphs of detached words, without rhyme or reason, which to learn is the dreariest and driest work I ever experienced. And the Gaelic books, being translations, bred new and almost unspeakable difficulties of their own. With a class of young children beginning to read, you must make up your little sentences of the shortest and simplest words you can weave together into sense, or something like sense. In Dr Andrew Thomson's First Book the words are anything but simple, and even if they were, their translation into Gaelic would not necessarily be simple or short. The translator did his best, but his best is really so bad as to be well-nigh impracticable. Perhaps the simplest set of English school-books for beginners is Nelsons'. But in an evil hour, the Nelsons were induced to trans-

late their first book into Gaelic, for the use of Highland schools, as it had previously been translated into French for the public schools in Quebec. What was the result? I venture to say that most of you who are not well practised Gaelic readers, would find, in this Primer for infants, a bit of remarkably tough work. Take, for example, the following little sentence :—go up to him. In English, nothing could be simpler, but turn it into Gaelic, and lo! the mouse has bred a mountain in very deed :—Falbh suos d'a ionnsuidhsa. Just think of that on the first page of a child's primer!

The truth is, that the preparation of a practicable Gaelic first lesson-book, is a most difficult thing. And, if ever it is done successfully, there must be no thought of translation. The shortest, simplest words of the language must be chosen, and deftly woven into the web of short intelligible sentences, passing as soon as possible into interesting stories. This will assuredly be no child's play. I almost fear that the present spelling of Gaelic puts it entirely out of the running as an instrument of elementary instruction, otherwise than orally. The spelling of Gaelic, in Scotland as in Ireland, has, indeed, been its death—has done more to kill our noble tongue than the assaults and machinations of all its foes. If the great writers of the Elizabethan age were as frightened of each other, on the one hand, or as testily imperious on the other, about the proper spelling of English, as we are about the spelling of Gaelic, where to-day would be the great master-pieces of our English literature? No language under heaven is so unpretentious in its spelling as English: what tongue enshrines a nobler literature? Therefore would I say to all my countrymen who love our mother tongue—Be content to write Gaelic, as Shakespeare, Milton, or Walter Scott wrote English. Make light of the mysteries and complex machinery of oracular experts in Gaelic spelling—not too severely caricatured as "Gaelic medicine men, and prophets of pretentious etymological hocus-pocus." Some men would make you believe that the hardest literary work in this world is to write anything in Gaelic—in fact, that they alone are writers of Gaelic, and that the art will die with them. The strange thing is that these only writers of Gaelic never write it. Is it because they have nothing to write? Is it that they have so exhausted their wits in empty elaboration of the letter that of the spirit—of the thought—there is nothing in them? Or is it that they fear being weighed in their own balance?

What connexion has all this with my subject? Much every way: for if our Gaelic had been more simply spelled, the General

Assembly's efforts to teach it would have been more successful, the sap of native literary aspiration would not have been frozen in the bud, our Gaelic literature would have been much the richer, and the blot of illiteracy, all our schools notwithstanding, would long ago have been wiped from the brow of our people.

As I am not writing the history of the General Assembly's noble scheme for spreading the blessings of education among the Highland people, there is no call for farther following the details of its growth and great prosperity. Unchecked by the internal troubles and controversies of the Church, it triumphantly advanced from strength to strength till, in 1872, when the whole educational work of Scotland was taken over by the Government, the statistics of the Committee, as stated in their report to the General Assembly, were as follows: -Annual income, exclusive of Government grants, £6831; number of schools 307, with 25,000 day pupils; sewing schools, 130; superannuated teachers, 11. In that year the Committee also reports six building grants for new or enlarged school premises. It also reports a few Gaelic bursaries for Highland students in training at Normal Schools, for the supply of schools in Gaelic-speaking districts.

This was something of which the Highlands and the Church might well be proud. But to the Church the retrospect in 1872 was more gratifying than the prospect was re-assuring. Up till now, with the sister enterprise since 1843 of the kindred committee of the Free Church,* the Church of Scotland may be said to have charged herself with the education of the whole Scottish people. The Highlands had always been her peculiar care. And the work may well be said to have prospered in her hand. In 1871 the Committee "recall to the attention of the Church that their funds are in so satisfactory a state that they were in a position not merely to grant urgent applications, but to invite them. They are satisfied that they are able to supply all, and more than all, the educational destitution existing in Scotland. Since issuing the invitation to ministers and others to bring all necessitous cases before them, they have had an opportunity afforded them of improving the position of many existing schools, but they have not yet been able to meet with more than half-a-dozen localities where there is actual want of the means of education, and these in remote and thinly-peopled Highland glens." By the promoters of the Education Act, passed in 1872, it was expected that a rate of 3d per £1 would amply meet the wants of the School Boards. But

*See Note, p. 25.

the Church knew better. She argued that, in the Highlands at least, such a rate would be wholly inadequate. Thus speaks the report of the Committee to the Assembly of 1872:—"Moreover the rate will fail. A national rate will supply the necessary funds; but parochial rating will fail to do so, without an intolerable pressure, in those very districts which most stand in need of better school buildings and more efficient teachers." The calculations on which this warning is based need not here be repeated. The event, however, has shewn but too emphatically that churchmen can still be true prophets.

And so the curtain falls! The Church and education, so honourably and so faithfully associated for many centuries, now part company. At least they have parted company, so far as what once we knew as the Protestant Reformed Faith is concerned. With other Churches the work of education is now much more firmly and jealously bound up than ever it was before. Will these new Church schools be as tolerant, as tenderly regardful of a neighbour's conscience, as the schools whose spirit and work I have endeavoured to describe? Shall I say—need I say—time will tell? Short as the time is, has it not told already?

Be that as it may, the schools of the National Presbyterian Church have for ever passed away: and with them have passed away, whether we like it or not, the hold and influence of Presbyterianism, established and disestablished, on the life and work of the schools of the nation. Compared with the zealous, whole-hearted religious propaganda of the Catholic and Episcopal schools, our so-called religious "use and wont" in the National Schools, is but a mere *caput mortuum*—a compromise of incompatibles, which, necessarily, writes itself down incompetent—such a compromise of religion as represents the combined conscience, if such a thing can be, of a Board on which Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Infidel, have each an equal voice—such a compromise as practically cancels out the element of religion on both sides of the equation of our whole national school teaching—a compromise whose only possible symbol is lukewarm latitudinarianism—a latitudinarianism which, so far from being as of old, a graceful concession to those who differ from us, is only the bitter fruit of narrow, suicidal jealousies among ourselves. And all this, be it remembered, at a cost to the nation which is simply appalling, comes in the room of a system which cost the nation next to nothing.

But the past is past. Our duty is to make the best we can of things as they are. While, therefore, with the General Assembly of 1873, expressing our "deep regret that these admirable schools

are now blotted out," let us, also with the Assembly, "cherish the hope," if we can, "that the new system may be productive of the same benefit to the country."

NOTE.

At the close of my address Mr George J. Campbell complained of the brevity and inadequacy of my notice of the Free Church schools. I frankly confess that his complaint is not without foundation. But my omission was not accidental, or a mere oversight. The educational attitude of the Free Church, if dealt with at all, would require copious and most delicate handling. The programme of 1843 was, indeed, grandly ambitious. All over the length and breadth of Scotland it aimed at a Non-Intrusion church and school, set down at the door of every church and school of the Establishment. Now, nothing is more likely than that, when viewed in the short perspective of less than fifty years, the motive of this ambitious programme may be seriously misunderstood. I knew something of the men who made the Free Church in the North, and I feel bound to credit them with nobler motives than unmingled ambition, or mingled ambition and resentment. What was their *raison d'être* for the Free Church? It was their belief, so loudly proclaimed at the time, that the Spirit of God had left the old Church, from which, therefore, "conscience compelled them to come out and be separate." In this they may have been terribly mistaken. But undoubtedly it was their honest belief; and, from that point of view, we are bound to concede that a real concern for the godly upbringing of the young was the most potent factor in their attitude to the schools of the National Church. These schools, whether belonging to the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, or to the General Assembly's Education Committee, as well as the old Parochial Schools, they denounced not less uncompromisingly than the churches. "The leprosy was in their walls, and their teaching graduated for hell." Now, these men may, as I have said, have been utterly and entirely mistaken; but no man has a right to say that they did not honestly believe every word of what thus, with such dreadful earnestness, they continually asserted. With the men who in 1843 made the Free Church in the North, this magnificent programme of Free Church schools became thus a logical, as well as a religious, necessity. And was it not a splendid testimony to the rightful place of the Christian religion in the schools of a Christian land? But where is that testimony to-day? The schools of Scotland are secularised;

and it is the hand of the Free Church that has done it. If only the needful funds had been forthcoming, her splendid testimony of 1843 might still perhaps hold up its banner bravely. But when the funds were not forthcoming this splendid testimony of the Free Church schools was stopped. And, with her own, she must needs also haul down the banner of her more fortunate neighbour. To the old Church of Scotland her schools had never been a burden, but a great delight. Over and over again she proclaimed her willingness to charge herself with the whole school education of Scotland. But it must not be: she must abdicate the position which her neighbour cannot afford to share with her. Now, if in my address I had at all taken up the history of the Free Church schools, these things could not possibly be passed over; nor could I avoid the consideration of more recent and even more significant developments, strangely incompatible with the high position of exclusive spirituality on which, in 1843, began that splendid ecclesiastical drama, now fast ripening into tragedy. From all such ground of controversy I naturally wished to keep aloof, and I only regret that I should, however unwillingly, have been compelled thus briefly to touch upon it. For an impartial history of the Free Church of Scotland the time is not yet, nor will a meeting of the Gaelic Society—where Protestant and Catholic, Churchman and Dissenter, meet and work only as brother Highlanders—ever be the proper place for its discussion.

13th NOVEMBER, 1889.

At this meeting the following gentlemen were elected members of the Society:—Charles Julian Brewster Macpherson of Bellville, Kingussie, honorary member; John Gunn, 14 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh; Æneas Mackintosh, The Doune, Daviot; John B. Hatt, Abbey School, Fort-Augustus; Walter Jamieson, Glenarm, Ireland; Rev. F. H. I. MacCormick, Whitehaven; Hector Macpherson, 7 View Place, Inverness; John Cook, commission agent, 21 Southside Road, Inverness; and John Finlayson, commercial traveller, Elsie Cottage, Porterfield, Inverness—ordinary members. The Secretary intimated the receipt of Dr Bedel's copy of the Old Testament in the Irish language of date 1685, from Mr Paul Campbell, Blair-Athole, as a donation towards the Society's Library. Thereafter Alex. Macbain, M.A., read a paper contributed

by the Rev. Mr Macgregor, Farr, entitled "Celts and Teutons." Mr Macgregor's paper was as follows :—

CELTS AND TEUTONS—A STUDY IN ANTHROPOLOGY.

The history of Europe for the last fifteen centuries has been mainly the history of the two races whom we know as the Celts and the Teutons. Before that epoch, of course, the Latin power was supreme over the greater part of the world, and all other nations were of comparatively little account. But when the Roman Empire was at the height of its greatness, signs were not wanting to show that the inheritance of the Cæsars was soon to pass away into the hands of others. As early as the year 9 A.D., tidings came to the imperial city that a great disaster had befallen the empire. The army of Varus—the whole forces of the hitherto unconquered Rome—had been defeated, and nearly exterminated by the Germans, amid the dark forests and treacherous morasses of their Fatherland. It was the first serious check which had been given to a people whose career for many generations had been one brilliant success. The Rhine from that day became the eastern boundary of the Roman territory, and the ancient Germania remained, what the modern Germany is to this day, the home of a free and a mighty nation. This event may be called the turning point in the history of Rome. It was the first step in the decline, that ended in the fall of come centuries later. The warrior, whose campaign came to such a disastrous end, is said to have killed himself in despair, and the Emperor Augustus never ceased grieving for the loss of his splendid legions. He had cause to grieve, for the loss was all the harder to bear, because it meant the loss of prestige and the beginning of national ruin. The Germans still remember with pardonable pride the glory of that day; and Herman, who led his countrymen to victory at the battle, which is known as Herman-Schlacht, or Herman's fight, has been immortalised, as the Wallace, or King Arthur of his native country.

So much for the first decisive blow that was struck by the Teuton for liberty and fame. Symptoms had begun long before this time to show that the Celt also was destined to achieve greatness. Many ages before the time of Herman, the Gauls had struck terror into the hearts of the Senators in the City of the Seven Hills. Brennus, a Gaulish chief, whose name is evidently the Latin form of Bran, or Brian, a well-known Celtic title, was the hero of this adventure. At the head of a mighty army he invaded

Italy, and subdued it easily. Rome fell before him in the year 390 B.C., and the Senate was glad to pay a heavy ransom to propitiate the conqueror, and save the country from further loss. This brought the war to an end for a time. The invaders returned to their homes, and allowed their discomfited enemies to rest, and gain strength for new enterprises. It is very remarkable how, on this occasion, the Gauls showed the invariable characteristics of their race. With them it was simply an impetuous attack, victorious, of course, but not followed by any permanent advantage. The fight being over, and the booty won, they were quite content to give up the conquered territory and enjoy the profits of their raid, without any thought of improving their position for the future.

Many years passed away, and many changes came over the spirit of their dream. Rome grew stronger. Carthage fell into her hands, and the classic land of Greece was added to her possessions. Her armies triumphed over the land that had not only overthrown the whole force of Persia at Marathon and Salamis, but had carried the fame of her heroes to the borders of India. The wealth of Corinth and the wisdom of Athens were not able to save them from the terrible legions of the consuls. Still more wonderful to say, the Empire of Alexander the Great crumbled into dust almost as quickly as it had risen. The conquests of the Macedonian King, divided under the sway of several smaller men, were swallowed up, kingdom after kingdom, by the all-powerful republic of the west. And Gaul had her own turn of adversity. Julius Cæsar came, saw, and conquered. We cannot venture to give implicit trust to his own accounts of that war, for they are no doubt highly tinted by the exuberance of his sublime self-conceit. Still, it was clear that Cæsar's conquest was very decided. The Celts of Gaul were rent asunder by internal strife, as the Celts everywhere have so often been, and the perfect discipline of the Romans gained the day. It was of no avail that the Gauls, in their desperation, forgot their rivalries, and banded themselves together against the common enemy. In the words of Motley, the historian of the Dutch Republic, the frail confederacy fell asunder like a rope of sand, at the first blow of Cæsar's sword. The southern invaders became the undisputed masters of Gaul.

And yet the Celts were by no means wiped out of the map of the world. Across the English Channel were other families of the same warlike people, who had not learned to submit to a foreign Power, and who have not yet learned that bitter lesson. So the seat of war was transferred to Britain, and the first of a series of

invasions took place. The success of the Roman arms was only partial. Contrary to all that might have been expected, the islanders made a stubborn resistance, which was not wholly without avail. Their courage and endurance must have been of a high order when they could make such a stand as they did, considering the disadvantages under which they had to meet the invaders. The Romans were strong in numbers, in discipline, in implements of war, in confidence arising from recent victory—in short, they were strong in all that constitutes the strength of an army. The Britons, on the other hand, were divided into a number of petty States ; they were poorly armed, unpractised in scientific warfare, and their personal courage, great as it undoubtedly was, could not compensate altogether for defects such as these. Still, it may be claimed for our hardy ancestors that, like the Germans, they refused to be conquered. The Romans might ravage the low countries, and might boast that, with all the resources of their comparative civilisation, they were more than a match for the barbarians of the North. But the spirit of the Celts remained unbroken. Retiring to the mountains of Scotland and Wales, or to the distant island of Hibernia, they refused to confess themselves beaten, and it may fairly be said that they never were really subject to the yoke of the foreign intruders. The Celts and the Teutons were the most indomitable foes that the Romans ever met in the tented field.

Before coming to the period where the two races began to come into close relations with each other, we may try what we can learn about their origin. That they, along with most of the other European nations, emigrated from Asia at a remote period in the past is pretty clear. This has been often disputed, but the balance of evidence is in favour of the opinion that the emigration did take place. But further details are obscure and undefined. The time at which the successive waves of invasion passed on towards the west can hardly be brought to the accuracy of given dates, and the order in which the several tribes made their journeys has not yet been quite determined. The science of Ethnology, if indeed it can properly be called a science, is a most fascinating study, but unfortunately it cannot be reduced to anything like an actual demonstration of undoubted truths. All that is known of it with certainty is but the skeleton of a system, to which the details have to be adapted, partly from bold guesses at probabilities, and partly, it is to be feared, from vivid imagination. All this, however, while it forbids us to regard the study as an exact science, makes it all the more interesting from a sentimental point of view. Where

exactness is wanting there is room for the play of thought, wandering from point to point, spelling out here and there a known fact, and adorning it with a multitude of possibilities, any one of which may be true, and any one of which can hardly be proved to be untrue.

How, then, shall we trace the two tribes of which we have spoken to their origin? History is available only to a limited extent, for the history of ancient times is concerned, for the most part, with totally different people. The inhabitants of many eastern lands have had their records written during ages before either Germany or England had a literature. Greece and Egypt have left us some monuments of venerable antiquity to tell us of the fame of their philosophers and poets. What though printing was unheard of, and remained to be invented in an age that was yet far away on the horizon of time, these countries had historical records, carved on stately piles of stone, more lasting than brass. The worthy who, in Goldsmith's immortal romance, spoke so learnedly of Sanchoniathon, Manetho, and Berosus, brings to mind some names of men who actually did leave testimony to the events of their time. If we had authorities such as these to guide us in our present enquiry, we might be able to feel our way better than we now can do, through the darkness of ages, in which so little that is not fabulous can be distinguished.

We are indebted to Jewish annals for the first notice that we have to guide us. In the tenth chapter of Genesis we read that Gomer, the eldest son of Japhet, had three sons, two of whom have a special interest for us at present. It is to be observed that Gomer was the son of the patriarch from whom we believe the Aryan races to be descended. His name is identified with the early Cimmerians, with the later Cimbri, and with the modern Cymri, all of whose names are strikingly like that of their distant ancestor. His two sons, to whom we have referred, were Ashkenaz and Riphath. They were the two oldest branches of the family of Japhet. From the former are descended the Teutons, and from the latter the Celts have their origin. Authority for these statements are to be found in Smith's well known Dictionary of the Bible, and in the Hebrew Lexicon of Dr Julius Fuerst. An echo of the name of the elder brother is heard in the word Scandinavia, that of the younger is repeated in the Rhipean mountains, which are known to us as the Carpathians. It may be too much to say that the names of the patriarchs were in any way indicative of the character of their descendants. But it is worthy of remark that Ashkenaz suggests a derivation from the Hebrew root, *shakan*, a

root which means to rest; while Riphath is probably related to the verb *riph* or *ruph*, which means to flutter, or move about restlessly. If these derivations be accurate, they point with great force to the distinctive characteristics of the two tribes—the one patient, methodical, and persevering, while the other is quick, lively, courageous, and eager for change. Anyone who has studied history must know how marked these characteristics have always been.

It is to be regretted that so little is known with certainty about the fortunes of the tribes down to a period comparatively modern. Fain would we roll away the cloud of darkness that hangs over the past, that we might see the gradual rise of the tribes of the east, and their successive movements in quest of new homes, when their early abodes had become too narrow to contain them. It is strange to see how often history repeats itself. The leading families of mankind, in the very early ages of the world, had to move to the west, in order to find new openings for their energies, just as their descendants at the present day have to flock in thousands to America, there to settle, and lay the foundations, it may be, of many new nations, in the twentieth century and in the ages that are to follow it. The very name of Europe is to us a reminder of the feelings that rose in the minds of the first travellers when they drew near the Hellespont, and saw, across the waves, what was to them indeed a new world. The Wide Prospect —such is the meaning of the Greek words which, according to Matthew Arnold, have given a name to that continent on which the Celts and Teutons have acted such a distinguished part ever since the Christian era. It is by no means a great effort of the imagination to call up some of the thoughts that must have filled the minds of the wanderers when they looked at the view that lay before their eyes. Journeying from we know not how far, they came to a point where further march was stopped by the sea. There it became necessary either to stop their career or to find a means of crossing to the opposite shore. When navigation was in its infancy it must have been an arduous work to move a multitude of people even across the narrow strip of sea that separates the two continents, near the place where Constantinople now stands. Yet it was the destiny of both Celts and Teutons to leave their first homes far behind, and seek their fortune in an unknown land, that was by and by to be very well known by their families in future ages. They made their way across, and proceeded to take possession A new inheritance lay before them, and we may well believe that they were prepared to make a vigorous effort to secure them-

selves in it. The original inhabitants must have thought it rather hard to have to give place to the invaders, but they were overpowered, and driven into remote corners. Some had to seek the friendly shelter of the Pyrenees, where remnants of them are still to be found, and others had to betake themselves to the inhospitable regions of Finland and Lapland. The strength of the Japhetic tribes was such as to bear down any opposition that they may have met, and in process of time they divided the most of the continent between them. The Greeks, descended from Javan, the fourth son of Japhet, took up their abode in the south, while the Slavonic nations, who probably came by way of the Caucasus, to the east of the Black Sea, settled in what is now called Russia. The Celts and Teutons had for their share the north and west, including the Scandinavian peninsula.

The two last-named have become the most famous of them all, and it is not too much to say that, united, they bid fair to possess the world. Macaulay says that liberty and order are two of the greatest blessings which a nation can enjoy. We may go further, and say that society, in the form of a nation, cannot exist unless it enjoys the advantages of liberty and order combined. The two races of which we speak have been distinguished in an eminent degree for their attachment to these two great foundations upon which power rests. With the Celts the love of freedom seems to have always been the ruling passion. Witness the untiring zeal with which our forefathers resisted, against such tremendous odds, the power of Saxon England, when it was unrighteously exercised to crush them, in the middle ages. That is but one illustration out of many that might be given. It may suffice to show the inherent principle that abode in their hearts, as it still abides, to keep down every unjust attempt to bear the sway over them. No doubt this is a disposition that may be carried too far, and the Highlanders have on more than one occasion marred their fortunes by a too eager desire to have their own way. This was conspicuously the case in the history of the Highland clans. It was impossible for them to unite against a common enemy, because they could not get over their jealousy of each other, and consequently they were again and again made to bear the loss of the objects at which they aimed. When Robert the Bruce was engaged in his struggle for the independence of Scotland some of the clans were amongst his most bitter antagonists, not because they desired Scotland to become a province of England, but because they wished to take the opposite side from other clans who fought under his banner. It was much the same in the civil

wars that arose after the union of the crowns in 1603. At Killiecrankie—almost exactly two hundred years ago—an army, composed chiefly of Highlanders, but commanded by Dundee, was victorious over the Whig army, led by an able officer and thorough Highlander, General Mackay. When Prince Charles Edward made his brilliant but unhappy fiasco in 1745-6, the number of clansmen that sympathised with the cause of King George was probably not much less than the number of those who rose for the Chevalier. And all this was on account of the feeling that no one chief should be allowed to bear the sway over all. It may be supposed that this says very little for the capacity of the Celtic races to take a share in ruling the world. We shall see in a little how this overgrowth of an independent spirit has been tempered into manageable proportions.

With the Teutons, as we have seen, the love of freedom has been no less strong than with the Celts, but it has been accompanied by an equally strong desire for order and settled government. We are accustomed to regard the Germans as a thoughtful, cautious race, whose delight is in philosophy, music, and, generally speaking, all that pertains to civilisation. And upon the whole the estimate is correct. The natural disposition of the people is towards the arts of peace. To Germany we are indebted for leading the van in nearly all the great movements of thought that have taken possession of the minds of men. And, in order to avoid any allusion that may suggest controversy, it may be enough to say that Germany has for many centuries been the chief civiliser of the world. Let it not be supposed that this throws any discredit on our own country, for everybody knows that the English are really a people of Teutonic descent, and that by their union with Scotland they have secured for our nation the two chief elements of national greatness.

But it is remarkable that the relations subsisting between the two principal branches of the Japhetic race have, for the most part, been of a hostile nature. Indeed, it has only been in modern times, and in peculiar circumstances, that any kind of union between them has taken place. That union has been chiefly confined to English-speaking nations, and, even within these limits, Ireland forms a partial exception. The Irish difficulty, though closely connected with the subject of the present enquiry, must be left out of account, as it is a political problem that causes an unpleasant difference of opinion. We need not, however, hesitate to remark that the troubles of Ireland have arisen almost wholly from the ancient, and not yet quite extinct, feud between Celt and

Teuton. This feud appears in history as early as the fourth century A.D., when the Franks, a German tribe, began to threaten the decaying power of Rome in Gaul. These Franks, with the firmness and energy of their race, made themselves masters of the land, to which they gave the mediæval name of France, which it is likely to bear during the rest of its history. France did not lose her identity as a nation when thus overrun. On the contrary, this was the turning point at which her career began as one of the great Powers of the world. From the fifth century to the close of the eighteenth the French monarchs held the reins, many of them with great ability and distinguished success, raising their country step by step, till France, under Louis XIV., was perhaps the most powerful nation in Europe. The age of splendour was followed by the disastrous war of the Spanish succession; and the misrule of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. brought the kingdom of Clovis to an end.

Not to digress any further, it is interesting to notice the results of the Frankish invasion. As the Norman conquerors of England combined with the Saxons whom they found there, so the Franks, on assuming the sovereignty of France, became part of the people over whom they ruled. Hence the greatness to which the country attained. The two essentials were introduced. Freedom and order were established, and the heavy yoke of Rome was thrown off for ever. But France was, and still is, Celtic to the core. Consequently she has never been able to keep up a good understanding with Germany. As the Normanised England became the inveterate foe of France, so the German power, once set up in France, became more Celtic than the Celts themselves in hating the country beyond the Rhine. It is not difficult to see circumstances that tended to strengthen this mutual distrust. There was, for one thing, the rivalry that was natural, and almost inevitable, between the two leading nations of the continent. Further, in process of time a sort of alliance sprang up between England and Germany, which was equally natural between two countries who had a common ancestry, whose languages were closely connected, and who latterly were drawn together by the Reformation in the sixteenth century. It was not possible that the friend of England could at any time be the friend of France. With all these considerations, it is not strange that the French and Germans should for so long a time have lived in a state of chronic warfare. The fire has not yet burnt out. The stirring scenes of Metz and Sedan were the consequences of the strife that led to the battle of Jena, and the fall of the Prussian capital before

Napoleon Bonaparte. And when the Prussian king was crowned as Emperor, in the palace of Versailles, a new score was begun, which France is only too eager to wipe out again.

Union between the two races has often been tried on the continent of Europe, but never with decided success. The attempt has generally been like trying to unite fire and water. Charlemagne, King of the Franks, was also Emperor of Germany from the year 800 till his death in 814. But the wide dominion which yielded to his valour and genius, was again divided almost as soon as his master hand was taken away. Anyone who has read "Morley's Dutch Republic," knows what was the result of the endeavours made by Philip the Second of Spain to hold the Teutons of Holland in the same leash with the Belgian Celts. That was a most striking instance of failure, for it was one in which the outside pressure was so tremendous that, if it had been possible to weld the two into one, the thing would have been done. The whole power of Spain was brought down upon William the Silent, Prince of Orange, and his faithful Hollanders—and Spain was a much greater Power in those days than she has ever been since then. Indeed, it may be said that the desperate effort that she made at that time to hold the Dutch in bondage was too much for her, and that she has not yet recovered from the effects of the struggle. During the present century again, the experiment has been tried of making a kindgom of the Netherlands out of Holland and Belgium. The union lasted for about half a generation, and then the two ill-assorted partners separated, not to be united again, in our time at least. And the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 became the occasion of separating another connection of a somewhat similar kind. Alsace, a German province, with strictly German inhabitants, became a part of France in the time of Louis XIV., about two centuries earlier. France's difficulty became Germany's opportunity, and the Alsatians once more entered into the community of the German States, that were joined into a mighty empire under the veteran Kaiser William, the fame of whose army made all the world to ring.

Enough has been said on this point. We have spoken of the relations of the two races in foreign lands. It remains to be seen, and will perhaps be more interesting to know, how they have fared in our own country. Here we find that the course of events has been different, and that the difference has been for the most part to our advantage. Owing to our insular position, a coalition of Celts and Teutons in Great Britain was possible, and in process of time became an accomplished fact. Yet even here the rivalry

was difficult to kill, and it retained its vitality for many ages, to the great loss of both races. We have a deeply rooted habit of thinking of our own nation as the greatest in the world. This is certainly pardonable, as we have good grounds for our belief. But we are apt also to think that this pre-eminence has been ours for an indefinite period, extending to remote antiquity, which is an error as ridiculous as it is gigantic. If we look back for three hundred years we find that England and Scotland were two separate nations that had, from the dawn of their history, been almost constantly at war with each other. Divided as they were, it was not possible for either of them to exercise much influence in the councils of Europe. Scotland had a kind of alliance with France for many years, partly, no doubt, owing to the Celtic element in the two nations, but chiefly due to the fact that England was the common enemy of both. This alliance may have been very profitable to France, but was not at all beneficial to the smaller country. It could never make up for the want of power that was caused by the constant jealousy and enmity that our ancestors cherished against their neighbours on the south of the Tweed.

In the year 1603 the two crowns were united, and James VI. became the sole monarch of Great Britain. But for the next hundred years things were worse than before. The union of the crowns did not bring with it a union of the people. Disunion bore its natural fruit, and England became a smaller power than she had ever been since the Norman conquest. It is only when we read history with attention that we see how low our standing as a nation was during the reigns of the Stuart dynasty. Spain, and France, and Holland, by turns swayed the destinies of the world, while we were exercised with contests between Cavaliers and Roundheads, or between Resolutioners and Protesters. Even at this distance of time it is with a sense of humiliation that we remember how the Dutch sent their fleet into the Thames, and threatened the liberty of the Metropolis, while Charles the Second was trifling his life away in the palace. We may be glad that the follies of those days gave place to something like earnestness of purpose in a succeeding age.

The fusion of races was a work of time, and till it was carried out there was little but violence and disorder to be recorded in our annals. It is interesting to notice how the two contending races at last came to be made one, and what happy results followed from the change. With the union of the crowns came a sense of power in the minds of the people. It is not to be supposed that

the union alone brought this about, for there were other causes at work. During the second half of the sixteenth century an enormous advance had been made in learning and civilisation. The art of printing had made knowledge more easy of attainment than it had ever been before. And it is hardly necessary to do more than mention that the literature of the Elizabethan age will be famous so long as the English language is remembered. All this, of course, opened the eyes of the people to see their own power, to the existence of which they had in the past been strangely blinded. The Stuarts—most unwisely for themselves—tried to stem the current of public feeling. The result was civil war, followed by a series of revolutions. A king was beheaded, and it seemed as if the monarchy was overthrown for ever. A short term of republicanism was followed by the restoration of the royal house to power, a restoration which only paved the way for the great revolution of 1688. The throes and convulsions through which the nation passed while these events were taking place, had one good effect which compensates for all the evil which they did. The troubles of the seventeenth century made it impossible for Celts and Teutons to remain separate any longer. It was evident that national ruin was at the door unless national union were resorted to. That union came about in 1707, when the two Parliaments were made one, and the Scottish legislature in Edinburgh ceased to exist. The change was, to use words that have become famous, "the end of an auld sang."

But it was a great deal more than that, for it was the birth of a new nation, the greatest that the world has ever seen. To unite the Celts with the Teutons was a work that had often been tried in vain. The attempt failed on the Continent because on the Continent there was always plenty of elbow room. When one race was worsted by the other the vanquished people could simply move a little further away. There was plenty of natural boundaries of mountain ranges and mighty rivers that helped to keep up the separation. To this day, then, we see the French and Germans continuing, not at all to the credit either of their heads or their hearts, the feud of their ancestors of a thousand years ago. In our island circumstances were different. Here the bounds were narrow, and encircled by the adamantine wall of the ocean. Fusion was inevitable in "this precious stone set in the silver sea." It was only a question of time, and that time came in the days of Queen Anne, when Britain first became the ruling power of the world. The splendid series of victories achieved by Marlborough, the first really great triumphs of our arms since

Agincourt, in the middle ages, were only the precursors of still greater events in coming years. The British empire was not much longer to be confined to the old world, or to the lands that had felt the iron hand of Rome. Regions that Cæsar never knew, and where his eagles had never flown, were to be possessed by the descendants of the rude tribes of the North, whom he tried so hard to subdue. The valour of the one, with the steady perseverance of the other, made the united nation irresistible, and her people are now dominant in every quarter of the globe.

It is not to be forgotten, indeed, that a violent rupture took place last century between the North American colonies and the mother country. Nor is it at all unlikely that in process of time other colonies, both in the New World and at the Antipodes, may spring up into new nations. All this is part of the general law of nature, in virtue of which new life springs out of the old, and children grown to manhood cease to depend upon the parent. This should be no cause for serious regret, and it is certainly no cause for thinking that the Anglo-Saxon, or rather the Anglo-Celtic race, has begun to decline from its eminence. The right view to take is, that new nations springing from the old stock serve to carry the vigour and the enterprise of the races from which they have sprung, in a chain of increasing strength around the world. If it be the case, as perhaps it is, that this is not a statesmanlike opinion, it is also the case that statesmanship has often failed to see what has been apparent to common sense. The independence of the United States was for years a cause of grief to the people of the old country. It seemed like a breaking up of the established order of things, and a step towards ultimate ruin. It was certainly a misfortune that the division was made with such a wrench, and that we did not part on good terms with our kinsmen beyond the Atlantic. But after all, a few years of war, followed by an international misunderstanding for a generation or two, is but a small thing in the history of a world. Such events bulk largely in the annals of a reign, and in the memories of those in whose days they happen, but in the general progress of humanity they are but as pebbles in a stream. They cause a ripple for a little while and then the waters move onward, never stopping, never turning back till they reach at last the ocean.

Even so has been the progress of the races formed by the union of the Celts and Teutons. Troubles have befallen them, but out of the nettle of danger the flower of safety has been plucked. Not only has a great country grown out of the American Colonies, but the country that was left has grown more

powerful than it was before. The people of the United States, made up as they are from a happy combination of the two best tribes of the old world, have risen into a nation that still continues to grow in strength, and which promises to maintain beyond the seas the fame of that from which it had its beginning. And as far as can be seen from the evidence of history, and the present course of events, the extension of the Anglo-Celtic race must go on till the language of Britain becomes the universal language, and British civilisation rules mankind.

4th DECEMBER, 1889.

The following gentlemen were elected at this meeting, viz.:—Rev. Mr Bentick, E.C. Manse, Kirkhill; Mr Cathel Kerr, Free Church College, Aberdeen; Mr Lachlan Macbean, editor *Fifeshire Advertiser*, Kirkcaldy. Thereafter Mr William Mackay, honorary secretary, read a paper contributed by Mr John Mackay, Hereford, on "Sutherland Place Names—Durness and Eddrachilis." Mr Mackay's paper was as follows:—

SUTHERLAND PLACE NAMES.

DURNESS PARISH.

The scenery of this parish is mostly wild and mountainous. Its western coast is very slightly indented, offering to the Atlantic a lofty and rock-bound front, terminating on the north in the huge promontory of "grim Cape Wrath," 523 feet above sea level. Everywhere the coast exhibits some of the finest rock scenery in Scotland; the cliffs about Cape Wrath, the Fair, and Whiten Heads, rising sheer up from the sea to heights of 200 to 700 feet, are fringed with "stacks," and tunnelled by caverns, the more celebrated of which are the "Whiten" and "Smoo."

The rocks are composed of gneiss, granitic gneiss, quartzite, and mica slate, with veins of felspar and porphyry. In some parts they are variously conglomerate, red sandstone, and limestone. The limestone underlying the surface soil of Durness proves a valuable stimulant to its pastures. The limestone caverns present fine specimens of stalactites and stalagmites. Immense blocks of rounded granite frequently rest on the limestone rocks, telling their own tale of geological history, remote, incalculably remote. From one of such blocks on the glebe land was formed, it is

interesting to record, the monument erected in the churchyard of this parish to the memory of Sutherland's bard, Rob Donn Mackay, elegist, satirist, lyrist. In the limestone has been found pieces of porphyry, which were easily cut into seals and other ornaments.

The parish anciently comprehended the district lying between the river Borgie, in the east, to Kyle Sku, on the west. It was only in the year 1724 that it was divided into the ecclesiastical and civil parishes of Tongue, Durness, and Eddrachilis. The latter parish anciently formed a part of the Barony of Skelbo, of which Richard Murray, brother of Bishop Gilbert Murray, was chieftain in 1230. Durness seems to have been an appanage of the Cathedral Church of Dornoch after Bishop Gilbert regulated the affairs of his diocese, between the years 1225 and 1245. Tongue formed part of the ancient "Strathnavernia."

Durness, as now constituted, is naturally divided into three sections—1. Parph, between the Atlantic and the Kyle of Durness. 2. Durness proper, between the Kyle of Durness and Loch Erriboll. 3. West Moine, between Loch Erriboll and the middle of the morass called *The Moine*, half-way between Loch Hope and the Kyle of Tongue.

There are in the valleys of this parish ten Pictish or Scandinavian towers, circular in form, some of them surrounded by several circles of outworks. The one in Strathmore, called "Dornadilla," is an immense structure 150 feet in circumference, consisting of two concentric walls of flagstones, said to be the hunting tower of Dornadilla, king of the Scots. On the side of Beinn-Spionnaidh is a building twelve feet square, called "Carn-an-Righ" (the King's Cairn), probably where the King of the Scots lodged while hunting, and where he stood to view the gathering of the deer. It commands a very extensive prospect. Torfacus mentions that "Sweyn, an Orkney magnate, waited on the King of Scotland when hunting in the hills of 'Dyrness.'" This king may have been Malcolm II. There are also several subterranean buildings, called by the natives "leabaidh fholaichte" (hidden beds, or hiding places). One of these, lately discovered on the west side of Loch Erriboll, measured 40 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 6 feet high, built of dry masonry, covered with flags, the descent to it being by regular steps, and the entrance covered by flagstones. Near it are large stones placed on end in an elliptical form.

The area of the parish is 147,324 acres, inclusive of 3726 acres of water and 2541 acres of foreshore, and the islands Choarie, Hoan, Garvellan.

The etymology name of this parish has been much controverted, and various derivations assumed. A traditionary one is that a Skye-

man from Duirinish, named Y. Ay. Aodh or Hugh MacThormaid, of the Clan Morrison, trading in meal between the Lewis and Thurso, had frequent dealings with the Bishop of Caithness, whose seat was near Thurso. He fell in love with, and married, the Bishop's sister or daughter, receiving as her dowry the Church lands of Durness and Ashir, an extensive Highland estate, and, in taking possession of it, named it Duirinish, from the place of his nativity in Skye. It is said that a colony of Skyemen followed him, who became the progenitors of the Morrisons of Durness and Ashir, and held these lands for several generations. The last chieftain of these Morrisons married a daughter of Donald Ban Matheson, of Shinness, and died without an heir. His widow, harshly treated after his death by his successor, escaped at night to her father's house in Shinness, taking away with her the charters by which the Morrisons held their lands from the successive Bishops of Caithness. She handed them, probably for a consideration, to the Earl of Sutherland. Possessed of these muniments, the Earl claimed rent from the Morrisons. Encouraged and supported by the Mackays, the Morrisons refused to acknowledge the Earl as superior, much less to pay him his demands for rent. Wearied out at length by the obstinacy of the Morrisons, the Earl agreed, for sixty merks a year, to hand the Morrison district over to the Mackay chief, Huistean Du-Na Tuagh (Black Hugh of the Battle Axe), father of the first Lord Reay.

There is a more romantic tradition connected with this Morrison district, not as to its name, nor of its origin, but involving the loss of it by the Morrisons, and the acquisition of it by the Mackays, along with Eddrachilis, characteristic of the times. A Mackay chief, probably Y. or Aodh Mackay, father of Huistean Du-Na-Tuagh, was hunting one day in the Dirrimore forest, near Loch Stack. The custom was, while the chief and his party were located in the hunting bothy, to make requisitions for food upon the nearest inhabitants, many of whom of their own accord brought whatever necessaries they could supply, such as bread, butter, cheese, and milk. One day a handsome young woman presented herself with such a present for the High Chief of Farr. She captivated the Chief, who expressed a wish to detain her. The woman, as high-minded as she was handsome, repelled the advances of the chief, declaring, while her husband lived, she would submit to no dishonour to him, or to herself as his wife. Some of the gillies were sent for the husband. On the way they slew him, cut off his head, and brought it to the wife. Terrified of being similarly treated, she felt obliged to remain. A son was born,

fostered and reared by order, in the house of the Morrison chieftain. Some years thereafter the Morrisons had contentions with the Macleods of Eddrachilis and Assynt, resulting in disorder and much bloodshed. The Morrisons, unable to cope with the Macleods, had recourse to intrigue and assassination, and called in the aid of the Mackays, proposing to divide Eddrachilis into two parts, giving one-half of it to the bastard son of the Mackay chief, Donald Balloch, brought up amongst themselves, and the son of the Morrison Bathsheba, the result of the Loch Stack captivity, and the other half to Donald Mac Mhurchaidh Mhic Ian Mhor Macleod, who agreed to assassinate the youthful chieftain of the Eddrachilis Macleods, and thereby open the way to take possession. A battle became imminent. The Morrisons and Macleods gathered for the fight, and were about to engage, when the Mackay chief made his appearance with three hundred men. The Macleods saw the hoplelessness of a combat, and submitted to be despoiled. The territory thus surrendered was given to the bastard son, and Donald Macleod, for policy's sake, was induced, in lieu of the half of Eddrachilis, which was to be his reward, to accept of the Davoch of Hope, and the Morrison Bathsheba for his wife. This Macleod was the notorious Rob Roy of Sutherland. He died at a great age, leaving by this wife seven sons, of whom nothing is known. He was the Donald Mhic Mhurchaidh Mhic Ian Mhor, whose epitaph is—

> "Donald Mack here lies lo;
> Vas ill to his frend and var to his foe,
> True to his maister in veird and vo.—1623."

Durness, in the Sutherland charters, 1223 to 1245, is spelled Dyrness; in those of 1541 to 1544, Ardurness; in 1559, Ardwrness; in 1630, Duriness; in 1640, Durenish; in 1726, Durness. The village is still called Durine, which, with Ness, Norse for promontory, forms Durin-Ness. It has been said that the derivation of Durness is from the Gaelic word Dorrain, storms, and Ness, meaning the cape, or promontory of storms, not an inapplicable signification. But there is another given, that its derivation is from Du, black, and raoin, fields, pronounced and spelled Du-rine, which would apply to the village name, and, adding Ness to this word, it becomes Du-rin-ness, a compound of Gaelic and Norse. But yet another derivation has been given to make it out that the word is essentially Gaelic—Du, black, thir, gen. of tir, land, and innis, grazing, when it becomes Du-thir-innis, the black grazing land. Setting this aside as somewhat fanciful, and having regard to the orthography of the word as given in the ancient

charters of 1223-1245, when Bishop Gilbert Murray assigned the district to be an appanage of Dornoch Cathedral previous to the arrival of the Morrisons from Lewis, and, knowing that the last syllable is "Ness," Norse term for cape, we are led to the conclusion that the whole word is from the Norse or Icelandic. Dyrness, dyr, deer, and ness, promontory, the promontory of the deer. Durin is also Norse, from Dyr, deer, and, inn, resort, habitat, the resort of deer—where they came down from the hills to graze.

Parph—Norse, hvarf, a "turning away," receding, in reference to the appearance of the land in rounding Cape Wrath from the east, as seen by the Norse mariners. The Cape gave the name to the district. The Norsemen called Cape Wrath, Hvarf. The same people named Cape Farewell in Greenland, Hvarfs-gnipa, the peak of the receding land.

A Mhoine—Gaelic, the moss, a morass, a most applicable name. It is entirely a moor or morass. It is the eastern division of the parish between Loch Hope and the Kyle of Tongue.

MOUNTAINS.

An-Lean-Carn—G., leathan, broad, the broad cairn, here applied to a mountain 1705 feet high, having the aspect of a cairn.

Ben-Hee—G., sith, peace, solitude, the mountain of solitude, as it really is; sith, as an adjective, means a spirit, or like a spirit. It is a prefix in many mountain names in the Highlands. Here it is a substantive name, and may mean fairy, the most active spirit in Gaelic mythology. The belief in fairies is traceable to the early ages of British Druidism. Sith-ich, fairy, literally means peacemaker, hence Ben-Hee may mean the mountain of the fairies, both from its solitude and belief in its being an abode of the tiny little creatures called *Fairies.*

Ben-Hope—N., so named from its being at the upper end of Loch Hope. This mountain is the highest in the parish, 3040 feet, Ben-Hee being 2864 feet. This mountain with its imposing precipices presents the finest mountain outline of any in Scotland. For the definition of Hope, see Loch Hope.

Ben-Spuinne—G., spionnaidh, strength, mountain of strength, 2507 feet in height. The appellation refers to its immense size and breadth of base.

Ben-Ceanna Beinn—G., mountain at the end of a mountain. This mountain runs down from the interior to near the sea-shore. Near its end is a hamlet named Ceann-na-beinn, the mountain end, hence the name. Its end furthest from the sea is the highest, 1257 feet.

Cona Mheall—G., cona is O.G., fir tree, and meall, lump, eminence, a hill, the hill of the fir trees. At the foot of this mountain, 1527 feet high, there is a pass named Bealach-a-Chonnaidh, the pass of the firewood.

Cran-Stackie—G., crann, plough-shaped, and stacach, abounding in precipices. Highest point, 2630 feet.

Carn Dearg—G., carn, a heap of stones, dearg, red, the mountain of red stones or rocks.

Cnoc-Chraois—G., craos, wide opening, hill of the wide opening—a large wide gap between mountains.

Creag-Carn Chaoruinn—G., rock of the rowan trees, growing out of a pile of stones.

Foinne-bheinn—G., foinne, wart, the wart mountain, in reference to the several protuberances on its summit, respectively 2980, 2960, 2750 feet high. There are other mountains of the same name in the parish, distinguished by beag and mor.

Glas-Bheinn—G., glas, grey, or faded green, the grey mountain; Wel., glas, green; Ir., glas, grey; Arm., glas; Corn., glas, blue, green; Gaelic, each glas, grey horse; Corn., marc glas, grey horse; Arm., march glas, grey horse. In Radnorshire there is Knucklas (cnoe-glas), green hill; Manx, glas, grey. The Glas-Bheinn is 1085 feet high.

Meall-Ceithir-Mheall—G., meall, lump, hill, ceithir, four, and mheall. More correctly, mhill, gen. plu. of meall, hill of the four lumps or summits.

Meallan-Liath—G., meallan, dim. of meall, and liath, grey; Wel., lluyd; Manx, leah, hoary; Ir., liath; 2625 feet high. So called from its terminating in a conical peak or lump.

Meall-Garbh—G., rough lump, 2471 feet high. So named from its rough lumpish summit; Manx, garroo, uneven; Wel., garw; Corn., garou. In the Punic language *garvr* meant rapid. The O.G. garv also meant rapid, as applied in the Highlands to rapid turbulent streams and rivers, as in Garv-allt, so in the Armonic, as in the river Garonne, Garv-amhuinn, rapid turbulent river.

Creag-na-Faoilinn—G., faoilinn, sea gulls, rock of the sea gulls. At the upper end of Loch Erriboll, 954 feet high.

Beinn-an-Amair—G., amair, gen. of amar, a narrow rocky channel, in reference to a channel in the Kyle of Durness which passes at its foot opposite Keoldale. 911 feet high.

Creag-Stuanisat—G., staoin, juniper, and aite, place, rock of the place where juniper bushes grow. There is a lake of the same name.

Sabhal Mor—G. } Uncertain. The definition may be Barn-
Sabhal Beag—G. } like, or protecting mountain.
Luirg-an-Tabhal—G., foot of the Sabhal mountain.

LAKES.

Borlay—N., bjorr, a small piece of land, and lja, mown grass, or lea, in reference to a small triangular island in the lake, lake of the small piece of mowing land, or lea land, pronounced, boralaidh.

Crosspuill—G., crois, crucifix, and poll, a pool, or deep stagnant water; Wel., croes; Corn., crois; Manx, crosh; Ir., crois; Fr., croix; Lat., crux, a cross, crucifix. The ancient church of Balnacille stood near this lake, probably a cross or crucifix was erected near it, hence the name lake of the cross, or pool of the cross.*

Duloch—G., du, black, and loch, lake, the black lake, in reference to the very dark colour of its water. It is to be observed that the usual place of adjectives in Celtic languages is after the noun which it qualifies, but when greater force is meant to be conveyed, the adjective precedes the noun, as in this case, from the water of this lake being very dark. In Assynt we have Loch-du, there it is not the water that is dark, but the surrounding mountains on each side of it, which causes the lake to have a sombre appearance. The same qualifications in certain adjectives occur in the French as in the Celtic language, from the Gaulish idioms being preserved.

Dion-ard—G., dion, sheltered, and ard, height, lake of the sheltered high land. This lake gives its name to the river issuing from it, and to the valley through which the river flows. This is another instance of the adjective being before the noun to give it a stronger expression.

Erriboll—N., an arm of the sea running 11 miles inland between mountain ridges, in the shape of a tail, inducing the supposition that the Gaelic word earball, tail, might be the proper definition. It is not so; the derivation of the word is from the Norse. On the eastern bank of this lake was a Norse settlement, which they named Eyrri-böll—eyrri, gravelly bank, and böll, a settlement, an abode, a habitation, equivalent to the Gaelic word "baile;" the signification of the word therefore is the settlement on, or near, the gravelly tongue of land, which it really is. Erriboll farm has now about 200 acres of plough land. Torfaeus calls Erriboll the Gia-fiord, from the Norse words gja, a rift or chasm in the land, and fjord, firth. He states that Haco, on his way home-

* It may be Norse, from Kross, crucifix, and polle, pond or pool.

wards from the battle of Largs, was becalmed in Gia ford, and some of his men who had landed and gone plundering were attacked by the "Scots" (the natives) and slain. Haco, on his southward voyage to the battle of Largs, put in at Durness, burned more than twenty villages, and destroyed a castle, of which we shall see more in place names.

Hope—N., hòp, a small land-locked inlet connected with the sea, salt at flood, fresh at ebb-tides. Such is Loch Hope; only a few feet above sea-level, the sea water at spring tide flows into the lake, and recedes at ebb-tides.

Meadie—G., meud, size, big, the big-sized lake.

Polla—G., poll, pool, and ath, ford, or poll, pool, and abh, or amh, O.G. for fluid, water, the ford at the pool, or the pools of water, giving name to several places in Sutherland.

Sgeirach—G., lake of the rocky banks.

Ula—G., ula; O.G., beard, bearded grass, lake of the bearded grass.

RIVERS.

Allt-a-Mhuillinn—G., the mill stream, the stream at the mill, or from the mill.

Allt-aphris gill—G., stream of the white bush.

Allt-a-Chraois—G., stream of the wide gap.

Allt-druim-na-droinn—G., druim, top, back; droinn, gen. of dronn, ridge, the stream of the ridge back.

Allt-na-Caillich—G., the stream of the old woman, or nun; Cailleach, old woman, or nun; in derision, a coward. It is at the end of Strathmore, and on its banks Rob Donn was born.

Allt-a-choir-ghrannda—Coire, a circular hollow, a mountain dell, and grannda, ugly; Wel., gwrthan, the ugly dell; Scot., corrie; Manx, correy.

Allt-nan-eithreag—G., eithreag, cloudberry, stream of the cloudberries.

Allt-na-feithe-buidhe—G., stream of the yellow bog; feithe, bog; buidhe, yellow.

Allt-an-easair-ghil—G., easan, dim; of eas, waterfall; and ghil, dim; and gen. of geal, white, stream of the white little waterfall, in reference to the colour of the rock being limestone; Ir., geal; Manx, gial; Gr., gala, milk; Wel., gwyn, white, fair.

Allt-a-gharbh-alt—G., the rough rapid stream, with high banks; alt, high bank or precipice.

Allt-poll-na-damph—G., the stream of the pool of the stags, where they were wont to come to drink; damph, ox, or stag.

Amhuinn Stra-choir-'an-easaich—G., the river in the valley of the mountain dell, abounding in waterfalls; Amhuinn or Amhainn, river; Stra, valley; coire, mountain dell; easaich, full of waterfalls.

Amhuinn-na-buaigheal du—G., buaigheal du, black ragwort or groundsel, river of the black ragwort; query, Buaile du, black fank.

Amhuinn Chreabhaig—G., takes its name from Loch Cearbaig, corruption of seamraig, shamrock, river of the shamrocks. See Cearbaig in place names.

Amhuinn-na-Claigionaich—G., claigion, skulls, river of the skulls, in reference to the skull-shaped hills amongst which the river winds, and from which its various branches rise. Claiginn is common in hill names, very descriptive.

Amhuinn Dionard—See the lake of same name.

Amhuinn-gleann-gollie—G., gleann, glen; gollie = goill or gaill, plu. of gall, a stranger, or any foreigner who does not speak Gaelic, was so termed, the glen of the strangers. Rob Donn calls this glen "Gleann gallaidh nan craobh." This glen is not far from the head of Loch Erriboll. It was probably into this glen that Haco's men made a foray when becalmed in Loch Erriboll for provisions, taking everything they could seize and carry away. By the side of Loch Erriboll is a stone called "leac-a-bho," which tradition relates was the stone upon which Haco ordered the cattle to be slaughtered. Haco's men did not escape unpunished. The natives gathered together, attacked the Norwegians, slew many of them, and hastened Haco's departure. It is possible that this glen, ever after that incident, may have been called "Gleann-na-goill," the glen of the foreigners. Sutherland people still call the people of Caithness to this day "Gallaich." Gallaich has become Gally, or Gallie, a surname in Ross-shire, fugitives from Caithness, when the Gunns were expelled, who obtained asylum in Ross, chiefly about Tain, and adopted the surname Gally, or Gallie.

ISLANDS, CAPES, BAYS.

Garvellan—G., an-garbh-eilean, the rough island, 1077 feet above sea level.

Cleit du—G. and N., cleit, rugged height, precipiece, and du, black; N. klettr, cliff, equally applicable. This is an instance of a Gaelic and Norse word, signifying the same aspect, probably adopted from the Norse, though seemingly common to both. There are many such instances.

A Chleit—G. and N., the rugged height, or cliff, in Balnacille bay.

Cas-leac—G., cas leac, contorted stone, island of the contorted flat stones; Ir., leac; Manx, lhec, plu. lhic; Wel., llech; Corn. lech; Arm., lech; flat-stone, flag.

I Ghoil—I is Norse, from ey, an island, ghoil, boiling, the island of the boiling, in reference to the boiling of the waves, meeting from different directions at the isle.

I Ghoil sgeir—I, island as above, ghoil, boiling, and sgeir, rock hidden at high tide, waves breaking and boiling over it.

Hoan—N., hvòan, the plant angelica, much esteemed by the Norse for flavouring ale; they found the plant here, and so named the island, which is fertile and green. It was inhabited till within recent years. It contains an ancient burying place, 83 feet above sea level.

Choarie—This is the name given in ancient charters; it is situated in Loch Erriboll, has excellent herbage. Its signification is uncertain; if its derivation be from Norse, it may signify "the fold island," from kviar, a fold, and ey, island, the k pronunciation being obliqued by the natives to ch. Cattle were wont to be swam to the island, both for keep and protection. In the island they were as safe as in a fold. In modern maps, this island is named An-coir-eilean, which is Gaelic, from corra, a heron; its signification then would be "the heron island." This island had also a burying place in it. It has been said that the coast inhabitants preferred in ancient times to bury the dead on islands along the coast for protection from the wolves. Choarie, or, An-corra-eilean, is entirely composed of limestone, and 74 feet above sea level.

Cluimh-Beig—G., Cluimh, or cloimh, wool, down, and breac, speckled, the island of speckled, downy, or soft grass.

Clò-Mor—N., from klofi; N., for cleft in a rock, and mor, G., the big cleft.

Stac-clo-chearbaig—N. and G., stac, from staki, N., like a hay stack; clo, N., cleft as above, and cearbag, place name near the stack at the cleft, near Cearbaig.

Gualinn-a-chairn—G., gualinn, shoulders; chairn, gen. of carn, heap of stones or rocks, shoulders of the cairn, in reference to a projection of Far-out-head.

Far-out-head, Fair-head—N., *forad*, dangerous place or precipiece.

Gob-nan-leac—G., gob, beak, or snout-like; leac, flat or flag-stone, another projecting point of the Far-out-head, indicating difference in stratification.

Sean-chaisteal—G., old castle, long ago in ruins, probably the

one destroyed by Haco, in his voyage southwards to Largs in 1263. The history, by Torfaeus, of that expedition relates "that here were burnt 20 hamlets, and a castle demolished." The ruins of this castle are on a point of land called the "Adag Mhor," half a-mile from Durness, less distance from Balna-cille. The ruins of the castle or fort, standing to view like an adag (a small stack of corn in a field), may have given the name "Adag" to the immediate locality.

Pocan, Smoo—G., pocan, a little bag, in reference here to a bag-like entrance to the Smoo ravine.

Poll-a-chait fhiadhaich—G., pool of the wild cat; this proves that wild cats existed in Durness, as in other parts of Sutherland.

An du-sgeir—G., the black rock; sker., N., rock in the sea.

Sgeir leathan—G., the broad rock.

Bagh-geisgeach—G., bagh, bay; geisgeach, the name of the river falling into the bay, signifying rushing, roaring sound, the bay of the roaring noise or sound.

Bagh chearbaig—G., bay, and cearbaig, query, seamraig, the shamrock, near Loch an t-Seamraig, and

Geodha-na-seamraig—G., geodha, geotha, geothadh, and geo, creek, cove, and seamrag, shamrock or trefoil, the creek of the shamrocks. See Cearbuig in place names.

Geodha-na-gobhlachan Duibhe—G. geo, creek; gobhlachan, prongs, forks, splits, clefts in rock; and du, black; in reference to the creek dividing itself into limbs like forks; gobhlachan, swallows.

Geodha-ruadh-na-fola—G., the red creek of blood, probably so named from the blood shed there in opposing a landing of the Norsemen.

Geodha-glas—G., the hoary creek, in reference to the tint of the rocks.

Geodha-sligach—G., the shelly creek, a creek in which shells abound.

Rispond—G., rudha, promontory; and spuinn, plunder, probably so named from Norse times, when those pirates landed there from their ships, plundered the inhabitants, and made off with the spoils to the point, and sailed away. On this coast are many a rudha, all indicative of their aspect, as

Ceann-Geal—G., the White head, now termed the Whitenhead, a bold promontory east side of Loch Erriboll, entirely composed of stratified lime stone, 935 feet high. In its sea face are remarkable caves.

PLACE NAMES.

Achu more—G., achadh-mor, big field.

Allt-na-caillich—G., Rob Donn's birth-place in 1714. (See river names).

Bad-na-guine—G., bad-na-cuingean, bad, thicket; cuingean, narrow channels or straits; the thicket of the straits; bad, croft, or toft.

Bal-na-kill—G., baile, dwelling; na, gen. of the art. an; and cill, cell; Culdee place of worship, or burying; Wel., cyl, kiln; Manx, ceeil, church; Ir., cill; Corn., cil and cel; Latin, cella; Swiss, cilch, church. The Culdees established a place of worship here. In Roman Catholic times there was a kind of monastery at Balnacill, the ruins of which may still be seen. Here was the summer residence of the bishop of Caithness, and here, too, was the summer residence of the Lords of Reay.

Balvolich—G., baile-mhullaich, the higher township, or the township on the height.

Balnamuic—G., baile, and muic, swine, place of swine, or where swine were kept by the inhabitants; muic, gen. of muc, a pig; Manx, muc and muck, pl. mucyn; Wel., mochyn, pl. moch, pigs, swine; Corn., moch; Ir., moc, muc.

Bealach-a-chonnaidh—G., bealach, a pass between two hills, a defile; chonnaidh, gen. of connadh, fuel, firewood. In ancient times wood was abundant; it was the fuel before moss was used. There were large forests everywhere in Durness in pre-Norse times.

Bealach-na-h-imrich—G., bealach, as above; imrich, flitting, change of abode; the pass of the flittings, in reference to the track taken in flitting and carrying away household goods.

Bealach-na-meirlich—G., meirlich, pl. of meirleach; the pass of the thieves, in reference to the track taken by cattle-lifters.

Cadha-na-bencaich—G., cadha, a narrow pass; bencaich, roaring, bellowing; the pass of the bellowing, in reference to deer.

Carrachan du—G., carrachan, wild liquorice roots, and du, black; the place of the wild black liquorice roots, as Carra-Mheille (Carmel), in Palestine, Carmylie, in Forfar.

Ceanna-bin—G., ceann, head or end, and beinn, end of the mountain; Wel., pen, head, or end; here it is a place name, in reference to its situation at the mountain end.

Cearbhaig—G., carbhaig, dim. of the O.G. word carbh, a small ship; still retained in the Fr. word corvette, a small ship of war, of less size than a frigate; in reference to the Norse ships casting anchor, or at anchor, in the adjoining bay, Bagh-a-Chearbhaig. Within half a mile of the bay and the ancient hamlet, is

eodba-na-Seamraig and Loch-na-Seamraig (the creek and lake of he shamrocks). Query, which is the proper derivation of one and he other.

Dail—G., a field bounded by a river; very frequently used in Highland topography; Wel., dal, a dale, a meadow through which a river runs; Norse, dalr, dolr, a dale; Swed., Dan., Du., dal; Corn., Arm., dol.

Erribol—Norse, see lake name, Arnaboll; Norse, arnar, pertaining to an eagle; böll, residence, in reference to resorts of the eagle being near.

Durine—G., du-raoin, black plains or fields; said to be in reference to the difference in the appearance of the soil in the west side from that of the east side of the township, the one being sandy, the other being peaty, or black. An excellent Gaelic scholar contends for this definition, or at anyrate suggests it. (See *ante*, in district names).

Durness—See *ante*, in district names.

Gob-an-uisgich—G., gob, a point, bill, snout, and uisgidh, plu. of uisge, water; the point of land or water at which the water of streams or rivers conjoin and commingle. This expressive topographical word is found more than once in Sutherland as applied to the meeting of waters at a common point, and is a third way of describing confluence of waters, instead of Aber or Inver, about which so much contention has arisen as to their relative definition and real signification. Gob, beak or bill, here comes in to describe the same aspect and effect, and does not settle the controversy. The gob may apply to the point of land at the meeting of those waters, or may mean the point of the actual confluence of the waters themselves. Gob, in Sutherland, refers to a place name situated on or near the point of land caused by the meeting of waters from different directions.

Hope—N. (see lake names). Loch Hope gives its own name to the river issuing from it; to the grand mountain at its upper end; the river to the township situated on its right bank; also to Inver Hope, situated at its confluence with the sea.

Heilim—N., oblique case of, Holmr; N., islet or peninsula in a river, lake, or bay. Farther down, on the same side of Loch Erriboll, is Beinn Heilim, signifying the mountain in the peninsula, formed by Loch Erriboll and Loch Hope and River Hope.

Keoldale—Definition uncertain, whether Gaelic or Norse. N., kaldr, cold, and dalr, dal, or dale, *cold dale;* G., caol, narrow, and dail, dale, *narrow dale;* or G., caolas, kyle, strait, and dail, dale, Kyle-dale, thence Kealdale, as it is pronounced by the natives.

Here a difference of opinion may arise. Let it be observed that when the word dal or dale becomes in Highland topography an affix, especially in coast place names, the probability is that the first syllable may be of foreign origin, as in Helmsdale, Armadale, Torrisdale, which are essentially of Norse origin, and when the word dal finds its place as a prefix the whole is of Gaelic origin, as Dalwhinnie (the place of the meeting), Dalmore, Dalbeg, Dalriabhaich, descriptive of known or unknown events, size, and aspect. In this word Keoldale, the dal being an affix, a Norse origin may be assigned to it.

Leirin—G., leth, half, and raoins, fields, plains, divided into two. Allt-Smoo divides the locality into Leirin bheag and Leirin mhor; leth raoin, half the plain.

Lone—G., lon, meadow, this place is called An Lon, *the* meadow, from its being alone—a meadow among the mountains near Loch Stack.

Kinloch—G., Ceann-loch, head of the lake, or tide in a bay.

Mhoine—G., see *ante*, in district names.

Musal—N., from mosi, moss, or moorland, and fiall, or fell, moss-covered highland; mosi-fell, mossfell, Musal, in Strathmore, or anciently Strath-urradal, from a Norse commander, supposed to be one of Haco's captains, having been killed in the Strath with several of his men when on a plundering excursion.

Rispond—See *ante*, in islands, capes, bays.

Sango-Mor: Sango-beg—Sango, contraction of N., Sandr, Sand, and Gja, geo, creek, Sanda-geo, the sandy shored creek; mor and beag, Gaelic. The two creeks are about a mile apart; the Gaelic adjectives distinguish their relative size.

Whiten-Head—Anglicised from a literal translation of Ceann-geal, a remarkable cape in the parish of Durness, eastside of Loch Erriboll (see cape names, *ante*). In the description given of Whiten-Head respecting the caves in its face and sides, one deserves particular mention. It is locally named "Uamh Mhor Fhresgill," the great cave of Fresgill. It is said to extend more than half a mile under ground, and to be 50 feet high and 20 feet wide at the entrance, gradually diminishing till at last a man can scarcely creep along it. Its sides are variegated with many colours, lost in each other with a delicacy and softness that no art can excel. Upon entering the cave, the mind is impressed with pleasing awe, heightened by the solemn gloominess of the light, the clang of sea birds that nestle in it, and the mournful dashing of the waves against the adjacent rocks. Numbers of seals are found in it.

EDDRACHILIS.

"Stranger, if e'er thy ardent steps have traced
The northern realm of ancient Caledon,
Where the proud green of wilderness has placed,
By lake and cataract, her lonely throne,
Sublime and stern delight thy soul has known,
Gazing in pathless glens and mountains high,
List'ing where from the cliffs the torrents thrown
Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,
With the sounding lake, and with the roaring sky,
'Tis known amid the pathless waste of Reay."

Eddrachilis is reputed to be the wildest and most rugged parish in Scotland. Its inland parts are the haunts of the deer and the eagle. Its aspect from the sea is a vast group of mountains, whose summits are enveloped in clouds, divided from one another by deep and narrow glens, whose declivities are so steep and rugged as to be dangerous to the traveller unattended by a guide. The mountains are giants. Such a magnificent panorama of mountains can hardly be surpassed. Ben Stack looks like an enormous pyramid rising to a point. Like Assynt, its lakes are innumerable, a veritable network, covering nearly 8000 acres, out of an area of 144,600 acres. Its rivers abound with salmon. Its lakes, with trout of various kinds.

Anciently the district was divided into three parts, Eddrachilis, between the Kyle Sku and Loch Laxford; the Ceathramh Garbh, between the Laxford and the river Inchard; and Ashir, or Fasthir, beyond the Inchard.

The parish name, as to its origin and definition, is, to the Gaelic student, self-evident.

Eddra-chilis—G., eadar-da-chaolais, between two kyles.

Ceathramh-garbh—G., rough quarter, the district between the lakes and rivers Laxford and Inchard. It is rightly so named from its physical aspect, unfit for the habitation of man, except on the south shore of the Inchard.

Ashir, mhor—G., contracted from Fás-thir, meaning productive, or cultivable land, in contradistinction to the "Ceathramh-garbh," rough quarter, adjoining. It lies to the north of the Inchard lake and river. The district has cultivable land in it. The Ceathramh-garbh has none beyond the strip bordering on the Inchard south shore. Ashir has been variously spelled in charters, as Aslar, Astlair, Ashlair. It is now corrupted into "Old shore" more, "Old shore" beg.

MOUNTAIN NAMES.

Beinn-a-bhutha—G., butha, a cot, or bothy, or hut. Mountain of the hut, no doubt, for deer-hunting; 1777 feet high.

Beinn Hee—G., hee, oblique case of sith, tranquility, solitude, mountain of the solitude; 2864 feet high.

Beinn leoid—G., from Leoid, a man's name, who frequented it for the chase and hunting, or from leothad-leud, breadth; 2597 feet high.

Beinn stack—G. and N., stakkr, like a stack, appropriate to the aspect of this mountain; G., stac, high hill, rising like a pyramid. In Ireland such aspect is compared to cruach, Ir., croagh, stack of corn-like mountain; 2365 feet high.

Beinn dearg Mor—G., dearg, red, and mor, big; the big red mountain; 1527 feet high.

Beinn auskaird—G., ausk, asca, snake, and airde, a quarter; the quarter or district of the snakes; 1265 feet high.

Beinn Strome—G. and W., takes its name from the adjoining strait; N., stromr, a stream or current; 1374 feet high. See Kyle-strome, *post*; Eng. equivalent, stream.

Creag-riabhach—G., riabhach, brindled, the brindled rock; 1592 feet high; the summit has rocky brindled cliffs, hence the name.

Cnoc-na-glaic-tarsuinn—C., cnoc, hill; glaic, defiles; tarsuinn, across, hill of the cross defiles; 1000 feet high.

Cnoc-odhar—G., the dun hill.

Cnoc-gorm-mor—G., the big blue hill.

Farr mheall—G., faire, watching, and meall, round-shaped hill, the watch or sentinel hill; 1709 feet high.

Meall-na-moine—G., meal, as above, and moine, moss, bog; Wel., mawn; Arm., mawdew, the mossy hill, or the hill in the moss; 1592 feet high.

Meallan-liath—G., Meallan, dim. of meall, and liath, grey; Wel., lluyd, grey; the little grey hill.

Sàil-mhor—G., sàil, keel, and mor, the big heel, of the Arcuil (arkle) mountain; Arcuil, G., earrgheal, the white-tailed falcon or eagle, the mountain of the white-tailed eagle. It is said the deer on this mountain have white forked tails.

LAKE NAMES.

Loch Mor—G., the big lake.

Loch-na-claise carnach—G., clais, hollow; carnach, rocky, lake of the rocky hollow.

Loch Stack—G. and N., the mountain Stack gives its name to ake, being adjoining.
Loch Laxford—N., lax, salmon, fiord, an arm of the sea; G. e, luis-ard, luis herbs, ard, height; N., salmon firth; G., ht of the herbs or plants.
Loch Inchard—G., innis, flat land, ard, height; height of the land, or high flat land.
Loch Sandwood—N., Sandr, sand, vatn, water, or lake, the y lake.. It lies near the sea-shore.
Loch crocach—G., branched, like the fingers of the hand; N., a, crooked, both applicable to the aspect of this lake.
Loch-an-tigh-sheilg—G., lake of the hunt-house or hunting-e.
Loch-an-fhionn-leathad—G., lake of the fair or white slope.
Loch-na-h-airbhe—G., airbhe, produce or productiveness, the uctive lake, in referenee to its fishing properties.
Loch-bhad-daraich—G., lake of the oak thicket.
Loch-na-tuaigh—G., lake of the axe.
Loch-bhar-locha—G, lake in the summit, in the vicinity of rs.
Loch-gharbh-bhaid-mhor—G., the rough lake of the big thicket.
Loch-na-gainimh—G., gaineamh, sand; the sandy shore lake.
Loch-na-h-ealaidh—G., ealaidh, swans; lake of the swan.
Loch-na-claise—G., lake of the hollow; it is an arm of the sea ring between hills, then widening to form the hollow.
Loch-a-chraisg—G., crasg; crossway through hills.
Loch-innis-nam-bà buidhe—Lake of the meadow of the yellow ; Wel., bwch; Gr., bo; Fr., vache; Lat., vacca.
Loch-uidh-an-tuim—Uidh, slow flowing water, as seen at ends kes before it reaches the stream channel, and tuim, pl. of tom, d knoll, lake of the slow flowing water passing the knolls. ı also means a ford in smooth water; Wel., Gwy, hence Wye, ; rivers in England, smooth flowing water. Tom, G.; tom, ; tumb, Arm.; tumulus, Lat.; tumbus, Gr.
Loch-cul-uidh-an-tuim—G., lake at the back of Uidh-an-tuim.

RIVER NAMES.

nchard—G., see lake names.
axford—G. and N., see lake names.
Maldie—G., meall, round topped hill, and du, black; the hill ı the name to the river or stream.
An Earrachd—G., earrachd, narrow strip of land, that gives ame to the river.

Allt-achadh-na-fairidh—G., see Achadh-na-fairidh, place names.

Allt-mor-gisgeil—Allt, stream, mor, big, and geisgeil, roaring—the big roaring stream; N., gjosa, gushing, gil, ravine, the gushing ravine; in reference to the stream rushing through a gorge or ravine.

Allt-an-lon bhan—G., stream of the white or fair meadow.

Allt-nan lu-bhain—G., allt, stream, luib, bend, and bhain, gen. pl. of ban, fair, white—stream of the white bends.

Allt-an-t-Strathan—G., srath, valley, srathan, dim.—stream of the little valley.

Allt-nan-Ramh—G., ramh, oar, tree, wood; O.G., trees, wood—stream of the trees; probably from the fact of oars being made from the trees growing by this river.

Garbh-Allt—G., common name of streams in the Highlands, garbh, rough; Wel., garw; Arm., garv; Corn., garow; Phen., garv, rapid; O.G., garv, is rapid; hence the Garonne in France. Garv-àn, or garv-umhainn, the rapid flowing river.

ISLAND NAMES.

Handa—G., is said to be aon-dath, of one colour. It is more probably N., from its geological formation, sandi, sanda—sand, and ey, island. It consists of sandstone in highly inclined strata, rising rapidly to a height of 406 feet at the "Sithean Mor," N.W. end, whence it breaks sheer down into the sea, presenting a continuous series of almost perpendicular cliffs. In these cliffs are seen striking features of ledge and fissure, which form a most imposing piece of rock scenery as is anywhere to be met with round British shores. An enormous perforation reaches down to the level of the sea, which sweeps through it at the ebb and flow of the tides. Thousands of sea fowl haunt its cliffs, and build their nests in the crevices. The "Sithean Mor" (big grassy knoll), the supposed haunt of fairies, commands a grand view of the lofty seaboard of the mainland from Rhu-stor in Assynt, to Eilean an roin beg (the little isle of seals), north of Loch Inchard. The Sound of Handa, little more than a quarter of a mile wide, separates the island from the mainland. The island from E. to W. measures 1½ miles, and from N. to S. 1 mile. Here, at the beginning of the 17th century, lived the noted Ian-beg Mhic Dho'ill Mhic Huistean, of the Assynt Macleods, a man of low stature, but of uncommon strength, and matchless skill in arms. He kept a war galley of his own, ready for any enterprise. By him was slain the famous Judge Morrison of the Isles with six of his men, in revenge of the supposition of the judge's being

accessory to the death of the young chief of the Lewis. Ian-beg immediately afterwards went to Lewis and married the judge's widow. The judge's clansmen came to Assynt with a galley to convey his body to Lewis for interment. When on the way, with the body on board, a storm arose which forced them to take shelter in an island on the coast of Eddrachilis, and there they buried the body, after taking out his heart. The wind soon after changing, they returned home safely. This island, from the above circumstance, has since been named

Eilean a Bhriu—G., the island of the judge (breitheamh).

Eilean a Chalva Mor—G., calbh, headland, island of the big headland.

Eilean a Chalva Beg—G., calbh, headland, island of the small headland.

Eilean na Bearachd—G., bearradh, an abrupt ascent, a precipice, the island having a precipitous ascent.

Eilean an Rainich—G., raineach fern, island of the fern ; Wel., rhedyn ; Manx, rhennagh.

Eilean an Roin Moir—G., the large seal island.

Eilean an Roin Beg—G., the small seal island.

Eilean na Clobhsaidh—G., clobhsa, small passage; islands with small channels between.

Eilean na Comhnuidh—G., habitation, an island having a dwelling in it.

Eilean a Mhadaidh—G., madadh, dog ; Manx, moddey.

Eilean Ard—G., high island.

PLACE NAMES.

Achlyness—G., Achadh, field, linne, pool, and eas, cascade, the field of the cascade pool ; Wel., llyn ; Arm., lin ; Ir., linn ; Gr., limen, a pool.

Ach-lochan—G., Achadh, and lochan, lakes, field near the lakes.

Achreisgill—G., Achadh, and riasgail, marshy, moory, heathy, the moory field.

Ach-Fary—G., Achadh, and faire, height, field of the height.

Ardmore—G., the great height.

Bad-cal—G., bad, boat, and cala, harbour. There are three places of this name in the parish, similarly situated, one north side of the Inchard, one on the Laxford, the other on a bay ; each is situated on an arm of water jutting into the land in the form of a harbour ; or Bad, grove, call, hazel—the hazel grove.

Badnabay—G., bad, grove, beith, birch ; birch grove.

Balchreick—G., baile, township, and cnuic, hillocks; the township of the hillocks; or baile and craig, rocks.

Blair More—G., blàr, field, plain, moor, and mor, big; the big plain, or big moor.

Droman—G., dim. of droma, ridge; Manx, dreem; Wel., trum; Gr., drom-os, ridge.

Druimnaguie—G., druim, or droma, ridge; and gaoith, gen. of gaoth, wind; windy ridge.

Du-ard—Black height; Duart, in Mull.

Eilear-a-Mhill—Eileir, lonely place among the hills.

Findle-More—G., fionn, fair, and dail, dale, field; the big fair field or dale; Manx, dayll; Ir., dail; Wel., dol; Corn., dal; Arm., dol; Ice. or Norse, dal.

Gualen—G., gualainn, the shoulders, in reference to the aspect of the mountains near the place.

Feinag More—G., feannag, a ridge of land; the big ridge of land.

Inch-Egra—G., innis, flat-land, seighear; O.G., falconer, and rath, a circle, a fort, a plain or cleared spot; the flat-land of the falconer's fort or round house.

Kinlochbervie—Ceann, head, loch, lake, bervie, corrupted from na bà buidhe, head of the lake of the yellow kine.

Old Shore—G., corruption of Ashir, or Fas-thir, which see.

Polin—G., corruption of Pollan, dim. of poll, a pond, a pool, or marsh, giving the name to the locality. Manx, poyll, pool, puddle. Wel., pwll, pool. Corn., pol. Arm., pol, pool.

Portlevorchy—G., port, ferry, haven, levorchy, to Murdoch, or Murdoch's, Murdoch's port. On this coast is a place called Acarachd Mhic Mhurchaidh Oige, signifying the anchorage of young Murdoch's sons, where the Lewis Murdoch Macleods were wont to cast anchor and land. G., acair, anchor, acairachd, anchorage; Manx, aker; Wel., angor; Corn., ankar; Arm., enhor; Fr., aucre; Ital., ancora; Gr., agkur-a, anchor.

Rhiconich—G., rhi, or ruigh, slope, or declivity, coinnich, meet, the meeting of the slopes or declivities at the end of Loch Inchard, or coinich, moss, the mossy slopes; Rhi enters largely into Highland topography, especially in Sutherland; it appears frequently in Welsh, meaning slope; as rhiw; Manx, roie, run.

Rhi-voult—G., rhi, slope, voult, corrupted, from mhuilt, gen. pl. of muilt, wether the slope of the wether sheep, correctly Rhi-a-mhuilt; Wel., mollt, pl. myllt; Lat., mult, a fine, a penalty. Fines and penalties in the earlier stages of society were frequently inflicted in kind. A certain number of sheep was the

fine, hence the word mulct. Satisfaction for injuries used to be arranged by a fine of so many sheep. It was common among the Romans, see Aulus Gellius, book 11th, chap. 1; see Grant's "Thoughts on the Gael."

Scourie—N., Skorrie, bird, and ey as used in local names, ea, ey, Chels-ea, Cherts-ey, place of birds, places where birds resorted to. Near Scourie Bay are Scourie and Scourie More, within two miles of Handa Island, whose cliffs are inhabited by birds innumerable.

Skerricha—G., sgeir, a rock, and achadh, a field—the field of the rock. N., sker, an isolated rock in the sea.

Sandwood—W., see the lake names, anciently "Sand wat."

Tarbat—G., Tarbert, a neck of land (O'Reilly), tar-bàt, a place where boats are drawn across an isthmus, from tar, root of tarruing, draw, and bàd, boat.

Eddrachilis parish has few antiquities. There are Pictish or Norse towers at Kylesku and Scourie, Druidical stones at Badnabay.

11th DECEMBER, 1889.

The paper for this evening was contributed by the Rev. Adam Gunn, Durness, entitled "Unpublished Literary Remains of the Reay Country." Mr Gunn's paper was as follows:—

UNPUBLISHED LITERARY REMAINS OF THE REAY COUNTRY.

With the single exception of Rob Donn, the writer is not aware that the labours of any Reay country bard ever acquired general currency. It is not, however, to be supposed that this arose from lack of material. The Reay country was always rich in song. The conditions for producing a pastoral literature were nowhere more favourable than here; and, owing to the close and friendly relations between chiefs and clansmen of the Mackay country, it would have been difficult to find in the land a more cultured peasantry than this region could furnish some two hundred years ago. The principles of the Reformation were adopted at an early date, and were nowhere carried out with greater thoroughness. The clansmen, under the leadership of Hugh Mackay, their chief, embraced to a man the reformed faith; and ever since his day the

Barons of Reay made it their aim to secure for their countrymen the services of the ablest and most enlightened ministers. In this way it was no unusual thing to find men who had not only passed through the Scottish Universities, but who had also drank deeply at the Continental seats of learning, labouring in the wilds of Reay. As an immediate result of this religious and intellectual revival, a great deal of our native literature assumed the form of religious poetry. Specimens of this exist in Macrae's MS., in the possession of Mr Skene, but the bulk of it has unquestionably disappeared. It is well known that Dugald Buchanan was first induced to try religious song on hearing the poems of a certain John Mackay recited by a company of Sutherlandshire Militia stationed in Rannoch.

Again, by the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, a powerful impetus was given to the poetic faculty of the Reay country bards. Sir Donald, first Lord Reay, spared neither men nor money in the cause of freedom. As successive bands of these soldiers of fortune left their native glens, it is only natural to suppose that their virtues and prowess should become the theme of song. A wide field was opened up to the imagination of our native bards, and stories of fabulous wealth acquired in "the Hollands" soon began to circulate in prose and poetry. It is needless to say that only snatches of this fugitive literature have come down to our day.

A third condition, favourable to the development of song, is to be found in the life of "the Sheiling," which played so prominent a part in the social and domestic economy of the Highlands. The *Sheiling* in the summer months, and the *Ceilidh* in the winter, were the literary societies of that day, and what was produced at the Sheiling was consumed at the Ceilidh, in the mental no less than in the material sphere. The Sheiling was the nursery-ground of the love-song. There are many remains of this period and phase of Highland life still surviving, and your Society is doing excellent service in the collection and publication of such materials. Traditions of this ideal life are still current among us; and the writer has heard on more occasions than one songs and legends which savour strongly of the Sheiling-bothy. There is, for example, the legend of "Amhlaidh na Casaidh," which had its origin in this fruitful imaginative period. *Aulaidh* was an unfortunate woman, who became demented, and, like Nebuchadnezzar, betook herself to the hills and roamed with the deer. On one occasion she led the herd to what formerly was her own cornfield; but her eldest son, getting tired of the raids made upon his

farm, hounded them furiously away. On this Aulaidh made the impromptu—

"Fhir a thog an t-iolach ard,
'S chuir coin a' bhaile 'mo larg,
Dh' òl thu bainne mo dha chich
'S laidh thu naoi miosachan mo bhalg."

Aulaidh was by no means purged of malice. She frequently tried to do mischief in the dead hour of night to her household; but a wakeful guardian, in the shape of an "coileach dubh," always anticipated her, and scared her away by his crowing:—

"A Choilich dhuibhe, a bhroillich dheirge
Is math thu fhein, is binn do ghuth
'N uair thainig mi, mo mheadhon oidhche
S 'e m' eunan fhein a chum mi muigh."

Possibly to this period may be traced the following story, to be met with in one form or another throughout Sutherlandshire:—A party of half-a-dozen hunters were benighted on one occasion in a wild and lonely glen. They lighted at length on a sheiling-bothy, and having secured their horses for a night in the "bual," they proceeded to light a fire, and cook a supper from the product of the chase. This over, they one and all expressed their regret that their lady-loves were not present to enjoy the fun, when, suddenly, their trooped in one by one their lady friends, and sat each one upon her lover's knee. The night passed merrily in song. One of the young men, having occasion to stoop down for something which had dropped from him, discovered to his dismay that his partner was provided with the uncanny "hoof" instead of feet. He kept the seeret to himself, secured leave to have a look at the horses for a little, and forthwith galloped away. It was not a moment too soon. The *baobh* was soon on his track, but being well mounted on an "Each donn, deas-mhuingeach," and followed by a "Cu dubh, bus-bhuidheach," he managed to make good his escape. He returned in the morning in search of his companions, but he found the bothy with its inmates burned to the ground.

It was, however, in the department of love-songs that sheiling life was most productive; and more than one records the progress of love-making during the season. From these it would appear that the virtues most highly valued in the Reay country maids of the sheiling were hospitality, early rising, and expertness in managing dairy produce.

When the economic changes of the latter half of the last century, and the early years of the present, took place, the decline of pastoral poetry began. So long as the Reay country was in possession of the ancient and hereditary chiefs, there always existed a certain amount of patronage of the Bards; but when it passed into the hands of the Sutherland family, who were reckoned *Sassenachs*, this patronage ceased, and the clearances of the interior effectually stemmed the lyric stream which had flowed for centuries. "The old order changeth," and giveth place to the new; but it would appear that with the change of ownership the Muses departed from the Reay country, and the bards "hanged their harps upon the willows." When the estate changed hands, and the Foresters of the Reay Country were summoned to Tongue to swear fealty to their new master, it is clear from the following song that the change was by no means to their taste. The author—Huistean Oag—was an old servant of Eric, Lord Reay, and resided in the Reay Forest:—

Anns an fhaghair so chàidh,
Ghabh mi turus no dhà mu'n cuairt
Is thachair dhomh oidhch' bhi' mo thamh
Measg cuideachd is tabhurn sluaigh.

Air dhomh bhi air leth-taobh leam fhein
'S mi 'gamhairc gach ni mu'n cuairt;
Dhearc mi air craobh a mhasguil*
'S 'i fas gu geagach suas.

N' am b' ann le iomairt nan lann
Theidheadh tus thoir dhachaigh da Thunga a ris
Dh' fhagtadh Cataich gle ghann
'S cha bhitheadh Sasunnach fad 's an tir.

'Nuair a dh'eireadh na seoid
Sliochd Iain Aberich mhor mhic-aoidh
Sliochd Dhomh'l-ic Corchie-ic-Leoid,
Chuireadh coigrich fa choir 's fo chis.

Dheagh Strath-namhair nam buadh,
Na fir thapaidh d'am bu dual a bhi treun,
Is Strath-Halladail, a bha glinn
'N am tarruing nan lann 's nan streup.

* A flattering song composed to the Duke.

Sud, is Ceann-Tsaile nam buadh,
Dh'eireadh tapaidh an guaillibh a cheile
Agus Duirinish ghrinn, 'n aghaidh cunnart
Gu cinnt' cha philleadh tu fhein.

The bard here enumerates the various parishes which would rise to a man in order to restore to him his rightful territory—if that were possible; but soon he sees it a hopeless task, and concludes by a general complaint at the ill-luck which overtook them.

Cha neil iasg air a bhuirn
O'n shalaich iad sugh nam beann
Dhiult an talamh a bhàrr
Cha neil meas a fas air crann.

Ach bhuineadh dhuinne a bhi stuaim
'S gun bhi furasda air gluasad le stri;
'Sa bhi toilichte mar a ta
O nach fhaigh sinn na bha, a chaoidh.

Fhir a rugadh, 's a dh' fhas
Ann machair a chail, 's a ghuail,
Ciamar a dh' fhuilings am brosgul ud da
Ged a reubadh a' bheal gu 'chluais?

The reference to kail in the last stanza is the usual taunt with which the Reay countryman twits his East Coast neighbour. When the family seat became vacant at Tongue, the bards found their chief support and encouragement from the middle-class gentry of the country, who preserved for a time the ancient traditions of the clans. They were mostly all connected with the Reay family, and many of them were highly-educated men. Major Mackay, or "Fear-Eriboll," took a leading part among them for genuine hospitality. His fame is still fresh and fragrant, though three generations have passed away since his day. The following *marbh-rann* was supplied to the writer by Miss Findlater, relict of the Rev. William Findlater, pre-disruption minister of Durness, who made large collections of Highland songs. The first six stanzas are lost; it begins with the seventh—

Rinn do ghliocas bho t-oige
Pailteas storas chuir cruinn;
Ach nuair chitheadh tu 'm feumnach
Bhitheadh tu endmhor g'a roinn
O'n bha thu comhnuidh ga chaitheadh
Ri daoine, mnathan, is cloinn,'
Cha 'n ionadh 'n cridhe bhi craiteach,
O rinn am bàs da thoirt uainn.

'Nuair thigeadh àm na Fil-Martuinn,
Sa bhiodh sàs air gach seors',
'S iad ag ag iunndrainn a' mhaile,
'S gun bhonn ga phaigheadh nam pòc';
'S ullamh dheanamh tu freagairt,
Air son gach beag agus mor,
S cha bhiodh aon ann an eiginn,
Fhad s' bha fear Eiriboll beo.

Gheibhte ceol agus aighear,
Air feadh do thigh-sa gu leor
Agus tional d'a dh' uaislean,
Nan suidhe suas mu'd bhord,
Be sud a' mhala gun ghruaman,
Air mhead an t-sluaighs bhiodh fa chomh'r,
'S bhiodh gach fear a bha brachdail diu,
Gabhail tlachd ann do ghloir.

'S mor t-iunndrain o 'n dh' fhalbh thu
Air feadh na h-Alba gu leir
'S ni iad t-iomradh an Sasuinn,
'S an rioghachd fharsuing sin fhein;
Si mo bharail nach faic iad
A chaoidh da leithid air feill,
A rinn an talach so thogail
Da shliochd Raibeart mhic Neill.

Buadhan moltach do dhiadhachd
'S iad a b' fhiach chuir an rann
Cha tuig an t-amadan sian diu
O 'n bha diamhaireachd ann,
Pairt nach faodar a mholadh
Ged tha brollaich nan ceann;
D 'an cliu bhi pailt ann am briathran
Ach ann an gniomhnan ro ghann.

'S e mo chomhairle an drasda
Do na thamh as do dheigh
Iad a shireadh o 'n Ard-Righ
A leithid do ghras' is do cheill;
'N fheadh s' bhios iad beo air an talamh
Bhiodh sin na bheannachd dhoibh fein
'S nuair a dh' fhalaicheas an ùir iad
Mairidh 'n cliu as an deigh.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh leam truaighe
Thighinn air uaislibh d' a dhuthaich
Mas 'e nach gabh iad dhiot foghluim
Aun a bhi 'g eisdachd d' a chliu ;
Ghabh thu tlachd ann an aoradh
Seinn, is leughadh, is Uirn'
'S cha d' rinn dad do na buadhan-sá
Thu na bu shuairiche 's a' chuìrt.

Ni mi 'n *t-subseic* so fhagail
'S cha 'n ann le ghradh-te na's leòr
Cha bu bhreagach a' moladh
Ged a chanainn an cor
Nan deigheadh d' a bhuadhan gu leir
Chuir an ceill mar bu choir
'S gann gum facadh mi riamh e
Fear a lionadh d' a chota.

writer has not been able to discover the name of the author preceding song ; but he was a native of Durness, and l to a family renowned in Rob Donn's time for their aculty.

nore recent songs, perhaps the best known are those of lh an Taghadair. He composed freely, and so unsparing satire that, as an old woman put it, "Murdoch was as ared as the minister." Some time before the Strathnaver s, he rented a farm in Mudale, where he acted as "overs- r the local tacksman—hence the name. The "Taghadair" the cattle for sale each season, and his office was reckoned ive one. Murdo was, like all poets, rather hot-tempered, some supposed slight, quarrelled with his employer, and enty emigrated. The following were composed in praise of subsequently became his wife, and who, it seems, had nitors :—

I.

Air latha dhomhsa, is mi 'n am aonar
Air an raon, 's mi buain an fheoir ;
Bha mo leannan mu mo choinneamh
'S bha mi togairt dhol 'na coir.
Hugu, ho, mo dhuil gach la
Ri dhol fathast air a toir.

S ged a thaghadh ès
'Nuair a theid sinn ai
Gheibh i 'roghainn ai
Hugu, ho, mo

Comhairl' bheirinn o
Gabh no fag i reir d'
Ged robh h'athair lea
So mo lamh 's nach f
Hugu, ho, mo

II

'S ann chunnaic mise
Air oidhche an tigh F
Is dh'innsinn a' dealb
Mur gu'n tarraig-te a
Bha 'gruaighean mar
Fo 'n aodainn a b' àil
Is braighead mar an
Bu chaomh leam bhi

Cichean corrach baoi
A rinn mise a thàladh
Is mus tig latha cuin
Gun cuir mi cainnt a

Bha Uilleam Mac Rol

Gach oidhche anns mo leabaidh dhomh,
Gu'm bi an codal gann dhomh,
Breabachadh is teannachadh,
Carachadh, is tionndaidh,
A' sineadh mo lamhan,
Gu mo ghradh tharruing teann rium,
'S mi 'n duil gun robh i t'fhaic' rium,
'S gun agam dhi ach samhla.

D 'ar chaidh i gus an ordugh,
Gu'n chomhlaich mi fein i,
Is thubhairt mi ri Seoras,
Gu 'm bu bhoidheach a' cheile i;
Ach labhair ès mo chomhail,
"'Nam b'eol dhiutsa a beusan,
Cho maith 's is aithne dhomhsa,
Gum posadh tu fein i."

Moch-a-thrath Di-Ciadaoin,
Nuair thriall i air falbh uainn,
Lean mi fhein a sios i,
Gu uachdar na Garbh-chreig;
Chuir an T-seilich eadar-ruinn,
Is ghrioirach sid ar seanchas,
Is bha mi fhein is Seoras,
Cho bronach, 'nuair dh' fhalbh i

Theid mi fhein is Seoras
Di-Domhnaich d'an t-Searmoid,
Is chi sinn an oigh' ud,
Air 'boichead 's air 'dealbha'd,
Is ged a rachadh seorsachadh,
O'n tòs gus an earboll,
Cha'n fhaghear anns an fhod' ud,
Cho boidheach ri Barbara.

llowing was made on a Christmas-gathering occasion in of one Macdonald. It used to be in great requisition occasions :—

Oidche Shamhna an tos a gheamhraidh,
'San tigh ud thall bha ceol againn,
Leann math laidir, 'g òl 's ga phaigheadh,
Le Deoch-slainte an Domhnullaich.

Liquor dubailte a bheireadh 'n lùs,
As 'n fhear bu mho a dh'oladh dheth,
A dh'fhagadh glagach, fear bhiodh fann,
Is dh fhagadh gann fear-storasach.

Ach dar a thainig teamhair biadh,
Cha robha sian ann b'fheaird' sinn,
Ach grainn a' sgadain ann an cliabh,
A chaill am briogh mus d'thainig iad.

Fhreagair chailleach is i gu fiata,
Ged tha a bhliadhna so fàiligeach,
Tha grainn da mhuilt againn air sliabh,
Is bheir mi trian do Mhairi dhuibh.

Ach fhreagair 'n Domhnullach gu coir,
'S ann do mo dheoin a thainig sibh,
Mo ghiullan tapaidh bitheadh 'g òl,
Oir tha gu leor am m' fhardaich-sa.

Ged 'se Mairi gheibh na caoirich
Oir tha gaol a mathair dhi,
Am fear bheir Seonaid dheth an fheill
Cha bhi e 'n èis ma thàras mi.

Sin fhreagair Seonaid 's i gu stuaim
Is i air bruaich a sàruichidh
Cha tig Suiridheach d' a ma luaidh
Oir tha fuath mo mhathair dhomh.

Bha mi cho dleasail dhi bho thùs
'S a ghiulaineadh mo naduir dhomh
'S bha mi naoi miosachan na broinn
'S na 's mò cha robh aig Mairi ann.

Cha robh suiridheach thainig ann
Nach robh bròn na dh òl iad ann
Nach d' fhuair maighdeannan g' am miann
Ach cailnean crion an Domhnullaich.

. . . . . .

It has already been remarked that the bards of the R country disappeared with the sale of the estate, and the co quent disintegration of the Clan. It is to be hoped that recent renascence of the Clan Mackay may help to waken

n the solitudes of Reay, and this paper cannot close more
· than in a song composed by a Durness man on the
ı of their autumn visit. It proves that the divine afflatus
vives in the country of Rob Donn:—

"Soraidh slan do 'n phairtidh eibhinn
Thriall an drast' uainn da Dhun-Edin,
Clan Mhic-Aoidh nam piob 's nam feilibh
Ni iad leubhanta tir nam beann.

Saoil sibh fein nach math na ruintean
Ghluais na Gaidheal ud do'n duthaich so
Sluagh an aite a dheanamh surdail,
Is gabhail curam as a chlann

Cha neil teagamh bho gach sgeàl-a
Tha air aithris mu na phairti ih
Nach dean iad feum d 'a dh' iomadh Gaidheal
'N ám bhi fagail tir nam beann

Chuala mi iomradh anns a Phaipear
Air duine uasail, oigfhear airidh
Tha air aithris dhaibh mar pharant
So mo lamh gu 'n dean e cliu.

Tha Mac Aoidh a rugadh 'n Roghaird
'Na dhuine uasal, buadhach treubhach
Caraid dileas na fir feumnach,
'S toigh leis foghluim thoirt do'n chlann.

'S beag an curam do gach fleasgach
'N tir nam beann, nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach
Fodh an sgiath, nach faigh iad fasgadh
'N àm na h-airc, ma bhios iad stolda.

'S 'n uair a gheibh sin tuillidh fearann
Buala bhò is cupall ghearran,
Garbh an fheidh, is tàrr a bhradain
Bheir sinn barrachd air gach seorsa.

Theid gach Sasunnach chuir dhachaigh
'S thig Mac Aoidh le phiob 's le bhratach
Bheir an duthaich dhuinn o 'n Diuc-Chatach
'S bithidh na fleasgaich air an doigh.

21st JANUARY, 1890.

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL DINNER.

This evening the eighteenth annual dinner of the Society was held in the Station Hotel. Sir Henry C. Macandrew, Chief of the Society, presided, and was supported by Provost Alex. Ross, The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Mr Æneas Mackintosh, the Doune, and Captain Malcolm, Cameron Highlanders. The croupiers were Rev. Mr Sinton, Dores, and Mr William Gunn, Castle Street.

After dinner, the Chairman gave the usual loyal toasts, which were honoured with enthusiasm, and the army, navy, and auxiliary forces, the latter being coupled with Captain Malcolm, of the 1st Battalion, and The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Major in the 2nd Battalion Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. We know, said Sir Henry, that although the Highlanders have not been so intimately associated with the navy in the past, it is to the Western Highlands the country would have to look for men to man our ships of war in the event of war breaking out, and we should feel thankful there are so many stalwart men ready to do their duty. He was pleased to associate with the toast the name of Captain Malcolm, who was not only a gallant soldier, but who was doing important work for the county regiment, by procuring Gaelic-speaking recruits, by spreading the fame of the army and its advantages amongst Highlanders. He would, no doubt, be able to make the Camerons a real Highland regiment, and he deserved the thanks of the Society for the exertions he was making in that way. With the reserve forces he was glad to be able to associate the name of a Highland Chief, who was not only an officer in the reserve forces, but had served in the regular army, and an efficient and gallant soldier he was. He thought they were all pleased and gratified to see The Mackintosh come amongst them that evening—that they had a name so great in history and Highland tradition as his was at their table—(applause). It was to be hoped that The Mackintosh would long be spared to come amongst them; and he trusted that before long they would see him in command of the militia battalion of their county—(applause).

Captain Malcolm, who was cordially received, said the regiment was certainly very much honoured in being connected with the county of Inverness, and although the county was not very largely

opulated, they found no difficulty in keeping up the strength of he regiment within its bounds—(applause). They had a great many old traditions to aid them in doing so, and it ought, he thought, to be their aim to preserve these traditions. With the view of keeping up the historical part as much as possible, he was going to write a history of the regiment, or rather compile such a history from other sources for distribution all through the country, so that people might be induced to take as great an interest as possible in the Cameron Highlanders—(applause). The response which the toast had received was only illustrative of the receptions which were accorded representatives of the regiment all through the county from all conditions of men, and from men of all ranks and opinions. He had many opportunities of going about the county, and finding out the feeling which existed between the people and the Cameron Highlanders, and on all sides—among proprietors, the ministers of all denominations, Established, Free, and Catholic—he met with the greatest assistance; everybody, indeed, being anxious to do their utmost to help forward the interests of the county regiment. He thought the regiment had reason to congratulate itself upon being established in the Barracks at Inverness, as by having the headquarters in the county town the officers had opportunities of mixing with the people of Inverness, learning of the traditions of the regiment, and making acquaintance with the militia and volunteers. Some years ago there was a proposal from headquarters to form the Cameron Highlanders into a third battalion of the Scots Guards, and on that occasion the county backed them up thoroughly in resisting the change, as he hoped they always would. At the time that difficulty was got over he saw a letter from the Adjutant-General, in which he said that, in spite of that agitation, the proposed change would come to pass sooner or later, so that the people of the town and county were likely to have another opportunity of giving the regiment their support. Major Leslie thought their only hope of avoiding such a proposal would be by their having two battalions; but looking to the population of the county, he thought that was not possible. They must, however, in any case stick to their one battalion, because that meant that they maintained amongst them an old Highland regiment, of which they all were proud—(applause).

The Mackintosh, in replying for the Reserve Forces, thanked the Society for electing him Chief two years in succession, and to Sir Henry Macandrew for kindly taking his place on these two occasions, when family matters had prevented him from

discharging the duties of the chair at the annual dinner. Referring to the Reserve Forces, he said they could not be expected to take the field, in case of invasion, with success, unless they were properly armed and equipped in the manner of the regular soldiers, and that could only be done by the Government voting the necessary money, which they had not hitherto done. The military instinct was there, and all that was required was proper organisation, equipment, and money enough to put the auxiliary forces in the field—(applause).

The Secretary, Mr Duncan Mackintosh, then read the annual report, which was as follows :—

"In submitting the eighteenth annual report, the Council have pleasure in stating that the prosperity and usefulness of the Society continue to increase. The past session was a successful one, and the ordinary meetings were fairly well attended. It was hoped that volume 15th of the 'Transactions' would be in the hands of members by this date, but there has been much time lost in the correcting of proofs, which had been sent to the writers of the respective papers, most of whom reside at a considerable distance from Inverness. The book, however, will be issued in a few weeks, and, it is believed, will be found equal in value and interest to any of the previous volumes. A copy of the syllabus for session 1889-90 is in the hands of members present, and it will be observed that the session promises to be an attractive and useful one. During the year 35 new members joined the Society, viz., 2 life members, 2 hon. members, and 31 ordinary members; and two volumes were received as donations to the library. The accounts of the Society for the past year show the following results:—Total income during year, including £23 5s 8d carried forward from previous year, £178 6s 3d; expenditure, £148 6s 7d, leaving a balance at the credit of the Society's account with the Bank of Scotland, at 31st December last, of £29 19s 11d. The large volumes issued by the Society are a great drain on the revenue, and the Council wish to urge on all members the necessity of punctual payment of their subscriptions."

The Chairman, in giving "Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness"—(applause)—said this was the third time he had proposed the toast, and that therefore the company would not expect many remarks from him upon that occasion. He was glad to be able to congratulate the Society, now that it was approaching its majority, which it would soon do, upon its continued prosperity, financially and otherwise—(applause). With regard

to the annual volume of transactions, to which the Secretary had alluded in his report, he thought it was a matter for pride that in a small place like Inverness they should be able to issue each year a volume which was of real value and scientific interest—(applause)—and that they had amongst them men so learned in all branches of the history of the Gaelic race as to be qualified to give opinions which were of value in the scientific world—(applause). From the syllabus which formed part of the programme placed on the table, it would be seen that the Society was directing its efforts to the real purpose for which it was formed—the elucidation of the language, race, and history of the Gael. They used to believe, in a most unhesitating way, that the Highland race were of the Ayran-Celtic stock, but heresies had sprung up on that subject, and he thought there was no place where the question should be more thoroughly examined than in the Gaelic Society of Inverness—(applause). He took leave to say they had amongst them men who were able to examine into the subject as thoroughly and effectively and scientifically as were to be found anywhere. He referred to a paper read before the Society on Monday evening on the Picts, and said that, while he would refrain from entering upon controversial subjects, it was important they should, in such a society, have engrossed upon their records the opinions of men who were able to give opinions of a scientific kind, to be sent out to the world, shewing who Highlanders were, and where they came from—(applause). He had formed an opinion on that matter himself—he believed it was an authentic one—and he thought they might rest assured that the Highland people were of true Celtic origin; certainly they had a great history to look back upon, and in a society like this they should have as one of its great objects—and it had, in a fair and sufficient way, carried that out—the preservation of Highland traditions and nationality, and of pride in their ancestry, which was one of the salts of the earth, one of the things which saved men from sordid acts and motives The chivalry of Highlanders had made them famous in the world. They were but a small nation—but a small corner in a nation, he might say—but still, not only in their own eyes, but in the eyes of the whole world they occupied a proud position, and they occupied that because, in critical times, the Highland people had a high ideal—it may not always have been a right one, but it was higher than anything selfish—something noble, or which they believed was noble, and in that way they made themselves illustrious in the world. Sir Henry concluded by remarking that it was gratifying to find, from

the statement of Captain Malcolm, that even Land Leaguers were not indifferent to the history and glory of their country, as shewn by their attitude towards recruiting. He asked the company to drink increased prosperity to the Society—(applause).

Mr James Barron proposed the members of Parliament for the Highland counties and burghs, in a happy speech, in which he made humorous and apt references to remarks made at former dinners on the same subject. A few years ago Mr Fraser-Mackintosh was referred to as the only Gaelic-speaking representative in Parliament, but there were several members now with the Gaelic qualification, and perhaps, as a member of the company hinted, there would be more in the future—(applause).

Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., in the absence of Dr F. Maitland Moir, Aberdeen, who telegraphed that he was laid up with influenza, proposed the toast of "The language and literature of the Gael." They were extremely well off, he said, in old Gaelic and old Irish literature, and he should like to see a society formed, after the manner of the Spalding Club, for the publication of ancient Gaelic texts. Professor Mackinnon was showing in the series of articles he was presently publishing, that there was a vast amount of mediæval literature stored up in Edinburgh, and he (Mr Macbain) was satisfied that those interested in Gaelic subjects had no idea of the light which could thus be thrown upon the early history of the race, even in Pictish times—(applause). He associated with the toast the name of Mr Alexander Mackenzie, of the *Scottish Highlander*.

Mr Mackenzie, in the course of his reply, said Mr Macbain had a scientific knowledge of the literature of the Gael, which he did not profess to have; but he did profess to have some knowledge of the language, and if he could not say much of the Celtic portion, he was glad to be able to say that a very considerable change had come over the Highland people, and especially the people of Inverness, in their regard, he might say their affection, for the language of their race since he came to the town, twenty years ago—(hear, hear). He proceeded to allude, in illustration of this, to the fact that then many of the leading people of Inverness were so ashamed of their native tongue that they would answer a Gaelic salutation in English. But now the process was reversed, and to be able to speak Gaelic was actually getting fashionable—(hear, hear, and laughter). Even the landlords were patronising the Gaelic to an extent which they had never done before, and particularly The Mackintosh—whom he was glad to see present—(cheers)—had such an appreciation of the language that he was informed he kept

a Gaelic nurse to teach it to his son and heir—(applause). He did not mean to talk politics, but he might be allowed to say in passing that in all his wanderings throughout the Highlands he had never heard a complaint against The Mackintosh as a proprietor. The Mackintosh enjoyed the distinction of being the only Chief who, so far as he knew, had been liberal enough to offer a handsome sum as a prize for an essay on the social condition of the Highlands during the present century, and he only hoped that his generosity would be imitated, so that they might have a really good work on the most important period of Highland history. He believed that if his example were followed by other Highland Chiefs in this respect, and especially in teaching Gaelic to his children, the chiefs and their people would be more disposed to embrace one another in future than perhaps they were at present.

Provost Ross proposed Highland Education, making interesting reference to the Highlands before and after the passing of the Education Act, and the teaching of Gaelic in schools. He was much amused the other day to read a Government report written two hundred years ago on the comparative merits of Gaelic and English teaching in schools, in which it was recommended that Highlanders should send all their children above nine years of age to school in the Lowlands, to be instructed in reading, writing, and speaking the English language; and that none of their children should be served heir to their fathers, or received as a tenant by the King, who had not received that education. When the Education Act was passed, eighteen years ago, a great many croakers had predicted that the better education of the poorer people would simply lead to discontent, and that with so much learning there would be no servants; but he thought it must be confessed that the state of the country had been greatly improved by the Act, and that their servants had not got fewer, but better. One effect of improving the Highlands by book-learning, and the institution of greater facilities for communication with the south, had been the consumption of a great amount of light literature, and the destruction of that picturesque feature in Highland life when stories, legends, and traditions were related from memory round the peat fire; but perhaps this abandonment of an old custom would not be permanent, and at anyrate there was ample compensation in the improved state of things which education had brought about—(applause).

Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh, in reply, sketched in an interesting manner the changes that had taken place in Highland teaching since the Education Act was passed, and referred to the

special clauses which had been introduced the better to adapt that Act to Highland circumstances and necessities. In no part of the country, he said, was the new Education Act more welcome than in the Highlands, although they had since found that it had been obtained perhaps at too great a cost. Irregularity of attendance was at present the greatest obstacle to successful school work. Gaelic teaching was now a specific subject, but he was sorry that it was not more largely taken advantage of in the North Highlands. He was not surprised at this, however, for until provision was made for teaching Gaelic in the lower standards, the subject could not be profitably taught—(hear, hear). Mr Mackenzie concluded by an allusion to what he considered a grievance, in respect that the "leaving certificate" was not open to children trained in a school receiving Government aid, and he expressed the hope that this anomalous state of matters would soon be remedied.

Mr Allan Macdonald, in giving the Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the Highlands, said they had been passing through a prolonged and deep agricultural depression, and during that time their candid friends had told them that they were never to have better times again, but he was glad to know that such had not proved to be the case, for matters had improved immensely. They had better crops, and the prices of stock were much advanced from what they had been during the past several years. Scotland must be in a flourishing way financially, for he noticed that no less a sum than nine million pounds sterling had been invested in Joint Stock Companies in Scotland during the past ten years, and in these northern parts they experienced a very fair share of the wave of depression that had passed over the country—(hear, hear) —for they now found many companies springing up in their midst, which looked like a recurrence of better things. All this went to show that the commercial depression which hung over the country had to a large extent passed away, and he hoped that such a pleasant state of things would go on increasing—(applause).

The toast was coupled with the names of Mr Wm. Miller, auctioneer, and Mr J. A. Gossip, both of whom suitably replied.

Mr Colin Chisholm, who was introduced by the Chairman amid applause, as the "father of the Society," in giving the toast of "The Non-resident Members," said that these existed in every corner of the globe, and they were most punctual in discharging their obligations to the Society. And not only did they do that, but if they examined the Transactions of the Society they would find that a large portion of the work there was contributed by non-resident members, who, as they were a credit to the Society, ought,

he considered, to be encouraged. In whatever sphere of life they were placed, they had proved their interest in the Society efficiently and well, and he thought they should drink their health with great heartiness—(cheers).

Mr Alex Mackenzie proposed the health of the Chief of the Society, and in the course of his remarks referred to Sir Henry's services to the Society, as well as his good qualities generally as a public man.

The toast was drunk with Highland honours, and Sir Henry suitably replied.

Mr D. Fraser of Millburn proposed the health of Mackintosh of Mackintosh, a sentiment which was also enthusiastically met with Highland honours.

Mackintosh of Mackintosh referred to the remarks of Mr Mackenzie in connection with the prize which he had offered last year to the Gaelic Society, and said that he would be very glad this year to give a similar prize—(applause). He hoped that thereby a good essay might be secured on a period of Highland history which was to a large extent a blank. The history of the country was well known from the Battle of Culloden down to the end of the Napoleonic wars, but very little was known of the changes which had since taken place; and for himself he felt great regret, in going about the country, to find local people unable to tell him what family lived here and there in various parts where some prominent Highland family lived in the past. He indicated that this was the kind of thing he thought was required in such a work as he desiderated, and concluded by thanking the company for the manner in which they had responded to the toast of his health.

Mr H. V. Maccallum proposed "The Croupiers," and in doing so referred to the prominent part taken by the Rev. Mr Sinton in connection with the literature of the Highlands, and particularly complimented him on a series of articles on his own native district of Badenoch, which appeared some time ago in the *Celtic Magazine*. He coupled the toast with the name of Mr Gunn, who replied.

The other toasts were "The Clergy," proposed by Mr Roderick Maclean, factor for Ardross, replied to by the Rev. Mr Sinton, Dores; "Kindred Societies," proposed by Mr Wm. Gunn, and responded to by Mr R. Black, C.E., president of the Inverness Field Club; "The Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness," given by Dr Chapman, coupled with Provost Ross; and "The Press," submitted by Mr Alex. Macbain, and acknowledged by Mr D. K. Clark.

Pipe-Major Ranald Mackenzie gave selections of pipe music at intervals in a most efficient manner, and a number of the gentlemen present agreeably enlivened the proceedings by songs between the toasts.

The following verses to the Society were composed for the occasion by Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Inverness:—

Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis,
Comunn na'm fear fialaidh glic,
Tuigse 's uaisle dhaibh mar ghibht,
Gur buan 's gur sona an oighreachd.

Luinneag[1]—Mo ruin air a' chomunn so,
Cho somalta 's cho tomadach,
Mo dhurachd do'n chomunn so,
Gun bho gun bholla gann daibh.

Tha gach canain dhaibh cho deis,
Cainnt na h-Eorp' gu leir tha aca,
Sgeul na Feinne 's dan mu seach,
'S geur bheachd air reachd gach righeachd.
Mo ruin, &c.

Le cridhe glan 's le giulan math,
Tha 'n caitheamh-beatha saoibhir,
Reir mo bheachdsa tha iad ceart,
'S nas fhearr na beartas righrean.
Mo ruin, &c.

Seol thar caolas agus cuan,
Fuirich seal 's gach tir air chuairt,
Gus an till thu do 'n taobh tuath,
Cha 'n fhaigh thu sluagh cho caoimhneil.
Mo ruin, &c.

Falbh bho thuath is siubhail deas,
Gach tir-chein an iar 'san ear,
An cruinne-ce air leud 's air fad,
'S cha 'n fhaic thu 'm feasd an samhladh.
Mo ruin, &c.

Mar creid thu na thuirt mi riut,
Comhairle eile bheir mi dhuit,
Thig a nall, bi tric na'r measg,
'S dearbh dhut fhein mo chainntsa.
Mo ruin, &c.

[1] Air by Mr Macpherson of Strathnashie.

22nd JANUARY, 1890.

The meeting this evening was devoted to the nomination of Office-bearers for the ensuing year.

29th JANUARY, 1890.

On this date the Office-bearers for next year were duly elected.

The following gentlemen were elected Members of the Society, viz. :—Mr Roderick Gooden Chisholm, 33 Tavistock Square, London, Honorary Member; Mr William MacIntosh, Idvies, Forfar; Mr Murdo Mackenzie, Excise officer, Inverness; Mr Hugh Thomson, Stockbroker, Inverness; Mr John L. Robertson, Inspector of Schools, Inverness; and Mr William C. Spalding, Adampore, Tylbet, India, Ordinary Members.

5th FEBRUARY, 1890.

At the meeting this evening Mr J. Macleod, assistant Inspector of Schools, Inverness, and Mr J. W. J. Burrel, Clachnaharry, were elected ordinary members of the Society. The paper for the evening was contributed by Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., entitled, "Minor Highland Families—No. 3; The Macdonells of Scotos." Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's paper was as follows :—

MINOR HIGHLAND FAMILIES—No. III.

THE MACDONELLS OF SCOTOS.

Scotos, re-incorporated with the Barony of Knoydart seventy years since, has long been little more than a name; yet an old place and family which twice gave chiefs to Glengarry are worthy of remembrance in a permanent form. It was an estate of twelve pennies and one halfpenny value, part of the sixty-penny lands and Barony of Knoydart. The particular description ran thus :—The four penny and the half penny lands of Scotos; ane penny land of Torroray; one penny and one half penny land of Inveriebeg; one penny land of Shennachie; one penny land of Angrugaig and Teaflich; two penny and one half penny land of Glendulochan, comprehending Penvoit, Penvoir, and the one penny land of Dornach; half penny land of Torbruiach; and half penny land of

Corryleatach, all lying in Killichniman of Glenelg. These lands were held in feu of Glengarry for the sum of £3 0s 6d, being apparently the exact one paid by Glengarry for the whole of Knoydart to the Duke of Argyle, over superior.

The following is a copy of an advertisement drawn up in 1790, which is not without interest as a description of the estate and its capacities :—

"In the West Highlands of the County of Inverness, adjoining to the Coast,

"To lett, for such a number of years as may be agreed on, from and after the term of Whitsunday first (1791), either in whole or in lots,

"All and Whole, the Lands and Estate of Scothouse, which all connect, and extend fifteen miles in length, and in breadth variable from four to five miles.

"This property has been occupied as a sheep store farm now for six years bygone, is known to have produced as good wedders as any from the Highlands, which is well known in the Glasgow markets.

"In 1788 upwards of 1000 wedders, not lambed upon the property, fetched 17s 6d each. The store is not at any time affected by braxy, trumbling, sturdy, or any other disease of that kind, and the fox is totally extirpated. There are high mountains on the property, which are green and produce natural clover to the top.

"The Lands will at least graze 6000 sheep, besides the ordinary milk cows to the shepherds and a few for the tacksman. They lie contiguous to market, being only 20 miles from the military road leading by Fort-William to Glasgow, and are situated along the well-known sea-lake, called Loch-nevis, at the south, which is one of the best anchorage lochs for shipping in Britain; abounds with herring and muddfish, and from the frequency of busses and vessells which frequent that loch and pass the inner Sound, there is a great demand for cast sheep. The lands lye within a mile of the other well-known lake called Lochhourn, at the north, which also abounds with herring and muddfish. There is upon the property, and will be Lett with the Lands, a substantial good Mansion House, with office houses and garden."

The mansion-house is described in the year 1800—"A double house, thoroughly finished, of two storeys high, with office houses, and a garden equal for vegetables to any to the north of Edinburgh."

There was some fine furniture, old china, &c., remaining in the house in 1806, years after the property was sold. A galley for the family use, which made journeys to the West Coast and the Hebrides, swung at anchor in the bay of Scotos.

The lands I have given are those which were ultimately sold in 1803, as after-mentioned. But prior to 1745, in the time of Eneas the 3rd Scotos, which is referred to by Ranald the 5th as the period of the family's greatest prosperity, Eneas appears to have had right to Kyles neodentoch (Kyles Knoideartach?) Achachar, Sanderlain, and the two Crowlins.

In 1784, Ranald Macdonell of Scotos writes inviting the wife of a friend in Inverness, in delicate health, to pay the family a visit, and says—"There is not a wholesomer part in the Highlands than this place—the sea close to the door, as also a pretty little wood, and a cascade near the house, surrounded with oak trees. So that, if Mrs Cumming is not thoroughly recovered, it will not be doing her justice should you neglect to send her here; and it is but an easy matter by Lochcarron, where I shall meet and conduct her safe from Mr Jeffrey's. Let not the seeming trouble of this jaunt, to yourself or anybody else, be an obstacle. Indeed it is the greatest obligation you will ever have an opportunity of putting upon me, should it contribute to the good woman's health; which I am persuaded it must, did she reap no other benefit than the convenience of the sea bath, which is the best strengthener of the nerves yet known, and agrees with most constitutions."

The first Scotos was (1) Donald Macdonell, second son of Donald Macangus of Glengarry, who died the day the battle of Inverlochy was fought (in 1645), at the reputed age of 100. I have seen many of this Donald's signatures, which all run "Donald MackAngus," not Macdonald. Donald's eldest son, Alastair Dearg, having pre-deceased his father, the succession to Glengarry opened to his son Eneas, afterwards Lord Macdonell and Aros. Lord Macdonell dying in 1682 without issue, the succession to Glengarry devolved upon his cousin-german Ranald, second of Scotos, eldest son of Donald the first. At this period Ranald was advanced in years, having two grown-up sons, Allister Dubh and Eneas. Allister Dubh possessed Glengarry, and his male descendants, until their extinction in 1868, were chiefs of Glengarry.

2. Ranald, second of Scotos (and latterly of Glengarry), was succeeded in Scotos by his second son

3. Eneas, third of Scotos. As I am writing about the Scotos family, it must be here mentioned that, though now of no con-

sequence as regards the headship, there is a tradition in the family that Eneas was really the eldest son of Ranald: that Lord Macdonell on his deathbed sent for Alastair Dubh, and invested him with the chiefship, as the more able man, and the one most likely to uphold the credit of the Clan, the eldest son Eneas being content to succeed his father in Scotos merely. Alastair Dubh certainly was one of the most famous of the race of Glengarry. In the service of Alexander of Glengarry, in 1758, to his ancestors, going as far back as Donald Macangus, Alastair Dubh is not described as *eldest* son of Ranald. The late Colonel Macdonell of Glengarry, in the tree drawn up of the family, while giving prominence to the Barisdale, Lochgarry, and other branches, treats Scotos—his admittedly nearest cadet—very scantily, and in this he must have had some object. Other observations might be made; but, as I have said, the matter has lost any interest it might at one time have had. Eneas, third of Scotos, seems to have possessed many lands which did not go to the eldest son's successors, and it is said he had the whole of Knoydart facing Loch Nevis, except Inveriemore, which belonged to Barisdale.

Eneas, who is said to have been out in 1689 and 1715 (if not also in 1745 as a follower), was twice married, but the name of his second wife I am unacquainted with; indeed, I only know the fact from a Sasine in the Pennyland of Sandelain, registered 30th August, 1753, in favour of Alexander Macdonell, "youngest son of the second marriage" of the deceased Eneas Macdonell of Scotos. Eneas had also, besides his eldest son Donald aftermentioned, at least one daughter named Anne; a son Allan, of Ardnaslishnish; and a son named John, of Crowlin, who was father of Colonel Jo hn, known as "Spanish John." Allan had a son, Captain James, a distinguished and loyal officer, who settled after the American Revolution in Montreal, whose son Angus was father of the present Mrs Chisholm of Chisholm.

Spanish John, born in 1728, who died at Cornwall, Upper Canada, in 1820, drew up an account of his stirring early life, which appeared, with notes, in the "Canadian Magazine," April and May, 1825, by which it was shown that his father, John Crowlin, was educated at the Scots College, Rome; that he himself was sent there to be educated as a priest in 1740, when twelve years of age. He disliked the proposed mode of life, and took to that of arms. He was in several battles, and was desperately wounded and left for dead before he attained the age of sixteen. He had more than once seen King James, and, in his eighteenth year, was entrusted by Cardinal York with a mission to Scotland

and a large sum for Prince Charles, sailing from Dunkirk the very day Culloden was fought. How he was robbed of a thousand pounds by Colin Dearg, uncle to Dundonald, and other two gentlemen (!) of the name of Mackenzie, all three Jacobite officers; his description of the infamous doings of the notorious Allan Macdonald of Knock, are graphically given, and the whole paper, kindly lent me by Mr Macdonell of Morar, is of surpassing interest.

Eneas married Catherine, sixth child of Sir Norman Macleod of Bernera, she being at the time widow of Alexander Macleod, 7th of Raasay, and by her had a son Donald, whom I style 4th of Scotos, though he predeceased his father. Donald, 4th of Scotos, married, first, Ellen Meldrum of Meldrum, who left an only daughter, Margaret, married to Prince Charles' devoted follower, Alexander Macdonald, younger of Glenalladale. Donald married, second, Elizabeth Cumming, by whom he had one son, Ranald, and a daughter, Florence. Florence emigrated to America, and married there Ranald Macdonald, of the district of Cornwall, in the province of Upper Canada. They were both living in 1785, but died by 1803, leaving two daughters. Donald married as his third wife Mary Cameron, of the family of Glen-Nevis, and, according to Mr Mackenzie, in his "History of the Macdonalds," had by her a son Archibald, a priest, but as to this I refer later on.

Donald Scotos, known as "Donul nan Gleann," who was unfortunately killed at Culloden, by tradition the handsomest of his race and name, was captain in the Glengarry Regiment. He, described as "younger" of Scotos, was one of the first to join Prince Charles, and, had he been head of his family, it is not likely that the command would have been given to Lochgarry, a younger branch. Most pleasing accounts of this gallant Highlander are to be found in the Chevalier Johnstone's memoirs. These memoirs are admirable, bearing every mark of genuineness. It must be admitted, however, that he was rather partial; for those whom he liked no praise was too great: for those whom he disliked, whether individuals or localities, no language could be too strong. Speaking of the town of Forfar, for instance, he says:—"There is a small town named Forfar, most renowned for its Presbyterian fanaticism, and whose inhabitants have signalized latterly their holy zeal, by contributing to make Colonel Kerr prisoner. Samuel (a guide) had forewarned me that it was necessary to pass through this infernal town, not having any other road which conducted to Broughty, a village on the border of the first arm of the sea, or abandoning the great routes to pass it; so I departed late from the house of Samuel in order to pass through this execrable town,

during the time that the unworthy inhabitants were sunk in the most profound sleep."

And of St Andrews—"At all times the most fanatical town in Scotland, renowned by the assassination of their Archbishop, the Cardinal Bethune. Full of a malignant race of Calvinistic hypocrites, who masked their wickedness under the cloak of religion; the greatest cheats and rascals in their intercourse, and who nevertheless carried their sanctified dissimulation so far as to lift their bonnet in taking a pinch of snuff to ask God's blessing on it; who have always the name of God in their mouths, and the devil in their hearts—a city only worthy of the fate of Sodom and Gommorhah."

The Chevalier became intimately acquainted with Scotos when the Highland army came to Inverness in the month of February 1746, and they were afterwards constantly together. At the fatal battle of Culloden the Chevalier was along with Scotos in the Prince's left wing, at one time not twenty paces from the enemy. He narrates—"My friendship for the unfortunate Macdonell of Scotos, who was killed by my side at the battle of Culloden, had engaged me to accompany him to the charge with his regiment. We were on the left of our army, and at the distance of about twenty paces from the enemy, when the rout commenced to become general, before even we had made our charge on the left. Almost at the same instant that I had seen poor Scotos fall (the most worthy man I had ever known, and with whom I had been allied in friendship the most pure from the commencement of the expedition), to the increase of my horror, I beheld the Highlanders around me turning their backs to fly."

Thus ended the career of Donul nan Gleann, one of the most honourable names in the history of the men of Knoydart. Among the cherished possessions of the representative of Scotos—the present Glengarry—is a snuff-box, by tradition, reported as presented on the field of battle by Prince Charlie to Donul nan Gleann. It bears the royal arms, with an inscription rudely traced, but distinct.

The singular episode in the lives of Donald Scotos and his son Ranald is thus narrated by the Chevalier:—"On the 19th March (1746), after that the detachment was commanded by the Duke of Perth, M. Macdonald of Scothouse came to pass the day with me. He was a man of about forty years of age, endowed with a fine figure and a prepossessing address, joined to that of an agreeable exterior. He had all the qualities of soul which ordinarily distinguish the honourable and gallant man—brave, polite,

obliging, of fine spirit and sound judgment. Although I had not known him but since the commencement of the expedition of the Prince, I soon came to distinguish his merit and the sweetness of his society. I formed with him the closest friendship, notwithstanding the disparity of our ages. He paid back my affection with all the tenderness of a parent. As he was naturally of a gay disposition, I perceived his melancholy on his entering my dwelling. On asking him the cause, this worthy man looked at me, his eyes bathed in tears, and said—'Ah, my friend, you do not know what it is to be a father. I am of this detachment which must depart this evening to attack Lord Loudoun. You do not know that a son whom I adore is with him an officer in his regiment. I believed myself fortunate in obtaining that rank for this dear boy, not being able to forsee the descent of Charles Edward into Scotland. Perhaps to-morrow I shall have the grief to kill my son with my own hand, and that the same ball that I shall fire off in my defence may occasion from myself a death the most cruel! In going with the detachment I may be able to save his life; if I do not march, some other may kill him.' The recital of poor Scothouse rent my heart. I could not refrain from mingling my tears with his, although I had never seen this young man—the subject of the sharp pangs of a tender father. I retained him the whole day at my house, endeavouring to dissipate his fears as much as I possibly could, and making him promise, on parting, to come straight to my house on leaving the boat. The next evening I heard a great knock at my door. I ran thither, and perceived the good father holding a young man by the hand, of a jolly figure, who cried to me, his eyes sparkling with joy—'Behold, my friend, the one who yesterday caused all my alarms. I have taken him prisoner myself, and when I had hold of him he embraced me fervently, not regarding the others who were present.' I then saw him shed tears of joy, very different to those of the night before. We supped all three together at my chamber, and I never had my mind more penetrated with satisfaction than at this supper, by the mutual scene of tenderness between the father and son."

I refer to the memoirs for further particulars; and in illustration am able to give the son's own account, fifty years after. In 1796 Ranald Macdonell, fifth of Scotos, then an old man, whose chequered career shall be immediately referred to, sent in an application for a pension to King George III. The scroll of this application, tattered, worn, and almost illegible, has, with many papers connected with the family, been fortunately preserved,

and in so far as it relates to the '45 runs thus—"That the representer is one of the immediate cadets of the family of Glengarry, and at a very early period of his life saw the blessings which all Your Majesty's subjects acquired by the Revolution, and the accession of your Majesty's predecessors to the throne of Great Britain, which induced him, at the breaking out of the Rebellion of 1745, contrary to the general ideas of that clan at the time, to join his Majesty's forces as a volunteer in the regiment of Highlanders commanded by Lord Loudoun. The memorialist was with the regiment in all the service they were engaged in 1745-6, and in particular he was one of those fifty who exerted themselves, and made their escape when the regiment were made prisoners near Dornoch in Sutherland. That the memorialist served in this small party, then commanded by Captain Sir Harry Munro, in which Lieutenant, now General, Reid served, when a French sloop, the 'Hazard,' came to Lord Reay's country with money and ammunition to supply the Rebel army. Here she was attacked and taken by the 'Sheerness,' when 250 of the men, among whom were 26 Irish officers, commanded by a Colonel Brown, having made their escape, they were attacked by the above 50 men, several of them killed, and the remainder all made prisoners; and the Rebel army were thus disappointed of about £20,000 money, which contributed in no small degree to ruin the cause of the Pretender, and obliged his Rebel army to meet his Majesty's forces at Culloden, which terminated that rebellion. That the memorialist and the said party joined the Duke of Cumberland at Aberdeen, when the officers and men received the thanks of His Royal Highness for the essential service they had performed. That the memorialist remained in the regiment till the year 1747, and was well known to the officers of the regiment, none of whom, so far as the memorialist knows, are now living, except the Duke of Argyle, then Lieut.-Colonel, and General Reid, then a Lieutenant, who was in the attack on the above 250 men, and whose spirit and good conduct contributed greatly to the success of the party."

It will be observed that though Ranald Scotos makes no reference to having been taken prisoner by his father, his statement does not contradict the account by the Chevalier. Nothing that I have seen in the papers gives any clue, account, or reason why Ranald, when quite a youth, ran so counter to the family traditions, and associated himself with the Hanoverian party, except that prior to the '45 he had been a good deal among the Macleods, his grandmother's family. He was a strict Catholic,

and, though his two wives were Protestants, his family and all their descendants have continued in the ancient faith. He also, when he had occasion to do so, always spoke of the '45 as a "rebellion," in marked contrast with his neighbours and contemporaries, Barisdale, Scamnadale, Morar, and others, who cautiously used the expression of "The troubles of the '45."

Ranald Scotos married, first, a daughter of Glenmoriston's, by whom he had an only son, Eneas; he married, second, Annie, youngest daughter of John Macdonell of Glengarry. In 1747, Ranald obtained a lieutenant's commission in the service of the States General, commanded by Lord Drumlanrig, where he remained until the peace and reduction of the regiment, when he retired on half-pay. Soon after the breaking out of the French war, in 1757, Ranald was called on by the States General to serve in the regiment commanded by General Halkett, where he remained till peace was established. Desiring to enter the British service, he was allowed to retire by the States General with the rank of captain, but did not succeed in his object.

In 1778, a proposal was made by the Roman Catholics of Scotland to raise a regiment without bounty, to be commanded by Lord Traquair, and on his lordship's application to Scotos for assistance, the latter offered to raise a hundred men. Traquair's offer was unhappily declined. Scotos, finding that there were many Catholics anxious to be enrolled, made a direct application to Government "to raise a body of 500 Catholic Highlanders, or to go to America to raise the Catholics there whom he knew to be attached to the King and Government," a proposal also declined. Disgusted with these refusals, Scotos gave up for the time his military aspirations, and lived at Scotos until 1788 the life of a country gentleman, diversified by several visits to France, where two of his sons by his second marriage, Charles and Donald, were educated in part. In 1778, Mr John Duncan, student of divinity, is tutor in the Scotos family.

Ranald was of an easy yet honourable disposition that led him into various obligations, which, with legal mismanagement, ultimately brought about the loss of the estate. One obligation in particular, granted with another on behalf of his brother-in-law, Captain Charles Macdonell of Glengarry, killed at Quebec in 1759, turned out many years after to be very serious. The papers connected with this matter would indicate that Captain Charles Macdonell had no issue. If he had left descendants, the heir male would now be head of Glengarry.

The rental of Scotos in 1773 was only 1008 merks Scots, equal to £56 sterling, made up, with the addition of the compounded values of customs, as follows, a cow being valued at 20 merks, a sheep 2 merks, a stone of butter 4 merks, and a stone of cheese 2 merks, viz. :—

Scothouse	244	Merks.
Torroray	82	„
Inveriebeg	102	„
Shennachy	120	„
Glendulochan	200	„
Keanlochdulochan	200	„
Grazings of Corrycharreskil and Glendulochan	60	„
Total	1008	Merks.

The tenants, apart from numerous cottars, in 1784 were 27 in number, viz.:—

In Scothouse and Torreray—Evan Macdonell, James Macdougall, Ronald Macdonell, Allan Macdonell, Lachlan Macdonell, Evan Carmichael, John Macdougall, Alexander Macpherson, Neil Campbell, Christian Geddes, Angus Macdonell.

In Inveriebeg—Mr Alexander Macdonell, priest, John Macdonell, Donald Macdonell, John Macdougall, *alias* Macpherson, Allan Macdonell, Donald Maclellan.

In Glendulochan and Corrycharreskill—Donald Macdonald, drover, James Mackay, John Mackay, Angus Campbell, R. Mackay, Marian Macdonell.

In North Keanlochdulochan—John Macdougall, piper, Duncan MacPhee, Betty Kennedy.

In South Keanlochdulochan—John Macdonell and Duncan Macdonell, with the cottars, forming a population of over 300 souls.

Whether threatened with removal, or desirous to leave themselves, by 1786 almost all left. Charles Macdonell, son of Scotos, writing from Inverie on 1st April in that year, says:—"This country is all in a ferment with emigration. Most of the tenants of this country go to America, so that Glengarry, it is thought, will soon come to this country. Angus, my brother, is now away, and Donald is in Sleat with Mr Martin Macpherson."

By 1795 the tenants were reduced to three, and the rent had risen six-fold, standing thus :—

John Gillespie	£354
Lands of Torreray	30
A Change House	1
	£385

Upon the marriage of his eldest son Eneas, in 1788, Ranald gave over the estate, under burden of an annuity of £150 a year, of his debts, and moderate provisions to his younger children. The family affairs had become considerably embarrassed, and Ranald's annuity not being met, he had in his old age to betake himself again to a military life.

In the memorial before alluded to in 1796, he states—"That having had the honour of being, as a brother soldier, well acquainted with the late Colonel Small, Governor of Guernsey, he, on account of his services and attachment to your Majesty and your Predecessors, obtained, on a Representation to Field Marshall the Duke of York, a Lieutenant's Commission in the Regiment of Fencibles commanded by Colonel Macdonell of Glengarry; but as it is not consistent with his former rank and services to go upon actual service, it was understood that he was to remain inactive until he was raised to the rank of Captain, which would have happened before now if Colonel Small had lived. That his Royal Highness Field Marshal the Duke of York has lately made peremptory orders on all the officers in the Regiment to join, the memorialist has proceeded thus far to state his case to his Sovereign, and he has only further to mention that his conduct has been as uniform as it has been exemplary and soldier-like in the 1745, by inculcating principles of loyalty to your Majesty's person and Government and good order in the corner of the Highlands of Scotland he resides in. What your memorialist would now humbly implore of your Majesty is that, on account of his former services, he would be raised to the rank of a Captain, even with the Pay of a Subaltern, till a vacancy should happen in the Regiment, as he always, and still is ready to hazard his life in the service, or that such other relief be given on account of these services as your Majesty, in your great wisdom, shall see proper." Scotos obtained his desire, serving in Guernsey, Ireland, and other places, as I observe in a letter from him dated Galway, 3rd November, 1800, he wishes the reply to be addressed to "Captain Macdonell of Scothouse, Glengarry Regiment, here."

Upon the disbanding of the Regiment, old Scotos was again a wanderer. The last letter from him I find is dated 12th October, 1809, and written from feebleness, to dictation, but he adds in his own handwriting these pathetic words:—"N.B.—My situation is such that should there not be a farthing of my annuity due, I would at present apply to you for ten or twelve pounds.—Glasgow, Miller Street. I cannot see what I write. God help me."

However imprudent he may have been in becoming involved for others, he was, quite unnecessarily and improperly, from non-payment of his annuity regularly, frequently in great straits. The following is a good specimen of his letters, addressed to the brother of a priest who had been sometime at Barra:—"I had accounts lately of honest Captain Archie Sandaig's decease. His friends, however, have the consolation to know that he departed this life as he lived—a good Christian. I suppose my son Charles has left Inverness; I expect a line from him by the return of the man who brings this to Fort-William. You would no doubt hear of your brother's coming this summer to reside on the main-land. He had too much of the Macdonell pride, or rather scruples, which you'll call superstition, to yield in what he thought contrary to his duty, to the King of Barra."

He lingered on, tended by the loving hands of two daughters, until the month of June, 1811, when, presuming that he would not have been more than 21 in 1745, his age would be 87. Mrs Donald M'Eachen, Kinsadel of Morar, who died at a very advanced age not long since, was in Ranald's employment at the time of his death. She was full of anecdotes regarding the old man, describing him as a tall, fine-looking old man, spare, but strongly built, who attributed the good health he had enjoyed during his chequered career to his having invariably adhered, as his favourite food, to Scotia's staple, porridge and milk.

It is understood in the family that, as stated by Mr Mackenzie, Donald Scotos had by his third wife a son, Archibald. The papers I have would rather point to Archibald being a son of Mary Cameron by a second husband named Macdonald; for in all his letters, even though addressing a Macdonell, which he does distinctly, he signs "Macdonald;" he never refers to Ranald Scotos as his brother; and Ranald in one letter, in 1784, referring to a debt due to his stepmother, says it may be pursued for in "name of her son, Mr Archibald, at Liverpool"—hardly the way one would refer to a brother consanguinean. The matter is, however, of no moment. I give one of the priest's letters as a specimen of many others, from Liverpool, all couched in the

same sensible tone, but entirely destitute of any family pride or territorial status :—

"Dear Sir, —By a letter lately received from Major Macdonald, I understand he has put into your hands £23 19s 6d, moneys advanced to the Adjt. of his regiment. You will please to remit the same, as soon as convenient, to James Fraser, Esq., Writer to the Signet, in Edinburgh, where it will be called for. I likewise advanced, a good while back, two guineas to a Mr Macpherson of Fasnakyle, and a companion of his, who were returning home, and in want of money. I desired them to pay the same to you. Should be glad to know whether they performed their promise ; suspect they have not, as too many of my countrymen are apt to forfeit their word on such occasions. Mr Fraser informed me some time ago that the curators have at length come to a resolution of selling the Scothouse estate. There never was a more favourable opportunity, for lands, I am assured, go off remarkably high at the present moment in these parts. What an irreparable loss does the folly of one man bring upon a whole family ! But so it must be ; for regard should be had to the just claims of the creditors.—Believe me, Dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant. (Signed) "ARCHD. M'DONALD.

"Seel Street, 4th of October, 1802."

Ranald Scotos left by his first wife an only son, Eneas, and by his second wife three sons, Charles, Donald, and John, and eight daughters, Elizabeth, Helen, Katherine, Flora, Anne, Clementina, Margaret, and Marjory, but these are not given as their order in seniority.

The three sons all entered the army between 1786 and 1791. John died unmarried, and Charles left no male issue. Donald entered the Indian service, and on his coming home for good a Colonel, married Anne Macdonell of Rhue and Lochshiel. Colonel Donald Macdonell, on his return from India, where he had accumulated a fair fortune, was exceedingly kind-hearted, indeed lavish to his numerous relations and connections. The giving of a small piece of tobacco used to be considered a great compliment to a poor person, and Colonel Donald, who always carried a big pleuchan, never gave a less measure than from his waist to the ground, which, as he was a tall man, would be the handsome present of a full yard of tobacco twist. His big whisky bottle was well known, and in high popular repute among the people of Morar, Arisaig, and Knoydart. His adherence in his latter days to a firm who had befriended him in youth, though warned of his

danger, proved of serious consequence to his family. Colonel Donald's eldest son is Mr Eneas Ronald Macdonell of Morar, a worthy scion of the Scotos and Glengarry families. Mr Macdonell tells me that his last recollection of old Glengarry, who was killed in 1828, was his coming to visit his father at Traigh shortly before. He had a fine deer he had shot, which a lot of his men bore up to the house. Glengarry, who remained with Colonel and Mrs Macdonell for several days on this occasion, showed, as after mentioned, greater consideration to Colonel Donald than to the head of the family.

One of Ranald's daughters, Katherine, died young. Her father, speaking of her in 1794, says "Katie's only chance to recover or live, in the opinion of the physician attending her, is to come to the Highlands in place of London as I intended. By all accounts the dear girl is quite exhausted and emaciated, though once exceedingly handsome." She appears by this letter to have been engaged to a gentleman in Bordeaux, "a young man of fortune and great prospects in France and Ireland."

Of the others, all fine-looking women, most lived to a considerable age, and Helen, Clementina, and Marjory were married. These ladies had much to contend with after their mother's death in 1793, but were fortunate enough to have many friends, who estimated them highly. There is one particularly nice letter, dated London, 22nd October, 1810, from Mrs Irvine, sister of Mr Gordon of Wardhouse, in reference to the sisters Flora and Anne, then with her. Marjory, Mrs Galbraith, was the last survivor, and died in her nephew's house at Traigh at an advanced age.

I now return to Eneas VI. of Scotos, who, though he predeceased his father, was propelled into the succession in 1788, on his marriage with Anne Fraser of Culbokie (contract dated Guisachan, 11th November, 1788). He was careless and extravagant, but good natured and kind-hearted to a degree, which increased the family burdens during the short time of his possession, prior to his death on 9th December, 1792.

In a memorial presented in name of his widow and eldest son in 1796 to the Duke of York, it is stated

"That the memorialists' husband, in the year 1777, obtained a lieutenant's commission in the 76th Regiment, commanded by Colonel John Macdonell, and, on their being formed, he was attached to the Light Company, under the command of Captain James Fraser, now Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2nd Battalion of the Rothesay and Caithness Fencibles; that the memorialists' husband

and father accompanied the regiment to America, and the Light Company was there attached to the whole Light Companies of the Army, under the command of Colonel Abercromby, under whose command he served during the war. As the memorialists' husband and father was young and active, so his soldier good conduct soon became universally admired; for, independent of the ordinary service, he, on the occasion of Earl Cornwallis's crossing James's river, in Virginia, was ordered to the command of a separate detachment of the Light Infantry left in the rear, to convey them to the army. This detachment was attacked by a superior force of the enemy, but the march was so conducted in the face of the enemy by the memorialists' husband and father for upwards of twenty miles, that only one man was wounded; and the result was that Earl Cornwallis was so satisfied of his good conduct that he ordered his thanks to be delivered to him; and the march was afterwards the subject of public notice in the army.

"That, on the enemy having attacked Yorktown, the memorialists' husband and father was in a very tender state of health from the fatigues of the campaign, so much so that he was well entitled to a place of safety; but, notwithstanding, he continued at his post with such perseverance and propriety of conduct, that he was held up by his brother officers as a fit example for emulation. That at the close of the war, he, in a very tender state of health, returned to Britain, and he died in December 1792, as a *half-pay* lieutenant—the fatigue which he received in America having much injured his constitution."

Colonel James Fraser of Culduthel writes to the widow in terms thus :—

"Madam,—Your late husband, Mr Macdonell of Scotos, served in my Company (Light Infantry) in the 76th Regiment, the last four years of the American War, as lieutenant. He on several occasions distinguished himself as an officer possessed of great courage and ability. When Lord Cornwallis, with the army under his command, crossed the James river, in Virginia, Lieutenant Macdonell (who had been left at New York to bring forward the convalescents of the Light Infantry), arrived at the place of lebarkation some days after the army had left it; and, being ordered to follow, he conducted his detachment through our nemy's country so ably that, though attacked by a superior force, e brought them in with only one man wounded, and made everal of the enemy prisoners. He on that occasion had the atisfaction of Lord Cornwallis's approbation of his conduct.

During the siege of Yorktown, in Virginia, Lieutenant Macdonell was in a very poor state of health, but could not be prevailed on to quit his post, by which his constitution was very much impaired. Mr Macdonell was on all occasions a good and active duty officer, and ready to volunteer every service of danger that offered.—I am, Madam, your most obdt. humble servant,

(Signed) "JAMES FRASER,
"Lieut.-Col. 2nd B. R. and C. F. Regt."

So much for his military services.

He married, as I have stated, in 1788, Anne Fraser of Culbokie, and the young people lived very happily, first at Scotos, and afterwards, on account of his precarious health, at Beauly-side, now known as Dunballoch, where he died.

In a letter from Scotos House, dated 28th October, 1789, to a friend at Inverness, Mrs Macdonell, while expressing her happiness with all her then surroundings, does not forget the country of "Mac-Huistean," adding in a postscript—"So this is your great Hunt Week! O, for a sight of all your Beaux and Belles, but believe me, I would not give one look of Knock Airait for it all."

Eneas Scotos nominated in 1790 as guardians to his children, his wife; his half-brother Charles, described as of the 72nd Regiment; Patrick Grant of Glenmoriston; Captain Allan Grant of Inverwick; Captain Alpin Grant, residing at the Citadel, Inverness; Captain John Grant, yr. of Glenmoriston; Coll Macdonell of Barisdale; William Fraser of Culbokie; William Fraser, his eldest son; Archibald Fraser, his second son; James Fraser of Gortuleg; and Alexander Macdonell, writer in Inverness, most of whom acted, but the chief burden fell on the widow and her brother, Culbokie the younger.

Debts were constantly pressed for, and legal expenses incurred. Mrs Macdonell was most anxious to save the property, and on 3rd March, 1795, she thus writes to old Scotos, her father-in-law, a letter particularly worthy of remembrance, in face of after events—

"Unless some claims are extinguished, matters cannot hold another year, and from whom can sacrifices be possibly expected unless the grandfather and mother step forward? Let us therefore, my dear sir, exert ourselves as far as lies in our power to prevent the sinking of the Scotos family. Let us endeavour to make our memories valued by our offspring when we are no more, and to show the world at present that we go to our utmost in order to support our distressed family. It is true I am the nearest relative to the poor orphans, but if there are any remains of them, they

will be named on you, and know of you, when it is hardly known that there was such as me in the family."

To do old Scotos justice, he was willing to come into any reasonable arrangement; but the fates or mismanagement had so willed that what Mrs Macdonell feared should take place.

Mrs Macdonell removed to Banff, and though in straitened circumstances for some time, and having the misfortune of losing her second son, William, who became an assistant surgeon of the 19th Foot in 1811, she lived long enough to see her only daughter, Helen Grant, well married, and her eldest son, Eneas, holding positions of honour and trust in India.

Eneas Scotos was succeeded by his eldest son, Eneas Ranald Macdonell, seventh and last laird of Scotos, born at Scotos House on 19th December, 1789.

In 1794, being then five years of age, he was infeft in the estate on a precept by Glengarry, with consent of his curators, dated 9th April of that year.

It is known that boys, indeed children, by influence and patronage in those days got commissions, and drew pay. When the Glengarry regiment was embodied in 1794, in which old Ranald Scotos had a lieutenant's commission, as before mentioned, young Eneas Ranald, then five years old, got an ensign's commission, and drew pay.

In 1796 a peremptory order having been issued that all officers must join their regiments, Mrs Macdonell and her son presented a petition to the Commander-in-Chief, narrating

"In the year 1794 Glengarry received a letter of service to raise a regiment of fencibles, wherein the memorialist, Ann Macdonell, her brother, Captain Simon Fraser, and uncle, Captain Archibald Fraser, obtained Companies, and several of the memorialists' more distant relations obtained ensigncies and lieutenantcies. That on this occasion Glengarry, knowing her situation, and her husband's services, and on account of the many relations she had in the regiment, gave an ensigncy to her eldest son, Eneas R. Macdonell, the other memorialist, a young man at his education, the pay of which is the only support she and her other children have. He has since remained in the regiment, none of the subaltern officers complaining of his absence. Of late he has been required to join, which his state of health does not at present admit of.

"The memorialists make this humble application to His Royal Highness, imploring that, on account of their husband and father's services, and of their own destitute situation, the said Eneas R.

Macdonell will be allowed to remain at his education for a year, against which time he will use every exertion to join his regiment."

The boy got some extension, but ultimately joined, as appears by a letter of his grandfather's in 1800 from Galway, wherein he says, "Angus, poor fellow, behaves well," and he continued in the service until the regiment was disbanded. The first family to take up Mr Charles Grant in his design on the representation of the county, at the beginning of the century, was that of Glenmoriston. Eneas Ronald Scotos was their near relative, and influence was brought to bear in his favour with success. For some reason (could it have been because Scotos was a Catholic?) Mr Grant did not wish that his intervention should be made public.

Culbokie, writing to a friend from Edinburgh on 17th July, 1807, says—"Angus Scotos is off this day at three o'clock in the mail coach, for his destination. Mr Charles Grant has behaved very handsomely, as well with regard to the manner as the fact of Angus's appointment; but he insists it shall be secret, so let it not come from us. I did not allow him to call on the Grants (James Grant, W.S.), or anyone here, for fear of discovery." He sailed for India in September, 1807, as appears from a document signed by him on the 14th of that month at Portsmouth, prior to embarkation. Though the debts were pressing, the whole were not serious, not exceeding £5000, independent of annuities of £150 to old Scotos and £50 to the young widow. Some of the heritable creditors, such as Glenalladale and Strathaird, would not have pushed matters to an extreme had their interests been regularly paid. It has been noted that the rental had increased six-fold between 1771 and 1795, and in the proceedings for a judicial sale in 1802, it was sworn that the rent when again let, might reach £500, if not £600 a year. There were numerous substantial friends who might have interfered to save the estate without running any personal risk, as is clear when it is stated that the estate actually realised, at a public sale in Edinburgh on 6th July, 1803, over sixteen thousand pounds. The upset price fixed by the Court was no less than £15,390 5s 7d (and which even at the last hour should have opened the eyes of the friends of the family), and after competition, was knocked down for behoof of Grant of Glenmoriston, who no sooner had it than he became involved in serious questions of marches with Glengarry, and these ended some 15 years later in the acquisition of the Scotos estate by Glengarry. By Whitsunday, 1804, the connection of Eneas Ronald Macdonell and his family with Scotos ceased, and the lands since 1818 or so have been re-incorporated with Knoydart.

There are several of Eneas Ranald's letters from India, all showing an affectionate and cheerful nature. He had the desire and ability to recover the estate at an early period of his career, and applied to Glengarry, but on the authority of one who was so informed by Scotos himself, Glengarry never answered his proposal. That Glengarry, who had begun to feel the pinch of incumbrances, all created by himself, was not unfavourably disposed to the Scotos family, is shown by the fact that he offered to deal with Col. Donald, but the latter was too chivalrous, and would not supersede his nephew.

Eneas Ranald, on his retirement from India, took up his residence at Cheltenham, and lived just long enough to become Chief of Glengarry, on the death of Charles Macdonell, last male descendant of Alastair Dubh, on 28th June, 1868. Eneas Ranald died 24th October of that year. By his marriage with the daughter of Archdeacon Wade, he had, with other issue, Eneas Ranald, born 1847, who predeceased his father, leaving a son Eneas Ranald, now Chief of Glengarry, whose personal qualifications in every respect worthily sustain the best traditions of the race of Mac-Mhic-Alastair.

I use the spelling of "Scotos" as it is commonly done, although of old it was written "Scothouse." "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," yet to the heir or heirs of Mac-Mhic-Alastair the object of winning back not only Scotos but Glengarry intact; the revivication, not only in name but in reality, of a family renowned in poetry and song, which, though it committed errors, still was known and respected for hundreds of years, and which has made its mark in the history of the Highlands, is worthy, not merely the struggle of one life, but whatever number of lives may be necessary to ensure ultimate fulfilment. In this pursuit, let him and them have and hold as sure an aim as that predecessor of whom it was written—

"'Nuair a ruigeadh do luaidhe
Cha gluaiseadh iad eang."

12th FEBRUARY, 1890.

The paper for this evening's meeting was by the Rev. John Macrury, Snizort, entitled—"Old Gaelic Songs with Historical Notes and Traditions." Mr Macrury's paper was as follows :—

OLD GAELIC SONGS WITH HISTORICAL NOTES AND TRADITIONS.

A Luchd-Comuinn mo Ruin,—Tha eagal orm gu bheil cuid dhibh nach bi ro thoilichte leis na briathran a leughar dhuibh a nochd. Ach faodaidh sibh mo chreidsinn an uair a their mi gu'n d' rinn mise mo dhichioll a chum gu'n cuirinn sios mo chuid fhein de na briathran—'s e sin, gearr-chunntas a thoirt dhuibh mu na h-orain—cho math, 's cho soilleir 's a b' urrainn domh. Labhraidh na h-orain air an son fhein. Tha iad mar a fhuair mise iad. Tha fhios agam gu bheil ceathrannan a dhith gach fir dhiubh ach a' cheud fhear, "Oran Fir Airidh 'Mhuillinn." Thug mi dhuibh na blaidhean an dochus gu faod aon de bhuill a' Chomuinn cuid de na ceathrannan a tha dhith orra fhaotainn uair no uair eiginn. Nam biodh duine ann a shireadh air an son is e mo bharail gu faighte iad anns an Eilean Fhada.

Tha ni eile a dhith oirnn nach b' urrainn mise fhaotainn, 's e sin, ainmean nan daoine a rinn na h-orain. Ach an rud nach gabh leasachadh feumar cur leis. Faodaidh e bhith gu faighear fhathast a mach co a sgriobh cuid diubh.

ORAN FIR AIRIDH MHUILLINN,

AN UIBHIST A' CHINN A DEAS;

ATHAIR FIONNAGHAL DHOMNULLAICH A DH' FHALBH LEIS A' PHRIONNSA.

Slan iomradh do 'n mharcach
A chunnaic mi seachad an dé,
Mac ud Aonghais oig bheachdaidh,
Cha b' e 'n t-iomrall leam tachairt riut fhein;
Fear gun iomlas[1] na aigneadh,
Bha gu siobhalta, staideil, an ceill;
Aig a' mheud 's a tha thlachd ort,
Cha d' fhuaras dhuit masladh no beum.

[1] "Fear gun iomlas," duine steidheil nach bi 'g atharrachadh inntinn tric —"Fear a gheibh sinn far am fag sinne e." Cha chuimhne leam riamh am facal so a chluinntinn ann an comhradh. Is e theireamaid mu dhuine neo-steidheil, a bhiodh an diugh a dh' aon bheachd, 's a maireach de bheachd eile, gur duine *iomlan* a bh' ann. Anns a' Bhiobull tha 'm facal *iomlan*, a' ciallachadh coimhlionta; ach, mar a dh'ainmich mi, tha e gus an la 'n diugh anns an Eilean Fhada, co dhiubh, a' ciallachadh, *caochlaideach*.

Slan o chunnart sud dhasan,
Cha teid duine 'ga aicheadh nach fior,
O 'n 's i 'n fhirinn a b' fhearr leat—
'S i so 'n acuinn a ghnathaich thu riamh ;
Mheud 's a fhuair mi dhe d' choiread,
Ann an comain an eolais nach b' fhiach ;
Ni mi 'n uiread s' ad chomhnadh,
Fhad 's is urrainn do m' chota ga dhiol.

Geibhte sud am beul feasgair,
Ann ad' fhardaich-sa beadradh is muirn,
Buird mhora 'g an leagadh,
Is an uirneis bu deis' as an cionn ;
Bhiodh na deochannan brasa,
Ga'm brosnachadh seachad air thùs ;
Anns na cupannan breaca,
'S fir oga 'gan aiseag gu dluth.

Gheibhte sud ann a d' fhardaich
Ceol fidhl' agus danns 'cur leis,
Taigh nan uinneagan claraidh,
Far am faigheadh na h-anraidhean[1] meas ;
Dhomhsa b' fhurasda radha ;
Gu'm b' e sud mo cheol-gaire car greis,
Cha bhiodh cuideachd mar dhaimh ort,
Bhiodh tu fhein 'na d' cheol-gaire 'na measg.

'S mor do bhiuthas[2] aig Gallaibh,
'N nair a bhiodh iad air allaban cian ;
Meud do mhuirn 'na do bhaile,
'S cha bu chuirt leat bhith malairt am bidh ;
'S tric a thug thu uait deannal,
Fhir nach sgrubail a shealladh am prib,[3]
'S mò do dhuil ann an onair
Na bonn dhe 'bhith 'd sporran 'ga dhiol.

1 "Anraidhean," 's e sin coigrich a thigeadh fliuch, fuar, sgith, acrach, a ionnsuidh an taighe.

2 "Bhiuthas," 's e sin, deagh ainm a chluinnear fada is farsuinn.

3 "Prib," 's e sin, fiachan. Is minic a chuala mi fear ag radh gu robh e gail "pribidean fhiach."

S iomadh sruthan de 'n fhion-fhuil
A ta ruith ann an sioladh do bhall;
Sliochd ud Raoghaill mhoir phriseil,
Nach do dh'fhoghlum bhith miothur no gann,
Agus deagh Mac Illeathain
'S gun a theaghlach ri fhaigheil an drasd',
Cur le cheil ann an cruadail,
'S tric a bhuinnig iad buaidh anns na blair.

Da chraoibh anns a' gharadh,
Cha 'n ionnan cur fais dhaibh nan dìth's,
Craobh a shiolaich 's a dh'fhasas,
Craobh a thuiteas le cramh is le aois;
'S ionnan sud 's mar a ta sinn,
Nis o 'n phaigh sinn na mail ud cho daor,
Tha ar n-urra cho laidir,
'S gu'n cuir e 'na aite gun chlaoidh.

Ged nach 'eil fhios agam air ainm agus sleinneadh na tè a ri an t-oran a leanas, tha fhios agam gu'm bu Bhan-Uidhisteach Chuala mi o chionn iomadh bliadhna iomaradh oirre, ach o 'n chaidh an t-iomradh so as mo chuimhne ann an tomhas mor fhearr leam gun dìog a radh mu h-eachdraidh aig an àm so.

B' ann an aite eiginn mu Dhunbeagain, 's an Eilean Sgiath ach, a bha i an uair a rinn i e. Cha 'n aithne dhomhsa c'aite bheil "airidh 'n aisig," ach 's ann o "airidh 'n aisig," no ma chuala mi uair is uair, "rudha 'n aisig," a bhiodh na bataich a' seoladh as an Eilean Sgiathanach gu ruige Uidhist mu Thu B'e so "tir a' mhurain."

ORAN LUAIDH.

'S mi m' aonar air airidh 'n aisig,
Snidh' air mo rasgaibh a' dortadh.
Hò-rionn, hò-rionn, hò-rionn, hò-rionn,
Hò-gaidh, ò, na hò-ro, hù-o.

'S nach fhaic mi bata no currach,
O thir a' mhurain a' seoladh.
Ho-rionn, etc.

Tighinn o dhuthaich nam fear-fialaidh;
'S lionar biadhtach[1] ann is poitear.
Ho-rionn, etc.

[1] "Biadhtach," 's e sin, am fear a bhiodh a' riarachadh an uisge-bheatl

Mo ghaol, mo chomhdhalta priseil,
Fear finealt' a labhradh eolach.
Ho-rionn, etc.

Beul a's cinntich' o'n tig furain,
'S nach tigeadh air iomas[1] comhraidh.
Ho-rionn, etc.

An àm cruinneachaidh na sgire,
B' ursann dhidein taigh a' mhoid thu.
Ho-rionn, etc.

'N àm suidh' aig earradh a' bhuideil,
Cha bu sgrubair 's an taigh-osd' thu.
Ho-rionn, etc.

Bhiodh gach fear a' suidhe laimh ruit ;
'S tusa 'phaigheadh, cach a dh' oladh.
Ho-rionn, etc.

'S beag ioghnaidh leam sin a thachairt,
'S nach e 'm breac a bh'air an lon thu.
Ho-rionn, etc.

Fiuran a uisge na frith' thu,
'S lionar tir am bi do throgmhail.[2]
Ho-rionn, etc.

H-uile taobh d' an dean thu tionndadh,
Air do dhubladh an Clann Domhnuill.
Ho-rionn, etc.

'S càr thu 'Mhac Raonaill 'ic Ailein
A bha againn air a' Mhorthir.
Ho-rionn, etc.

'S càr thu 'Mhac Iain 'ic Sheumais,
Lamh bu treun an deigh na torachd.
Ho-rionn, etc.

'S càr thu 'Mhac Iain o'n Iuraich
Ged a ruisgeadh anns a' choir e.
Ho-rionn, etc.

Iomas," 's e sin, ni mi-iomchuidh sam bith.

'S lionar tir am bi do throgmhail," tha so a' ciallachadh gu robh e air cogaidh ann an iomadh tir.

'S mur a can mi breug, a rithist
'S cairdeach thu 'Thighearna Chnoideart.
Ho-rionn, etc.

Giamanach gunna na sradaig
Bheireadh stad air damh na croice.
Ho-rionn, etc.

'S aotrom a dh'fhalbhas an t-sailetheach[1]
'S tric a shealg thu i na h-onar.
Ho-rionn, etc.

Cha mhinic a chinnich fiadhach
Le fear gun mhial-chu, gun storas.
Ho-rionn, etc.

Tha e air aithris gur ann mar so a rinneadh an t-oran a leanas: Bha duine ann aon uair a rinn cionta a bha toillteannach air a' bhas. An uair a chaidh a dhitheadh thuirteadh ris gu faigheadh leis a bheatha nan deanadh e oran anns nach biodh aon fhacal firinn. Cha chuimhne leam a chluinntinn co mheud ceathramh a dh'fheumadh a bith anns an oran. Tha fhios agam gur gann a tha cuimhne agam air an dara leth dheth. Gu mi-fhortanach dha fhein, chuir an duine bochd aon fhacal firinn anns ann oran, agus air tailleamh an fhacail so chaill e 'bheatha. Cha'n 'eil air chuimhne agam de 'n cheathramh anns an robh am facal firinn so ach an da sreath—

"A' chuthag is gu-gùg aice
'S i toirt nan sul a caoraich."

Tha e fior gu'm bi "gu-gùg," aig a' chuthaig ged nach 'eil e fior gu'n toir i na suilean as na caoraich.

AN T-ORAN.

SEISD—Tha cumha 'n deigh do ghaoil orm
Tha mulad mor as d'aonais,
Tha cumha 'n deigh do ghaoil orm.

Fhuair mi nead na liath-chirce,
Air barr na tuinne fiadhaich;
Bha 'n ron glas a' dol do 'n iarmailt,
Agus cliabh air bac a ghaoirdean.
Tha cumha, etc.

[1] "Sailetheach," a hind.

Chunnaic mi na sgaireagan
A' sior dheanamh bhuntata dhuinn ;
'S dreadhain donn 's da ramh aige
'Cur bata 'n aghaidh gaoithe.
Tha cumha, etc.

Chunnaic mi na cudaigean
A' sniomh air an cuid chuigealan ;
'S a' chorra-ghriobhach 's buideal aice
'Falbh an cuideachd dhaoine.
Tha cumha, etc.

Chunnaic mi na donnagan
A' falbh is eallaich chonnaidh orr',
An fhaochag as an tomadaich,
A' falbh is dronnag fhraoich oirr,'
Tha cumha, etc.

Chunnaic mi na h-easgannan
A' danns' air an lar fhasgnaidh
Is a' ghuilbneach agus bat' aice,
'S i 'cur a steach nan caorach.
Tha cumha, etc.

'n da oran a leanas gle-choltach ri 'cheile ann an aon
ach ann an seadh eile that iad gle neo-choltach re 'cheile.
furasda dhuinn a thuigsinn gur e dithis nigheannan oga a
. 'Nam barail fhein is cinnteach gu robh iad gle ghlic;
)madh neach a their gu faodadh iad a bhith pailt cho math,
fhearr, aig na fir a bha iad a' di-moladh na bhiodh iad aig
:ar 's aig an t-saighdear. Cha'n e gu bheil mise ag radh
:al an aghaidh nan taillearan agus nan saighdearan. Is
'eil. Cha mhor a b' fhiach mi ann an cuideachd mur b' e
ı taill'eir.
tha aon ni a dh' fhaodas neach sam bith fhoghlum o na
a rinn nan nigheannan oga so, agus is e sin, cho furasda 's
coire fhaotainn do 'n mhuinntir de nach 'eil tlachd againn.
ı dara-té gur e 'n taillear a roghainn ; ach cha 'n fhaigh e
's fhearr o'n té eile na "isean suarach tailleir."

A CHEUD ORAN.

Cha'n aill leam an gobha
Mu'm bodhair an t-ord mi.
Hò-o-hi ubhi hò hò.

Cha'n aill leam am breabadair,
Goididh e moran.
Hao-o hi ubhi hò-i-ò.

Cha'n aill leam an tuathanach
Buailidh e dorn orm.
Hò-o-hi ubhi hò-hò.

Cha'n aill leam am fidhlear
Ge finealta mheoirean.
Hao-ho-hi ubhi hò-i-ò.

Cha'n aill leam greusaiche,
'S breugach a sheorsa.
Hò-o-hi ubhi hò-hò.

Cha'n aill leam an ciobair,
Bidh lìth air a mheoirean.
Hao-o-hi ubhi hò-i-ò.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Gu'm b' fhearr leam an tailleiar
A chaireadh mo chota.
Hao-o-hi ubhi hò-i-ò.

AN DARA ORAN.

A dh' fhear air bith cha'n aill leam,
Air bith, air bith cha'n aill leam,
A dh' fhear air bith cha'n aill leam.

Cha'n aill leam gobha dubh a' ghuail,
No isean suarach taillear.
A dh' fhear air bith, etc.

Cha'n aill leam fhein an tuathanach,
Bidh ruaig air son a' mhail air.
A dh' fhear air bith, etc.

Cha'n aill leam saor nan lochdraichean,
Gur h-aotrom bochd a' cheaird-san.
A dh' fhear air bith, etc.

Cha'n aill leam fhein an greusaiche,
'S na breugan a' co-fhas ris.
A dh' fhear air bith, etc.

Cha'n aill leam fhein am breabadair,
A bhios a' goid an t-snath oirnn.
A dh' fhear air bith. etc.

Cha'n aill leam fhein an seoladair
'Bhios eolach air na sraidean.
A dh' fhear air bith, etc.

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. . . . . .

Gu'm b' fhearr leam fhein an saighdear
Bhiodh oidhche 's gach aite.
A dh' fhear air bith, etc.

ORAIN NAM MARBH.

A reir mar a chuala mi, rinneadh na h-orain a
mnathan a dh' fhalbh bhar an t-saoghail so. Faodar air
sin, orain nam marbh a radh riutha. Chuala mi a' ch
dhiubh air da dhoigh, agus chuir mi sios e anns an da
chum 's gu faicte mar a dh' fhaodas an aon oran, no an
a bhith an caochladh dhoighean air an seinn, no air an a

Tha e air aithris gur ann mar a leanas a rinneadh
so :—Bha teaghlach anns a' Ghaidhealtachd anns an
agus dithis nigheann. Chaidh am mac a dh' Eirinn.
uine na dheigh sin dh' eug te de na peathraichean. An
eug am brathair ann an Eirinn thainig an te a bha mar
peathraichean le naigheachd a bhais a dh' ionnsuidh na
beò. So na bheil agamsa air chuimhne de 'n 'n oran.

A' CHEUD DOIGH.

Piuth'rag nam piuth'r, bheil thu d'chadal,
Ill-i-rinn is hò-rò,
Ill-i-rinn is hò-rò,
M' brathair a bha 'n Eirinn againn,
Hi-ibh-òho-hi,
Na-hi ùraibh ò-ro-hi.

'M brathair a bha 'n Eirinn againn,
Ill-i-rinn is hò-rò,
Ill-i-rinn is hò-rò,
Bha e 'n de ac' air na maidean,
Hi-ibh-òho-hi,
Na-hi uraibh ò-ro-hi.

Bha e 'n de ac' air na maidean,
Ill-i-rinn is hò-rò,
Ill-i-rinn is hò-rò,
Bha mis' ann 's cha robh fios ac' air,
Hi-ibh-òho-hi,
Na-hi uraibh ò-ro-hi.

Bha mis ann 's cha robh fios ac' air,
Ill-i-rinn is hò-rò,
Ill-i-rinn is hò-hò,
Greis air lar is greis air each dhiom,
Hi-ibh-òho-hi,
Na-hi uraibh ò-ro-hi.

Greis air lar is greis air each dhiom,
Ill-i-rinn is hó-rò,
Ill-i-rinn is hò-rò,
Greis eil' anns an t-srol am pasgadh,
Hi-ibh-òho-hi,
Na-hi uraibh ò-ro-hi.

AN DARA DOIGH.

Phiuth'rag nam piuth'r, 'bheil thu d'chadal,
Ho hoirionnan ho ro hi,
Eirich agus breithnich d' aisling,
Hi hoirionnan hao ri-u,
Hi hoirionn o hi ri eileadh,
Thoir sid leat mar chuala tu.

Eirich agus breithnich d' aisling,
Ho hoirionnan ho ro hi,
'M brathair a bha 'n Eirinn againn,
Hi hoirionnan hao ri u,
Hi hoirionn o hi ri eileadh,
Thoir sid leat mar chuala tu.

'M brathair a bha 'n Eirinn againn,
Ho hoirionnan ho ro hi,
Bha e 'n de ac' air na maidean,
Hi hoirionnan hao ri u,
Hi hoirionn o hi ri eileadh,
Thoir sid leat mar chuala tu.

Bha e 'n de ac' air na maidean,
Ho hoirionnan ho ro hi,
Bha mis' ann 's cha robh fios ac' air,
Hi hoirionnan hao ri u,
Hi hoirionn o hi ri eileadh,
Thoir sid leat mar chuala tu.

Bha mis' ann 's cha robh fios ac' air,
Ho hoirionnan ho ro hi,
Greis air lar is greis air each dhiom,
Hi hoirionnan hao ri u,
Hi hoirionn o hi ri eileadh,
Thoir sid leat mar chuala tu.

Greis eil' anns an t-srol am pasgadh,
Ho hoirionnan ho ri hi.

ıa e air aithris gur ann mar a leanas a rinneadh an taladh Beagan uine an deigh do leanabh a bhith air a bhreith, dh mhathair tinn, agus mu'n do dh' eug i thug i sparradh d' a fear e thoirt an aire mhath air an leanabh. Rinn an na b' urrainn da. Fhuair e banaltrum a bha, a reir coltais, rrach freagarrach. Ach ged a bha i 'g radh gu robh bainne-aice do 'n leanabh cha robh deur aice. Na nithean matha ıoir dhi a thoirt do 'n leanabh ghabhadh i fhein iad, agus ıadh i am burn fuar do 'n leanabh. Innsidh am beagan ırannan a th' air chuimhne nach robh a' bhanaltrum a' mh a dleasdanais. Bha 'n leanabh a' cnamh 's a' dol as, agus ıhanaltrum ag radh gur ann mar so a bha. Air oidhche ı thainig mathair an leinibh do 'n taigh an deigh dhaibh il mu thamh, agus sheinn i 'n taladh a leanas. Ghabh athair nibh amhrus nach robh a' bhanaltrum a' deanamh a dleas-s, agus chuir e air falbh i. An uair a fhuair an leanabh aire t dh' fhas e gu math :—

AN TALADH.

Togaibh e, togaibh e, togaibh mo leanabh beag,
Togaibh e, togaibh e, togaibh mo leanabh beag,
Togaibh e, togaibh e, togaibh mo leanabh beag.

Banaltrum chiuin,
A thogadh mo leanabh beag.
Togaibh e, etc.

Deoch 's cha b' e 'm bùrn,
A thogadh mo leanabh beag.
Togaibh e, ete.

Cioch agus gluin,
A thogadh mo leanabh beag.
Togaibh e, etc,

Fion agus lionn,
A thogadh mo leanabh beag.
Togaibh e. etc.

Laidh' am plaid uir,
A thogadh mo leanabh beag.
Togaibh e, etc.

Bha moran a bharrachd air so anns an taladh, ach cha'n 'eil air cluimhne agamsa dheth ach so.

ORAN AN TORRAIDH.

O 'n a chuir mi coig no sia de sheann orain sios mar tha, cuiridh mi nis sios aon oran ur nach deachaidh a chlobhualadh fhathast. Cha'n fhaigh mi cead innse co a rinn e; agus mar sin, bidh e air an aon ruith ris na h-orain eile. Rinneadh e o cheann aireamh bliadhnachan do mhuinntir a ghabh an daorach aig torradh, le neach a bha fo mhor dhragh inntinn air son gu'm biodh duine sam bith cho beag ciall 's gu suidheadh e sios a dh' ol air taobh cnuic an deigh dha a cho-chreutair a charadh anns an uaigh. Tha e na aobhar mulaid gu bheil an cleachdadh truagh, maslach so air a chumail suas fhathast ann an iomadh aite anns a' Ghaidhealtachd. Bu choir do gach neach a ghuth a thogail suas na aghaidh.

Tha mi lan-chinnteach gu saoil gu leor nach urrainn gu bheil an t-oran fior. Dh' innis urrachan cho cinnteach 's a th'anns an duthaich dhomh gu bheil a h-uile facal dheth fior gu litireil.

An cuala sibhse mu'n torradh,
Dh' fhaibh Dimairt à Baile-chrochdain;
Sid na fir a chaidh gu boilich,
'Nuair a theòidh an dram orr'.

Horo gur toigh leinn drama,
Horo gur toigh leinn drama,
Horo gur toigh leinn drama,
'S lionar fear tha 'n geall air.

Aig an dorus mu'n do ghluais iad,
Dh' eisd iad urnuigh o mhac Ruairidh,
Bha iad uile mar dhaoin' uaisle,
Siobhalt', suairc, 's an àm ud.
Horo, etc.

Nuair a ghluais iad leis an torradh,
Sid na fir a dh' fhalbh gu stolda,
Cha saoileadh neach a tha beo,
Gur sceid a dh' oladh dram iad.
Horo, etc.

'Nuair a rainig iad cladh Ronain,
Sid na fir 'bha deurach, bronach,
A' caoidh na caillich ro choir
Bha dol fo 'n fhod san àm ud.
Horo, etc.

'Nuair a thoisich ol an drama
Cha robh guth air caoidh na caillich;
Dh' fhas iad cho sunndach, 's cho geanail,
'S cho mear, ri luchd bainnse.
Horo, etc.

Bha cuid dhiubh a' gabhail oran;
Bha cuid eile 'g innseadh rolaist';
Bha cuid a' maoidheadh nan dorn,
'S bha cuid ag ol gu trang dhiubh.
Horo, etc.

'Sin 'nuair a labhair am bochdan,
"'Sann againne 'm Baile-chrochdain
Tha na fir ís fhearr a dh' olas,
Aig torraidh 's aig bainnsean.
Horo, etc.

"Iain is Uisdean, air do shlainte;
Ceannaichidh mis uat do mhathair;
Ni mi torradh dhi 'bhios gabhaidh,
'S bheir mi 'n sath de 'n dram dhaibh."
Horo, etc.

Thuirt fear eile 's e 'na shineadh,
"Cuiribh fios air thòir na piobadh,
'S gu'n dannsamaid uile ruidhle,
Ged tha *spree* san àm oirnn."
Horo, etc.

"Ach trocair gu'n d' fhuair a' chailleach,
A chair sinn an diugh fo 'n talamh;
Dhomhnuill, thoir dhomh mir de 'n aran;
Fhearaibh, 's math an dram so."
Horo, etc.

Thuirt ogh' Iain oig ann an Dornaig,
"Bhuith, ho-ré, b'e so an torradh;
Dh' fhoghnadh leam gu brath de sholas
A bhith 'g ol an dram so."
Horo, etc.

"Daoine coire, clann Mhic Lachlainn,
Gu ma tric bhios torradh aca;
O 'n tha storas ac' am pailteas,
Bheir iad sgailc de 'n dram dhuinn.
Horo, etc.

Gur mor am masladh ri 'innseadh
Gu robh cuid diubh marbh nan sineadh,
Air chul nan cnoc 's anns na digean
Mar a mhill an dram iad.
Horo, etc.

Ged a leanainn air an oran,
O mhoch Diluain gu Didonaich,
Cha 'n aithrisinn trian de 'n bhoilich,
Bheir na seoid san àm ud.

Horo gur toigh leinn drama,
Horo gur toigh leinn drama,
Horo gnr toigh leinn drama,
'S lionar fear tha 'n geall air.

19th FEBRUARY, 1890.

The paper for this evening was contributed by the Rev. J. Campbell, Tiree, entitled "Na Amhuisgean—The Dwarfs or Pigmies." Mr Campbell's paper was as follows:—

THE DWARFS OR PIGMIES; OR, THE THREE SOLDIERS.

In this tale there is a difference from the ordinary recitations of the practical story-teller or *Sgeulaiche*. The descriptions so frequently occurring in the ordinary tales or *Sgeulachdan* of the sailing of boats, combats, interviews, &c., which help the story-teller on with his narrative, do not occur in this tale, and the existence of the pigmies in some unknown region bordering upon, if not forming part of, the "kingdom of coldness" is of interest as indicating some of the connection between smallness of person and cold climate, and so leading to the speculations as to the first dispersion of the human race and connection of tribes that are now far removed from each other in appearance, dress, mode of life, and dialects. Taking but a passing glance at the geography of the world, or reading books of travel, one cannot but be often struck by the resemblance of names to Gaelic, not derived from resemblance of sound to sense, or any such explanation, but from the same form of word as in Gaelic being used. E.G., in the name of Kamschatka, in the extreme north, the first part is especially like Camus, a name so common in the Highlands and in Scotland at large, denoting an indentation into the land, while the termination chatka is essentially the same as the termination of the distinguishing name of Corrie, near Broadford in Skye. What the meaning of the termination may be is not apparent. The name of Corrie in Skye is Corrie-Chatachain. The form Kames is well known. In books of African travel we are told that *bana* is the name the blacks give to a white man; and *ban* or white, as applied to complexion, is universally well known. On looking at the language of the Esquimaux there can be little doubt that it ought to be classified as Gaelic or Celtic as much as any of the languages to which that name is given. It may ultimately prove of unspeakable advantage in following out the history of the dispersion of the human race if the language of people so remote as the Esquimaux should prove to be Celtic.

The existence of some of the words and names to be found among the Indians of America also create a suspicion of their having a streak of Celtic in them. The falls of Niagara seem in this way to derive their name from *gaire*, laughter, and its congeners, which are the regular words applied to the loud sound of water. The loud sound of the sea is commonly called *gàirich nan tonn*, and the Osterling or Eastern sea, when she came to take away the Cup of Good Fortune from *Fionn Mac Cumhail* and his

men, was said to have loud laughter in her rough mouth, *gàire na garbh chraos.* She is represented in Gaelic Lays as the foster mother of Manus, the Norse King, and her history is one of the most entertaining of old lays.

The reason of the soldiers leaving the town or fort in which they were placed does not appear from the tale; but it is not difficult to imagine good reason for their leaving the garrison town. In any case liberty is too precious to be long neglected, and the town or city may have been beleaguered, or short of provisions, or disease may have set in. No fault is found in the story with their leaving, or their doing so; desertion of the army in a time of difficulty is not an idea encouraged in the Highlands by tales, traditions, doctrine, proverbs, or example.

The antiquity and prehistoric origin of the story is to be inferred particularly from the spell or enchantment under which the principal soldier was placed by the Druidic pin put by the Elfin woman at the back of his head, throwing him into a profound sleep, from which he could not be awakened. These magic wonders were an important element in the Druidism which was displaced by Christianity, and the ascribing of the action to a woman may have arisen from the prominence given to witches in comparatively recent times, though for that matter women have been liable to have such, and even more marvellous actions ascribed to them since the days of the Witch of Endor.

This tale is from full notes taken of it as told by John Brown.

NA AMHUISGEAN, NO NA TRI SAIGHDEARAN.

Se tri saighdearan bh' ann dh' fhalbh as an arm no dh' fhag am baile, 's a bha da latha aig coiseachd; am beagan bidhe bh'aca' bha iad gu ruith mach as; sin shuidh iad latha boidheach ri taobh cnoic leigeil dhiu an sgios. Cha robh iad fada sin dar chunnaic iad cu mor ruadh tighinn far an robh iad, 's thuirt iad ri cheile nach robh tigh fada uapa, 's nach biodh iad gun bhiadh no dion ùine 'sam bi na b' fhaide. Dh' eirich fear dhiu, 's a mach thug e an deigh a choin. Cha deachaidh e astar sam bith dar chunnaic e caisteal briagh shios fodha. Ghabh e roimhe 'ga ionnsuidh 's dar rainig e cha robh dorus ri fhaicinn air. Bha e dol mun cuairt air dar a chunnaic e boirionnach dreachmhor aig uinneig. Ghlaodh i ris dol dh' ionnsuidh dorus cul bh' air a chaisteal. Rinn e sin, 's chaidh e stigh. Thainig ise na chòmhail, dh' fhailtich i e, 's thug i do sheomar briagh e. Chaidh biadh chur air a bheulthaobh, 's leth do mhulchag chaise am measg a bhidhe. Bha an ra-dorcha ann, 's chaidh solus a lasadh. Dar a shuidh e aig a bhiadh, thog

ise leatha an solus 's dh' fhag i 's an dorch' e. Chuimhnich esan an so air an fheadhain a dh' fhag e na dheigh 's chur e 'n leth mhulchag chaise 's a mhaileid, 's bha e feitheamh ris na thigeadh. An ceann greis thill ise air a h-ais leis an t-solus, 's thuirt esan rithe,

"Tha mise air m' fhagail 's an dorcha feitheamh, ris na dh' fhaodas tighinn, 's ag' eisdeachd ris na chluinneas mi; bu neònach a rinn thu an solus thoirt leat."

"Cha mhor nach amaiseadh air a bheul co dhiu 'bhiodh e dorcha na soilleir," ors' ise; "ach cha'n fheud a bhi' gu'n d'ith an coigreach beag a mhulchag mhòr."

Dh' iarr i shios 's shuas i, ach cha d'uair i idir i; bha mhulchag 'sa mhaileid. 'Nuair fhuair ise mach so dh'iarr i berailt air 'sa thilgeil comhladh ris na coin mhòra. Bha esan a sin spiola' nan cnàmh cheapadh e na measg, 's cha bu luaithe 'bha iad aige na bha iad uaithe.

An latha 'r na mhaireach chunnaic an dithis eile da chompanaich, 'dh' fhag e na dheigh am fasgadh chnuic, an cù ruadh a rithist. Mach thug fear dhiu as a dheigh, 's cha robh e fad air falbh 'nuair chunnaic e caisteal briagh shios fodha, 's thug e aghaidh air. 'Nuair rainig e cha robh dorus ri fhaicinn air. Bha e dol mu'n cuairt air gus an robh a cheann gu bhi 's an tuainealaich, 'nuair chunnaic e boirionnach briagh' aig uinneag. Smeid i air dol a dh' ionnsuidh dorus cumhann bha air a chaisteal. Chaidh e stigh. Dh' fhailtich i e, 's thug i do sheomar farsuinn e. Chaidh biadh 'chur air a bheulthaobh, 's measg a bhithe bha ceathramh muilt. 'Nuair shuidh esan a ghabhail a bhithe, thog ise leatha an solus air a cheart doigh 'rinneadh air a chompanach. Chuimhnich esan so air an fhear dh' fhag e na dheigh, 's chur e 'n ceathramh muilt 'sa mhaileid, 's dh' fhuirich e mar bha e feitheamh 'sa 'g eisdeachd. An ceann greis thill ise air ais leis an t-solus, 's dh' fharraid esan de thug dhith leithid sid do chionn a mhothaiche dheanabh 's esan fhagail 'san dorcha.

"Cha mhor," ors' ise, "nach amaiseadh air a bheul, dorcha na soilleir, 'g am biodh' e; ach cha'n fheud a bhi' gu'n d'ith an coigreach beag ceathramh a mhuilt mhoir?"

Dh' iarr ise sin an ceathramh mar rinn i roimhe, ach cha d'fhuair i thall na bhos e. Bha an ceathramh anns a mhaileid. 'Nuair dh' aithnich ise so air a cheart doigh, 'sa rinneadh air an fhear eile, chaidh esan 'thilgeil comhladh ris na coin mhòra, 's bha e sin le chompanach, spiola' nan cnamh a cheapadh e na' measg, 's cha robh aca ach bhi 'gan cluich mar b' fhearr dh' fheudadh iad; cha robh bheag na mhor do chuideachadh eile aca.

An ath-latha chunnaic an treasa fear, 's e taobh a chuic feitheamh ri' chompanaich a thilleadh, an cù mòr ruadh a tighinn aig astar, 's dh' aithnich e nach robh tigh fada uaithe. Air siubhal a ghabh e as a dheigh, 's cha robh e fad 'sam bi' 'g a leantuinn 'nuair a chunnaic e caisteal briagh ann an glaic shios fodha. 'Nuair rainig e cha robh dorus ri fhaicinn, 's bha e dol timchioll air, 'nuair chunnaic e, 's an ruith cheudna 'sa rinn a chompanaich, boirionnach ceutach aig uinneig. Smeid i air dol a dh' ionnsuidh dorus iosal 'bha air a chaisteal. Rinn e so, 's 'nuair chaidh e 'stigh dh'fhailtich i e, 's thug i do sheomar mor ard e. Chaidh biadh chur air a bheulthaobh 's measg a bhithe buillionn cruineachd. 'Nuair shuidh esan dh' ionnsuidh bhithe thog ise leatha an solus, ach cha robh duine aigesan ri chuimhneachadh. 'Nuair thill ise air ais bha h-uile ni ceart, 's cha d' rinneadh sion airsan. 'Nuair thainig an oidhche chaidh e 'laidhe, ach cha d'fhuair e prip chodail. 'S a mhaduinn an là 'r 'n mhaireach thuirt e ri 'sa:

"De na daoine tha sid ri ceol 's ri aighear, nach do leig tamh no codal dhomh fad na h-oidhche?"

Thuirt ise ris, "Tha mise mar sin 'o chionn latha 's bliadhna; s iad tha ris an obair ud na h-Amhuisgean."

"A bheil thusa so ach latha 's bliadhna?" ors' esan.

"Cha 'n 'eil," ors' ise, "'s e nighean do Righ, ann an Rioghachd na Fuarachd tha annam-sa; 's ghoid na h-Amhuisgean mi 's thug iad an so mi."

Co dhiu, an 'n ath-oidhche chaidh esan a chodal mar rinn e roimhe. Thoiseach an ceol 's an lan-aighear, Bha an seomar laimh ris lan dhiu-san mar bha e roimhe, 's cha'n fhaigheadh e lochd chodail. 'Nuair bha e sgith ag eisdeachd riu 'sa theirig fhoighidinn 's nach b' urrain e fulang na b' fhada, chaidh esan do'n aite 's an robh iad, a shealltuinn de' bha air an aire, na an robh iad brath sgur idir do'n aighear. 'Nuair chunnaic iad 's an dorus e, rinn iad uile gaire na aodann.

"De fath 'ur gaire?" ors' esan.

"Tha gur e do cheann fhein 's ball iomanachd dhuinn an nochd tuille."

Rinn esan gaire nan aodann-sa.

"De fath do ghaire fhein," ors' iadsan.

Thuirt esan, gu'm b'e sin am fear bu mhotha ceann 's a bu chaola casan acasan a ghabhail dhoibh gus an caitheadh e e gu ruig na luirgnean. Thoiseach e orra, 's chur e h-uile h-aon riamh dhiu o thoiseach gu deireadh a mach gus an robh an seomar falamh. Bha e so leis fhein 's sith 's samhchair aige. An ceann greis thoisich an upraid cheudna, 's gabh e sios far an robh iad, 's rinn e

cheart ruith orra, rug e air an fhear bu motha ceann 's bu chaola casan, 's ghabh e dhoibh leis gus an do chaith e e thun na'n luirgnean, 's an do chur e mach iad 's an robh an tigh falamh. Fhuair nighean an Righ air falbh, ach gheall ise dha tighinn air ais le 'h-athair, 's le maighdeannan coimhideach 'ga iarraidh ri' phosadh. Thuirt esan rithe gu'n robh e dol a dh' fhalbh as a sid, ach gum fuirigheadh e 's an tigh a b'fhaisge do'n chaisteal gus an tilleadh ise chomhlionadh a geallaidh. Dh' fhalbh ise, 's dh' fhag esan an caisteal, 's chaidh e dh' fhuireach do'n tigh a b' faisge dha far an robh bean-shith. Latha sin bha e 'g ol deoch aig an tobair, chual e stairnich tighinn timchioll, ach cha robh e faicinn ni. Chunnaic a bhean-shith, an Righ, 's a nighean 's na maighdeannan coimheadach tighinn ann an cuairteag, 's thainig i gun fhios gun fhath dha air a chulthaobh 's chàraich i prina Druidheachd ann an cul a chinn. Chadail e sin cho trom 's nach robh air an t-saoghal na dhuisgadh e gus an d' thoirt am prina Druidheachd a cul a chinn. 'Nuair thainig an Righ 'ga ionnsuidh fhuair e na throm shuain e, 's thoisich e air a charachadh 's air a thulganadh, ach mar bu mho chrathadh an Righ e, 's an bu truime chadaileadh esan.

"Cha'n eil fhios de an seorsa duine tha sin," ors' an Righ ri 'nighean, "'nuair nach gabh e dùsgadh idir." Thainig an Righ tri uairean san doigh sin 's dh'fhartlich air a dhùsgadh. A' sin spiol a' bhean-shith an prina druidheachd a cul a chinn, 's nuair dhuisg esan thill e don chaisteal a rithisd. Shiubhail e sin an caisteal on leth iochdair gus an leth uachdair. Fhuair e 'chompanaich.

"'Bheil sibh dol a dh'fhalbh comhladh riumsa do Rioghachd na Fuarachd ?" thuirt e riu.

"Cha'n 'eil," ors' iadsan," "tha sinn gu math far a bheil sin."

Sheall e so thuige 's uaithe 's chan fhac e ni b' fhearr na thoirt leis na tri chìrean each 's charaich e sud na phòc 's dh' fhalbh e. So thug e ri siubhal 's ri sior iomachd 's beul-uidhe ri anmoch, chunnaic e bothan ri taobh an rathaid ann 'san deachaidh e stigh 's ann 'san robh cnuacaire mòr do sheann duine glas na shuidhe air seana chara cloiche 's e cireadh fheusaig le bàd mòr do fhraoch. Thuirt e ris a bhodach,

"Nach garbh a chir th' agad an sin !"

"Cha'n 'eil nas mine agam," ors' an seann duine.

"Theagamh gu bheil nas fhearr agam fhein," thuirt esan.

Chur e so a lamh na phoca 's thug e dha te do na clrean bh' aige fhein.

"'S math," orsa 'seann duine sin, "'s aithne dhomhsa ceann d'astar 's do shiubhal. Tha thu dol air toir do leannain nighean

Righ ann an Rioghachd na Fuarachd, cuiridh du seachad an oidhche so comhladh rium fhein 's cha mhiosd do thurus a maireach e." Rinn e so san la 'r na mhaireach 'nuair bha e air son falbh, thuirt an seann duine ris. "Tha brathair agamsa 's fhearr a chuireas air do thurus thu, tha e astar latha 's bliadhna as a so, ach bheir mise dhuit paidhear bhròg an 's bheir iad ann thu, ann an aon latha, 'sa 'nuair a ruigeas tu mu thionndas tu an agaidh an rathaid so bidh iad air ais agamsa roi' dhol fodha na greine."

Dh' fhalbh e 's bha e 'siubhal 's ag imeachd aig lan astair, san cromadh an fheasgair, chunnaic e bothan aig taobh an rathaid ann san robh gnùslinn mòr do sheann duine liath na shuidhe aig an teine air stoc craobh 's bad mòr giubhais aige 'clreadh fheusaig. Thionndainn e aghaidh nam bròg an 's thill e dhachaidh iad. Cha bu luaithe rinn e sin na bha iad as an t-sealladh 's thuirt e ris an t-sheann duine, "'S garbh a chìr th'agad an sin?" "Cha'n eil nas mìne agam," thuirt an seann duine. "Cha chreid mi fhein nach 'eil nas fhearr na sin agam fhein," ors' esan, 's e 'cur a lamh na phoca 's e toirt dha te eile do na clrean.

"'S math 's aithne dhomhsa ceann d' astar 's do shiubhal," thuirt am fear so ris, "tha thu falbh 'dh'iarraidh nighean Righ ann an Rioghachd na Fuarachd ach cuiridh tu seachad an oidhche nochd comhladh rium fhein 's cha mhiosd' do thuras am maireach e." An latha 'r 'n mhaireach 'nuair bha e air son falbh thuirt am bodach ris, "Tha tigh brathair eile agam-sa dh' fheumas tu ruigheachd, 's tha astar latha 's bliadhna eadar so is tigh mo bhrathair, 's mar cur am fear sin thar an aiseag thu cha'n eil beo air thalamh na ni e. Bheir mi dhuit ceirsle shnamh 's bidhidh tu ga caithe 'romhad 's bheir i far a bheil e thu ann an aon latha. 'Nuair a ruigeas tu, tilleadh tu h-aghaidh air ais 's bithidh i agam-sa roimh dhol fodha na gréine." Dh'fhalbh e 's bha e 'siubhal aig lan astair a caithe' na ceirsle 's ga froiscadh 's ga tachras roimhe, 's aig dol fodha na greine, sheall e an rathad a thainig e, 's an cor seallaidh cha d' uair e dhi. Bha bothan beag aig taobh an rathaid 's chaidh e 'stigh. Bha crùislinn do dhuine mor glas na shineadh air seann fhurma daraich 'se clreadh 'fheusaig le sguab dhreighionn 's thuirt e ris, "Nach garbh a chìr th'agad an sin."

"Cha'n eil nas mìne agam," ors' an duine mor glas.

"Cha chreid mi nach 'eil nis fhearr na sin agam fhein thuirt esan, 's e sìneadh dha na clre bha fos laimh aige.

"'S math 's aithne dhomh ceann d' astar 's do shiubhal," ors am bodach glas ris, "'tha thu dol do Rioghachd na Fuarachd air toir nighean Righ, bha thu 'n raoir le' m' bhrathair meadhonach 's air bho'n raoir le m'sheann bhrathair, 's cuiridh tu seachad an oidhche

nochd leumsa 's cha mhiosd do ghnothach a maireach e." An latha 'r 'na mhaireach thuirt an seann duine glas ris. "Tha astar seachd latha 's seachd bliadhna agad ri dheanamh as a so, ach bheir mise dhuit lorg 's bheir i thu astar mìle ann a mionaid ach si an iolaire dh' fheumas t-aiseag 's gheibh mise dhuit i. Rinn e fead 's an tiota bha h-uile eun san ealtainn cruinn tiomchioll air ach an iolaire. Dh' iarr e air a nis' seasamh air falbh 'sa lamh a chumail ri 'chluais 's greim a dheanamh air a cheann mu 'n sgainneadh e le cho cruaidh se bhiodh an fhead dh' fhéumadh esan a dheanamh mu 'n d' thigeadh an Iolair'. "'S gheibh thu biadh bhith's agad air an rathad dhi, mo 'n ith i thu fhein. 'Nuair ruigeas tu Rioghachd na Fuarachd, tha agad ri cur as do fhamhair mor tha dion nighean an Righ, Se an doigh air an dean thu sin, faobhar fuar a chlaidheamh 'chumail ris an smiorchailleach aige."

Thainig an Iolaire 's dh' fhalbh iad comhladh 's chur i esan air tir tioram ann an Rioghachd na Fuarachd. 'Nuair rainig e chual an Righ an fhùslinn a tighinn mu 'n cuairt a *phùlais*. 'Nuair a sheall e mach sa chunnaic e co bh'ann, dh' fharraid e stigh e.

"Cha deid mi stigh," ors' esan, "gus am faigh mi Ceile-Comhraig do'n fhamhair mhòr tha agad 'dion do nighinn." Fhuair e na dh'iarr e 's mharbh e am fhamhair. Chunnaic a nighean e 's ghlaodh i ri h-athair,

"O Athair sid an saighdear thug mise a measg nan Amhuisgean."

Rinneadh so banais mhòr aigheareach, ghreadhnach, 'mhair seachd latha 's seachd bliadhna 's dh'fhuirich esan ann san Rioghachd sin gu deireadh a laithean.

THE PIGMIES OR DWARFS; OR, THE THREE SOLDIERS.

They were three soldiers, that left the army and went away from town. After they had been walking for two days, the small quantity of food they had with them began to be well nigh exhausted. They then sat one fine day, on the side of a knoll, to relieve their weariness. They were not long there when they saw a big red dog coming towards them, and they said to each other that a house could not be far away, and that they would not be without food and shelter much longer. One of them rose and away he went after the dog. He did not go any distance when he saw a fine castle down below him, towards which he went straight forward, and when he reached there was no door to be seen. He was going round and round it when he observed a beautiful

woman at a window. She called out to him to go to a back door that was on the castle. He did so and went in, she came to meet him, and took him to a fine room. There was food set before him, and among the food half a cheese. It was now dusk and a light was lighted. When he sat to his meat she took away the light. He now thought of those he had left behind, and he put the half cheese in his knapsack, and he waited for whatever might happen. In a while she returned with the light, and he said to her, "I have been left waiting for whatever may happen and listening to what may be heard; it was a curious thing of you to do to take away the light."

"There are few people who could not find their mouth, whether it be dark or light," said she, "but it cannot be that the little stranger ate the big cheese." She searched up and down but could not find it. The cheese was in the knapsack. When she found this out she called to have him caught and thrown among the big dogs. He was there picking the bones which he might catch among them, and which he no sooner caught than they were taken from him. Next day his two other companions whom he had left behind in the shelter of the hillock saw the red dog again. Away after it one of them went, and he was not long following it when he saw a fine castle down before him, and he turned his face towards where it was. When he reached it there was not a door to be seen, and he was nearly becoming giddy going round and round it when he observed a fine looking woman at a window. She made signs to him to go to a narrow door that was on the castle. He went in, she bade him welcome and showed him in to a wide room. Meat was put before him, and among the meat was placed a quarter of mutton. When he went to take the food she took with her the light in the same way as had been done to his companion. He now thought of the one he had left behind him, and put the quarter of mutton in his knapsack, and remained where he was, waiting and listening. After some time had passed she returned with the light, and he asked why she had done such a senseless thing as leaving him in the dark.

"There are few," she said, "who would not find the way to their mouth, be it dark or light; but it cannot be that the little stranger has eaten the big quarter of mutton."

She sought it as she had previously done, but could not find it here or there. The quarter of mutton was in the knapsack, and, in the same way as was done to the other, he was thrown among the big dogs. He was there along with his companion, picking

the bones that he might snatch, and they could only acquit themselves as best they could, they had neither more nor less of any other livelihood.

Next day the third one of them, waiting at the side of the hillock for the return of his comrades, saw the big red dog coming with speed, and he knew that a house was not far off. He set out after it, and he was not long following when he saw a fine castle in a hollow down below. When he reached there was no door to be seen. He was going round it when he observed, in the same way as the others had done, a handsome woman at a window. She beckoned to him to go to a low door that was on the castle. He did this, and when he went in she made him welcome. Eatables were set before him, and among them a large loaf of wheaten bread. When he went to the table she took away the light, but he had no one to remember, and on her return everything was right and there was nothing done to him. When night came he laid down, but could not get a wink of sleep. Next morning he said to her—"What men are those making music and merriment that did not let me rest or sleep all night?" She said to him—"I am in the same way for a year and a day, those who are at that work are the Awisks (Dwarfs or Pigmies)."

"Are you only here a year and a day?" he asked. "I am not more," she said, "I am the daughter of a king in the kingdom of coldness. The Awisks stole me away and left me here."

At any rate the next night he tried to sleep as he had previously done. The music and merriment began. The room next to him was full of them as it was before, and he could not get a wink of sleep When he was tired listening to them and his patience was exhausted, and he could not endure any longer, he went where they were to see what they were about, or if they meant to stop their noisy merriment at all. On seeing him in the door they all laughed in his face. "What are you laughing at?" he said. "It is that your own head will be a football to us for the rest of this night." He laughed in their faces. "What are you laughing at yourself?" they said. He said, that was that he would take the man of them who had the biggest head and the slenderest legs and lay about amongst them with it till there was nothing of it left but the shank. He began on them and he put out every one that there was from the first to the last, and emptied the room of them, and he was alone in peace and quietness. In a while the same noisy work began. He went down where they were and did as before, he took hold of the one with the biggest head and slenderest legs and attacked them with him until he

wore him to the shank, and they were put out and the place was empty.

The king's daughter got away, but promised him to come back with her father and her attendant maids to be married to him. He said to her that he was going away from there, but that he would wait in the house nearest the castle till she came back and fulfilled her promise. She went away, and he left the castle and went to an Elfin woman's house, which proved to be the one nearest the castle. One day when he was taking a drink at the well he heard a stirring noise coming about the place, but he was seeing nothing. The Elfin woman saw the king and his daughter and her attendant maidens coming in an eddy wind, and without sign or warning she came behind him and put a druidic pin at the back of his head. He then slept so soundly that all the people in the world could not rouse him till the druidic pin was withdrawn from the back of his head. When the king came to him he found him in a heavy slumber, and he began to shake him and roll him about, but the more the king shook him the sounder he slept.

"There is no saying what sort of a man that is," the king said to his daughter, "when he cannot be wakened at all." The king came three times in this way and failed to waken him. Then the Elfin woman plucked the druidic pin from the back of his head, and when he awoke he returned to the castle again. He then traversed the castle upwards and downwards; he found his lost companions.

"Are you going with me?" he said to them, "to the Kingdom of Coldness."

"We are not," they said. "We are well enough where we are."

He now looked towards him and from him, and saw nothing more suitable that he could take with him than three curry combs. He put these in his pocket and went away, then he took to travelling and ever going on. Towards dusk he saw a bothy at the roadside, which he went into, and in which he found a big lump-headed old grey man sitting on a boulder of rock, and combing his beard with a big bunch of heather. He said to the carle—"Is that not a rough comb that you have?" "I have not a smoother," the old man said. "Perhaps," he said, "I have got a better one myself." He put his hand into his pocket and gave the old man one of the combs he had himself. "Well," said the old man then, "I know the object of your journey and travel. You are going in search of your sweetheart, the daughter of a king in the Kingdom of Coldness. You will stay to-night with myself, and

your success will be none the less because of it to-morrow." He did this, and next day when he was ready to go, the old man said to him—"I have a brother who can better direct you on your journey, he is a year and a day's journey from this, but I will give you a pair of shoes that will take you there in one day, and when you reach, if you turn them in this direction, they will be back here before sundown."

He went, and was progressing at full speed, and when the evening was coming on (lit. bending down), he saw a hut at the roadside, in which there was a big growling grey man sitting at the fire on the stump of a tree, with a big bunch of pine wood combing his beard. The traveller turned the point of the shoes homewards, and had no sooner done this than they disappeared. He said to the old man, "That is a coarse comb you have there." "I have none smoother," the old man replied. "I believe that I have better than that myself," said he, putting his hand in his pocket and giving the old man another of the curry combs. "Well do I know the purpose of your journey and travel," this one said. "You are going to get the daughter of a king in the Kingdom of Coldness, but you will pass this night with myself, and your journey to-morrow will be none the worse of it."

Next day when he was ready to go, the old carle said to him—"There is a house of another brother of mine that you must reach, but there is a year and a day's distance between this and my brother's house, and if he will not ferry you across, there is no one living on earth who can do it. I will give you a ball of thread, and you will go on throwing it ahead of you, and it will take you to where he is in one day. When you reach you will turn it backwards, and I will have it before sundown."

He went away, and was going on at full speed, all the time throwing the ball before him, unwinding and winding it. At sundown he looked back the way he came, and he did not see the ball any more.

There was a little hut at the roadside. He went in and found a huge recluse of a grey man stretched on an old oaken settle, combing his beard with a bunch of hawthorn. The wayfarer said to the old man, "Is not that a rough comb you have there?" "I have none smoother," said the grey recluse to him. "I cannot but think I have better than that myself," said he, handing him the last of the combs he had in his hand.

"Well I know the meaning of your journey and travel," said the grey carle to him. "You are going to the Kingdom of Coldness in search of a daughter of a king. You were last night with my next

oldest (middle) brother, and the previous night with my eldest brother. You will pass this night with me, and your journey to-morrow will not be the worse of it."

Next day the grey man said to him—"There is a distance of seven days and seven years from this place, which you have to traverse, but I will give you a staff which will take you a mile in a minute, but it is the eagle that must take you over the ferry, and I will get it for you." He gave a whistle, and in a moment every bird in the air was round about him but the eagle. He now asked his visitor to stand at a distance from him and keep his hands to his ears, and hold his head in case it should split with the hardness of the whistle that he would have to give before the eagle would come. "You will get food for you to give it on the way so that it may not devour yourself. When you reach the Kingdom of Coldness you will have to destroy a great giant, who defends the daughter of the king. The way in which you will do it is by keeping the cold edge of the sword to his spinal marrow."

The eagle came, and they went away together, and it put him ashore on dry land in the Kingdom of Coldness. When he reached, the king heard the fluttering they made round the royal residence, and looked out. When he saw who it was, he asked him in. "I will not go in," he said, "till I get a fair combat with the big giant who guards your daughter." He got what he asked, and he killed the giant. The daughter saw him, and she called out to her father—"O father, that is the soldier who took me from among the Awisks."

There was now a great merry joyous marriage feast made that lasted seven days and seven years, and the soldier remained in that Kingdom till the end of his days.

26th FEBRUARY, 1890.

The paper for this evening was by the Rev. John Sinclair, Rannoch, entitled, "Some Letters from the pen of Ewen Maclachlan, Old Aberdeen, with Notes." Mr Sinclair's paper was as follows :—

SOME LETTERS FROM THE PEN OF EWEN MACLACHLAN, OLD ABERDEEN.

On the 10th day of June, 1888, John Mackenzie, meal dealer, Beauly, breathed his last at the advanced age of 81 ; and, on the 12th of the same month, a long procession of sorrowing friends

and neighbours carried his body in solemn silence to the old historic churchyard of Kilchrist, in the parish of Urray, where they peacefully buried it amid the dust of his forefathers. It was a proper place for a Mackenzie to be buried in; for the burning of Kilchrist Chapel, and the holocaust made of all the worshippers within, with the sole exception of the officiating parson,[1] has ever since been imprinted on the memory of every true clansman as the great "Mackenzie Tragedy," and has been celebrated alike in *Piobaireachd*[2] and *Dirge* as an apt foreshadowing of the fire that shall finally consume all things. There is a tradition in the family that several of John Mackenzie's forebears lost their lives in this Kilchrist tragedy; and, if his body could speak from the grave, well might it now say in the words of the bard—

"An Cille-chriosd tha mi am shuain,
A feith' fuaim na trombaid mòr,
'Nuair gheibh 'n teine an dara buaidh
Thar 'n Eaglais so 's na mairbh tighinn beo."

Which may be translated—

"In Kilchrist I am sleeping sound,
Awaiting the last trumpet dread,
When flames again shall mantle round
This Church with its reviving dead."

In John Mackenzie, death removed from Beauly a standard inhabitant of the good old stamp. Some years ago, his form was sure to arrest the attention of any one whose eye was privileged to scan for a while the people passing along the spacious main

[1] There is a tradition that, when the Macdonells came from their hiding-place in *Alltan-nam-breac*, bearing each a burden of straw from the stackyard of Tomich, and so set fire to the doomed chapel, the parson came to the door, and implored to be let out. He was allowed to escape, but all the rest of the worshippers were suffocated.

[2] "It was a wild and fearful sight, only witnessed by a wild and fearful race. During the Tragedy the Macdonells listened with delight to the piper of the band, who, marching round the burning pile, played, to drown the screams of the victims, an extempore pibroch, which has ever since been distinguished as the war tune of Glengarry under the title of 'Cillecriost.'" See Mackenzie's "Tales and Legends of the Highlands." It is related that the late Dr Macdonald of Ferintosh, who was a skilful player on the bagpipes, at one time said he had a good mind to walk round Kilchrist Chapel playing the appropriate *Piobaireachd*. When this threat was related to James Mackenzie, then a young man residing at Lettoch, but whose body was last year buried in Kilchrist, it at once stirred up the old clan fire within him. "Go and tell Mr Macdonald from me," said James, "that, if he does that, I will go and prick the windbag of his pipes for him!"

street of that busy and interesting monastic village. An old man of middle size and spare body, with features sharp, regular, and ascetic, a pair of intelligent and not unkindly eyes looking out from beneath shaggy eyebrows, his body-clothes plain and quaint, and his head surmounted by a dingy-brown cloth cap, high and broad at top, such as his great-grandfather might have worn; and, as John walked past, the impression, made by his appearance on the mind of the spectator, unmistakably was, "There goes an honest man!" But although honesty and carefulness and a certain measure of hardness in striking a bargain were undoubtedly characteristic of him as a dealer in corn and meal, yet, as a friend and neighbour, he had a warm and feeling heart; and his many little deeds of kindness greatly endeared him to the good people of Beauly, who are always willing to recognise genuine worth in whomsoever they may chance to find it. In the bosom of his family he was an affectionate husband and a tender and dutiful father, and he invariably followed the good old Scottish custom of daily worshipping God, morning and evening, at the family altar. He was a just, and good, and exemplary man, and we humbly hope his soul is now in heaven. *Requiescat in pace!*

But what chiefly makes John interesting to us, as a character, is the circumstance that he was the possessor of cherished *memories* and *memorials* of his childhood, which he would not impart or speak about to wife, or children, or friends, or neighbours, or indeed to anybody, but which, we know, he was frequently in the habit of pondering over in his own mind, and that more especially during the latter years of his life. Often, when he sauntered down his favourite walk leading past the picturesque ruins of the old Priory, and extending either way along the bank of the river, was he seen to make a sudden stand, and to remain for some time in that attitude, as if lost in deep meditation. It was then that his mind would revert to the happy scenes of his early youth in Culblair and Ardnagrask, and, above all, to the pleasant society of his uterine brother, William Maclachlan, that amiable young man, who, during his short life, had been able to exert such a strange fascination over every one that came within the range of his influence. John cherished his brother's memory with a devotion that sprang from genuine affection; but he wished to confine this feeling wholly within his own breast, for the reason well known and appreciated in the north, that poor William was illegitimate, and so his very existence was regarded as a stigma on the good name of the family. The *memorials* he possessed consisted of a bundle of letters written by William's uncle, Ewen Maclachlan,

the celebrated bard and scholar, as well as accomplished rector of the Grammar School, Old Aberdeen. These letters, written before envelopes and postage stamps were invented, are undoubtedly genuine, and bear marks of having been frequently perused. They were found after John's death in a secret drawer, and their appearance now throws a curious light on the intercourse between the Mackenzies of Culblair and the Maclachlan family more than 70 years ago.

The Maclachlan letters were first shown to me in the autumn of 1888, by my friend, Mr Alexander Mackenzie, John's eldest son, who, for many years back, has been the respected stationmaster at Grandtully, on the Aberfeldy branch of the Highland Railway. Mr Mackenzie and I had several long conferences over these letters, as to whether or not it was desirable that they should be published. At length a resolution was arrived at to give them to the world, and that for the four following reasons—(1) because the letters are now over seventy years old, and all the persons referred to in them are dead ; (2) because of the eminence of the chief writer of them, Ewen Maclachlan, and of the new light they cast on some parts of his life ; (3) because of their general interest as illustrative of social life in the Highlands during the first quarter of this century ; and (4) because John, their late possessor, in the very act of leaving such letters behind him, evidently appreciated their great literary value, and recognised the propriety of their being published some day. Mr Mackenzie deserves the thanks of every true Highlander for the liberal and unselfish view he has thus taken of his duty in regard to the letters ; and it is to be hoped that his example will stimulate others to search their secret drawers for hidden treasures, and therewith enrich the transactions of our various Gaelic Societies.

In order to make the letters intelligible to the present generation of readers, it is necessary to give a short preliminary sketch (1) of Ewen Maclachlan and his family relations ; (2) of the Robertsons who resided at Ardnagrask ; and (3) of the Mackenzies who resided at Culblair of Highfield (Ciurnaig).

(1) Ewen Maclachlan and his Family Relations.—Ewen Maclachlan was born at Torrachalltuinn of Coruanan, in Nether Lochaber, near Fort-William, in the year 1775. His father, Donald Maclachlan,[1] carried on there the business of a country weaver—a trade which we know was much more necessary and profitable in those days than it is now. Donald was evidently a

[1] Called also in the Lochaber "Domhnull Mòr" or "Big Donald," from his great size.

man of great natural sagacity, of deep moral and religious convictions, and of an unfailing charity—an altogether beautiful and lovely character, such as won the profound and lasting veneration of his illustrious son, and is still spoken of with reverence by all true natives of Lochaber. I well remember when, in the summer of 1875, I paid a visit to Miss Cameron, Dornie Ferry, an enthusiastic Lochaber lady, that I had the pleasure of being shown by her a blanket which, 60 years before, had been woven by Donald, Ewen Maclachlan's father; and it seemed to me that this article, as she put it, "wrought by the worthy father of a worthy son," was more valued by her than anything else she had in her house. I am sorry to say that I have not hitherto been able to find out anything regarding the good wife[1] of Torrachalltuinn; but we may presume, judging from all analogy, that she was the worthy helpmeet of such a husband. The family, born to them, consisted of *at least* three sons and three daughters; but I have not been able to ascertain the order of their birth. The sons were Ewen, Hugh, and one whose name I have not discovered; and the daughters were Mary, Anne, and Sarah or *Sally* (Mòr). The whole family were duly sent to the Parish School of Kilmallie, where they evidently received an elementary education far above the average then common, even in Parish Schools, in Scotland. The girls, who were very clever, received a sound English education, and one of them, Anne, having got married to a Macinnes, became the mother of the late Rev. Mr Macinnes, the learned and esteemed Free Church minister of Tummel Bridge, in Perthshire. Hugh and the unnamed son were also well educated, for, when they grew up to manhood, they proceeded to Jamaica, where in due time they became not only successful sugar planters, but also took a respectable position in society as educated and polished gentlemen. But Ewen[2] aspired to a higher education than Kilmallie School, good as it was, could furnish him with. He

[1] Since writing the text, I have got, through my friend Miss Cameron, the following funny story about "Big Donald" and his wife, which shows that she was possessed of a keen sense of humour. Donald used to wear one of those long blue cloaks, at one time so common in the Highlands. One night his wife pinned her tall white "mutch" to the back of this cloak as it was hanging to the bedpost. Donald, having risen before daybreak to go from home, put on his cloak without noticing what was attached. When daylight came he wondered why the people were all coming out and looking after him, and he went on for a considerable distance before he discovered the cause of attraction.

[2] Miss Cameron says that Ewen's talents were first recognised by the Rev. Dr Ross, minister of Kilmonivaig, who gave the young student the first start in his career. It is probable that it was through Dr Ross's recommendation that Macdonell of Glengarry was led to assist Ewen.

desired to prepare to enter the University, and his ardent soul for years hungered and thirsted after the realisation of this, his fondest dream—that some day he should be privileged to drink at one of the fountain heads of learning in his native land, and so qualify himself for running an honourable and useful career in one of the learned professions.

There is a tradition that, when Ewen was advanced as far in learning as the Kilmallie schoolmaster could carry him on, he had a great desire to enter the Grammar School of Fort-William; but, as his father could not afford to pay the high fees charged in that institution, the idea of entering there, as a regular scholar, had for some time to be abandoned. But "where there is a will there is always a way." Ewen, bent on improving himself, every evening waylaid the scholars of the Grammar School as they were going home, got their exercises from them, and regularly wrought them out against the next day. When this became known to the head-master, he sent for the eager student, and agreed to admit him free, on condition that the latter should blow the school horn every morning and at the close of the play hour, which, in those days, was the method employed for summoning the boys and girls to their school work. Ewen was overjoyed; and not only did he prove himself to be the most punctual and best horn-blower ever known in Fort-William, but also in a very short time wrought himself up to be the *dux* of the Grammar School. What a noble example does this poor man's son present to us of overcoming difficulties in the pursuit of knowledge! It is of such countrymen, as Ewen Maclachlan, that we ought to be proud.

I now quote the brief, accurate, and admirable sketch of this distinguished man from the sympathetic and authoritative pen of Professor Blackie, as exactly suitable for my purpose:—"The zeal and success,"[1] says the Professor, "with which he followed out classical studies in private, not to mention his poetical and musical accomplishments, attracted the attention of Macdonell of Glengarry, who, with that generosity for which the old Highland chiefs were notable, furnished the scholar with what little pecuniary aid he required, in order to pursue his studies at the University. In the year 1796 he proceeded to King's College, Old Aberdeen, where young Celts, ambitious of intellectual distinction, still delight to congregate. Here he forthwith announced himself as a candidate for one of those bursaries, or scholarships, which abound in those parts; and, after the usual trial in Latin composition, for which the Granite City of the north was always

[1] See "Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands," by Professor Blackie, pp. 261-2-3. Edinburgh: 1876.

famous, to the great surprise and mortification of the shrewd young Lowlanders, who had enjoyed far better opportunities of juvenile indoctrination, the raw Highlander came out first on the roll of merit. From that moment he was a marked man. After going through the regular classes, and taking the degree of A.M., he entered the Divinity Hall. In the year 1800 he received a royal bursary, in the gift of the Barons of Exchequer, and was shortly afterwards appointed to the office of teacher in the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen, and assistant-librarian to King's College. In England these would have been offices as lucrative as they were honourable; but it has long been an ugly characteristic of social morality in Scotland, while putting the highest value on education, to overwork and underpay the educator. Maclachlan, like every genuine Scot, was a hard worker. After going through the tear and wear of his daily routine, he found leisure to carry on his classical studies to a height not commonly attained in Scotland. But, though devoted to Greek, as in his view the most valuable of intellectual acquisitions, he never forgot, as some people foolishly do, the learning he had brought from the bens and the glens of his early boyhood. He wedded the study of Gaelic to that of Greek, by employing himself—like the present Archbishop of Tuam—in making a poetical Celtic version of the *Iliad*, a work held in high estimation by his countrymen, though only a few selections from it have been published.

"Maclachlan," continues the Professor, "was not only a scholar but a poet, and, like all true poets, felt the might of the mother tongue. His proficiency as a Celtic scholar was so great that he was selected by the Highland Society of Scotland to superintend the Gaelic-English part of their Scoto-Celtic Dictionary, published in the year 1828, a circumstance which one can hardly mention without expressing a very natural wonder, that the Society which exerted itself so meritoriously in the registration of the words of the Gaelic language did not follow their noble inspiration further by the erection of a Celtic chair in one of the Scottish Universities. Maclachlan was the very man for such a post, and there can be no doubt that, had the British Government of that day been as quick-sighted in searching out intellectual excellence as the Prussian is now, this distinguished poet-scholar would have been transplanted to the metropolitan seat of learning, there to found a national school of Celtic philology, which is only now being dreamt of.[1] As it was, Maclachlan died of over-work on the 29th

[1] Thanks to Professor Blackie's energy and eloquence, his dream has been realised. A Celtic Chair has now been in operation for some years back in the University of Edinburgh, and apparently a brilliant future lies before it.

day of March, 1822, in the forty-ninth year of his age. His remains were carried to his own Highland home, and interred in their native soil with all the honours which affection and respect could gather round a departed magnate. A monument was raised to him near Fort-William, before which every educated man who makes the ascent of the chief of Scottish Bens will reverently take off his hat."

(2) THE ROBERTSONS WHO RESIDED AT ARDNAGRASK.—John Robertson, who spent the latter years of his life at Ardnagrask, was born at Comrie, a township on the north side of the river Conon, directly opposite the present Scatwell, about the year 1730. The exact spot of his birth lies on the south side of the Meig where it joins with the Conon. In his boyhood and early youth, John was specially remarkable for his liveliness and agility in climbing to all sorts of apparently inaccessible places. Like a squirrel, he could climb up any tree, and, if in a thick wood, go from tree to tree along the branches; he could climb up the face of the steepest precipice, if the rock did not actually beetle over; and the highest houses in the country he was able to get to the top of with the greatest ease. It is related that on one occasion a sensation was produced in the countryside by the unexampled feat John performed of climbing up the old tower of Fairburn, and perching himself on the top of it—an achievement surely as wonderful as that of the cow that is said to have clambered up the staircase and given birth to a calf in the uppermost chamber of that neglected old "keep!"[1] This exploit attracted the attention of an English officer, then a guest in Brahan Castle, who immediately sent for the youth, and persuaded him to enlist in his regiment.[2] John thereupon proceeded south to England along with his patron, and having joined his regiment, and been duly drilled and trained for six or seven months, he was at once dispatched across the Atlantic to Canada, where, along with his companions-in-arms, he had a full share of all the vicissitudes and perils and glories of the seven years' war with the French, beginning in 1755, and ending February 10th, 1763.

John took a rather prominent part in the famous attack on Quebec, at which the regiment he served in happened to be present. It is well-known that the first operations against that stronghold were unsuccessful, the city being ably defended by the

[1] See "Prophecies of the Brahan Seer," page 50.

[2] John had a brother named Alexander, who also served for some time in the army. He thereafter settled in Ceylon, where he died.

Marquis de Montcalm, the governor, and a numerous garrison. At length the bold project was adopted of scaling the precipitous cliffs, called "the Heights of Abram," behind the city, where the enemy were quite off their guard, since they deemed them inaccessible. When a scaling party was being formed an officer called out, "Where is the man that climbed Fairburn Tower, and sat on the top of it?" "Here am I," said John Robertson, in response to his friend, "and ready for action!" John joined the forlorn party; and some say he was the sixth, and others that he was amongst the very first to reach the top of the heights. By means of ladders drawn up by these bold climbers, the troops followed in deep silence, and the whole army was enabled to form in regular order on the plain above. The French General, taken by surprise, at once said that all was lost unless he could drive the British from their position, and he accordingly at once ordered an attack. In the struggle which ensued Montcalm was mortally wounded, and General Wolfe also fell in the moment of victory. Quebec surrendered September 18th, 1759.

There can be no doubt, had John Robertson received even a fair education in his youth, he would have been promoted on this occasion, at least to the rank of sergeant, for having taken part in such a daring exploit; but we suspect his literary education had been wholly neglected, and so promotion was out of the question. He had, however, the satisfaction of being a favourite with every man in his regiment.

After the peace of *Fontainebleau*, the regiment was recalled from Canada, and John was permitted to retire to Fort-William, where he remained for many years, on the recruiting service. It was here that he got acquainted with Rebecca Macrae, a very young girl from Kintail, to whom he got married about the year 1770. Rebecca, after having shared the joys and sorrows of the wedded state for over thirty years, survived her husband, and lived a widowed life far on into the present century, dying at Beauly when considerably over the hundredth year of her age. Four daughters and one son were born in Fort-William to this worthy pair, viz., Anne, Kate, Chirsty, Johan, and John. It is with Anne, the eldest, and John, the youngest of the family, that we have got chiefly to do.

In 1790, Anne Robertson, then a girl of probably not more than fifteen or sixteen, and said to be very pretty, went out to service with the Maclachlans at Torra-challtuinn. Ewen Maclachlan was then fifteen, and, it is more than likely that his "unnamed" brother was two or three years older. But, at all

events, this we do know, that the latter individual made love to poor Anne, and, by false and insidious promises, won her susceptible and too-confiding heart, with the result that, in 1793, she was evidently in a condition that she ought not to have been in. Great was the grief of old Donald on discovering this state of matters, but he resolved to weigh the painful case in "the balance of the sanctuary." Having patiently listened to the girl's simple tale, and also examined his son, he at once saw where the delinquency lay, and said to Anne—"Poor girl! whatever may happen, you may rely on me as your friend, for I will try to get justice done to you." The noble heart of Ewen was also touched with infinite compassion at the wrong done by his brother to a maiden so fair and confiding, and he, too, vowed that he should be her friend. Much pressure was brought to bear on the delinquent, from all sides, to marry the girl he had seduced, and so "make her an honest woman;" but, like the "unnamed kinsman" in the Book of Ruth, he refused to do his duty; and, in order to get rid of the whole affair, he went away by the first opportunity to Jamaica, there to pursue his fortune far away from the scene of his early transgression.

But, if Anne's condition was the cause of much grief in the Maclachlan family, it produced even greater sorrow and consternation at John Robertson's fireside in the Fort. Both he and Rebecca, having been brought up in the north, looked on illegitimacy with great horror, and so regarded their child as in a large measure ruined by this mishap, and an ugly stain placed on the whole family. John, who had picked up in his regiment as much education as enabled him to spell through his Bible, compared himself on the occasion to Jacob when that Patriarch's daughter Dinah was defiled by Shechem, the son of Hamor, with this aggravation in his own case that, whereas Shechem was anxious to marry Dinah, this Maclachlan rascal ran away and would not marry his poor defiled daughter Annie! So great, indeed, was the effect produced on the brave old soldier's mind by the untoward incident that he at once applied for his discharge, and having duly arranged about his pension, he and all his family (including Anne) bade farewell to Fort-William, and proceeding northwards, they settled down at Ardnagrask over against the present Muir of Ord Market Stance, in a small holding which John, through his friends, had previously secured.

William Maclachlan, the *Leanabh gun iarraidh*,[1] was born some

[1] The "unprayed-for child."

time in the year 1793. It is uncertain whether this event took place at Fort-William or after the removal of the family to Ardnagrask, nor does it matter very much. Poor Anne, it would seem, took her fallen condition so terribly to heart that her health gave way, and she had no milk to give the child. A curious expedient was resorted to. Her mother, Rebecca, had had her youngest child, John, about six months before this "latest addition," and she, now seeing the state of matters, at once weaned her own son, and proceeded to suckle her grandson, who evidently took very kindly and thankfully to his grandmamma's breast! It is astonishing that *Coinneach Odhar*, the "Brahan Seer," never laid hold of this prodigy as one of the "signs" to indicate the other notable things that were to happen in the year of grace 1793. How appropriate it would have been to say—"When a grandmother will suckle her own grandson in a little cottage in Ardnagrask, near the Muir of Ord Market Stance, a great war shall break out between this country and France, which will convulse and change all the countries in Europe." It is probable that Anne Robertson passed through the severe and trying ordeal of ecclesiastical discipline before the Kirk Session of the Parish of Urray, and that the minister in due course baptised her child under the name of William Maclachlan.

William grew up to be a most lively and likeable child. The old soldier *doated* on him even more than he did on his own only son. Rebecca, bound to him by the additional peculiar tie of breast-relation, regarded him more as her son than as her grandson. And John, who was both uncle and foster-brother at the same time, was perhaps more warmly attached to him than any of the rest of the family. My able and accurate correspondent, Mr Maclean, Public School, Muir of Ord, in writing of the relations subsisting between William Maclachlan and his grandfather's family, says—"They were all exceedingly fond of him. He was entirely considered as one of themselves. It is related that, when the tidings of his death were received, John Robertson, his uncle, who was almost co-equal in age, and on whose milk he had been nursed, turned quite *grey* in *one* night—so great was his grief. This I have on the authority of a daughter of this same John Robertson."

In 1803 John Robertson, the old soldier, departed this life in his 73rd year. He was surrounded by his sorrowing wife and family; and his grandson, William Maclachlan, then a boy of 10, was wholly overpowered with grief at the loss of one who had proved to him more than a father. It was a solemn and affecting

sight to see the veteran blessing his household, and commending them, one and all, to God, and singling out his erring child and her son for a special blessing, and then falling back on his pillow and gently yielding up his spirit to Him that gave it!

It was remarked by all, that the sorrow and severe discipline through which Anne Robertson had to pass was in her case a means of purifying her heart and developing in her nature some of the finest traits of womanhood. The iron had entered her soul; but in her distress she found comfort and new life in Him who had spoken the gracious words to the woman caught in the very act of committing a greater transgression—"Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." Her constant correspondence with the Maclachlan family, who regarded her with as much affection as if she were the widow of the "unnamed" one, also greatly comforted and strengthened her in her resolutions to lead a good and useful life. Anne Robertson proved herself to be a model of carefulness and prudence and charity in her life and conversation, was always seen to be busy at work, and so much was she beloved and looked up to in the family that her advice was invariably taken and followed in every difficult household matter. No doubt there were neighbours whose tongues wagged as they pointed with scorn to her illegitimate son; but the members of her own family had got over that prejudice in the spirit of Him who forgives sin; and they recognised in Anne a golden treasure in the house. But the time came when her good qualities were seen and appreciated by at least *one* admirer among those who were outside the circle of this worthy family at Ardnagrask.

(3) The Mackenzies who resided at Culblair of Highfield.—The site of Culblair lies about two miles from the Muir of Ord Station, and three from the farm of Tomich. It had a northern exposure looking towards Ben Wyvis, that picturesque mountain which so constantly meets the eye of the spectator from every corner of the Black Isle. There was a plantation of wood immediately adjoining the holding, which sheltered the dwelling-house from the fierce and blasting winds of the north and east, and rendered the situation cosy and comfortable. But the Culblair of seventy years ago is now only a name; all the tenantry and houses in that locality were swept away more than 50 years ago to make room for the large farm of *Dreim*, with its modern house and farm steading and its more highly organised system of labour and methods of agriculture. Whether the sum total of human happiness, and intelligence, and kindliness, and freedom, has been increased or diminished within the area of the farm of Dreim, since

the change of system took place in 1832, is a question which well deserves the serious consideration of the social philosopher.

Janet Mackenzie, the goodwife of Culblair, was born about the year 1735. Hers was a very remarkable career; for, to use the quaint words of the local historians, she was "honoured with being married no fewer than three times, each husband being taken in succession by the wife into her holding." It would thus seem that Culblair was then the seat of an order of things avowedly different from what is now supposed to be the established code as to which of the sexes is to take the initiative in proposing marriage. Janet undoubtedly asserted her own right to exercise this prerogative. Like a Queen Regnant she offered her hand and heart to the man she liked best; and when she became a widow, she had as many suitors pressing round in eagerness to fill the vacant place, as ever Penelope had during the wanderings of her husband Ulysses!

To begin with, Janet Mackenzie was a very fair and comely woman, and endowed with a large measure of common sense. In her youth she was called "*Seonaid Mhaiseach*," or "Fair Janet," a designation in the Gaelic language highly expressive of feminine grace and loveliness; and in later years she was known as "*Bean chòir cheanalta na cùil*," that is, "the worthy and kind (or courteous) wife of Culblair," which shows the great estimation in which she was held by her neighbours. But over and above her excellent personal qualities, the Sennachies of Urray add, with a twinkle of the eye, that Janet possessed considerable means of her own, which, no doubt, made her attractions all the more attractive in the eyes of those who were looking out for a nice, snug home to settle in.

The first husband that Janet took "into her holding" was a man of the name of Mackay. They had a family, and some of their descendants are still to be found in the neighbourhood of Conon Bridge. Mackay died, and his sorrowing relict, having assumed and for some time worn the sombre garb of widowhood, which, they say, set her off to very great advantage, at length took unto herself a second husband of the name of Henderson. By this marriage there was a son named William, one of whose daughters, a bedridden old woman of 87, I am glad to say, is still in life, and has supplied my correspondent with a good deal of information in connection with the subjects of these letters. Alas! Henderson died too, and poor Janet had to resume a second time the woeful weeds of widowhood. But even then her attractions did not fail to draw, for we learn that she took unto herself as her

third husband, James Mackenzie, a clansman of her own—a worthy and hardworking man who, it is said, conferred the "crowning honour" on the thrice honoured curriculum of her matrimonial life. By James Mackenzie, Janet had two sons, John and Donald, and as we know that the former was born in the year 1772, this date will help us approximately to fix in our minds the relative chronology of the whole series of births that took place in Culblair during the successive periods of the three husbands.

Let us accord high honour to *Seonaid Mhaiseach*, the grand old lady of Culblair, who, in her day and generation, so nobly vindicated the rights of womanhood. On this momentous question she was evidently a century in advance of the age in which she lived, and we press her claim to be regarded as a pioneer in the glorious work of emancipation from the sway of the sterner sex! But it were well that our modern Amazons, in carrying their crude theories into practice in the actual relations of social life, would exert their newly assumed powers in respect of the other sex with half the modesty and benevolence and good sense manifested towards her three husbands by the good wife of Culblair!

In the year 1800, John Mackenzie, son of James and Janet of Culblair, married Isabella Fraser, younger daughter of James Fraser or Machuistan,[1] the farmer of Lettoch. The Machuistan branch of the Frasers was reckoned one of the oldest and most esteemed septs of that great clan—numbering within it many worthy and pious men, both lay and clerical; and James Machuistan, Lettoch, was then one of the most highly respected farmers in the whole country side. John Mackenzie might, therefore, consider himself to be a very fortunate man on the day Isabella Fraser consented to become his wife. He is said to have been then an uncommonly handsome and fine looking young man —the best proportioned Highlander in the kilt that, strode along the Muir of Ord Market Stance; and, no doubt, this circumstance

[1] James Fraser was born in the year 1730. We know the exact date because he was 16 years of age when the battle of Culloden was fought. Duncan Mackenzie, commonly called "Donachadh Glas," a very old man, many years ago related to me the following, which he had from James Fraser's mouth. On the 17th of April, 1746, the day after the battle of Culloden was fought, James, when working in one of the Lettoch fields, saw several fugitives pass by from the battle, and one poor man was wounded badly in a place which shall not here be particularised. When James succeeded to the farm it was, as part of the Lovat estate, let to him by Government Commissioners, who were very lenient in charging rent. So much was this the case, that the farmers on the estates did not pray for the return of *Macshimidh*, but rather wished the Government regime to continue. James Fraser died in the year 1807. He and all his family were strict Episcopalians of the old school.

of his great personal beauty would have lent some additional weight in pleading his cause with the cautious and dignified Isabella of Lettoch. After his marriage he left Culblair and settled down in Lettoch, the lands of which were eventually divided between him and the Rev. William Paterson,[1] Episcopal Parson of Highfield, &c., who was married to James Fraser's elder daughter; and we know that John, as the husband of Isabella, and farmer in Lettoch, and a corn dealer and exporter of barley to boot, considered himself to be a man of no small importance in those days.

When *Seonaid Mhaiseach* died, in the first years of this century, the lands of Culblair were divided between William Henderson and Donald Mackenzie, the former getting two-thirds, and the latter one-third of the whole. It would appear that Henderson got the original house, and that Donald had to build a house for himself. Mr Maclean estimates that the extent of the whole holding could not have been much over 30 acres, at a rent of probably about a pound an acre; so that Henderson got 20 and Donald 10 acres as their respective shares.

The question here arises, how did these people, on such small pieces of land, manage to make a living? My answer is, that in those days small farmers depended chiefly on the produce of smuggling, not only for their own support, but also for the payment of their rents. The proprietors knew this perfectly well, and in many cases aided and abetted their tenants in the practice, because they knew they were to be themselves sharers in whatever profits might be made. Indeed, we cannot fully understand the land problem in its various phases in the Highlands, along the course of this

[1] The Rev. William Paterson was parish schoolmaster at Munlochy for several years up till 1782. It is said that he was a first-rate teacher, and made excellent scholars. In 1783 he took orders in the Scottish Episcopal Church, got married to Miss Fraser, Lettoch, and continued for a great many years to officiate, which he did with much acceptance, to the Episcopalians of Highfield, Arpafeelie, Fortrose, and those scattered over many other parts of the north. Mr Paterson was an able, zealous, and good man, and did a noble work in his day amongst his own people. His eldest daughter, Miss Paterson, was a girl governess in Captain Macpherson, Ballachroan's family, when the famous Gaick tragedy took place in 1800, and she had a lively recollection of the sensation it produced at the time, until the day of her death. A paper on Episcopacy in the Black Isle, from a congenial and competent pen, would have been a most interesting contribution to local ecclesiastical history. Certainly in such a paper the labours of the Reverend William Paterson and those of his son James, would have occupied an honourable and prominent position. There was once a strong movement amongst the clergy to make Mr William Paterson Bishop of Moray and Ross, and certainly, had they appointed him, he would have adorned this position.

century, without taking the once very general practice of smuggling into consideration as a branch of the enquiry. In some respects it may be regarded as the key of the position. While smuggling was a practical pursuit, small farming and crofting in a great many places constituted the most profitable economic arrangement of his estate for the proprietor; and accordingly, as a rule, he encouraged that class of tenantry. But when the fines inflicted by the Excise came to be so heavy as to be ruinous to those who practised smuggling, the proprietors turned round and not only set themselves against this illegal practice, but also proceeded, in many cases, to clear the small tenantry from off the face of their estates, as an economic arrangement which, in the altered circumstances of the times, would never pay.

When Donald Mackenzie settled down in his own house in Culblair, as was natural for a man in his circumstances and condition, he began to look out for a wife, and, as luck would have it, fell in love with Anne Robertson, our good friend at Ardnagrask. If he wanted a good, sensible, thrifty housewife, he certainly could not have made a better choice. But formidable obstacles had to be encountered. His friends no sooner heard of it than they all rose up in arms against him; and terrible were the vials of abuse and vituperation, that were poured out on the head of that poor woman! John Mackenzie, Lettoch, made himself specially prominent in his opposition to Donald, his brother, in the step the latter was about to take. Mr Maclean states as to this—"It has been said that a brother of Donald's offered strong objection to the marriage, on account of her previous misfortune, and having such a big stripling of a boy."

I have been so fortunate as to obtain from another source a Gaelic metrical version of what purports to be a wordy duel between John and Donald on this subject one day they chanced to meet at the "Clach Seasaimh" or "Standing Stone," not far from the Muir of Ord Market Stance. It is as follows:—

Thubhairt Iain,
"Bu tus'a chaora mhaol, a Dho'uill,
A phosadh te le garlach gillé
'A ghiulan i bho Inbhirlochaidh,
'S tha nis cho mòr ri cabar sgillinn;
Ach ni e buachaile duit, a Dho'uill;
Is gearr's e moin' airson do theiné;
Is cuiridh e phoit dubh an or dagh;
Is gairmear dheth do mhac a's sine."

That is—

Said John,
"O Donald, thou'rt a hummil sheep,
To marry maid that has a stripling
She bore with her from Inverlochy,
And now's as tall's a penny caber;
But, Donald, he will herd thy cattle;
And cut peat fuel for thy fire;
And eke will sort thy smuggling pot;
And will be called thine eldest son."

Fhreagair Domhnull,
"Ged's cruaidh do thabhann, Iain Ruaidh,[1]
'S ann tha thu tabhann ris a ghealaich,
Oir posaidh misé nighinn an t-saighdeir
Is bith's mi caoimhneil thaobh a bhallaich;
Ach ged a phos thus nighinn Mhich Uisdein,
Le mòran cliu ri taobh do theallaich,
Thig an là 's am feum thu giulan
Mach bho'n Lethdoch is tu falamh."

That is—

Donald replied,
"Though hard's thy barking, John Roy,
'Tis at the moon that thou art barking;
For I will wed the soldier's daughter,
And will be kindly to the laddie;
But though thou didst wed MacHuistan's daughter
To grace with much renown thy fireside,
The day shall come when thou must bear her
Empty handed[2] out from Lettoch."

[1] John was auburn-haired, and so was known as "Iain Ruadh," that is "John Roy" or "Red."

[2] Curiously enough this prophecy came to pass. Some time after the colloquy, John's rascally partner in business absconded, carrying with him the proceeds of a cargo of barley, which had been shipped at Beauly pier. Perhaps Donald had had a shrewd suspicion, or had heard rumours, that this partnership was not a quite sound affair, and so gave expression to his opinion as to the probable result. At anyrate, by the sad mishap John was reduced to the verge of utter ruin. He bravely bore up under his misfortune; and it was then he fully appreciated the value of having a good, wise, and sympathetic wife, as Isabella Fraser then and always proved herself to be to him. In process of time the family removed to the farm of Balnaguie, on the estate of Kilcoy, where John and his family by industry and frugality and care were able to some extent to repair their early disaster in Lettoch. John was universally respected and beloved; and his wife, as "Bean mhòr Bhalnagaoithe," or "the big wife of Balnaguie," was probably one of the finest specimens of a courteous, hospitable, charitable, and truly Christian farmer's wife, ever known in that part of the country. She died in 1850 (the year of her golden wedding) and John, her sorrowing husband, did not long survive her.

Donald Mackenzie got married to Anne Robertson in the year 1806. The Maclachlan family not only warmly congratulated Anne on the auspicious event, but also at once came to regard Donald Mackenzie as one of themselves. There is something very beautiful, and noble, and even romantic, in the voluntary communication which the Maclachlans so faithfully kept up, first with the Ardnagrask family, and thereafter with the Mackenzies of Culblair as well. Here we perceive the fine influence of old Donald Maclachlan constantly at work trying to get justice done to the woman whom his son had so cruelly injured; and, in the correspondence, we likewise see the beautifully sympathetic and humanising spirit of Ewen engaged in lovingly building up that temple of happiness in a woman's heart, which his brother had so ruthlessly tried to destroy.

By Anne Robertson, Donald had one son named John, born in 1807, and already referred to as the possessor of the Maclachlan letters.

It would appear that many years before this time Hugh Maclachlan had also proceeded to Jamaica, and there joined his "unnamed" brother. This latter got married, and had at least two sons, Donald and Alexander. These two were sent home to be educated under their uncle Ewen, in the Grammar School, Old Aberdeen. It would appear also that in his remorse for what he had done, William Maclachlan's father willed *at least part* of his property in Jamaica to his illegitimate son,[1] and arranged with Ewen to have him, too, educated in the Grammar School for a Jamaica planter. William in due time proceeded from Ardnagrask to Old Aberdeen to board with his uncle; and this prepares us to read intelligently the letters that Ewen addressed to his good friend, Donald Mackenzie, William's stepfather, at Culblair of Highfield.

Letter I.

"Old Aberdeen, June 3rd, 1816.

"Dear Donald,—Your handsome and very acceptable present of the cask of Ferintosh whisky duly arrived. I beg your acceptance of my warm thanks for the trouble and expense to which you have put yourself in supplying William and myself with so

[1] It is probable that it was at the instance of old Donald Maclachlan that his son made the will placing William Maclachlan on the same footing as the latter's half-brothers, Donald and Alexander. If this be so, it is another instance of the old man's endeavours to get justice done to Anne Robertson and her son.

valuable a treat. The cask cannot just now be returned, but it will before Christmas, perhaps before November visit you again, filled with good Aberdeen stuff as before. The rum which I sent at first was the History of *Rome* which I meant; for, in reality, I did not send a book. But, to make up for your disappointment, I send by Mrs Fraser of the Devanha, a very good copy of Guthrie's Geographical Grammar, perhaps the best work in the English language for making you acquainted with all the countries on the face of the earth, and with the history of their inhabitants.

"Your whisky being truly excellent, perhaps we may require another supply, which you may send in December with a note of the price – probably about the value of a pound or two. William, who is to visit Beauly in summer, will treat with you more particularly.

"When Anne was at Fort-William she signified a wish to myself, Donald, and Alexander, that William should get a black suit as well as his two brothers. To my unspeakable grief, he has now got a black and a dear bought suit. He now has no grandfather, and I have no father. His beloved friend, my thrice venerable parent, died at Fort-William about the end of April, in his own house, in the bosom of his own family, possessing his perfect senses, and quite happy in bidding an eternal farewell to this world of trouble. William has been of infinite use in helping to bear me up through the torrent of grief, which had almost overwhelmed me. But adored be the Allwise Disposer, if I have lost my parent, I have the incalculable pleasure of reflecting that I received his last blessings, a legacy which I prefer to the wealth of both the Indies.

"Offer William's love to his mother. William is very far, indeed, from 'forgetting what passed between himself and his particular friend.' As you are that friend, he bids me tell you to be sure of fulfilling your part of the agreement, and he will unquestionably fulfil his part of the obligation. I will myself put him on the proper plan. Along with Guthrie's Grammar he has sent his old clothes per the Devanha, for the use of his uncle John. If any of the articles should not suit him, it will be freely at your service.

"William, for sweetness of temper, prudence of conduct, and unwearied industry in learning, possesses a middle place between his brothers, Donald and Sandy. He was never before so happy. Every one that knows him loves him. I think him uncommonly successful in every branch of his studies. Already he can read the English Collection, and even a part of the Gaelic Bible, with

very respectable fluency. If God spares him for two years he will be fit for Jamaica. Let none of his friends be troubling him just now for money. If anything is in his power, he will do something for his mother, whose claims on him are superior to those of every other friend on earth. I love him most sincerely, and, I assure you, the day he parts with me will leave me a heavy heart. Compliments to Anne and her brother John from me, and William's affectionate regards,—I am, dear Donald, while I live, yours, with friendly wishes,

"EWEN MACLACHLAN."

To many good people in our day, the above letter will appear to be a strange mixture—proceeding from Ferintosh whisky and Aberdeen rum to give expression to such exquisitely beautiful and touching sentiments regarding the dear ones within the circle of his family relations. It is manifest that Ewen was an excellent judge of a really good glass of whisky, and that he liked to have some of the genuine "stuff" in his house to treat his friends with; but there is no evidence that the worthy hospitable man was ever known to exceed the bounds of strict moderation in partaking of what was evidently his favourite beverage. What was then known as "Ferintosh whisky" was not what was exclusively made within the Barony of Ferintosh, but what was smuggled throughout the North; and, doubtless, it was Donald himself that distilled the excellent whisky he sent to his good friend, Ewen Maclachlan. Indeed, as I have already noticed, Donald, as well as many others at that time in his position, made his living and paid his rent by smuggling; and Ewen's opinion is conclusive evidence that the whisky he made was of first-rate quality. Distillers in our day deny this, but it is a fact.

It will be observed that Anne, Donald Mackenzie's wife, is referred to here as having paid a visit to Fort-William sometime before; and it shews the position she held with regard to the family, that she signified a wish to "Ewen, Donald, and Alexander, that William should get a black suit as well as his two brothers." From this she evidently considered her own son (doubtless in virtue of the will in his favour) as on a platform of equality with his two brothers. This leads Ewen to write that beautiful passage on the death of his "thrice venerable parent," which must be admired by all.

It will also be observed how attached Ewen became to his nephew William. The young man, to all appearance, entwined himself around the great poet-scholar's heart, and Ewen's warm

eulogy of the good qualities of his nephew, and his declaration of his love to him, must have brought tender tears to the eyes of Anne, Donald's wife, at Culblair.

LETTER II.

"Dear Donald,—At William's request, though my hands be bare, I enclose three pounds sterling, for part of which you must send me some of your true Highland whisky when you can. We have good hopes to hear from our friends abroad. But our patience has yet some trials to undergo. However, while God has the helm, we will not despair. With kindness to you, Mrs Mackenzie, and all enquiring friends, we remain, yours affectionately,

"EWEN MACLACHLAN.
"WILLIAM MACLACHLAN.

"Old Aberdeen, Dec. 1st, 1817."

Another certificate in favour of the whisky which Donald distilled is given to us in this joint letter written by Ewen, and signed by both Ewen and William Maclachlan! Here Ewen tells us that his "hands were bare"—a clause of the sentence, significant alike of his generosity and of the narrowness of his means. It may also be observed that the subject of "no remittances from Jamaica" begins to loom in this letter, which prepares us for a more serious development of the same difficulty, as the correspondence goes on.

LETTER III.

"Old Aberdeen, 22nd July, 1818.

"My Dear Stepfather,—I arrived here Saturday night quite safe after my voyage, with but little sickness. I am very sorry to inform you that my uncle has not received a letter from Jamaica since I went away to the Highlands, but we are expecting to hear from them very soon. For my own part, I am not certain what to do yet, but I shall let you know in a very short time. I am to send away the box by the first packet; she is to sail Wednesday first. You will find the books in the box for my brother John, which I promised to himself. I spoke to our landlord for the honey, and he thinks it will be very cheap this year, about a shilling the pound. I hope you will be so good as to send the same box to my uncle when you can, and I will stand you for it. I am to put the carriage of the box with the books. I have no particular news to inform you of, at present, worth mentioning. My uncle and Sally wish to be most kindly remembered to you,

and to my mother, and to your father, and to my uncle John, and all friends who enquire for us. Give my love to my brother John. I am, dear Stepfather, your affectionate Stepson,

"WILLIAM MACLACHLAN.

"All our boys went away last week to London."

The above letter is interesting, chiefly as a specimen of William Maclachlan's capacity as a letter-writer. The penmanship is excellent, and the composition is very creditable when we consider the extraordinary fact that the writer had been over twenty years of age before he knew the English alphabet. William Henderson's aged daughter, to whom I have already referred, still remembers having seen William, on several occasions, visiting Donald Mackenzie's family after having come north from Old Aberdeen. She describes him to Mr Maclean as "a tall, slim-built, handsome young man, *considerably over twenty years of age*, as she thought, and dark featured, having every appearance of a gentleman." This testimony, taken in connection with the next letter in the correspondence, indubitably proves that William began his studies very late, and, such being the case, his letter is an evidence of great industry and progress.

The favourite way of going to Aberdeen at that time was by a sailing "packet." Another way was to go "by the coach." I have heard of some students who walked all the way to Aberdeen, each carrying a little box on his back. When the "steamers" began to ply between Inverness and Aberdeen, they made a great improvement in the means of locomotion, but how much more pleasant and expeditious is our modern railway system, which we have come to regard as a matter of course without reference to previous means of locomotion.

Donald evidently had a number of "skeps" at Culblair, and he probably wished to employ William, as a sort of middleman, to get his honey disposed of to the best advantage in Aberdeen. His stepson, having previously consulted his landlord on the subject, was not able to hold out very bright hopes as to high price for that commodity that year. It would probably fetch a shilling per pound.

Several interesting names of persons crop up in this letter. "Sally" was one of Ewen's sisters; "Uncle John" was John Robertson, his uncle and foster brother; and "your father" was old James Mackenzie, the third husband of "Fair Janet of Culblair." We are glad to learn that the worthy Patriarch was still alive when this letter was written. Ewen has now some measure of liberty, for all his "boy lodgers had gone away the week before to London."

The subject of "no remittances from Jamaica" again appears here, and constitutes the only sore point in the letter. Within five short months poor William set sail for that wonderful island, concerning which he and his uncle Ewen had spoken so often, and, alas! he never came back again to tell the tale of his voyage!

LETTER IV.

"My Dear Donald,—With feelings of grief, that almost unfit me for guiding the pen, I reluctantly communicate the intelligence received from Jamaica, that poor William Maclachlan is *no more!* He arrived at Kingston in Jamaica on the 8th of November, and on the 9th fell into a fever which, nine days after its attack, ended his dear life! He was brought in a carriage out of Kingston to St Mary's. Hugh and Alexander got him the best medical assistance the island could afford, but the last three days it became a brain fever, so that human aid was unavailing. He died on Thursday, the 19th November, but Hugh does not specify the hour; only I will expect full information in his next, which I shall communicate to you accordingly. Of course he made no will, so that Alexander, his brother,[1] falls heir to the whole property.

"It is extremely consoling to me, notwithstanding the poignancy of my present grief, that, so far as conscience informs me, I believe William found me all along a dutiful uncle. He told you how I received him on his first visit to Aberdeen. When I found myself in a condition, I brought him out again, and gave him the best education the place or time could afford. He was universally beloved and respected by his companions. He was taken into the genteelest companies, and, in fact, made such progress in learning and good breeding that a year more would qualify him for the situation of a planter in Jamaica. I wished him to wait here another year, but he could not feel easy in the idea of burdening me, as the people of Jamaica were so very backward in their remittances. I adduced against that idea all the arguments in my power, but, alas! no arguments could turn away the appointed hour! The turf was shaped, the grave was opening, and his earthly troubles were to be at an end! I rigged him out till I spent my last shilling, knowing well he would put me right at a future time, but see how the Sovereign Disposer of the Universe laughs at the folly of human schemes!

"William was a young man of uncommon decency and propriety in his external behaviour. His natural talents were not

[1] What about Donald? Was he then dead? Was he killed by one of the "six arrows shot at our house from the bow of the fatal angel?" &c.

great, but this defect he surmounted by the most unwearied industry. When he came to me he was ignorant of the English alphabet, but, before he went to Jamaica, he talked English with the utmost fluency, could write a beautiful hand, and read English and Gaelic, and figured not contemptibly. His continual conversation with me astonishingly improved his mind, and made him learn ten times better than he could have done with any other master. In that state of improvement and preparation I sent him away. His uncle assures me, from what he has seen of him, that he would be an ornament to society, had it pleased God to spare him, but to the adorable decrees of Heaven we must submit! This is the sixth arrow shot at our house from the bow of the fatal angel since six years, but God gave and God hath taken; adored be His ever blessed name! With friendly compliments to you and the poor disconsolate mother, believe me, dear Donald, yours very sincerely,

"EWEN MACLACHLAN.

"Aberdeen, Jan. 24th, 1819."

This letter is so wonderfully beautiful and pathetic, both as an expression of Ewen's own great grief at the loss of his favourite nephew, and as an attempt to administer some consolation to the "disconsolate" mother and other sorrowing relatives of the deceased, that, it seems to me, any enlarged commentary on it would here be entirely out of place. I regard it simply as a gem that would form a very respectable addition to any collection of consolatory letters, ancient or modern.

When the intelligence of William's death arrived, great was the consternation and sorrow which it produced at Culblair and Ardnagrask. Donald was very much affected, and it is said that, when his wife heard the fatal tidings she swooned away. John, then a boy of twelve, wept bitterly, and there is reason to believe that he had a vivid recollection of that fireside scene until the day of his death. As to "Uncle John" at Ardnagrask, it has already been stated that, when he received the sad news, his hair turned grey in one night, so great was his grief.

After the lapse of some time, the folks of Culblair and Ardnagrask, naturally astonished that they were not hearing a word of intelligence from Jamaica regarding the disposal of William's estate willed to him by his father, resolved to write Ewen on the subject. Accordingly, Donald, on the 25th of August, wrote him to the effect that, whatever property was left by William Maclachlan in the West Indies should now be given to his friends, more especially his mother; and that, at all events, Culblair and

Ardnagrask had a strong claim on his effects in compensation of what had been laid out in his late stepson's upbringing. This letter elicited the following reply from Ewen :—

LETTER V.

"Old Aberdeen, Monday, Oct. 18th, 1819.

"Dear Donald,—I have before me your letter of the 25th August, and would have duly answered it, but I was at that time in Dundonald, near Kilmarnock, in Airshire, for the recovery of my health, having been so poorly since February that I sometimes apprehended death, and was for six months that I had not any sound sleep, not for an hour. My disease was a nervous complaint contracted by too much labour and confinement; but now, thank God, by help of a proper course of medicines, exercise, diet, and amusement, I feel as active and healthy as ever I was in my life, only I cannot as yet venture on hard study.

"To my utter astonishment, I have not heard a word from Jamaica since I wrote you. I rather believe my brother and nephew have gone someway wrong in their health or circumstances, if they have not taken offence at some of the letters I have written. My nephews, I assure you, have been *dear* relations to me, in more senses than one. They owe me in all £350 sterling; but for this expense I have not received so much as thanks. In reality they pay my letters no kind of attention.

"In the way of money, you are well aware that I have no business whatever with any one of William's friends; even if I should inherit his whole property. For what I laid out on him I have not received a farthing, so that after this no niece or nephew shall ever have it in their power to gull me out of my property again. At the same time, if you think proper, you may write Alexander, his brother, and state to him what you have stated to me; but remember that, in every transaction of the kind, my name must be left out for ever. With compliments to Mrs Mackenzie, I remain, dear Donald, yours truly,

"EWEN MACLACHLAN."

In this letter we have indications that poor Ewen's system was breaking down under the strain of hard work and perpetual worry and monetary embarrassment. Doubtless, while residing in the land of Burns, one source of pleasure would have been to hold converse with the companions and memorials of the great departed national poet of Scotland.

Ewen writes with severity regarding the conduct of his brother and nephew in Jamaica, as to the dealings of the latter

towards both the Culblair people and himself in the matter of *meum* and *tuum*. He had spent his "last shilling" in rigging out poor William, and now he could not get a "single sixpence" from those West Indies people, although they owed him £350 sterling. Evidently his nephew Donald had also died, because we find now only the names of his brother Hugh and nephew Alexander.

Meanwhile dark and probably uncharitable surmises and suspicions were beginning to creep over the minds of the Culblair and Ardnagrask folks, as to the sudden death of William, based on the circumstance that his property was so promptly "grabbed" by the surviving relatives in Jamaica. They, however, did not give immediate expression to those feelings beyond the range of their own little circle. Donald wrote Ewen again on the 5th Dec., 1820, and this brings out Ewen's last letter in this series, written about 15 months or so before his death.

LETTER VI.

"Old Aberdeen, Dec. 11th, 1820.

"Dear Donald,--Yours of the 5th instant is now before me. I do not wonder at your surprise in not hearing from Jamaica since I wrote you. For I have received only one letter from my only brother, and that, too, telling me he would, in three or four years from that time, be able to settle our account. Hugh barely tells me that Alexander, my nephew, is in good health, but he says nothing else about him.

"While Sandy was my pupil, he, as well as Donald and William, *said* that they would shed their blood for me, should occasion require it. I do not doubt but that may have been their idea. But while they were with me, they were the *receivers*, not the *contributors*, of favour. To me they owed almost their very life. But once they got a cable's length from me, I could then find out their real sentiments. As the result of the whole, you will be astonished that I am out of pocket nearly 500 pounds sterling with these people of Jamaica, all in a mass; and God knows when the fancy may strike them to put me right. But of one thing I am certain, that not one of them, from first to last, ever sent in my way the value of a single sixpence (I do not except my very brother) though they all contrived, as much as in them lay, to make me their stepping stone. They could not, however, affect my character, and in that I rest perfectly satisfied.

"As Sandy has totally rejected *me*, it is no wonder if he should not write *you*, as with you he has no connection whatever, except being William's natural brother, he is nothing in your debt.

William, being a natural son, could make no will in the eye of the law, and he has died intestate; consequently his property, by the will of his father, falls to Alexander alone, so that neither you nor any of William's relations can claim a fraction of William's property. No promises made to you or his mother can in any respect be binding. For, in the eye of the law, he promised before he was in lawful possession, therefore he promised what he could not perform. I conceive it my duty to put you and his relations right on that subject, that you may no longer build on a foundation of sand.

"There will be no further necessity of your corresponding with me on the subject; but, should you think proper, you may write Alexander, and address your letter as follows—'Alexander Maclachlan, Esquire, care of Hugh Maclachlan, Esquire, Hume's Vale, St Mary's, Jamaica.'

"If you write so, the letter will find Alexander; and, if you gain a farthing's worth by the correspondence, you will have gained more than I have gained from the same thing in my life. With good wishes to your wife and fireside, I remain, dear Donald, yours ever, "E. M'LACHLAN."

In drawing up this paper, I wish to acknowledge the assistance rendered me by many kind friends. From the Lochaber side I have had valuable information communicated to me by the Rev. Dr Stewart, "Nether Lochaber," Miss Cameron, Dornie Ferry, per Mr Duncan Sinclair, Lochalsh, and several others. From the Culblair and Ardnagrask side, I have been assisted by Mr Alexander Mackenzie, Grandtully Station, Mr Campbell, schoolmaster, Beauly, Mr Maclean, schoolmaster, Muir of Ord Public School, and others.

5th MARCH, 1890.

On this date, Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., F.S.A. Scot., Inverness, read a paper entitled, "Badenoch: Its History, Clans, and Place Names." It was as follows:—

BADENOCH: ITS HISTORY, CLANS, AND PLACE NAMES.

THE LORDSHIP OF BADENOCH.

Badenoch is one of the most interior districts of Scotland; it lies on the northern watershed of the mid Grampians, and the lofty ridge of the Monadhlia range forms its northern boundary, while its western border runs along the centre of the historic

Drum-Alban. Even on its eastern side the mountains seem to have threatened to run a barrier across, for Craigellachie thrusts its huge nose forward into a valley already narrowed by the massive form of the Ord Bain and the range of hills behind it. This land of mountains is intersected by the river Spey, which runs midway between the two parallel ranges of the Grampians and the Monadhlia, taking its rise, however, at the ridge of Drum-Alban. Badenoch, as a habitable land, is the valley of the Spey and the glens that run off from it. The vast bulk of the district is simply mountain.

In shape, the district of Badenoch is rectangular, with east-north-easterly trend, its length averaging about thirty-two miles, and its breadth some seventeen miles. Its length along the line of the Spey is thirty-six miles, the river itself flowing some 35 miles of the first part of its course through Badenoch. The area of Badenoch is, according to the Ordnance Survey, 551 square miles, that is, close on three hundred and fifty-three thousand acres. The lowest level in the district is 700 feet; Kingussie, the "capital," is 740 feet above sea-level, and Loch Spey is 1142 feet. The highest peak is 4149 feet high, a shoulder of the Braeriach ridge, which is itself outside Badenoch by about a mile, and Ben Macdui by two miles. Mountains and rivers, rugged rocks and narrow glens, with one large medial valley fringed with cultivation —that is Badenoch. It is still well wooded, though nothing to what it once must have been. The lower ground at one time must have been completely covered by wood, which spread away into the vales and glens; for we find on lofty plateaux and hill sides the marks of early cultivation, the ridges and the rigs or *feannagan*, showing that the lower ground was not very available for crops on account of the forest, which, moreover, was full of wild beasts, notably the wolf and the boar. Cultivation, therefore, ran mostly along the outer fringe of this huge wood, continually encroaching on it as generation succeeded generation.

The bogs yield abundant remains of the once magnificent forest that covered hillside and glen, and the charred logs prove that fire was the chief agent of destruction. The tradition of the country has it that the wicked Queen Mary set fire to the old Badenoch forest. She felt offended at her husband's pride in the great forest—he had asked once on his home return how his forests were before he asked about her. So she came north, took her station on the top of Sron-na-Bàruinn—the Queen's Ness—above Glenfeshie, and there gave orders to set the woods on fire. And her orders were obeyed. The Badenoch forest was set burn-

ing, and the Queen, Nero-like, enjoyed the blaze from her point of vantage. But many glens and nooks escaped, and Rothiemurchus was left practically intact. The Sutherlandshire version of the story is different and more mythic. The King of Lochlain was envious of the great woods of Scotland; the pine forests especially roused his jealous ire. So he sent his *muime*—it must have been—a witch and a monster, whose name was Dubh-Ghiubhais, and she set the forests on fire in the north. She kept herself aloft among the clouds, and rained down fire on the woods, which burnt on with alarming rapidity. People tried to get at the witch, but she never showed herself, but kept herself enveloped in a cloud of smoke. When she had burned as far as Badenoch, a clever man of that district devised a plan for compassing her destruction. He gathered together cattle of all kinds and their young; then he separated the lambs from the sheep, the calves from the cows, and the young generally from their dams; then such a noise of bleating, lowing, neighing, and general Babel arose to the heaven that Dubh-Ghiubhais popped her head out of the cloud to see what was wrong. This was the moment for action. The Badenoch man was ready for it; he had his gun loaded with the orthodox sixpence; he fired, and down came the Dubh-Ghiubhais, a lifeless lump! So a part of the great Caledonian forest was saved among the Grampian hills.

Modern Badenoch comprises the parishes of Laggan, Kingussie and Insh, and Alvie; but the old Lordship of Badenoch was too aristocratic to do without having a detached portion somewhere else. Consequently we find that Kincardine parish, now part of Abernethy, was part of the Lordship of Badenoch even later than 1606, when Huntly excambed it with John of Freuchie for lands in Glenlivet. Kincardine was always included in the sixty davachs that made up the land of Badenoch. The Barony of Glencarnie in Duthil—from Aviemore to Garten and northward to Inverlaidnan—was seemingly attached to the Lordship of Badenoch for a time, and so were the davachs of Tullochgorum, Curr, and Clurie further down the Spey, excambed by Huntly in 1491 with John of Freuchie. On the other hand, Rothiemurchus was never a part of Badenoch, though some have maintained that it was. The six davachs of Rothiemurchus belonged to the Bishops of Moray, and at times they feued the whole of Rothiemurchus to some powerful person, as to the Wolf of Badenoch in 1383, and to Alexander Keyr Mackintosh in 1464, in whose family it was held till 1539, when it passed into the hands of the Gordons, and from them to the Grants.

Badenoch does not appear in early Scottish history; till the 13th century, we never hear of it by name nor of anything that took place within its confines. True, Skene, in his *Celtic Scotland*, definitely states that the battle of Monitcarno was fought here in 729. This battle took place between Angus, King of Fortrenn, and Nectan, the ex-king of the Picts, and in it the latter was defeated, and Angus shortly afterwards established himself on the Pictish throne. We are told that the scene of the battle was "Monitcarno juxta stagnum Loogdae"—Monadh-carnach by the side of Loch Loogdae. Adamnan also mentions Lochdae, which Columba falls in with while going over Drum Alban. Skene says that Loch Insh—the lake of the island—is a secondary name, and that it must have originally been called Lochdae, that the hills behind it enclose the valley of Glencarnie, and that Dunachton, by the side of Loch Insh, is named Nectan's fort after King Nectan. Unfortunately this view is wrong, and Badenoch must give up any claim to be the scene of the battle of Monadh-carno; Lochdae is now identified with Lochy, and Glencarnie is in Duthil. But Dunachton is certainly Nectan's fort; whether the Nectan meant was the celebrated Pictish King may well be doubted. Curiously, local tradition holds strongly that a battle was fought by the side of Loch Insh, but the defeated leader was King Harold, whose grave is on the side of Craig Righ Haraillt.

From 729, we jump at once to 1229, exactly five hundred years, and about that date we find that Walter Cumyn is feudal proprietor of Badenoch, for he makes terms with the Bishop of Moray in regard to the church lands and to the "natives" or bondsmen in the district. It has been supposed that Walter Cumyn came into the possession of Badenoch by the forfeiture and death of Gillescop, a man who committed some atrocities in 1228—such as burning the (wooden) forts in the province of Moray, and setting fire to a large part of the town of Inverness. William Cumyn, Earl of Buchan, the justiciar, was intrusted with the protection of Moray, and in 1229 Gillescop and his two sons were slain. Thereafter we find Walter Cumyn in possession of Badenoch and Kincardine, and it is a fair inference that Gillespie was his predecessor in the lordship of Badenoch. The Cummings were a Norman family; they came over with the Conqueror, and it is asserted that they were nearly related to him by marriage. In 1068, we hear of one of them being governor or earl of Northumberland, and the name is common in English charters of the 12th century, in the early part of which they appear in Scotland; they were in great favour with the Normanising David, and with

William after him, filling offices of chancellors and justiciars under them. William Cumyn, about the year 1210, married Marjory, heiress of the Earldom of Buchan, and thus became the successor of the old Celtic Mormaers of that district under the title of Earl of Buchan. His son Walter obtained the lordship of Badenoch, as we saw, and, a year or two after, he became Earl of Menteith by marrying the heiress, the Countess of Menteith. He still kept the lands of Badenoch, for, in 1234, we find him, as Earl of Menteith, settling a quarrel with the Bishop of Moray over the Church lands of Kincardine. Walter was a potent factor in Scottish politics, and in the minority of Alexander III. acted patriotically as leader against the pro-English party. He died in 1257 without issue. John Comyn, his nephew, son of Richard, succeeded him in Badenoch; he was head of the whole family of Comyn, and possessed much property, though simply entitled Lord of Badenoch. The Comyns at that time were at the height of their power; they could muster at least two earls, the powerful Lord of Badenoch, and thirty belted knights. Comyn of Badenoch was a prince, though not in name, making treaties and kings. John Comyn, called the Red, died in 1274, and was succeeded by his son John Comyn, the Black, and in the troubles about the kingly succession, at the end of the century, he was known as John de Badenoch, senior, to distinguish him from his son John, the Red Comyn, the regent, Baliol's nephew, and claimant to the throne, whom Bruce killed under circumstances of treachery at Dumfries, in 1306. Then followed the fall and forfeiture of the Comyns, and the lordship of Badenoch was given, about 1313—included in the Earldom of Moray—to Thomas Randolph, Bruce's right-hand friend.

The Cummings have left an ill name behind them in Badenoch for rapacity and cruelty. Their treachery has passed into a proverb—

> "Fhad bhitheas craobh 'sa choill
> Bithidh foill 'sna Cuiminich."

Which is equally smart in its English form—

> "While in the wood there is a tree
> A Cumming will deceitful be."

It is in connection with displacing the old proprietors—the Shaws and Mackintoshes—that the ill repute of the Cummings was really gained. But the particular cases which tradition remembers are mythical in the extreme; yet there is something in the traditions. There is a remembrance that these Cummings were the

first feudal lords of Badenoch; until their time the Gaelic Tuath that dwelt in Badenoch had lived under their old tribal customs, with their *toiseachs*, their *airés*, and their *saor* and *daor* occupiers of land. The newcomers, with their charters, their titles, and their new exactions over and above the old Tuath tributes and dues, must have been first objects of wonder, and then of disgust. The authority which the Cummings exerted over the native inhabitants must often have been in abeyance, and their rents more a matter of name than reality. However, by making it the interest of the chiefs to side with them, and by granting them charters, these initial difficulties were got over in a century or two. It was under this feudalising process that the system of clans, as now known, was developed.

Earl Randolph died in 1332, and his two sons were successively Earls of Moray, the second dying in 1346 without issue, when "Black Agnes," Countess of Dunbar, succeeded to the vast estates. The Earldom of Moray, exclusive of Badenoch and Lochaber, was renewed to her son in 1372.[1] Meanwhile, in 1371 Alexander Stewart, King Robert's son, was made Lord of Badenoch by his father, as also Earl of Buchan; and in 1387 he became Earl of Ross through his marriage with the Countess Euphame His power was therefore immense; he was the king's lieutenant in the North *(locum tenens in borealibus partibus regni)*; but such was the turbulence and ferocity of his character that he was called the "Wolf of Badenoch." He is still remembered in the traditions of the country as "Alastair Mòr Mac an Righ"—Alexander the Big, Son of the King—a title which is recorded also in Maurice Buchanan's writings (A.D. 1461, Book of Pluscarden), who says that the wild Scots *(Scotis silvestribus)* called him "Alitstar More Makin Re." Naturally enough he gets confused with his famous namesake of Macedon, also Alastair Mòr, but the more accurate of tradition-mongers differentiate them easily, for they call Alex-

[1] Sir W Fraser, in his "History of the Grants," says:—"After the forfeiture of the Comyns, Badenoch formed a part of the earldom of Moray, conferred on Sir Thomas Randolph. In 1338, however, it was held by the Earl of Ross, and in 1372, while granting the Earldom of Moray to John Dunbar, King Robert II. specially excepted Lochaber and Badenoch." Sir W. Fraser's authority for saying that Badenoch was in the possession of the Earl of Ross must be the charter of 1338 granting Kinrara and Dalnavert to Melmoran of Glencharny; but a careful reading of that document shows that the Earl of Ross was not superior of Badenoch, for he speaks of the services due by him to the "Lord superior of Badenoch." Besides, in 1467, when Huntly was Lord of Badenoch, we find the Earl of Ross still possessing lands there, viz., Invermarkie, which he gives to Cawdor as part of his daughter's dowry.

ander the Great "Alastair Uabh'rach, Mac Righ Philip"—"Alexander the Proud, son of King Philip." This epithet of *uabh'rach* or *uaibhreach* appears as applied to Alexander the Great in that beautiful mediæval Gaelic poem that begins—

"Ceathrar do bhi air uaighan fhir
Feart Alaxandair Uaibhrigh:
Ro chausat briathra con bhreícc
Os cionn na flatha a Fhinnghreic."

Translated—

Four men were at a hero's grave—
The tomb of Alexander the Proud;
Words they spake without lies
Over the chief from beauteous Greek-land.[1]

The Wolf of Badenoch's dealings with his inferiors in his lordship are not known; but that he allowed lawlessness to abound may be inferred from the feuds that produced the Battle of Invernahavon (circ. 1386), and culminated in the remarkable conflict on the North Inch of Perth in 1396. We are not in much doubt as to his conduct morally and ecclesiastically. He had five natural-born sons—Alexander, Earl of Mar, Andrew, Walter, James, and Duncan—a regular Wolf's brood for sanguinary embroilments. He had a chronic quarrel with Alexander Bur, Bishop of Moray, which culminated in the burning of Elgin Cathedral in 1390. But in nearly every case the Bishop, by the terrors of the Curse of Rome, gained his point. In 1380, the Wolf cited the Bishop to appear before him at the Standing Stones of the Rathe of Easter Kingussie (apud le *standand stanys* de le Rathe de Kyngucy estir) on the 10th October, to show his titles to the lands held in the Wolf's lordship of Badenoch, viz., the lands of Logachnacheny (Laggan), Ardinche (Balnespick, &c.), Kingucy, the lands of the Chapels of Rate and Nachtan, Kyncardyn, and also Gartinengally. The Bishop protested, at a court held at Inverness, against the citation, and urged that the said lands were held of the King direct. But the Wolf held his court on the 10th October: the Bishop standing "extra curiam"—outside the court, *i.e.*, the Standing Stones—renewed his protest, but to no purpose. But upon the next day before dinner, and in the great chamber behind the hall in the Castle of Ruthven, the Wolf annulled the proceedings of the previous day, and gave the rolls of Court to the Bishop's notary, who certified that he put them in

[1] See "Dean of Lismore," p. 84; Ranald Macdonald's Collection, p. 133, and *Highland Monthly*, II., p. 376. (The above is from a British Museum MS.)

a large fire lighted in the said chamber, which consumed them. In 1381, the Wolf formally quits claims on the above-mentioned church lands, but in 1383 the Bishop granted him the wide domain of Rothiemurchus—"Ratmorchus, viz., sex davatas terre quas habemus in Strathspe et le Badenach"—six *davochs* of land it was. The later quarrels of the Wolf and the Bishop are notorious in Scotch History: the Wolf seized the Bishop's lands, and was excommunicated, in return for which he burnt, in 1390, the towns of Forres and Elgin, with the Church of St Giles, the maison dieu, the Cathedral, and 18 houses of the canons. For this he had to do penance in the Blackfriar's Church at Perth. He died in 1394, and is buried in Dunkeld, where a handsome tomb and effigy of him exist.

As the Wolf left no legitimate issue, some think the Lordship of Badenoch at once reverted to the Crown, for we hear no more of it till it was granted to Huntly in 1451. On this point Sir W. Fraser says:—"The Lordship of Badenoch was bestowed by King Robert II. upon his son, the 'Wolf of Badenoch,' in 1371, and should have reverted to the Crown on the Lord of Badenoch's death in 1394. But there is no evidence in the Exchequer Roll, or elsewhere, of any such reversion, and Badenoch seems to have been retained in possession by the Wolf of Badenoch's eldest son, who became Earl of Mar. . . . Alexander, Earl of Mar, and his father, were therefore the successors of the Comyns as Lords of Badenoch."

The Lordship of Badenoch was finally granted to Alexander, Earl of Huntly, by James II., by charter dated 28th April, 1451, not in recompense for his services at the Battle of Brechin, as is generally stated, but upwards of a year before that event. The great family of Gordon and Huntly originally came from near the Borders. They obtained their name of Gordon from the lands of Gordon, now a parish and village in the west of the Merse, S.W. Berwickshire. There, also, was the quondam hamlet of Huntly, a name now represented there only by the farm called Huntlywood. The parish gave the family name of Gordon, and the hamlet of Huntly gave the title of Earl or Marquess of Huntly. Sir Adam de Gordon was one of Bruce's supporters, and after the forfeiture of the Earl of Athole he got the lordship of Strathbogie, with all its appurtenances, in Aberdeenshire and Banff. The direct male Gordon line ended with Sir Adam's great-grandson and namesake, who fell at the battle of Homildon Hill in 1402, leaving a daughter Elizabeth, who married Alexander Seaton, second son of Sir W. Seaton of Winton. Her son Alexander assumed the name of

Gordon, and was created Earl of Huntly in 1449. His son George was Lord Chancellor, founded Gordon Castle, and erected the Priory of Kingussie (Shaw's *Moray*). The Gordons were so pre-eminent in Northern politics that their head was nicknamed "Cock of the North." In 1599, Huntly was created a Marquis, and in 1684 the title was advanced to that of Duke of Gordon. George, the fifth and last Duke of Gordon, died in 1836, when the property passed into the possession of the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, as heir of entail, in whose person the title of Duke of Gordon was again revived in 1876, the full title being now Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

Save the Church lands, all the property in Badenoch belonged to Huntly either as superior or actual proprietor. The Earl of Ross possessed lands in Badenoch under the lord superior in 1338, which he granted to Malmoran of Glencarnie: the lands were Dalnavert and Kinrara, and the grant is confirmed about 1440, while in 1467 we find the Earl of Ross again granting the adjoining lands of Invermarkie to the Thane of Cawdor, in whose name they appear till the seventeenth century, when Invereshie gets possession of them. The Laird of Grant, besides Delfour, which he had for three centuries, also held the Church lands of Laggan and Insh, that is, "Logane, Ardinche, Ballynaspy," as it is stated in 1541, and he is in possession of them for part of the seventeenth century. Mackintosh of Mackintosh has in feu from Huntly in the sixteenth century the lands of Benchar, Clune, Kincraig, and Dunachton, with Rait, Kinrara, and Dalnavert. The only other proprietor or feuar besides these existing in the 16th century seems to have been James Mackintosh of Gask. The Macphersons, for instance, including Andrew *in* Cluny, who signed for Huntly the "Clan Farsons Band" of 1591, are all tenants merely. We are very fortunate in possessing the Huntly rental of Badenoch for the year 1603. Mackintosh appears as feuar for the lands above mentioned, and there are two wadsetters —Gask and Strone, both Mackintoshes. The 17th century sees quite a revolution in landholding in Badenoch, for during its course Huntly has liberally granted feus, and the proprietors are accordingly very numerous. Besides Huntly, Mackintosh, and Grant of Grant, we find some twenty feus or estates possessed by Macphersons; there was a Macpherson of Ardbrylach, Balchroan, Benchar, (in) Blarach, Breakachie, Clune, Cluny, Corranach, Crathie, Dalraddy, Delfour, Etteridge, Gasklyne, Gellovie, Invereshie, Invernahaven (Inverallochie), Invertromie, Nuid, Phones, and Pitchirn. There was a Mackintosh of Balnespick, Benchar,

Delfour, Gask, Kinrara, Lynwilg, Rait and Strone—eight in all. Four other names appear once each besides these during the century—Maclean, Gordon of Buckie, Macqueen, and Macdonald. The total valuation of Badenoch in 1644 was £11,527 Scots, in 1691 £6523, and in 1789 it was £7124, with only seven proprietors —Duke of Gordon, Mackintosh, Cluny, Invereshie, Belleville, Grant of Grant (Delfour), and Major Gordon (Invertromie). The "wee lairdies" of the previous two centuries were swallowed up in the estates of the first five of these big proprietors, who still hold large estates in Badenoch, the Duke of Gordon being represented by the Duke of Richmond since 1836. Only one or two other proprietors on any large scale have come in since—Baillie of Dochfour, Sir John Ramsden, and, we may add, Macpherson of Glentruim. The valuation roll for 1889-90 shows a rental of £36,165 11s 7d sterling.

CLAN CHATTAN.

In the above section we discussed the political history of Badenoch, under the title of the "Lordship of Badenoch," and in this section we intend to deal with the history of the native population of that district. Badenoch was the principal seat of the famous and powerful Clan Chattan. The territory held by this clan, however, was far from being confined to Badenoch; for at the acme of their power in the 15th century, Clan Chattan stretched across mid Inverness-shire, almost from sea to sea—from the Inverness Firth to near the end of Loch-eil, that is, from Petty right along through Strathnairn, Strathdearn, and Badenoch to Brae-Lochaber, with a large overflow through Rothiemurchus into Braemar, which was the seat of the Farquharsons, who are descendants of the Shaws or Mackintoshes of Rothiemurchus. The Clan Chattan were the inhabitants of this vast extent of territory, but the ownership or superiority of the land was not theirs or their chiefs', and the leading landlords they had to deal with were the two powerful Earls of Huntly and Moray. From them, as superiors, Mackintosh, chief of Clan Chattan, held stretches of land here and there over the area populated by the clan, and his tribesmen were tacksmen or feu-holders of the rest, as the case might be, under Moray or Huntly. It was rather an anomalous position for a great Highland chief, and one often difficult to maintain. Major (1521) describes the position, territorially and otherwise, of the Clans Chattan and Cameron in words which may be thus translated:—"These tribes are kinsmen, holding little in lordships, but following one head of their race (caput progenei—

ceann cinnidh) as chief, with their friends and dependents." The lordships were held, alas! by foreigners to them in race and blood.

The Clan Chattan were the native Celtic inhabitants of Badenoch. There are traditional indications that they came from the west—from Lochaber, where the MS. histories place the old Clan Chattan lands. The same authorities record that, for instance, the Macbeans came from Lochaber in the 14th century, "after slaying the Red Comyn's captain of Inverlochy," and put themselves under the protection of Mackintosh; and this is supported by the tradition still preserved among the Rothiemurchus Macbeans, whose ancestor, Bean Cameron, had to fly Lochaber owing to a quarrel and slaughter arising from the exaction of the "bò ursainn," or probate duty of the time. It may be too bold to connect this eastern movement of Clan Chattan with the advancing tide of Scotic conquest in the 8th century, whereby the Pictish Kingdoms and the Pictish language were overthrown. That the Picts inhabited Badenoch is undoubted: the place names amply prove that, for we meet with such test prefixes as Pet (Pitowrie, Pitchirn, Pitmean) and Aber (Aberarder), and other difficulties of topography unexplainable by the Gaelic language. As in most of Scotland, we have doubtless to deal, first, with a pre-Celtic race or races, possibly leaving remnants of its tongue in such a river name as Feshie, then the Pictish or Caledonian race of Celtic extraction, and, lastly, the Gaelic race who imposed their language and rule upon the previous peoples. The clan traditions are supported in the matter of a western origin for the Clan Chattan by the genealogies given in the 1467 MS., which deduces the chief line from Ferchar Fota, King of Dalriada, in the 7th century.

The name Cattan, like everything connected with the early history of this clan, is obscure, and has, in like manner, given rise to many absurd stories and theories. As a matter of course, the Classical geography of Europe has been ransacked, and there, in Germany, was a people called Chatti, which was taken as pronounced Catti; but the *ch* stands for a sound like that in loch. The name now appears as Hesse for Hätti. It was never *Katti*, be it remembered. Yet the Catti are brought from Germany to Sutherlandshire, which in Gaelic is Cataobh, older Cataib—a name supposed thus to be derived from the Catti. Cataobh is merely the dative plural of *cat* (a cat), just as Gallaobh (Caithness) is the same case of Gall (a stranger, Norseman). The Cat men dwelt in Sutherlandshire; why they were called the Cats is not known. Clan Chattan is often said to be originally from Sutherland, but,

beyond the similarity of name, there is no shadow of evidence for the assertion. Others again, like Mr Elton, see in the name Catan, which means, undoubtedly, "little cat," relics of totemism; this means neither more nor less than that the pre-Christian Clan Chattan worshipped the cat, from whom, as divine ancestor, they deemed themselves descended. We might similarly argue that the Mathesons—Mac Mhath-ghamhuin or Son of the Bear—were a "bear" tribe, a fact which shows how unstable is the foundation on which this theory is built. In fact, animal names for men were quite common in early times. The favourite theory—and one countenanced by the genealogies—connects the Clan Chattan, like so many other clans, with a church-derived name. The ancestor from whom they are represented as deriving their name is Gillicattan Mor, who lived in the 11th century. His name signifies Servant of Catan, that is, of St Catan; for people were named after saints, not directly, but by means of the prefixes Gille and Maol. At least, that was the early and more reverent practice. That there was a St Catan is evidenced by such place names as Kilchattan (in Bute and Lung), with dedication of churches at Gigha and Colonsay. His date is given as 710, but really nothing is known of him. This is probably the best explanation of the name, though the possibility of the clan being named after some powerful chief called Catan must not be overlooked. The crest of the cat is late, and merely a piece of mild heraldic punning.

It is only about or after 1400 that we come on anything like firm historical ground in the genealogy and story of our chief Highland clans. This is true of the Grants and the Camerons, and especially true of the Clan Chattan. Everything before that is uncertainty and fable. The earliest mention of Clan Chattan—and it is not contemporary but fifty years later—is in connection with the fight at the North Inch of Perth in 1396, and here historians are all at sixes and sevens as to who the contending parties really were. The battle of Invernahavon (1386?) and the fight at Clachnaharry (1454) are mere traditions, and the battle in 1429 between Clan Chattan and Clan Chameron, in which the former nearly annihilated the latter, is recorded by a writer nearly a century later (1521). In fact, the first certain contemporary date is that of Mackintosh's charter in 1466 from the Lord of the Isles, where he is designated Duncan Mackintosh, "capitanus de Clan Chattan," and next year as "chief and captain" of Clan Chattan, in a bond with Lord Forbes. Henceforward, Clan Chattan is a common name in public history and private docu-

ments. It comprised in the period of its comparative unity (circ. 1400-1600) some sixteen tribes or septs : these were the Mackintoshes, Macphersons, Davidsons, Cattanachs, Macbeans, Macphails, Shaws, Farquharsons, Macgillivrays, Macleans of Dochgarroch, Smiths, Macqueens, Gillanders, Clarks, &c. Of this confederation, Mackintosh was for, at least, two centuries "captain and chief," as all documents, public and private, testify. These two centuries (circ. 1400 to 1600) form the only period in which we see, under the light of history, the Highland clans in their full development.

The 17th century made sad havoc in the unity of Clan Chattan. Huntly, ever an enemy to Mackintosh, "banded" in 1591 the Macphersons to his own person, and, by freely granting charters to them, made them independent, and detached them from Mackintosh. Macpherson of Cluny claimed to be head of the Macphersons, and in 1673 styled himself "Duncan M^{c}pherson of Cluney for himself, and taking burden upon him for the heall name of M^{c}phersons and some others called old Clanchattan as cheeffe and principall man thereoff," in a bond with Lord Macdonell of Morar. In support of this claim, the Macphersons appealed to the old genealogies, which represented Mackintosh as getting the Clan Chattan lands by marriage with the heiress in 1291, and which further showed that Cluny was the heir male descendant of the old Clan Chattan chiefs. The case in its solemn absurdity of appeal to genealogies reminds one of a like appeal placed before the Pope in the claims of King Edward upon the throne of Scotland. He claimed the Scottish crown as the direct successor of Brutus and Albanactus, who lived in Trojan times, every link of genealogy being given, while the Scots repelled this by declaring that they were descended from Gathelus husband of Scota, daughter of the Mosaic King of Egypt; and here, too, all the genealogical links could have been given. Neither doubted the genuineness of each other's genealogies! So with the Mackintosh-Macpherson controversy about the chiefship of Clan Chattan. They each accept each other's genealogies without suspicion or demur. And yet the manufacture of these and like genealogies was an accomplished art with Gaelic seanachies whether Irish or Scottish. We even see it going on under our very eyes. The early chiefs of Lochiel are the *de Cambruns* of the 13th and 14th century records—lists and other documents—impressed into the Cameron genealogy, which is doubtless correctly given in the 1467 MS. Again, the Macpherson genealogy in the Douglas Baronage is in several cases drawn from

charters granted to wholly different families. Dormund Macpherson, 12th chief, gets a charter under the great seal from James IV.; but the charter turns out to be one granted to a Dormund M'Pherson in the Lordship of Menteith, not of Badenoch! John, 14th of Cluny, who "was with the Earl of Huntly at the battle of Glenlivet," as the veracious chronicler says, to add a touch of realism to his bald genealogical account, gets a charter of the lands of Tullich, &c., lands which lie in Strathnairn, and he turns out to be a scion of the well-known family of Macphersons of Brin! Similarly John, 15th of Cluny, is son of the foregoing John of Brin; and Ewen, 16th of Cluny, who gets a charter in 1623 of the lands of Tullich, &c., is a cousin of Brin. Donald, 17th of Cluny, who gets a charter in 1643, turns out to be Donald Macpherson of Nuid. And all this time another and a correct genealogy of the Cluny family had been drawn up by Sir Æneas Macpherson towards the end of the 17th century, which must surely have been known to the writer.[1] During all the period of 14th to 16th chief here given, there was only one man in Cluny, and his name was Andrew Macpherson, son of Ewen.

The name Mackintosh signifies the son of the *toiseach* or chief, which is Latinised by Flaherty as "capitaneus seu praecipuus dux." The Book of Deer makes the relationship of *toiseach* to other dignitaries quite plain. There is first the King; under him are the *mormaers* or stewards of the great provinces of Scotland, such as Buchan, Marr, and Moray; and next comes the *toiseach* or chief of the clan in a particular district. The two clans in the Book of Deer are those of Canan and Morgan, each with a *toiseach*. This word is represented oftenest in English in old documents by *thane*, which, indeed, represents it with fair accuracy. *Toiseach* is the true Gaelic word for "chief," but it is now obsolete, and there is now no true equivalent of the word "chief" in the language at all. And here it may be pointed out that the word chief itself was not at once adopted or adapted for this particular meaning of chief of a Highland clan As we saw, the word at first employed was "captain," then "captain and chief," "captain, chief, and principal man," "chief and principal," &c., the idea finally settling down as fully represented by the word "chief" in the 16th century. Skene's attempt to argue that captain denoted a leader temporarily adopted, leading the clan for another, or usurping the power of another, while chief denoted a hereditary office, is con-

[1] See Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's *Dunachton*, pp. 46-49, for a full *exposé* of this remarkable piece of manufacture.

demned by his own evidence, and by the weight of facts. Besides, words do not suddenly spring into technical meanings, nor could chief acquire the definite meaning applicable to Highland chiefship, but by length of time and usage for this purpose. Hence arose the uncertainty of the early terms applied to the novel idea presented by Highland clans. The word *clan* itself appears first in literature in connection with Clan Chattan, or rather Clan Qwhewyl, at the North Inch of Perth, where Wyntown speaks of "Clannys twa." The Gaelic word *clan* had to be borrowed for want of a native English term; why should we then wonder at the idea of *toiseach* being rendered first by captain, and latterly by chief!

The Mackintosh genealogies, dating from the 17th century, represent the family as descended from Macduff, *thane* of Fife, as they and Fordun call him. Shaw Macduff, the second son of Duncan, fifth Earl of Fife, who died in 1154, in an expedition against the people of Moray in 1160, distinguished himself, and received from the King lands in Petty, and the custody of Inverness Castle. Here he was locally known as Shaw Mac an Toiseich, "Shaw, the son of the Thane." He died in 1179, and was succeeded by (2) Shaw, whose son was (3) Ferchard, whose nephew was (4) Shaw, whose son was (5) Ferchard, whose son was (6) Angus, who in 1291 married Eva, heiress of Clan Chattan, and thus got the Clan's lands in Lochaber. So far the genealogy. It is a pretty story, but it sadly lacks one thing—verisimilitude. Macduff was not *toiseach* of Fife. In the Book of Deer he is called *comes*, the then Gaelic of which was *mormaer*, now *moirear*. Shaw Macduff would infallibly, as son of the Earl of Fife, have been ealled Mac Mhoireir. With those who support this Macduff genealogy, no argument need be held; like the humorist of a past generation, one would, however, like to examine their bumps. The statement that the Mackintoshes were hereditary constables of Inverness Castle is totally baseless and false. At the dates indicated (12th century) we believe that the Mackintoshes had not penetrated so far north as Petty or Inverness, and that we should look to Badencch as their place of origin, and their abode at this time. Unfortunately documents in regard to the early history of Badenoch are rare, but an entry or two in the Registrum of Moray Diocese may help us. In 1234, Walter Comyn, Earl of Monteith, comes to an agreement with the Bishop of Moray, in regard to Kincardine, and Fercard, son of Seth, is a witness, and in the very next document, also one of Walter Comyn's, of the same date, appears a witness called Fercard "Senescalli de Badenoch," that is "steward of Badenoch." We are quite justified

in regarding him as the person mentioned in the previous document as Fercard, son of Seth. Now, one translation of *toiseach* is steward or seneschal—the person in power next the *mormaer* or earl. We may, therefore, conclude that this Ferchard was known in Gaelic as Ferchard *Toiseach*. Similarly in 1440 we meet with Malcolm Mackintosh, chief of the clan, as "ballivus de Badenoch," a title of equal import as that of seneschal. We should then say that the Mackintoshes derived their name from being toiseachs of Badenoch, the head of the old Celtic clan being now under the new non-Celtic mormaer or earl Walter Comyn. The ease with which the name Mackintosh might arise in any place where a clan and its *toiseach* existed explains how we meet with Mackintoshes, for instance, in Perthshire, who do not belong to the Clan Chattan. Thus there were Mackintoshes of Glentilt, which was held as an old thanage, and whose history as such is well known. Similarly we may infer that the Mackintoshes of Monivaird were descendants of the old local Toiseachs or Thanes. The Mackintosh genealogists have of course annexed them to the Clan Chattan stock with the utmost ease and success. In 1456, John of the Isles granted to Somerled, his armour-bearer, a davoch of the lands of Glennevis, with *toiseachdorship* of most of his other lands there, and in 1552 this grant is renewed by Huntly to "dilecto nostro Donaldo MacAlister M'Toschd," that is, Donald, son of Alister, son of Somerled, the toiseach or bailif, named in 1456. This shows how easily the name could have arisen.

Skene, while unceremoniously brushing aside the Macduff genealogy, advances hypothetically a different account of the origin of the Mackintoshes. In 1382, the Lord of Badenoch is asked to restrain Farchard MacToschy and his adherents from disturbing the Bishop of Aberdeen and his tenants in the land of Brass or Birse, and to oblige him to prosecute his claim by form of law. Skene thinks that Farchard, whom he finds in the 1467 MS. as one of the "old" Mackintoshes, was descended from the old thanes of Brass, and that hence arose his name and his claim. Being a vassal of the Wolf's, he was a Badenoch man too. Rothiemurchus was a thanage, and the connection of the Mackintoshes with it was always close. Alexander Keir Mackintosh obtained the feudal rights to Rothiemurchus in 1464, and a few years later he styles himself "Thane of Rothiemurchus." Skene then suggests that Birse and Rothiemurchus might have anciently been in the hands of the same *toiseach* or thane, and that from him the Mackintoshes got their name. We have suggested that the name arose with Ferchard, son of Seth or Shaw, who was *toiseach* under Earl Walter Comyn in 1234, and his name appears in

the 1467 MS. genealogy as well as in the Mackintosh genealogies.

That a revolution took place in the affairs of Clan Chattan, with the overthrow or extrusion of the direct line of chiefs, in the half century that extends from about 1386 to 1436, is clear from two sources—first, from the 1467 MS., and, second, from the Mackintosh history. The latter acknowledges that Ferquhard, 9th chief, was deposed from his position, which was given to his uncle Malcolm. The reason why he had to retire was, it is said, the clan's dissatisfaction with his way of managing affairs; but the matter is glossed over in the history in a most unsatisfactory manner. If this was the Ferchard mentioned in 1382 as giving trouble to the Bishop of Aberdeen, it is most unlikely that he was an incapable man; in fact, he must have been quite the opposite. He is doubtless the same person, for he is given also in the 1467 MS. genealogy. But further confusion exists in the Mackintosh account. Malcolm, 10th Mackintosh, who dies in 1457, is grandson through William 7th (died 1368) of Angus who married Eva in 1291, the three generations thus lasting as chiefs from 1274 to 1457, some 183 years! Malcolm was the son of William's old age, and his brother, Lachlan 8th, was too old to take part in the North Inch fight in 1396, sixty years before his younger brother died! This beats the Fraser genealogy brought forward lately by a claimant to the Lovat estates. It is thus clear that there is something wrong in the Mackintosh genealogy here, corresponding doubtless to some revolution in the clan's history. And this is made clear when we consult the Edinburgh Gaelic MS. of 1467, which gives the genealogies of Highland clans down till about 1450. Here we actually have two genealogies given, which shows that the chiefship of the Mackintoshes or Clan Gillicattan was then either in dispute or a matter of division between two families. We print the two 1467 lists with the Mackintosh MS. genealogy between them, in parallel columns, supplying dates where possible:—

1467 MS.	*Mackintosh History.*	*1467 MS.*
William and Donald	(12) Ferchar (d. 1514)	Lochlan
William	(9) Ferchar (11) Duncan (d. 1496)	Suibne
Ferchar (1382)	(8) Lachlan & (10) Malcolm (d. 1457)	Shaw
William	(7) William (d. 1368)	Leod
Gillamichol	(6) Angus (d. 1345)	Scayth (1338)
Ferchar (1234)	(5) Ferchar (d. 1274)	Ferchard
Shaw	(4) Shaw (d. 1265)	Gilchrist
Gilchrist	William	Malcolm
Aigeol	(2) Shaw (d. 1210)	Donald Camgilla
Ewen	(1) Shaw (d. 1179)	Mureach
——	Macduff (d. 1154)	Suibne
——	Earl of Fife	Tead (Shaw)
Neill		Nachtain
[Gillicattan ?]		Gillicattan

The similarity between the 1467 first list and that of the Mackintosh history is too striking to be accidental, and we may take it that they purport to give the same genealogy. There are only two discrepancies from about 1400 to 1200 between them. Ferchar 9th is given as son of Lachlan in the Mackintosh history, whereas the 1467 list makes him son of William, not grandson. The 6th Mackintosh in the one list is Gillamichael, and in the other he is called Angus. Perhaps he had borne both names, for Gillamichael means "servant of St Michael," and might possibly be an epithet. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh has drawn the writer's attention to a list of names published in Palgrave's "Documents and Records" of Scottish History (1837); this is a list of some ninety notables who, about 1297, made homage or submission to Edward I., and among them is Anegosius Maccarawer, or Angus Mac Ferchar, whom Mr Fraser-Mackintosh claims as the 6th of Mackintosh. There are only two other 'Macs" in the list, and Maccarawer is, no doubt, a Highlander, and possibly a chief, and, perhaps, the chief of Mackintosh. In any case, in the middle of the 15th century, the direct line of Mackintoshes was represented by William and Donald, sons of William, whereas the chief *de facto* at the time was undoubtedly Malcolm Mackintosh. How he got this position is a question.

The second list in the 1467 MS. is a puzzle. Mr Skene called it the genealogy of the "old" Clan Chattan: *Why*, is not clear. Scayth, son of Ferchard, is mentioned in 1338 as the late Scayth who possessed a "manerium" at the "stychan" of Dalnavert. Mr Skene thinks that he was of the Shaws of Rothiemurchus, and that this is their genealogy; and this may be true, but what comes of his earlier theories in regard to the Macphersons as being the "old" family here represented? Theories held in 1837 were abandoned in 1880; but in this Mr Skene could hardly help himself, considering the amount of information that has since appeared in the volumes of such Societies as the "Spalding Club," bearing on the history of the Moravian clans, and especially on that of Clan Chattan.

The turmoil in the Clan Chattan, which changed the chiefship to another line, must be connected more especially with the events which took place when King James came North, in 1427, when part of the clan stood by the King and part by the Lord of the Isles. We find in a document preserved in the Kilravock papers, that King James grants a pardon to certain of the Clan Chattan, provided they really do attach themselves to the party of Angus and Malcolm Mackintosh; and this shews that Malcolm,

who was afterwards chief, stood by the king, and received his favours. Angus possibly was his brother, for a depredating rascal of the name of Donald Angusson, supported by Lachlan "Badenoch," son of Malcolm, evidently Lachlan's cousin, gives trouble to various people towards the end of the century. In any case, Malcolm Mackintosh emerged from the troubles that were rending the clan victorious, and his son Duncan was as powerful a chief as lived in the North in his day.

How much the Clan Battle at Perth, in 1396, had to do with the changes in the Clan Chattan leadership it is hard to say. It is accepted as certain that the Clan Chattan had a hand in the fight, for the later historians say so, and the contemporary writer Wyntown mentions the chiefs on both sides, and one of these bears the name of Scha Ferchar's son, which is an unmistakeably Mackintosh name. He says, in Laing's edition :—

> "Tha thre score were clannys twa,
> Clahynnhé Qwhewyl, and Clachinya ;
> Of thir twa Kynnys ware the men,
> Thretty agane thretty then.
> And thare thai had thair chiftanys twa,
> Schir Ferqwharis sone wes ane of tha,
> The tothir Cristy Johnesone."

The two clans here pitted against one another are the clans Quhele or Chewil, and Clan Ha or Hay, or, according to some, Kay. Boece has Clan Quhete, which Buchanan and Leslie improve into Clan Chattan.

As so much theorising has taken place upon this subject already, and so many positive assertions have been made, it may at present serve the interests of historic science if we can really decide what clan names the above cannot stand for. First, there is Clan Quhele or Chewil. This clan is mentioned in 1390 as Clan Qwhevil, who, with the Athole tribes, made a raid into Angus, and killed the Sheriff. They are mentioned again in an Act of Parliament in 1594 as among the broken clans, in the following sequence — Clandonochie, Clanchattane, Clanchewill, Clanchamron, &c. What clan they really were is yet a matter of dispute. The form *Chewill* points to a nominative, Cumhal or Cubhal, or Keval, but no such name can be recognised in the Clan Chattan district, or near it. Dughall or Dugald has been suggested, and the family of Camerons of Strone held as the clan referred to. But this, like so much in the discussion of this subject, forgets some very simple rules of Gaelic phonetics, which are not

forgotten in the spoken language, and in the English forms borrowed from it. *Feminine names ending in n never aspirate an initial d of the next word.* We have Clan Donnachie, Clan Donald, Clan Dugald, and so on, but never Clan Yonnachie or Yonald, or such. Similarly, Clan Hay or Ha *cannot stand for Clan Dai or Davidsons.* Let these simple rules of Gaelic phonetics be understood once for all, and we have made much progress towards a solution of the difficulty. The word *Qwhevil* evidently commences with a *C.* Skene suggests it is for Caimgilla, "one-eyed one," the epithet of Donald, Mureach's son, in the 1467 pedigree. But the *m* of *cam* is never aspirated. *I* gain, as to *Ha* or *Hay.* The *H* initial may stand for *th*, *sh*, or *j'h ;* and the only names that can be suggested are those of Shaw and Fhaidh. The Clan Cameron are called, in the 1467 MS. and other places, the "Clann Maelanfhaidh," the clan of the "servant of the Prophet," a name preserved in the Macgillony of Strone, which originally was Mac Gille-an-fhaidh, equivalent to Mael-an-fhaidh in meaning.

The name, however, that best suits the English form is that of Shaw or Seadh, that is, Seth. There is really a difficulty about Meal-an-fhaidh and his clan. The form ought to be either Clann-an-fhaidh, which Wyntown would give as Clahinanha or Clahan-anna, or it would be Clann Mhael-an-fhaidh, a form which could not be mistaken, were it handed down. The most popular theory at present is that the combatants were the Camerons and Mackintoshes, who were enemies for three centuries thereafter; the Mackintoshes were represented by the name of Clan Chewill, the chief being Shaw, son of Ferchar, of the Rothiemurchus branch, while the Camerons were the Clan Hay, with Gilchrist Mac Iain as chief. This is practically Skene's view, and it is the position taken up by Mr A. M. Shaw, the historian of the Mackintoshes. But the phonetics point to a struggle in which the Shaws were the chief combatants, the other side being Clan Kevil, and, on weighing all sides of the question, we are as much inclined to believe that it was the beginning of that struggle in the clan, which is represented by two lines of pedigree, and which latterly gave the chiefship even to a junior branch of one of the lines.

How does the claim of the Cluny Macphersons for the chiefship of Clan Chattan stand in relation to these historic facts? They do not appear at all in the historical documents, but tradition in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had enough to tell of their share in the crisis. At the battle of Invernahaven, fought against the Camerons, the Macphersons of Cluny claimed the right under Mackintosh as chief, but he unfortunately gave this post of

honour to the Clan Dai or Davidsons of Invernahavon; and the Macphersons retired in high dudgeon. The battle was at first lost to Clan Chattan, but the Macphersons, despite anger, came to the rescue, and the Camerons were defeated. Then ensued a struggle, lasting ten years, for superiority between the Macphersons (Clan Chattan) and the Davidsons, the scene of which, in 1396, was shifted to the North Inch of Perth. These, the Macpherson tradition says, were the two clans that fought the famous clan fight. The Macphersons claim to be descended from Gillicattan Mor, progenitor of the Clan Chattan, by direct male descent, and every link is given back to the eleventh century, thus (omitting "father of")—Gillicattan, Diarmid, Gillicattan, Muirich, parson of Kingussie, whence they are called Clann Mhuirich, father of Gillicattan and Ewen Ban, the former of whom had a son, Dougal Dall, whose daughter Eva, "the heiress of Clan Chattan," married Angus Mackintosh in 1291, and thus made him "captain" of Clan Chattan; Ewen Ban was the direct male representative, then Kenneth, Duncan, Donald Mor, Donald Og, Ewen; then Andrew of Cluny in 1609, a real historic personage without a doubt. In this list, not a single name previous to that of Andrew can be proved to have existed from any documents outside the Macpherson genealogies, excepting only Andrew's father, Ewen, who is mentioned in the Clanranald Red Book as grandfather of the heroic Ewen, who joined Montrose with three hundred of Clans Mhuirich and Chattan. The direct Gillicattan genealogy is given in the 1467 MS., and, such as it is, it has no semblance to the Macpherson list. The fact is that the Macpherson list previous to Ewan, father of Andrew, is purely traditional and utterly unreliable. The honest historian of Moray, Lachlan Shaw, says—"I cannot pretend to give the names of the representatives before the last century. I know that in 1660 Andrew was laird of Clunie, whose son, Ewan, was father of Duncan, who died in 1722 without male issue." By means of the Spalding Publications, the Synod of Moray Records, and other documents, we can now supplement and add to Lachlan Shaw's information, though not much. Macpherson of Cluny is first mentioned in 1591 when Clan Farson gave their "band" or bond to Huntly. He is then called "Andrew Makfersone in Cluny," not *of* Cluny, be it observed, for he was merely tenant of Cluny at that time. This is amply proved by the Badenoch rental of 1603, where we have the entry—"Clovnye, three pleuches . . . Andro McFarlen (*read* Farsen) tenant to the haill." Perhaps Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's inference is right as to the national importance of Cluny

Macpherson then, when he says—"So little known does he seem to have been that Huntly's chamberlain, who made out the Badenoch rental in 1603, calls him Andro *McFarlen*." In 1609, Andrew had obtained a heritable right to Cluny, for then he is called Andrew Macpherson *of* Cluny in the bond of union amongst the Clan Chattan, "in which they are and is astricted to serve Mackintosh as their Captain and Chief." Huntly had for long been trying to detach the Clan from Mackintosh by "bands," as in 1591 and in 1543, and by raising the tenants to a position of independence under charter rights, which were liberally granted in the seventeenth century, and which proved fatal to the unity of Clan Chattan. But it was a wise policy, nationally considered, for in 1663-5, when Mackintosh tried to raise his Clan against Lochiel, some flatly refused asking *cui bono*; others promised to go if Mackintosh would help them to a slice of their neighbour's land, and Macpherson of Cluny proposed three conditions on which he would go—(1) if the Chiefs of the Macphersons hold the next place in the Clan to Mackintosh; (2) lands now possessed by Mackintoshes and once possessed by Macphersons to be restored to the latter; and (3) the assistance now given was not of the nature of a service which Mackintosh had a right to demand, but simply a piece of goodwill. When Mackintosh was in 1688 proceeding to fight the "last Clan battle" at Mulroy against Keppoch, we are told that the "Macphersons in Badenoch, after two citations, disobeyed most contemptuously." Duncan Macpherson, the Cluny of that time, had decided to claim chiefship for himself, and in 1672 he applied for and obtained from the Lord Lyon's Office the matriculation of his arms as Laird of Cluny Macpherson, and only true representative of the ancient and honourable family of Clan Chattan. Mackintosh, on hearing of it, objected, and got the Lord Lyon to give Macpherson "a coat of arms as cadets of 'Clan Chattan.'" The Privy Council in the same year called him "Lord of Cluny and Chief of the Macphersons," but Mackintosh got them to correct even this to Cluny being responsible *only* for "those of his name of Macpherson descendit of his family," without prejudice always to the Laird of Mackintosh. In 1724 Mackintosh and Macpherson came to an agreement that Mackintosh, in virtue of marrying the heiress of Clan Chattan in 1291, was Chief of Clan Chattan, Macpherson renouncing all claim, but there was a big bribe held out to him—he received the Loch Laggan estates from Mackintosh. In this way the egging on of Huntly, the reputation gained by the Macphersons in the Montrose wars and otherwise, and an absurd piece

of pedigree, all combined to deprive Mackintosh of his rightful honour of Chief, and also of a good slice of his estate! The renown gained by the Clan Macpherson in the Jacobite wars, compared to the supineness of the Mackintosh Chiefs, gained them public sympathy in their claims, and brought a clan, altogether unknown or ignored until the battle of Glenlivet in 1594, to the very front rank of Highland Clans in the eighteenth century. We see the rise of a clan and its chiefs actually take place in less than a century and a half, and that, too, by the pluck and bravery displayed by its chiefs and its members.

PLACE NAMES OF BADENOCH.

The Ordnance Survey maps, made to the scale of six inches to the mile, contain for Badenoch some fourteen hundred names; but these do not form more than a tithe of the names actually in use or once used when the glens were filled with people, and the summer shealings received their annual visitants. Every knoll and rill had its name; the bit of moor, the bog or *blār*, the clump of wood *(badan)*, the rock or crag, the tiny loch or river pool, not to speak of cultivated land parcelled into fields, each and all, however insignificant, had a name among those that dwelt near them. Nor were the minute features of the mountain ranges and far-away valleys much less known and named. The shealing system contributed much to this last fact. But now many of these names are lost, we may say most of them are lost, with the loss of the population, and with the abandonment of the old system of crofting and of summer migration to the hills. The names given to those minutes features of the landscape were and are comparatively easy on the score of derivation, though sometimes difficult to explain historically. For instance, Lub Mhàiri, or Mary's Loop, is the name of a small meadow at Coilintuie, but who was the Mary from whom it got its name?

Of the fourteen hundred words on the Ordnance Maps, we may at once dismiss three fourths as self-explanatory. Anyone with a knowledge of Gaelic can explain them; or anyone not so endowed but possessed of a Gaelic dictionary can by the use of it satisfactorily unravel the mystery of the names. Of the remaining fourth, most are easy enough as regards derivation, but some explanation of an historical character is desirable, though often impossible of being got. One of the most interesting names under this last category is that of Craig Righ Harailt, or the Crag of King Harold, which stands among the hills behind Dunachton;


MAP OF
BADENOCH
BY
L. Spar
Glenturret M.
Glenturret beg
Glen roy
Amet
Laggan Chainleh
Abirair dour
Kaille Roas
Loch Laggan
L. Potaig
Ari-moir M.
L. Gaick
L. Wrodin
L. Doun
Coryvren
Keuren na Badenoch
Mountains
Minigeg
Innerwiden
Torgulbin
Kepach
Lemach
Achanagoisl
Farset
Killechorrol
Avon Spean
Inche
Spean
Bin
Aildir
Forrest
Drum-
Ochtyr
Forrest
L. Treig
Achineich
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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

yet there is absolutely nothing known about this Scandinavian chief; even tradition halts in the matter. There are only some six score names where any difficulty, however slight, of derivation can occur, and it is to these names that this paper will mostly devote itself. The oldest written or printed form of the name will be given, for often the difficulty of deriving a place-name yields when the oldest forms of it are found. We have fortunately some valuable documents, easily attainable, which throw light on some obscure names. Among these are the Huntly Rental for the Lordship of Badenoch for 1603,[1] and Sir R. Gordon of Straloch's map of Braidalbane and Moray, which was published in Blaeu's Atlas in 1662, and which contains a full and intelligent representation of Badenoch. The Badenoch part of this map is reproduced along with this paper for the sake of illustrating it. It was made about the year 1640.

First, we shall deal with the name of the district and the names of the principal divisions of it, and thereafter consider the nomenclature of the leading features of the country, whether river, loch, or mountain, following this with a glance at the names of farms and townships, and at the other points of the landscape that may seem to require explanation. The name of the district first claims our attention.

Badenoch.—In 1229 or thereabouts the name appears as Badenach in the Registrum of Moray Diocese, and this is its usual form there; in 1289, Badenagh, Badenoughe, and, in King Edward's Journal, Badnasshe; in 1366 we have Baydenach, which is the first indication of the length of the vowel in *Bad-*; a 14th century map gives Baunagd; in 1467, Badyenach; in 1539, Baidyenoch; in 1603 (Huntly Rental), Badzenoche; and now in Gaelic it is *Bàideanach*. The favourite derivation, first given by Lachlan Shaw, the historian of Moray (1775), refers it to *badan*, a bush or thicket; and the Muses have sanctioned it in Calum Dubh's expressive line in his poem on the Loss of Gaick (1800)—

> "'S bidh mùirn ann an Dùthaich nam Badan."
> (And joy shall be in the Land of Wood-clumps).

But there are two fatal objections to this derivation; the *a* of Badenoch is long, and that of *badan* is short; the *d* of Badenoch is vowel-flanked by "small" vowels, while that of *badan* is flanked by "broad" vowels and is hard, the one being pronounced approximately for English as *bah-janach*, and the other as *baddanach*. The root that suggests itself as contained in the word is that of *bàth* or *bàdh* (drown, submerge), which, with an adjectival termination

[1] Spalding Club Miscellany, vol. iv.

in *de*, would give *bàide*, "submerged, marshy," and this might pass into *bàidean* and *bàideanach*, "marsh or lake land." That this meaning suits the long, central meadow land of Badenoch, which once could have been nothing else than a long morass, is evident. There are several places in Ireland containing the root *bádh* (drown), as Joyce points out. For instance, Bauttagh, west of Loughrea in Galway, a marshy place; Mullanbattog, near Monaghan, hill summit of the morass; the river Bauteoge, in Queen's County, flowing through swampy ground; and Curra-watia, in Galway, means the inundated *curragh* or morass. The neighbouring district of Lochaber is called by Adamnan Stagnum Aporicum, and the latter term is likely the Irish *abar* (a marsh), rather than the Pictish *aber* (a confluence); so that both districts may be looked upon as named from their marshes. The divisions of Badenoch are three—the parishes of Alvie, Kingussie and Insh, and Laggan.

Alvie.—Shaw says it is a "parsonage dedicated to St Drostan." Otherwise we should have at once suggested the 6th century Irish saint and bishop called Ailbe or later Ailbhe, whose name suits so admirably, that, even despite the Drostan connection, one would feel inclined to think that the parish is named after St Ailbhe. In the middle of the 14th century the parish is called Alveth or Alwetht and Alway, and Alvecht about 1400, in 1603 Alvey and Aluay, and in 1622 Alloway. The name, with the old spelling Alveth, appears in the parish of Alvah in Banffshire, and no doubt also in that of Alva, another parish in Stirlingshire. Shaw and others connect the name with *ail* (a rock), but do not explain the *v* or *bh* in the name. Some look at Loch Alvie as giving the name to the parish, and explain its name as connected with the flower *ealbhaidh* or St John's wort, a plant which it is asserted grows or grew around its bank. The learned minister of Alvie in Disruption times, Mr Macdonald, referred the name of the loch to *Eala-i* or Swan-isle Loch, but unfortunately there is no Gaelic word *i* for an island, nor do the phonetics suit in regard to the *bh* or *v*. The old Fenian name of Almhu or Almhuinn, now Allen, in Ireland, the seat of Fionn and his Féinn, suggests itself, but the termination in *n* is wanting in Alvie, and this makes the comparison of doubtful value.

Insh.—Mentioned as *Inche* in the Moray Registrum in 1226 and similarly in 1380 and in 1603. The name is derived from the knoll on which the church is built, and which is an island or *innis* when the river is in flood. Loch Insh takes its name from this or the other real island near it. The parish is a vicarage dedicated to "St Ewan," says Shaw; but, as the name of the

knoll on which the church stands is Tom Eunan, the Saint must have been Eòuan or Adamnan, Columba's biographer, in the 7th century. The old bell is a curious and rare relic, and the legend attached to it is one of the prettiest told in the district. The bell was stolen once upon a time, and taken to the south of the Grampians, but getting free, it returned of its own accord ringing out as it crossed the hills of Drumochter, "Tom Eòuan! Tom Eòuan."

Kingussie.—In Gaelic—*Cinn-ghiubhsaich*—"(at) the end of the fir-forest;" *cinn* being the locative of *ceann* (head) and *giubhsach* being a "fir-forest." The oldest forms of the name are Kynguscy (1103-11 ?), Kingussy (1208-15), Kingusy (1226), Kingucy (1380), Kingusy (1538), and Kyngusie (1603). It is a parsonage dedicated to St Columba (Shaw). According to Shaw, there was a Priory at Kingussie, founded by the Earl of Huntly about 1490.

Laggan.—"A mensal church dedicated to St Kenneth" (Shaw). The name in full is Laggan-Choinnich, the *laggan* or "hollow of Kenneth." The present church is at Laggan Bridge, but the old church was at the nearest end of Loch Laggan, where the ruins are still to be seen. It is mentioned in 1239 as Logynkenny (R.M.), and Logykenny shortly before, as Logachnacheny and Logykeny in 1380, Logankenny in 1381 (all from R.M.), and Lagane in 1603 (H.R.) The Gaelic word "lagan" is the diminutive of "lag," a hollow.

We now come to the leading natural features of the country, and deal first with the rivers and lochs of Badenoch. A loch and its river generally have the same name, and, as a rule, it is the river that gives name to the loch. A prominent characteristic of the river names of Badenoch, and also of Pictland, is the termination *ie* or *y*. We meet in Badenoch with Feshie, Trommie, Markie, and Mashie, and not far away are Bennie, Druie, Geldie, Garry, Bogie, Gaudie, Lossie, Urie, and several more. The termination would appear to be that given by Ptolemy in several river names such as Nov-*ios*, Tob-*ios*, Libn-*ios*, &c., which is the adjectival termination *ios;* but it has to be remarked that the modern pronounciation points to a termination in *idh*, Zeuss's primitive *adi* or *idi;* Tromie in Gaelic is to be spelt Tromaidh, and Feshie as Feisidh. We first deal with the so-called "rapidest river in Scotland."

The *Spey.*—The Highlanders of old had a great idea of the size of the Spey, and also of the Dee and Tay. There is a Gaelic saying which runs thus:—

> Spé, Dé, agus Tatha,
> Tri uisgeachan 's mò fo'n athar.

This appears in an equally terse English form:—

> **The three largest rivers that be**
> **Are the Tay, the Spey, and the Dee.**

In Norse literature the name appears as Spæ (13th century); we have the form Spe in the "Chronicles" (1165); Spe (1228, *&c*); Spee (Bruce's Charter to Randolph) and Spey (1451 and 1603). But the Spey is regarded as representing physically and etymologically Ptolemy's river Tvesis or Tvæsis. Dr Whitley Stokes says:—"Supposed to be Ptolemy's Tvesis; but it points to an original Celtic *squêas*, cognate with Ir. *scéim* (vomo), W. *chwyd* (a vomit). For the connection of ideas, cf. Pliny's Vomanus, a river of Picenum. The river name Spean may be a diminutive of Spe." The changing of an original *sqv* to *sp*, instead of the true Gaelic form *sg* or *sc* indicates that the name is Pictish. The *Spean* is doubtless a diminutive arising from a form *spesona* or *spesana*.

The *Dulnan;* in Gaelic *Tuilnean*, Blaeu's map *Tulnen*. It falls into Spey near Broomhill Station. The root is *tuil*, flood; the idea being to denote its aptness to rapid floods.

Feshie; Gaelic *Feisidh*. Its first appearance in charters is about 1230, and the name is printed *Ceffy*, evidently for *Fessy*. If it is Celtic, its earliest form was *Vestia*, from a root *ved*, which signifies "wet," and which is the origin of the English word *wet* and *water*. That Feshie is Celtic and Pictish may be regarded as probable when it is mentioned that in Breconshire there is a river Gwesyn, the root of the name being *gwes* (for *vest*), meaning "what moves" or "goes."

Tromie; Gaelic *Trom(a)idh*. In 1603 it is called Tromye. The Gaelic name for dwarf elder is *troman*, which appears in Irish as *trom* or *tromm*, with genitive *truimm*. It gives its name to Trim in Meath, which in the 9th century was called Vadum *Truimm*, or Ford of the Elder-tree. Several other Irish place-names come from it. In Badenoch and elsewhere in the Highlands, we often meet with rivers named after the woods on their banks. Notably is so the case with the alder tree, Fearna, which names numerous streams, and, indeed, is found in old Gaul, for Pliny mentions a river called Vernodubrum. Hence Tromie is the Elder-y River; while Truim, which is probably named after the glen, Glen-truim—"Glen of the Elder,"—takes its name from the genitive of *tromm*. Compare the Irish *Cala-truim*, the hollow of the elder. Glen-tromie is the first part of the long gorge that latterly becomes Gaick, and, in curious contrast to the ill fame of the latter in poetry, it appears thus in a well-known verse:—

Gleann Tromaidh nan siantan
  Leam bu mhiann bhi 'nad fhasgath,
Far am faighinn a' bhroighleag,
  An oighreag 's an dearcag,
Cnòthan donn air a' challtuinn,
  'S iasg dearg air na h-easan.

Guinag, Guynack, Guinach, or *Gynach* (pronounced in Gaelic *Goi(bh)neag*), falls into the Spey at Kingussie. It is a short, stormy streamlet. All sorts of derivations have been offered: the favourite is *guanag*, pretty, but, unfortunately, it does not suit the phonetics of *Goi-neag*. The name points to primitive forms like *gobni-* or *gomni-*, where the *o* may have been *a*, and the latter form, read as *gamni-*, would give us the root *gam*, which in old Gaelic means "winter." Hence the idea may be "wintry streamlet." But the Irish word *gaoth*, a shallow tidal stream, fordable at low water, should be remembered; this gives name to several places in Ireland, such as the famous Gweedore, and there is a river Gaothach in Tipperary. Old Irish has a word *góithlach*, signifying swamp, which seems allied, and we might consider Guinag as an older *Goith-neoc*, referring to the latter part of its course in entering the Spey, which is "tidal" and "swampy."

The *Calder*: in Gaelic *Cal(l)adar*. This river and lake name recurs about a dozen times in Pictland and the old Valentia province between the Walls, and there is a Calder river in Lancashire. Cawdor and its Thanes probably give us the earliest form of the word, applied to the Nairnshire district. This is in 1295 Kaledor; in 1310, Caldor; and in 1468, Caudor. But the Gaelic forms persist in other places, as in Aber-*Callador* (1456) in Strathnairn. These forms point to an older *Cal-ent-or*, for *ent* and *ant* become in Gaelic *ed* or *ad*, earlier *et* or *at*. In the Irish Annals mention is made of a battle, fought, it is supposed, in the Carse of Falkirk, called the battle of Calitros, and certain lands near Falkirk were called in the 13th century Kalentyr, now Callendar. Not far away are several Calder waters. The root is evidently *al* (sound, call), as in Latin *Calendae*, and English *Calendar*, borrowed, like the Gaelic equivalent word *Caladair*, from the Latin *Calendarium*.

The *Truim*. See under the heading of Tromie.

The *Mashie*; *Masie* (1603), in Gaelic *Mathaisidh*, pronounced *Vathisidh*. Strathmashie is famous as the residence of Lachlan Macpherson, the bard, the contemporary and coadjutor of James Macpherson of Ossianic renown. The bard's opinions of the river

Mashie are still handed down; these differed accorded to circumstances. Thus he praised the river:—

Mathaisidh gheal, bhoidheach gheal,
Mathaisidh gheal, bhoidheach gheal,
Bu chaomh leam bhi laimh riut.

But after it carried away his corn he said:—

Mathaisidh dhubh, fhròach dhubh,
Mathaisidh dhubh, fhròach dhubh,
Is mor rinn thu chall orm.

The derivation of the name is obscure. *Mathaisidh* could come from *mathas*, goodness, but the meaning is not satisfactory. We might think of *maise*, beauty, but it has the vowel short in modern Gaelic, though Welsh *maws*, pleasant, points to a long vowel or a possible contraction in the original.

The *Markie;* Gaelic *Marcaidh.* Streams and glens bearing the name Mark and Markie occur in Perthshire, Forfarshire, and Banffshire. The first tributary of the Feshie is Allt Mharkie, at the mouth of which was of old Invermarkie, an estate held by the Campbells of Cawdor in the 15th and 16th centuries. The root is doubtless *marc*, a horse.

The *Pattack*; in Gaelic *Patag.* This river, unlike those which we have hitherto dealt with, does not flow into the Spey, but into Loch Laggan, after making an extraordinary *volte* face about two miles from its mouth. First it flows directly northwards, and then suddenly south-westwards for the last two miles of its course. Hence the local saying—

Patag dhubh, bhulgach
Dol an aghaidh uisge Alba

(Dark, bubbly Pattack, that goes against the streams of Alba).

We find Pattack first mentioned in an agreement between the Bishop of Moray and Walter Comyn about the year 1230, where the streams "Kyllene et Petenachy" are mentioned as bounding the church lands of Logykenny. The Kyllene is still remembered in Camus-Killean, the bay of Killean, where the inn is. The Kyllene must have been the present Allt Lairig, or as the map has it, Allt Buidhe; while Petenachy represents Pattack, which in Blaeu's map appears as Potaig. The initial *p* proves the name to be of non-Gaelic origin ultimately, but whether it is Pictish, pre-Celtic, or a Gaelicised foreign word we cannot say.

Alt Lowrag lies between Lochan na h-Earba and Loch Laggan. It means the "loud-sounding *(labhar)* one."

The *Spean;* in Gaelic *Spithean.* See under Spey.

We have now exhausted the leading rivers, but before going further we may consider the names of one or two tributaries of these. Feshie, for instance, has three important tributaries, one of which, Allt Mharkie, we have already discussed. Passing over Allt Ruaidh as being an oblique form of Allt Ruadh, "red burn," we come to the curious river name

Fernsdale; in Gaelic *Fearnasdail.* The farms of Corarnstil-more and Corarnstil-beg, that is, the Corrie of Fernsdale, are mentioned in 1603 as Corearnistaill Moir and Corearinstail Beige, and in 1691 the name is Corriarnisdaill. Blaeu's map gives the river as Fairnstil. The first portion of the name is easy; it is *Fearna*, alder. But what of *sdail* or *asdail?* The word *astail* means a dwelling, but "Fern-dwelling" is satisfactory as a name neither for river or glen. The tributary of the Fernsdale is called

Còmhraig; in Blaeu *Conrik.* Comhrag signifies a conflict; but in Irish and early Gaelic it signified simply a meeting whether of road and rivers, or of men for conflict. There are several Irish place names Corick, situated near confluences. Doubtless this stream took its name from its confluence with Fernsdale.

On Feshie we meet further up with Allt Fhearnagan, the stream of the alder trees; then Allt Ghàbhlach, which the Ordnance map etymologises into Allt Garbhlach, the stream of the rugged place. This may be the true deviation; it is a big rough gully or corrie with a mountain torrent tumbling through it.

Allt Lorgaidh is named after the mountain pass or tract which it drains (*lorg, lorgadh,* track, tracing), and which also gives name to the prominent peak of *Carn an Fhidhleir Lorgaidh,* the Fiddler's Cairn of Lorgie, to differentiate it from *the* Fiddler's Cairn which is just beyond the Inverness-shire border, and not far from the other one.

The *Eidart,* Blaeu's *Eitart,* with the neighbouring streamlet of Eindart, is a puzzling name. The Gaelic is *Eidird* and *Inndird* according to pronounciation.

We now come to the lochs of Badenoch. Loch Alvie is bound up with the name of Alvie Parish, discussed already. Loch Insh is the Lake of the Island, just as Loch-an-eilein, in Rothiemurchus, takes its name from the castle-island which it contains; but *eilean* is the Norse word *eyland,* Eng. *island,* borrowed, whereas *innis* of Loch Insh is pure Gaelic. In Gaick, along the course of the Tromie, there are three lakes, about which the following rhyme is repeated :—

Tha gaoth mhòr air Loch-an-t-Seilich,
Tha gaoth eil' air Loch-an-Dùin;
Ruigidh mise Loch-a' Bhrodainn,
Mu'n teid cadal air mo shùil.

The rhyme is supposed to have been the song of a hunter who escaped from demons by stratagem and the help of a good stallion on whose back he leapt. The first loch is called Loch-an-t-Seilich, the lake of the willow, and the third of the series is Loch-an-Dùin, the loch of the Down or hill, the name of the steep crag on its west side. The intermediate lake is called Loch Vrodain, Gaelic Bhrodainn, which Sir R. Gordon in Blaeu's map spells as Vrodin. The Ordnance map etymologises the word as usual, and the result is Loch Bhradainn, Salmon Loch; but unfortunately the *a* of *bradan* was never *o*, so that phonetically we must discard this derivation. There is a story told about this weird loch which fully explains the name mythically. A hunter had got into possession of a semi-supernatural litter of dogs. When they reached a certain age, all of them were taken away by one who claimed to be the true owner, who left with the hunter only a single pup, jet black in colour, and named Brodainn. Before leaving it with the hunter, the demon broke its leg. Brodainn was therefore lame. There was a wonderful white fairy deer on Ben Alder, and the hunter decided he should make himself famous by the chase of it. So he and Brodainn went to Ben Alder, on Loch Ericht side; the deer was roused, Brodainn pursued it, and was gaining ground on it when they were passing this loch in Gaick. In plunged the deer, and after it Brodainn dashed; he caught it in mid-lake, and they both disappeared never more to be seen! Hence the name of the lake is Loch Vrodin; the lake is there, the name is there, therefore the story is true! The word *brodan* means a small goad or prod, but how it can have given its name, if at all, to the lake is a mystery: "lake of the prod" suits the phonetics admirably. Loch-Laggan takes its name from the *lagan* or hollow which gave the parish its name, that is, from Laggan-Chainnich or Lagan-Kenny, at the northern end of the loch. There are two isles in the lake connected with the old kingly race of Scotland. King Fergus, whoever he was, had his hunting lodge on one, called Eilean an Righ, and the other was the dog-kennel of these Fenian hunters, and is called Eilean nan Con. The considerable lake or lakes running parallel to, and a mile to the south-east of Loch Laggan are called Lochan na h-Earba—the lakes of the roe. Loch Crunachan, at the mouth of Glen-Shirra, has an

artificial island or *crannog* therein; the word is rather Crunnachan than Crunachan by pronounciation. A Gordon estate map of 1773 calls it the "Loch of Sheiromore," and distinctly marks the crannog. Taylor and Skinner's Roads maps, published in 1776 by order of Parliament, give the name as *L. Crenackan.* The derivation, unless referable to *crannog*, is doubtful. Loch *Ericht*, the largest lake in Badenoch, is known in Gaelic as Loch Eireachd. Blaeu calls it Eyrachle (read Eyrachte). The lake is doubtless named from the river Ericht, runing from it into Loch Rannoch. Another river Ericht flows past Blairgowrie into the Isla, nor must we omit the Erichdie Water and Glen Erichdie in Blair Athole. The word *eireachd* signifies an assembly or meeting, but there is an abstract noun, *eireachdas*, signifying "handsomeness," and it is to this last form that we should be inclined to refer the word.

Let us now turn to the hills and hollows, and dales of Badenoch. Many of these place names are called after animals frequenting them. The name of the eagle for instance is exceedingly common in the form of *iolair*, as Sròn an Iolair, eagle's ness, &c. We shall begin at the north-east end of the district, and take the Monadh-lia or Grey Mountain range first. "Standing fast" as guard between Strathspey and Badenoch is the huge mass of

Craigellachie, which gives its motto to the Clan of Grant—"Stand fast: Craigellachie!" The name reads in Gaelic as Eileachaidh, which appears to be an adjective formed from the stem *eilech*, or older *ailech*, a rock, nominative *ail*. The idea is the stony or craggy hill—a thoroughly descriptive adjective.

The *Moireach;* Gaelic, *A' Mhorfhoich*, is an upland moor of undulating ground above Ballinluig. On the West Coast, this term signifies flat land liable to sea flooding. It is also the real Gaelic name of Lovat.

Carn Dubh 'Ic-an-Deòir is on the Strathdearn border, and is wrongly named on the map as "Carn Dubh aig an Doire." It means—The Black Cairn of the Dewar's (Pilgrim) Son.

An Sguabach.—There is another Sguabach south of Loch Cuaich, a few miles from Dalwhinnie, and a Meall an Sguabaich west of Loch Ericht. It means the "sweeping" one, from *sguab*, a besom. The people of Insh—the village and its vicinity—used to speak of the north wind as Gaoth na Sguabaich, for it blew over that hill.

Cnoc Fraing, not *Cnoc an Fhrangaich* as on the Ordnance map—a conspicuous dome-shaped hill above Dulnan river. There is a Cnoc Frangach a few miles south of Inverness, near Scaniport.

Fraoch frangach means the cross-leaved heather, of which people made their scouring brushes. The brush was called in some parts *fraings'* in Gaelic

Easga 'n Lochain, with its *caochan* or streamlet, contains the interesting old word for "swamp" known as *easg*, *easga*, or *easgaidh*, with which we may compare the river name Esk.

A' Bhuidheanaich, in the Ordnance maps etymologised into *Am Buidh 'aonach*, "the yellow hill or steep," occurs three times in Badenoch—here behind Kincraig and Dunachton, on the north side of Loch Laggan, and on the confines of Badenoch a few miles south of Dalwhinnie. The idea of "yellowness" underlies the word as it is characteristic of the places meant. The root is *buidhe* (yellow); the rest is mere termination and has nothing to do with *aonach*, which, in Macpherson's "Ossian," is applied to a hill or slope.

Coire Bog, &c.—Here we may introduce a mnemonic rhyme detailing some features of the ground behind and beside Buidheanaich.

Allt Duiune 'Choire Bhuig,
Tuilnean agus Feithlinn,
Coire Bog is Ruigh na h-Eag,
Steallag is Bad-Earbag.

"The Burn of Dun-ness in Soft Corry, Dulnan and Broad Bog-stream, the Reach of the Notch, the Spoutie and Hinds' Clump"—that is the translation of the names.

An Suidhe means the "Seat;" it designates the solid, massive hill behind Kincraig.

Craig Righ Harailt means King Harold's Hill, on the side of which his grave is still pointed out. As already said, it is unknown who he was or when he lived.

Coire Neachdradh: Glac an t-Sneachdaidh, &c. This corrie is at the end of Dunachton burn after its final bend among the hills. *Sneachdradh* means snows, or much snow—being an abstract noun formed from *sneachd*.

Ruigh an Ròig: the Reach of the Roig (?) is eastward of Craig Mhor by the side of the peat road. The map places it further along as Ruigh na Ruaige—the Stretch of the Retreat.

Bad Each is above Glen Guinack: it is mis-read on the Ordnance map into Pait-an-Eich—a meaningless expression. It means Horses' Clump, and a famous local song begins—

Mollachd gn brath aig braigh Bad Each;

curses ever more on upper Bad-each, where the horses stuck and they could not extricate them.

Rhymes about the various place names are common, and here is an enumeration of the heights in the Monadh Liath between Kingussie and Craig Dhubh :—

Creag-bheag Chinn-a'-ghinbhsaich,
Creag-mhòir Bhail'-a'-chrothain,
Beinne-Bhuidhe na Sròine,
Creag-an-lòin aig na croitean,
Sithean-mòr Dhail-a'-Chaoruinn,
Creag-an-abhaig a' Bhail'-shios,
Creag-liath a' Bhail'-shuas,
'S Creag-Dhubh Bhiallaid,
Cadha-'n-fheidh Lochain-ubhaidh,
Cadh' is mollaicht' tha ann,
Cha'n fhàs fiar no fodar ann,
Ach sochagan is dearcagan-allt,
Gabhar air aodainn,
Is laosboc air a cheann.

Glen Balloch; in Gaelic *Gleann Baloch.* This name is stymologised on the Ordnance map into Gleann a' Bhealaich—the Glen of the Pass ; but the word is *baloch* or *balloch*, which means either speckled or high-walled. To the left the Allt Mhadagain discharges into the Calder : this name is explained on the map as Mada coin, which may be right, but it certainly is not the pronounciation, which our *Madagain* reproduces. There are two corries in Gaick similarly named (Cory Mattakan, 1773).

Sneachdach Slinnean, or Snow Shoulder, is away on the Moy border.

Meall na h-Uinneig, behind Gask-beg considerably, means the Mass or Hill of the Window. There are other places so named—Uinneag Coire-an-Eich (Glen-balloch), Uinneag Coir Ardar, Uinneag Coir an Lochain, Uinneag na Creig Moire, Uinneag Coire Chaoruinn and Uinneag Mhìn Choire, the latter ones being all near one another on the north side of Loch Laggan. The meaning of the name is an opening or pass, or a notch in the sky-line.

Iarlraig is the rising ground above Garva Bridge, and is mis-written for Iolairig, place of the eagles. There is here a rock where the eagle nests or nested. Compare Auld Cory na Helrick of 1773 with the Allt Coire na h-Iolair of the Ordnance map, both referring to a stream on Loch Ericht side. There is an Elrick opposite Killyhuntly. The name is common in North Scotland.

Coire Yairack; Allt Yairack; in Gaelic *Earrag*, as if a feminine of *Errach* (spring). It is spelt *Yarig* on the 1773 estate map. Perhaps it is a corruption of *Gearrag*, the short one, applied to a stream.

Shesgnan is the name of a considerable extent of ground near the source of the Spey, and it means morass land, being from *seasgann*, fenny country, a word which gives several place names both in Scotland and Ireland. The most notable in Scotland is Shisken in Arran, a large, low-lying district, flat and now fertile.

We now cross Spey, and work our way down the south side.

Dearc Beinne Bige, the Dearc of the Little Hill. The pronounciation is *dirc*; in the 1773 map it is spelt *Dirichk*. It is an oblique case of *dearc*, a hole, cave, cleft; it is found in early Irish as *derc* (a cave), and several places in Ireland are called Derk and Dirk therefrom. It occurs at least three times in Laggan—as above; and in *Dirc Craig Chathalain*, the 1773 Dirichk Craig Caulan, or cleft of the Noisy Rock, from *Callan*, noise; and in Dearc-an-Fhearna.

Coire 'Bhein, the 1773 Cory Vein, is a puzzling name. It looks like the genitive case of *bian*, skin.

Coire Phitridh, at the south corner of Lochan na h-Earba, is given in the map as Corie na Peathraich. The word is probably an abstract noun from *pit*, hollow.

Beinn Eibhinn, the 1773 Bineven, the "pleasant hill," is a prominent peak of 3611 feet high, on the borders of Badenoch and Lochaber, from which a good view of Skye can be got.

Ben Alder, Blaeu's Bin Aildir, in modern Gaelic Beinn Eallar (Yallar). The word is obscure.

Beinn Udlaman, the Uduman of the 1773 map, on the confines of Badenoch and Perthshire, east of Loch Ericht, seems to take its name from the ball and socket action, for *udalan* signifies a swivel or joint. Some suggest *udlaidh*, gloomy, retired.

The *Boar*, *An Torc*, of Badenoch is to the left of the railway as one enters the district from the south. The "Sow of Athole" is quite close to the "Boar of Badenoch." We are now at the ridge of

Drumochter, in Gaelic, *Drum-uachdar*, or ridge of the upper ground.

Coire Bhoite, or rather *Bhoitidh*, the *Vottie* of 1773, is two or three miles away, and finds a parallel in the name *Sron Bhoitidh* at the top of Glenfishie, where the river bends on itself. The word *boitidh* means "pig," or rather the call made to a pig when its attention is desired.

Coire Sùileagach, behind Craig Ruadh and Drumgask, means the Corrie full of Eyes, so named from its springs doubtless. The term *sùileach* (full of eyes) is usually applied to streams and corries with whirlpools therein.

Creag Chròcan, not *nan Cròcean* as on the map, is near the above corrie, and is named from the deer's antlers which *cròc* means. Similary we often meet with *cabar* (an antler or caber) in place names.

The hill of *Bad na Deimheis*, the *Bad na Feish* of 1773, overlooks Dalwhinnie to the east. The name means the "Clump of the Shears," a curious designation. We now pass over into the forest and district of

Gaick, in Gaelic *Gàig*, which is the dative or locative of *gàg*, a cleft or pass. It is considered the wildest portion of Badenoch, and the repute of the district is far from good. Supernaturally, it has an uncanny reputation. From the days of the ill-starred and ill-disposed Lord Walter Comyn, who, in crossing at Leum na Feinne—the Fenian Men's Leap—to carry out his dread project of making the Ruthven women go to the harvest fields to work unclothed and naked, was torn to pieces by eagles,* to that last Christmas of last century, when Captain John Macpherson of Ballachroan and four others were choked to death by an avalanche of snow as they slept in that far-away bothie, Gaick has an unbroken record of dread supernatural doings. Duncan Gow, in his poem on the Loss of Gaick in 1799, says :—

Gàig dhubh nam feadan fiar,
Nach robh ach na striopaich riamh,
Na bana-bhuidsich 'gan toirt 'san lion,
Gach fear leis 'm bu mhiannach laighe leath'.

Which means that Gaick, the dark, of wind-whistling crooked glens, has ever been a strumpet and a witch, enticing to their destruction those that loved her charms. How near this conception is to that mythological one of the beauteous maiden that entices the wayfarer into her castle, and turns into a savage dragon that devours him! The following verses showing the respective merits of various places have no love for Gaick :—

Bha mi 'm Bran, an Cuilc 's an Gàig,
'N Eidird agus Leum-na-Làrach,
Am Feisidh mhòir bho 'bun gu 'bràighe
'S b'annsa leam 'bhi 'n Allt-a'-Bhàthaich.

* Hence the expression—Diol Bhaltair an Gàig ort—Walter's fate in Gaick on you—to signify an ill wish or curse on any one.

'S mòr a b'fhearr leam 'bhi 'n Drum-Uachdar
Na 'bhi 'n Gàig nan creagan gruamach,
Far am faicinn ann na h-uailsean
'S iùbhaidh dhearg air bharr an gualain.

The poet prefers Drumochter to Glen-Feshie and Gaick of the grim crags. The Loss of Gaick is a local epoch from which to date: an old person always said that he or she was so many years old at Call Ghaig. So in other parts, the Olympiads or Archons or Temple-burnings which made the landmarks of chronology were such as the "Year of the White Peas," "the Hot Summer" (1826?), the year of the "Great Snow," and so forth.

A' Chaoirnich, the *Caorunnach* of the Ordnance map, but the *Chournich* of 1773, stands beside Loch-an-Dùin to the left. The latter form means the "cairny" or "rocky" hill; the other, the "rowan-ny" hill, which is the meaning doubtless. The steep ascent of it from the hither end of the lake is called on the map *Bruthach nan Spàidan*, a meaningless expression for *Bruthach nan Spardan*, the Hen-roost Brae.

Meall Aillig, in the Gargaig Cory (1773), or Garbh-Ghaig (Rough Gaick as opposed to "Smooth" Gaick or Minigaig as in Blaeu's map), appears to contain *aill* (a cliff) as its root form. Some refer it to *aileag*, the hiccup, which the stiffness of the climb might cause.

Coire Bhran, the *Coryvren* of Bleau, takes its name from the river Bran, a tributary of the Tromie, and this last word is a well-known river name, applied to turbulent streams, and signifies "raven."

Caochan a Chaplich, a streamlet which falls into Tromie a little below the confluence of the Bran, contains the word *caplach*, which seems to be a derivative of *capull* (a horse). There is a Caiplich in the Aird—a large plateau, the Monadh Caiplich in Loch Alsh, and a stream of the name in Abernethy.

Croyla is the proment mountain on the left as one enters Glentromie—a massive, striking hill. It is sung of in the Ossianic poetry of John Clark, James Macpherson's fellow Badenoch man, contemporary, friend, and sincere imitator in poetry and literary honesty. Clark's (prose) poem is entitled the "Cave of Creyla," and in his notes he gives some topographical derivations. Tromie appears poetically as Trombia, and is explained as *Trom-bidh*, heavy water, while Badenoch itself is etymologised as *Bha-dianach*, secure valley. The Ordnance map renders Croyla as Cruaidhleac, a form which etymologises the word out of all ken of the local

pronounciation. Blaeu's map has Cromlaid, which is evidently meant for Croyla. The Gaelic pronounciation is *Croidh-la*, the *la* being pronounced as in English. It is possibly a form of *cruadhlach* or *cruaidhlach* (rocky declivity), a locative from which might have been *cruaidhlaigh*.

Meall-an-Dubh-catha is at the sources of the Comhraig river. It should be spelt *Dubh-chadha*, the black pass, the word *cadha* being common for pass.

Ciste Mhairearaid or rather *Ciste Mhearad*, Margaret's kist or chest or coffin, is part of Coire Fhearnagan, above the farm of Achlean. Here snow may remain all the year round. It is said that Margaret, who was jilted by Mackintosh of Moy Hall, and who cursed his family to sterility, died here in her mad wanderings.

Meall Dubhag and not *Meall Dubh-achaidh* (Ordnance map) is the name of the hill to the south of Ciste Mairead, while equally *Creag Leathain(n)*, broad craig, is the name of the hill in front of Ciste Mairead, not *Creag na Leacainn*. Further north is

Creag Ghinbhsachan, the craig of the fir forest.

Creag Mhigeachaidh stands prominently behind Feshie Bridge and Laggan-lia. There is a Dal-mhigeachaidh or Dalmigavie in Strathdearn, a Migvie (Gaelic, Migibhidh) in Stratherrick, and the parish of Migvie and Tarland in Aberdeenshire. The root part is *mig* or *meig*, which means in modern Gaelic the bleating of a goat.

Creag Follais, not Creag Phulach (sic) as on the maps, means the conspicuous crag. Similarly wrong is

Creag Fhiaclach, not Creag Pheacach (!), on the borders of Rothiemurchus, which means the serrated or toothed crag, a most accurately descriptive epithet.

Clach Mhic Cailein, on the top of Creag Follais. The Mac-Cailein meant is Argyle, supposed to be Montrose's opponent, though it must be remembered that Argyle had also much to do with Huntly at Glenlivet and otherwise.

Sgòr Gaoithe (wind skerry) is behind Creag Mhigeachaidh.

We have now exhausted the natural features of the country so far as the explanation of their names is necessary, and we now turn to the farm and field names—the *bailes* and townships and other concomitants of civilisation. Commencing again at Craig Ellachie, we meet first after crossing the *crioch* or boundary the farm of *Kinchyle*, *Cinn-Choille*, wood's-end. Then

Lynwilg, the Lambulge of 1603, *Lynbuilg* (Blaeu), signifies the lane or land of the bag or bulge.

Ballinluig, the town (we use this term for *baile*, which means "farm" or "township") of the hollow.

Kinrara, north and south, on each side of the Spey. This name appears about 1338 as *Kynroreach;* 1440, as *Kynrorayth;* and *Kynrara* (1603). The *kin* is easy; it is "head" or "end" as usual. The *rara* or *rorath* is difficult. *Rorath*, like *ro-dhuine*, (great man), might mean the great or noble *(ro)* rath or dwelling-place (the Latin *villa).*

Dalruddy, Dalreadye (1603), and *Dalrodie* (Blaeu). The Gaelic is *Dail-radaidh*, the *radaidh* dale. The adjective *radaidh* is in the older form *rodaidh*, which is still known in Gaelic in the force of "dark, sallow." A sallow-complexioned man might be described as "Duine rodaidh dorcha." The root-word is *rod*, iron scum or rusty-looking mud; it is a shorter form of *ruadh* (red). In Ireland, it is pretty common, and is applied to ferruginous land. The adjective *rodaidh* (dark or ruddy) might describe the Dalraddy land. It is in connection with Dalraddy that the great Badenoch conundrum is given :—

Bha cailleach ann Dailradaidh
'S dh' ith i adag 's i marbh.

(There was a wife in Dalraddy who ate a haddock, being dead). With Dalraddy estate are mentioned in 1691 the lands of Keanintachair (now or lately *Kingtàchair*, causeway-end), Knockningalliach (the knowe of the carlins), Loyninriach, Balivuilin (mill-town), and the pasturages Feavorar (the lord's moss-stream), Riochnabegg or Biachnabegg, and Batabog (now Bata-bog, above Ballinluig, the soft swampy place.) Another old name is *Gortincreif* (1603), the *gort* or field (farm) of trees. *Croftgowan* means the Smith's Croft.

Delfour, Dalphour in 1603, and older forms are *Dallefowr* (1569). The *del* or *dal* is for *dale*, but what is *four?* The Gaelic sound is *fùr*. The word is very common in names in Pictland, such as Dochfour, Pitfour, Balfour, Letterfour, Tillyfour, Tillipourie and Trinafour. These forms point to a nominative *pùr*, the *p* of which declares it of non-Gaelic origin. The term is clearly Pictish. The only Welsh word that can be compared is *pawr* (pasture), *pori* (to graze), the Breton *peur*. *Fùr* has nothing to do with Gaelic *fuar*, for then Dalfour would in Gaelic be Dail-fhuar, that is *Dal-uar.*

Pitchurn, in 1603 *Pettechaerne*, in Gaelic *Bal-chaorruinn*, the town of the rowan. The Pictish *pet* or *pit* (town, farm), which is etymologically represented by the Gaelic *cuid*, has been changed in modern Gaelic to *baile*, the true native word.

Pitourie, in 1495 Pitwery, in 1603 Pettourye, in 1620 Pettevre, &c.; now *Bail'odharaidh*. The adjective *odhar* means "dun," and *odharach*, with an old genitive *odharaigh*, or rather *odharach-mhullach*, is the plant devil's bit. The plant may have given the name to the farm.

Baldow means the black town.

Kincraig, Kyncragye (1603), means the end of the crag or hill, which exactly describes it.

Leault, Gaelic *Leth-allt* or half-burn, a name which also appears in Skye as Lealt, may have reference rather to the old force of *allt*, which was a glen or shore. The stream and partly one-sided glen are characteristic of the present Leault.

Dunachton; Gaelic *Dùn-Neachdain(n)*, the hill-fort of Nechtan. Who he was, we do not know. The name appears first in history in connection with the Wolf of Badenoch. St Drostan's chapel, below Dunachton House, is the *cepella de Nachtan* of 1380. We have Dwnachtan in 1381, and Dunachtane in 1603. The barony of Dunachton of old belonged to a family called MacNiven, which ended in the 15th century in two heiresses, one of whom, Isobel, married William Mackintosh, cousin of the chief, and afterwards himself chief of the Clan Mackintosh. Isobel died shortly after marriage childless. Tradition says she was drowned in Loch Insh three weeks after her marriage by wicked kinsfolk. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh has written a most interesting monograph on Dunachton, entitled "Dunachton, Past and Present."

Achnabeachin; Gaelic *Ach' nam Beathaichean*, the field of the beasts. Last century this land held eight tenants.

Keppochmuir; Gaelic *An Sliabh Ceapanach;* Ceapach means a tillage plot.

Coilintuie or *Meadowside*. The Gaelic is *Coill-an-t-Suidhe*, the Wood of the Suidh, or sitting or resting. Some hold the name is really Cùil-an-t-Shuidh, the Recess of the Suidh.

Croftcarnoch; Gaelic *Croit-charnach*, the Cairny Croft.

Belleville is, in its English form, of French origin, and means "beautiful town." The old name in documents and in maps was Raitts, and in the 1776 Roads' Map this name is placed exactly where Belleville would now be written. Gaelic people call it Bail'-a'-Bhile, "the town of the brae-top," an exact description of the situation. Mrs Grant of Laggan (in 1796) says that Bellavill "is the true Highland name of the place," not Belleville; and it has been maintained by old people that the place was called Bail'-a'-Bhile before "Ossian" Macpherson ever bought it or lived there. Whether the name is adopted from Gaelic to suit a French

idea, or *vice versa*, is a matter of some doubt, though we are inclined to believe that James Macpherson was the first to call old Raitts by such a name. James Macpherson is the most famous—or rather the most notorious—of Badenoch's sons; but though his "Ossian" is a forgery from a historical standpoint, and a purely original work from a literary point of view, yet it is to him that Celtic literature owes its two greatest benefits—its being brought prominently before the European world, and, especially, the preservation of the old literature of the Gael as presented in traditional ballads and poems, and in the obscure Gaelic manuscripts which were fast disappearing through ignorance and carelessness.

Lachandhu, the little loch below Belleville, gives the name to Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's novel.

Raitts—the English plural being used to denote that there were three Raitts—Easter, Middle, and Wester. In 1603 the place is called *Reatt*, and Blaeu has *Rait*. The Gaelic is *Ràt*, and this, which is the usual form in Highland place names, is a strengthened form of the older *rath* or *ráith* of Old Irish, which meant a residence surrounded by an earthern rampart. It, in fact, meant the old farm house as it had to be built for protective purposes. For the form *ràt* (from *ràth-d*), compare *Bialaid*, further on, and the Irish names *Kealid* from *caol* and *Croaghat* from *cruach*, which Dr Joyce gives in his second volume of Irish Place Names to exemplify this termination in *d*.

Chapel-park; Gaelic *Pairc-an-t-Seipeil*. This is a modern name, derived from the chapel and kirk-yard that once were there, which was known as the chapel of Ma Luac, the Irish Saint. The older name was the *Tillie* or *Tillie-sow*, where an inn existed, whose "Guidwife" was called Bean-an-Tillie. Some explain *Tillie-sow* as the Gaelic motto that used, it is said, to be over the olden inn doors, viz., "Tadhailibh so"—"Visit here."

Lynchat is now *Bail'-a'-Chait*, Cat-town, instead of Cat's field *(loinn)*.

An Uaimh Mhòir, the Great Cave, is a quarter of a mile away from the highway as we pass Lynchat. It is an "Erd-house," the only one of this class of antiquarian remains that exists in Badenoch. It is in the form of a horse-shoe, which has one limb truncated, about 70 feet long, 8 feet broad, and 7 high. The walls gradually contract as they rise, and the roofing is formed by large slabs thrown over the approaching walls. Tradition says it was made in one night by a rather gigantic race: the women carried the excavated stuff in their aprons and threw it in the Spey,

while the men brought the stones, large and small, on their shoulders from the neighbouring hills. All was finished by morning, and the inhabitants knew not what had taken place. From this mythic ground we come down to the romantic period, when, according to the legend, MacNiven or Mac Gille-naoimh and his nine sons were compelled to take refuge here—some say they made the cave, and long they eluded their Macpherson foes. There was a hut built over the mouth of the cave, and at last it was suspected that something was wrong with this hut. So one of the Macphersons donned beggar's raiment, called at the hut, pretended to be taken suddenly ill, and was, with much demur, allowed to stay all night. There was only one woman in the hut, and she was continually baking; and he could not understand how the bread disappeared in the apparent press into which she put it and which was really the entry into the cave. He at last suspected the truth, returned with a company of men next night, and slew the MacNivens. It is said that this man's descendants suffered from the ailment which he pretended to have on that fateful night.

Laggan, the hollow, now in ruins. Here dwelt the famous Badenoch witch, Bean-an-Lagain.

Kerrow; in Gaelic, *An Ceathramh*, the fourth part—of the davoch doubtless—the davoch of "Kingussie Beige" (1603), with its "four pleuches."

Kingussie. Already discussed under the heading of Kingussie parish.

Ardvroilach: Gaelic *Ard-bhroighleach;* in 1603, *Ardbrelache.* The form *broighleach* seems a genitive plural from the same root form as *broighleag*, the whortleberry. The word *broighlich* (brawling) scarcely suits with *ard*, a height.

Pitmain. The Gaelic is only a rendering of the English sounds: *Piodmḗan.* In 1603 it is *Petmeane.* The reason for their being no Gaelic form of this word is simply this. The great inn and stables of the Inverness road were here, and the name Pit-meadhan, "middle town," was adopted into the English tongue. The Gaelic people, meantime, had been abolishing all the *pet* or *pit* names, and changing them to *Bals*, but this one was stereotyped in the other tongue, and the local Gael had to accept the English name or perpetuate an offending form. He chose to adopt the English pronounciation.

Balachroan; Bellochroan (1603); Gaelic *Baile-'Chrothain*, the town of the sheepfiold. Above it was *Coulinlinn*, the nook of the lint, where an old branch of Macphersons lived.

Aldlarie; Gaelic *Allt-Làirigh*, the stream of the *làrach* or gorge. *Strone* means "nose."

Newtonmore is the new town of the Moor—An Sliabh.

Clune and *Craggan of Clune.* The Gaelic *cluain* signifies meadow land, whether high or low, in dale or on hill.

Benchar, Bannachar (1603), *Beandocher* (1614), and now *Beannachar*, Irish *beannchar* (horns, gables, peaks), Welsh *Bangor.* It is a very common place name. The root is *beann* or *beinn* (a hill).

Beallid, in 1603 *Ballet*, in 1637 *Ballid*, now *Bialaid*, so named from being at the mouth of Glen-banchor—*bial* (mouth), with a termination which is explained under *Raitts.* A "pendicle" of it, called *Corranach*, is often mentioned, which probably means the "knowey" place.

Cladh Bhri'd and *Cladh Eadail*, Bridget's and Peter's (?) Kirkyards, are the one at Benchar and the other along from Beallid, the latter being generally called *Cladh-Bhiallaid.* Chapels existed there also at one time.

Ovie, in 1603 *Owey* (and Corealdye, now Coraldie, corrie of streams or cliffs), Blaeu's *Owie*, now *Ubhaidh*, appears to be a derivative of *ubh*, egg: it is a genitive or locative of *ubhach*, spelt and pronounced of old as *ubhaigh.* Mrs Grant describes Lochan Ovie as beauty in the lap of terror, thus suggesting the derivation usually given of the name, viz., *uamhaidh*, dreadful. Some lonesome lakes of dread near Ballintian are called *Na h-uath Lochan*, the dread lakes.

Cluny, Clovnye (1603), now *Cluainidh.* The root is *cluain* (meadow), and the termination is doubtless that in *A' Chluanach*, a cultivated plateau behind Dunachton, and the dative singular of this abstract form would give the modern Cluny from the older *cluanaigh.*

Balgowan, Pettegovan (1603), now *Bail'-a-Ghobhainn*, the town of the smith.

Gask-beg, Gask-more, Gargask, Drumgask—all with *Gask*, and all near one another about Laggan Bridge. There is an older *Gasklone*, Mud-Gask, the *Gascoloyne* of 1603, Gasklyne (1644), and Gaskloan (1691). The form *Gask* appears in the Huntly rental of 1603. The name Gask is common; there is Gask parish in Strathearn, Perthshire, and there is a Gask in Strathnairn, a Gask Hill in Fife, and Gask House near Turriff. The name Gaskan appears more than once, and in one instance applies to a rushy hollow (Gairloch). We have Fingask in four counties —Aberdeen, Fife, Inverness (in the Aird, but the Gaelic is now

Fionn-uisg'), and Perth. Colonel Robertson, in his "Topography of Scotland," refers Gask to *gasag*, diminutive of *gas*, branch; but this hardly suits either phonetically or otherwise. The word *gasg* seems to have slipped out of use: it belongs only to Scotch Gaelic, and may be a Pictish word. The dictionaries render it by "tail," following Shaw, and mis-improving the matter by the additional synonym "appendage," which is not the meaning; for the idea is rather the posterior of an animal, such as that of the hind, which Duncan Ban refers to in this case as "white"—"gasganan geala," and which makes an excellent mark for the deer-stalker. The dictionaries give *gasgan*, a puppy; *gasganach*, petulant; and *gasgara (gasgana?)*, posteriors; all which Shaw first gives There is also the living word *gasgay*, a stride, which no dictionary gives. These derivations throw very little light on the root word *gasg*, which seems to signify a nook, gusset, or hollow. The Laggan gasgs are now "rich meadows, bay shaped," as a native well describes them. It was at Gaskbeg that the gifted Mrs Grant of Laggan lived, and here she sang of the beauties of the Bronnach stream—the Gaelic Bronach, the "pebbly"(?)—which flows through the farm.

Blargie, in 1603 *Blairovey*, in Bleau *Blariki*, and in present Gaelic *Blàragaidh*. The termination *agaidh* appears also in Gallovie, which, in 1497, is *Galowye*, and now *Geal-agaidh*, the white *agaidh*. The word appears as a prefix in Aviemore and Avielochan, both being *agaidh* in Gaelic. The old spelling of these words with a *v*, as against the present pronounciation with *g*, is very extraordinary. The meaning and etymology of *agaidh* are doubtful. Shaw gives *aga* as the "bottom of any depth," and there is a Welsh word *ag*, a "cleft or opening." The word may be Pictish.

Coull, in Gaelic *Cùil*, means the "nook, corner," which the place is.

Ballmishag means the town of the kid, *mìseag* or *minnseag*.

Crathie, in 1603 *Crathe*, in Blaeu *Crachy*, now in Gaelic *Craichidh*. The name appears in the Aberdeenshire parish of Crathie. The form *Crathie* possibly points to an older Gaelic *Crathigh*.

Garvabeg and *Garvamore*, the *Garvey Beige* and *Garvey Moir* of 1603. The word at present sounds as *Garbhath*, which is usually explained as *garbh-àth*, rough ford, a very suitable meaning and a possibly correct derivation.

Shirramore and *Shirrabeg*, the *Waster Schyroche* and *Easter Schiroche* of 1603. *Sheiro-more*, in 1773, is in Gaelic *Siorrath Mòr*.

With these names we must connect the adjoining glen name, *Glen-shirra*, Gaelic *Glenn Sìoro*, a name which appears also in Argyleshire, near Inverary, as Glenshira, Glenshyro (1572), traversed by the *Shira* stream. The root word appears to be *sìr* or *sìor*, long. Some suggest *siaradh*, squinting, obliqueness.

Aberarder, Blaeu's *Abirairdour*, Gaelic *Obair-ardur*. There is an Aberarder (Aberardor in 1456, and Abirardour in 1602) in Strathnairn, and another in Deeside, and an Auchterarder in Strathearn. The *Aber* is the Pictish and Welsh prefix for "confluence," Gaelic *inver*. The *ardour* is etymologised in the Ordnance map as Ard-dhoire, high grove. The word may be from *ard dobhar*, high water, for the latter form generally appears in place names as *dour*.

Ardverikie has been explained correctly in the "Province of Moray," published in 1798, as "Ard Merigie, the height for rearing the standard." The Gaelic is *Ard Mheirgidh*, from *meirge*, a standard.

Gallovie.—See under Blargie.

Muccoul is from *Muc-cùil*, Pigs' nook.

Achduchil means the field of the black wood.

Dalchully, Gaelic *Dail-chuilidh*. The word *cuilidh* signifies a press or hollow. It means the "dale of the hollow or recess."

Tynrich is for Tigh-an-Fhraoich, house of the heath.

Catlodge, in 1603 *Cattelleitt*, and in 1776 *Catleak*, is in present Gaelic *Caitleag*, the Cat's Hollow. The form *cait* is unusual; we should, by analogy with Muc-cùil and other names where an animal's name comes first in a possessive way, expect *Catlaig* rather than *Caitleag*.

Breakachy, *Brackachye* (1603), is usually explained as *Breac-achaidh*, speckled field; but the latter part in *achaidh* is as likely to be a matter of affixes, viz., *ach-aigh*. We shall now cross the hills into Glentruim and up Loch Ericht side. There at Loch Ericht Lodge we have

Dail-an-Longairt, in 1773 *Rea Delenlongart*, and on the other side of the ridge is *Coire-an-Longairt* (Cory Longart 1773), while there is an *Eilean Longart* above Garvamore bridge and "Sheals of Badenlongart" in Gaick above the confluence of Bran, according to the 1773 map. *Longart* itself means a shealing, the older form being *longphort*, a harbour or encampment.

Dalhavinnie, in Gaelic *Dail-chuinnidh*, is usually explained as *Dail-choinnimh*, Meeting's Dell; but the phonetics forbid the derivation. Professor Mackinnon has suggested the alternative of

the "narrow *dail.*" Dalwhinnie was a famous station in the old coaching days, and the following verse shows how progress northwards might be made :—

Brakbhaist am Baile-chloichridh
Lunch an Dail-na-ceardaich
Dinneir an Dail-chuinnidh
'S a' bhanais ann an Ràt.

Presmuckerach, not the Ordnance *Presmocachie*, is in 1603 *Presmukra*, that is *P'reas-Mucraigh*, bush of piggery or pigs.

Dalannach, which the Ordnance map etymologises into *Dail-gleannach* or Glen-dale, was in 1603 *Dallandache*, and is now *Dail-annach*. The old form points to the word *lann* or *land*, an enclosure or glade. The Irish *Annagh*, for *Eanach*, a marsh, will scarcely do, as the name appears in Loch Ennich in its proper Gaelic phonetics.

Crubinmore, Crobine (1603), now *Crùbinn*. The names *Crubeen, Cruboge, Slievecroob*, &c., appear in Ireland, and are referred by Dr Joyce to *crùb* (a paw, hoof), *crúibin* (a trotter, little hoof). The Gaelic *crùbach* (lame), and *crùban* (a crouching), are further forms of the root word, a locative case from the latter form being possibly our Crubin, referring to the two "much back-bent hills there."

Etteridge, Ettras (1603), *Etrish* (1776), is in Gaelic *Eatrais*. The name of Phoineas cannot be disconnected with Etteridge, for the former in Gaelic is *Fothrais* or *Fotharais*, with the Pictish prefix *fother*, while Etteridge has the proposition *eadar* (between) as its first part. The terminal part *ais*, is common in place names, such as Dallas, Duffus, and Forres, the latter being practically our Phoness ; and this Lachlan Shaw explains as being *uis* (water). It seems to be first for an older *asti*, this for *osti*, and this again for Celtic *vostis*, a town or *baile*. The word *fois* (rest) is from this root.

Nessintullich, Nesintuliche (1603), now *Niosantulaich*, is probably for *Neasan-tulaich*, the place beside the hillock, *neasan*, the next place, which is an Irish word, from *neasa* (nearer).

Phoines, Foynes (1603), has already been discussed. How the *n* comes to stand in the English for Gaelic *r* is very puzzling.

Invernahavon, Invernavine (1603), means the confluence of the river, that is, of the Truim with Spey.

Ralia, Gaelic *Rath-liath*, means the grey *rath* or dwelling-place.

Nuide, Nuid (1603), *Noid* (1699), now *Noid*. The derivation suggested for the name is *nuadh-id*, a topographic noun from the adjective *nuadh* or *nodha*, new ; of old, "Noid of Ralia."

Knappach, in Gaelic *A' Chnapaich*, the hilly or knobby land. It is a common place-name, especially in Ireland, appearing there as Knappagh and Nappagh.

Ruthven, which is also the first form the name appears in in 1370, when the "Wolf" took possession of the lordship of Badenoch. It was here he had his castle. In 1380 the name is *Rothven* and *Ruthan*. The name is common all over Pictland, mostly in the form Ruthven, but also at various times and places spelt Ruthfen, Ruwen, Ruven, Riv(v)en, &c. The modern Gaelic is *Ruadhinn*, which simply means the "red place," from *ruadhan*, anything red. The *v* of the English form lacks historic explanation. *Brae-ruthven* gives the phonetically interesting Gaelic *Bréruadhnach*.

Gordon Hall (so in 1773 also) is in Gaelic *Lag-an-Nòtair*, the Notary's Hollow, for it is a hollow. The name and its proximity to Ruthven Castle mutually explain one another: Gordon Hall was doubtless the seat of the Gordon lords of Badenoch, when the castle of Ruthven was changed to barrack purposes. Here the rents used to be "lifted" for the Gordon estates.

Killiehuntly, *Keillehuntlye* (1603), Blaeu's *Kyllehunteme*, in present Gaelic *Coille-Chuntainn*, the wood of Contin. Huntly is in Gaelic *Hundaidh*, and M'Firbis, in the 16th century, has Hundon; hence arises the English form. The popular mind still connects it with the Huntlies. Contin is a parish in Ross-shire, and there was a Contuinn in Ireland, on the borders of Meath and Cavan, which is mentioned in connection with Fionn's youthful exploits. It has been explained as the meeting of the waters, *con-* (with) and *tuinn* (waves), but the matter is doubtful.

Inveruglas, *Inneruglas* (1603), in Gaelic *Inbhir-ùlais*, the *inver* of *Ulas*, although no such stream exists now, receives its explanation from the old Retours, for in 1691 we have mention of Inveruglash and its mill-town on the water of Duglass, which means the stream passing the present Milton. Hence it means the *inver* of the Duglass or dark stream, *dubh* (black), and *glais* (stream).

Soillierie, in Gaelic *Soileiridh*, means the "bright conspicuous place," on the rising beyond the Insh village.

Lynchlaggan stands for the Gaelic *Loinn-Chlaiginn*, the Glade of the Skull, possibly referring to the knoll above it rather than to an actual skull there found; the name is applied in Ireland to such skull-like hills.

Am Beithe means the Birch.

Farletter is the old name for Balnacraig and Lynchlaggan, and it appears in 1603 as *Ferlatt* and *Falatrie* (1691). It took its

name from the hill above, now called *Craig Farleitir.* The word *Farleitir* contains *leitir*, a slope or hillside, and possibly the preposition *for* (over), though we must remember the Fodderletter of Strathavon with its Pictish *Fotter*, or *Fetter*, or *Fother* (?).

Forr is situated on a knolly ridge overlooking Loch Insh, and evidently contains the preposition *for* (over), as in *orra* for *forra*, on them. The last *r* or *ra* is more doubtful. Farr, in Strathdearn, is to be compared with it.

Dalnavert, in 1338 and 1440 *Dalnafert*, in 1603 *Dallavertt*, now in Gaelic *Dail-a'-bheirt*, which is for *Dail-an-bheart*, the dale of the grave or trench, from *feart*, a grave, which gives many place names in Ireland, such as Clonfert, Moyarty, &c.

Cromaran is possibly for *Crom-raon*, the crooked field.

Balnain is for *Beal an-àthain*, the ford mouth.

Ballintian, the town of the fairy knoll, was called of old *Countelawe* (1603) and *Cuntelait* (1691), remembered still vaguely as the name of the stretch up the river from Ballintian, and explained as *Cunntadh-làid*, the counting (place) of the loads! Perhaps, like Contin, it is for *Con-tuil-aid*, the meeting of the waters, that is, of Feshie and Fernsdale, which takes place here.

Balanscrittan, the town of the *sgrìodan* or running gravel.

Bulroy, for *Bhuaill-ruaidh*, the red fold.

Tolvah, the hole of drowning.

Achlean, for *Achadh-leathainn*, is broad field. Beside it is Achlum, for *Achadh-lium*, the field of the leap.

Ruigh-aiteachain may possibly be a corruption for Ruigh Aitneachain, the Stretch of the Junipers.

Ruigh-fionntaig, the Reach of the Fair-stream.

In the Dulnan valley is *Caggan*, the Gaelic of which is *An Caiginn*, and there is "a stony hill face" in Glen-Feshie of like name.

19th MARCH, 1890.

On this evening, Mr William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, read a paper before the Society, entitled "How the Macleods lost Assynt." Mr Mackay's paper was as follows :—

HOW THE MACLEODS LOST ASSYNT.

The wild district of Assynt, in the west of Sutherlandshire, was possessed by a branch of the great family of Macleod from the beginning of the fourteenth century, when Torquil Macleod of the

Lews acquired it by marrying the heiress of Macnicol of Assynt, till the latter half of the seventeenth century, when Neil Macleod was deprived of it by the Mackenzies of Seaforth. The commonly received story of the loss of the estate is that Neil, who, in 1649, seized the Marquis of Montrose after his defeat in Ross-shire, and sold him to the Covenanters for £20,000 Scots and 400 bolls of sour meal, was, after the Restoration, so persecuted by the Government and the Mackenzies that in some way or other he lost the estate, and the Mackenzies succeeded to it. The precise manner in which he was deprived of it has, however, not been condescended on by the writers on the subject, and the following "Information" may therefore be of interest to the members of this Society, and of use to the future Highland historian. The document was written in 1738 for the use of the Laird of Macleod, who interested himself in the dispossessed family. It came into the possession of the famous Simon Lord Lovat, with whose papers it passed into the hands of the Rev. Donald Fraser of Killearnan. It now belongs to Mr Fraser's great grandson, the Rev. Hector Fraser of Halkirk, who has kindly placed it at my disposal.

INFORMATON CONCERNING THE METHOD BY WHICH THE McLEODS WERE DISPOSSESSED OF THE ESTATE OF ASSINT—WRITTEN ANNO 1738.

It is tho't fit to make a short naratione of the hardships which Neil of Assint and his family suffered from the family of Seaforth and the Friends yreof which ended in the possessing at length of the sd Assints Estates, together wt a brief accott of the original ground and Claime upon qch yey at first pretended to found yeir right, and cruel procedure, and of ye steps taken by Niel of Assint for recovering of his right and that for the informaton of the Lawyer to be employed by the Laird of McLeod whatever use yey may have opportunity to make yereof in Pleading or otherwise.

Its hopd that as yere is a younger son[1] of the family by a Second marriage that pretends some right to the Estate of Assint, it will not be improper to give some accott how the late Niel, who was the direct heir male of ye Family, attained the possession of the Estate, and is as follows:—Donald McLeod, alias Nielson of Assint, and grand fayr [father] to the Late Niel, was first married to a Daugr of Lord Reays, by whom he had Niel, who was Fayr to the late Niel of Assint, and John, who was Fayr to Captain Donald McLeod of Geanzies. Niel, son to Donald, died young, a long time before his Fayr,[2] leaving his two sons Niel and John infants

[1] Macleod of Cadboll descended from Hugh, son of Donald Macleod of Assynt, by Christian Ross, his second wife.

[2] Mackenzie (History of Macleods, page 410) says that Neil was tenth of Assynt, and "does not seem to have long outlived his father." It appears from this Information that he predeceased his father.

to yeir grandfayrs care, but yr Grandmother dying before Niel his son married, Donald married —. Ross, Daugr to Pitcalney, by whom he had two sons, the eldest called Donald commonly called Donald Baine Oig, and Second Hugh, yrafter of Cambuscurry, whose Second Son Angus was Fayr to this Cadboll, there being no direct Issue now liveing of his Son Roderick, but one Daugr now married To John Urquhart of Mount Eagle. Donald's second wife haveing got the management of her husband (he being old) and of his Estates She wt the Rents yrof purchased Pluscardies apprising and Severall other debts on the Estate, and bought the Lands of Cambuscurry from her Broyr Pitcalny, and took Assignation to all those debts in the Person of her eldest son Donald qo by virtue yreof possessed the Estate severall years, tho his fayr was alive, but he dying unmaeried before his Fayr was succeeded by his Broyr Hugh who possessed the Estate for two years till his nephew Niel the Late Assin was Major, at which time Hugh disponed him the Estate, who thereon was infeft, as appears by an instrument yreon dated the 12th Septr 1649, and registrate the 8th Jany 1650, Fol. 65 and 66, Vols. 1st, John Gray, Notar.

Tho it is probable by qt follows that Hugh, upon disponing the Estate to Niel, did not give up all the Rights and Tittles His Broyr and he had to the sd Estate, its likely yt some of ym have come into hands that now have tho't of Quarrelling Niel's Tittle by saying that Hugh did not serve heir or make up proper tittles To his Broyr Donald, tho he disponed Neil the Estates; but as Niel was in possession of the Estate from the year 1650 to 1672, when he was violently dispossessed by Seaforth, and was also from ye year 1672 to 1692 (when he obtained the decret of Spoulizie) endeavouring to recover his right, and the Mackenzies have possessed it upon Niel's Right from that time till now, and this being about 90 years, it is expected that these rights, tho better founded than they seem to be, will not now avail much. It is also to be noticed that on the reduction and Improbation which Niel executed agst all his creditors Hugh his uncle is contained in it, and his son Angush the late of Cadboll.

It appears also that Niel pursued his uncle Hugh in a process of exhibition, in qch there was an Act and Commission ordaining Hugh to depone before the Sheriff depute of Sutherland on the writts he had belonging to Niel, and tho Hugh compeared Niel was not willing that his oath should be received till first he had delivered and given him the whole writts and Evidences of the Estate of Assint, which the sd Hugh had in his possession, and which he was obliged to give him conform to the bond of

Alienation and Disposition made and granted by the said Hugh to him of the sd Estate, and upon upgivving of them he was willing to take his Oath as to all other writs and evidents which he had, as appeais by ye prinll [principal] Instrument extant dated at Dunrobin the 12 of Septr 1683.

It is to be adverted that the following narrative is taken from som old papers write for Niel McLeod of Assint, chiefly these which follow, viz. :—

1st. Informa'on (Anno 1673) Niel McLeod of Assint, contra the Earle of Seaforth and the name of McKenzie, showing yir inhuman dealings with him and his family.

2nd. Anoyr information (Anno 1683) ye Tittle whereof is in words to the same proport wt the former.

3rd. Information for the Laird of Assint agst ye Earle of Seaforth, and his Brother, Mr John McKenzie, and oyrs (Anno 1684), Beside oyr Papers yt may be hereafter mentiond.

From qt is represented in yese informations, it would [appear] that from the time yt Seaforth made a right (such as it was) to the Isle of Lews for paymt of 10,000 mks, and afterwards, in Lieu of that, for a mile of the wood of Letterew, that he and his family had it still in view to make ymselves masters of the Estate of McLeod of Assint qo was Lineal heir to the Estate of Lews.

In consequence of this view and design, Seaforth purchased Sevrall old Claims (some of ym very unjust, as they are particlary represented in Niel's information, Anno 1673) agst Assint, qch were put in person of Pluscardy, Seaforth's Brother. In 1637 Seaforth and Pluscardy, by virtue of these claims and ye Tittles founded thereon, gave a Wadsett of ye Lands of Assint To Kenneth McKenzie of Scatwell, for Security of 40,000 mks, Anno 1640. The Legal of those Claims and Apprisings being expired, Seaforth did, with his friends and Clan, to the number of 1000 men, Invade Assint, and did yere committ great outrages. He being for this pursued at Law, was decerned in 40,000 pds Scots of Dammages This payd a great part of his claim, and qt remained was payed, or oyrwise transacted, as appears by what follows :—

The Ld [Lord] Register Tarbat, being Long after yt called as a Witness in the Process of Spoulize of Assint's Charter Chiest, depones in the following tearmes, viz. :—That he, the depon't, haveing right by Assignation from John McKenzie of Scatwell to an infeftm'nt of annual rent of ye sum of 40,000 mks, granted by George, Earle of Seaforth, and Thomas McKenzie of Pluscardine, To Kenneth McKenzie, Fayr to the Sd John, in the Lands and Estate of Assint, in ye year 1637, or in ye year 1638, or yere

about, and the Depon't being informed yt ye Sd George, E. of Seaforth, and Thomas McKenzie of Pluscardy. had made a right to Donald McNiel of Assint, grandfayr to Niel, the pursuer of the sd Estate, qerein they had obligd themselves to free the Said Estate of the said infeftment, he was desirous to know if there was any such a Right, and qt was the tenor of it which the Sd E. of Seaforth did bring to the Deponent to peruse the same, and that yey were taken out of Assint's Charter Chiest, and that the deponent did peruse them, and did find them of the Sd Tenor. There is also amongst this E. of Cromarty's Papers a Coppy of an Alienation and Disposition of the right of apprising, by Thomas McKenzie of Pluscardin, in favours of Donald McLeod, younger of Assint, dated Anno 1642 and 1643, with anoyr coppy of the same.

There is also in the Sd place ye Prinall. obligation by Thos. McKenzie of Pluscardy and his Catr. [cautioner] to Dod. McLeod of Assint for obtaining the E. of Seaforths Charater of Confirmation to him, dated ye 5th of Aprile 1643 years, Togother wt an Inventory of Writes Belonging to Assint Dated Ao. 1662, all folded in one bundle marked on the back number 21.

Notwtstanding of qt is above represented and that it seems Assint did fully Satisfy and pay Seaforth and Pluscardy To whom the sd Claims did belong; yet the sd. Claim has been all alongs made use of agst the Estate of Assint since yt time. For Seaforth and Pluscardy haveing antecedently to ye Obligaton forsd To Assint conveyed their Right to Scatwell as Is mentiond in the above Disposion, John the Sd Scatwell's eldest son conveyed the same To Tarbat, Tarbat conveyed the same to Angush Macleod of Cadboll, and Cadboll having Septr 2d, 1690, got a Wadset from Mr John McKenzie of Assint, which extinguished 10,000 mrks of the sd claim of 40,000 mrks, did wt Consent of Ld Tarbat dispon to the Sd Mr John McKenzie ye Wadsett entred into between Seaforth and Scatwell, in so far as Concerns the remaining 30,000 merks. This Disposition is sd To be Dated Septr 11th 1696, and no doubt but it is among the prinill [principal] Register McKenz of Assint has to produce to the Estate.

It is Supposed and believed that Cadboll gave Tarbat for the above Claime no more than 10,000, and got no more good Deed for the whole 40,000 than the 10,000 above mentioned.

Besides qt bade usage the people of Assint met wt from Seaforth Ao. 1670 as is above narrated yey did further undergo ye outmost hardships Ao. 1646 as follows:—

In that year Seaforths men haveing joined Montrose at Inverness, where were likewise a 100 men of Assints under his Superior

Seaforths command, and Niel of Assint himself, then a minor, being a friend in Seaforth's House at Braen, Seaforth ordred his men in the Highlands to fall upon Assints Estate, where yey made fearful Havock, carried away, as Niel represents, 3000 cows, 2000 horses, 7000 sheep and goats, and burnt the habitations of 180 Familys. When complaint was made of this at the South, Seaforth was brought of by the interest of Middletown and by virtue of a Capitulation which he had with Seaforth qn in the North.

In the year 1654 Seaforth led about a body of his own men wt a part of the broken army under the command of Middletown to Assint and made great depredations, destroyed a very great Quantity of Wine and Brandy which the Laird of Assint had bought, besides other commodities, in all to the value of 50,000 mrks out of a Ship then on that Coast, Carryed of 2400 Cows, 1500 Horses, about 6000 Sheep and Goats, besides that he burnt and destroyed many familys. Assint was not lyable in Law to any such usage from them haveing Receipts from Seaforth and Lord Reay for his proportion of the Levie apptd at that time for the Kings Service. When Middleton came to that country he declare l he had given no Warrant for what Seaforth had done, and that in presence of the Lord McDonald and Sr George Munro, &c. When Assint pursued Seaforth before the English Judges of the time, Seaforth defeated his process by proveing that Assint had been in Armes agst the English, and did then alleadge no Cause for the Injuries done by him to Assint but a private quarrell. But when Assint did afterwards at the Restoraton pursue Seaforth, he alleadged in Defence that he had acted by a warrant from Middletown who was then Commissioner to the Parliament. But Niel says if yere was any such warrant it was certainly given posterior to the Injuries done him. However things stood yn in such way that Niel was not Likely to procure any Justice.

It is to be observed that after the Restoration Niel of Assint under went great disadvantages on accott of Montrose,[1] who had been unluckly taken in his country, and for which Niel was accused and pursued criminally at Edr., but he haveing proved that he was when Montrose was taken at no less than 60 milles Distance from his country, and that he had no hand in it, he was by an Assize assoilzied as innocent of the Sd process.

And to make it further evident that he had no hand in That barbarous Cruel action, he was put under So great hardships by the Ld of Seaforth and his friends that he was obliged in the year 1674 to procure a Remission (whereof yre is a noteriall copy

[1] See Hist. of Macleods, 411-419. Wishart's Life of Montrose, 377.

extent) for defending his house of Assint, and tho the Sd remission containing all the Crimes[1] that could be imagined or mustered up agst him there is not the Least mention made of his being accessory to the tragicall action qch could not possibly be if He had not been formerly assoilzied, as that crime was much greater yan all the Rest contained in the remission; however, the predjuices that had been conceived upon that Accott were so strong agst him that his Enemies had great advantage thereby wt respect to all their methods by which yey did effectuate his Ruine.

But the Claime upon qch the McKenzies did principally found their pretended right to Assints Estate was this which follows:—

Neil of Assint wt. McKenzie of Scatwell did unluckly become Catr. [cautioner] in a Bond granted by Ross of Little Tarroll for about 150 pds. Sterline, upon which anno 1656 apprising was Laid agst the Estate of Assint at the instance of the Laird of May, in whose person the Claim was intrust for McKenzie of Scatwell, one of the Cationers to whom the same was afterwards assigned by May· Scatwell assigned it to Sr. George McKenzie of Tarbat and Mr John McKenzie, Second Son to the Earle of Seaforth. Niel Represents that qn. he apprehended danger from the Claim he fell upon proper methods towards purgeing his Estate of ye same, but that he was disuaded from it by the Lord Tarbat his Cousin German, who promised, he says, and swore solemnly before many witnesses, that the Catry. and apprising should not militate agst him and his estate, and that his paying of the debt would irritate Seaforth agst him, as qt would disapoint another design of his.

There is also a Copy of an Instrumt., John McCurchy, Notar dated 21 Septr. 1667, desiring and Requiring Kenneth E. of Seaforth to receive the sd. sum contained in Little Tarroll's Bond Prinlls. and @ rents [annual rents or interest], as also all the by gon feu duties that were resting, and that in the new Kirk of Edr., within 40 days after the date of the sd. Instrument, and its thot. that the prinll. Instrument as weell as the Instrument of Consigna'on wis among Assint's papers when Spoulizied. Howevir some years yereafter, viz. in the year 1668 or 1699 or 1670, the Legal of the apprising being expired, Decreet of· Mailes and Duties was obtained upon the claim agst. the Estate of Assint and ejection agst. himself. Upon pursueing this ejection in 1671, severall illegall steps were alleadged agst. Assint, particularly holding out the Castle of Ard· break agst. the King and his oyrwise violently opposing the

[1] In 1674 he was tried for various crimes, including the betrayal of Montrose.—Hist. of Macleods, 417.

Ejection, whereupon Niel of Assint (who it seems had been negligent in defending himself agst. the forsd accusations) was denounced Rebell, and Commission of fire and sword was obtained in Jully 1672 agst. him and his people, directed to Ld. Strathnair [Strathnaver] and Lovat, Fowles, &c.

The Body of men ordred to execute that Commission to the number as Niel represents of 2300 invaded Assint the forsd year 1672, and committed most horrid Barbarities (particulary narrated in Niel's Informations), till all ye country of Assint was destroyed.

Niel haveing under the benefit of a protection gon to commune with Seaforth, he gave Niel a Certificate of his having obeyed the King's Laws, and 15 days to advise about a proposition he had made him of his disponing his estate to him. But Niel thinking it not safe or fit for him to return, resolved to go South to Edr. and to carry his Charter Chest wt. him. Seaforth being apprehensive, it seems, of the consequence of Assint's goeing to Edr. immediately entered into Correspondence and concert about the matter with the Laird of May in Caithness. The consequence was: Assint being driven by unfavourable wind to the Orkneys, the Laird of May wt. a body of men seized him there, to be sure under the notion of an outlaw, and by Commission from Seaforth stripd him to his shirt, robbd him of everything, particularly of his Charter Chest and of all the Writtes and Evidents belonging to his family and Estate, carried them to the Castle of May qre he was keept prisoner in a Vault. From thence he was carried prisoner under a strong guard to Taine, and at last to Braen, Seaforth's House. In Braen (to which place the Charter Chest was brought, as was afterwards proved in the Process of Spoulizie) Niel was many months detained prisoner in a Vault in most miserable circumstances, still threatened wt. worse usage if he would not agree to subscribe a blank paper, probably designed for a Disposition to his Estate, which was, it seems, the great thing designed to be procured from him by all this bad usage. At last Niel was brought South to Edr., where he arrived after being in 13 or 16 Prisons, and in end he obtained the Remission formerly mentioned.

Its evident that now the McKenzies had as great advantage as they could wish for effectuating yeir design agst Assint and his family and Estate. Their own great interest and power in these times is well known. Tho Assint was not at length found to have any hand in Takeing of Montrose, yet was he for many years harrassd and imprisond on that accott, and was under Cloud for it, it haveing happened in his country and perhaps some of his

friends being concerned in it. He was in prison when the ejection was procured agst him. The steps taken in Law agst him, he was by reason of his great distance ignorant of it till it was too late, when he endeavoured to Correspond wt. proper Agents and Lawyers at Edr. for his own defence. He says his expresses or Posts were oftner than once seized and Imprisoned at Chanory. When he was in the South, the contributions of his friends for his support were intercepted; his friends were put to great hardships at home by their new master for showing any inclina'on to succour him in his distress. By all these means the uufortunate gentleman was reduced to great poverty and misery, and was disabled from procureing ye Interest or affording the Expense needful in order to obtain Justice agst. such potent adversaries.

Though the claims to which ye McKenzies pretended when they first possessed his Estate were either formerly payd or now extinguished by their intromission, yet it was easy for them, being now possessd of his Estate, to get in old injust patched claims from such who had them, and, being possessd of his Charter Chest and of the retired Vouchers of Debts therein contained, by all these means to make additional Tittles to the Estate of Assint, while he, poor gentleman! besides his other misfortunes, was deprived of his writes and of all the Evidences needful to be produced in his defence agst. the claims of his adversaries.

As the McKenzies after possessing the Estate had all the adventages above mentioned wt respect to new Claims and additionall Tittles; it is not pretended to be now told what additional tittles they made. What yey founded yr first possession upon hath been already represented. If oyr grounds of Rights should be afterwards brought furth for McKenzie of Assint it is supposed that these concerned will be Seasonably acquainted therewith in order to give such informations as they can collect from such writtings as may be in their hands.

However, under all his disadvantages Neil endeavoured to do something towards obtaining Justice to himself and his family, and to that end he did Ao. 1679 and 1680 commence a process of reduction, &c., agst Seaforth and all oys [others] whom he knew to have or to pretend to have claims agst his Estate

In this process there are two Acts extracted (which are extent as are the Summts and their executions), and the Last of the Two tearms granted to the defenders having elapsed the 1st of November 1681; After intimation yreof and Calling of the Act there was Certification Creaved Nothing having been produced. To prevent ys two things were objected agst Niel, 1 that he had no

tittle In his person to the Lands of Assint, 2 That he was at the Horn, and so had no personam Standi in Judices. There is extant an information for Niel Ao. 1682, which contains very pertinent answers to yese objections qch may be Shewen if thre shall be occasion. But the Writes and Evidences that were needfull for Niel in the above and othr processes being taken from him qn he was Robbd of his Charter Chest, and being in the hands of his chief adversaries he was advised stop in his process of Reduction, and to commence a Process of Spoulizie agst Seaforth, May, and oyrs concerned in the Spoulizie and detention of his Chartar Chest and Writtes. Accordingly he raised a Process of Spoulizie agst Seaforth, May, Dumbeth, and some others. By the depositions taken in that process it appeared that the Chartar Chest was brought to Seaforth's house. But Seaforth haveing dyed while the Process was in dependence there appears in the Process an Oath of his Successor, who Swears that he not then nor formerly had the Chartar Chest nor knew what was become of it; And as he was not charged with having a hand in the Spoulizie he was freed yreof and of the consequences of it by the Lords. Neil haveing given in an Inventar of ye writtes contained in his chest, his oath in litem was taken thereanent, And he referred his expense and Dammage to the judgement of the Lords. They did Ao. 1692 decern the Soum of 2000 Libs Scots of Expences and Dammages to be payed To him by the defenders, Supersiding the further modification of the dammages till the Sd Neil should give a more par'lar condescendance yereanent. But it is needless to insist more fully on this part of the information, Seeing a more full and exact view may be easily got by perusing the Decreet of Spoulizie now in the hands of ——.

It is only to be narrated on this head that Neil of his own assigned the Decreet of Spoulizie above narrated to his nephew and Lineal Heir, Captain Donald Macleod of Gainzies, who has done dilligence thereon. The same remains as the ground of a present depending Process Ao. 17 38, for what yreof is unpayd.

The unfortunate gentleman Niel M'Leod, Laird of Assint, being unabled by unparalelled bad usage, trouble, and poverty, and at length by old age, it does not appear that he went any further towards obtaining of Justice than what is above narrated in Relaton to the Process's of Reduction and Spoulizie.

Tho Niel of Assint, under all these disadvantages, and especially by reason of the want of his writts, was able to Doe so little for himself and his family, his adversaries were not wanting to use their Endeavours to make ye best Fittles they could in Law

(however its founded as to materiall Justice) and for this end harrassed him wt Processes of Reduction, &c. The chief thing that was done this way was by Roderick M'Kenzie of Preston Hall,[1] who at length conveyed his claim and Tittles to Mr John M'Kenzie of Assint,[2] on condition of paying to him the soum of 10,000 merks, which is the foundation of the Claim presently insisted in by Alexr. M'Kenzie of Frazerdale[3] and Hugh Fraser of Lovat, Esqr., his son, agst the Estate of Assint, in relation to which Claim there will be a short information soon sent of objections and what else may occurr.

During the dependence of Niel's Process of reduction abovementioned, seeing he forsaw that he could not himself so easily be able to bring the same to the desired issue So soon as would be necessary for him; yet that his family and Estate might not altogether be lost to his Kindred and next Heir, he did make an agreemt. thereanent with his best and most considerable relation, John, Laird of M'Leod, and did, for certain onerous causes, make a disposition of his whole Estate of Assint to him, dated at Ednr., Novr. 24th, 1681 years, which Disposition is now the foundation of a Process commenc'd by the present Laird of M'Leod, his grandson, Ao. 1738.

From what is above briefly narrated, it may be easily perceived by what harsh and unjust and Crewl methods the M'Leods were deprived and dispossessed of the Estate of Assint, their ancient inheritance. If more par'lar accotts are wanted the nearest relations of yt family will be ready to give what further information they can from such old papers as are in their hands.

26th MARCH, 1890.

The paper for this date was by Mr Alex. Macpherson, solicitor, Kingussie, on the Biallid MSS. Mr Macpherson's paper was as follows :—

SELECTIONS FROM THE MSS. OF THE LATE CAPTAIN MACPHERSON, BIALLID.

The following papers have been selected from the manuscripts of the late Captain Lachlan Macpherson of the 52nd Regiment, long so popularly known in Badenoch as "Old Biallid," who died

[1] Brother of Lord Tarbat.
[2] Son of Seaforth.
[3] Son of Preston Hall.

at Biallid, in the Parish of Kingussie, on 20th May, 1858, at the ripe old age of eighty-nine, and whose memory is still cherished with pride by every native of the district.

Of superior mental capacity and force of character, and as upright and true-hearted a Highlander as ever trod the heather, Captain Macpherson was widely known and honoured far beyond the limits of Badenoch as one of the ablest and most patriotic men of his time in the North. No less distinguished, as he was, for his intimate and accurate knowledge of the history, traditions, and folklore of the central Highlands, the manuscripts left by him possess considerable historical interest, and have been kindly given to me by his grandson, Mr Macpherson of Corrimony, with permission to have such portions thereof as might be deemed suitable printed in the "Transactions" of this Society.

The selections which follow have accordingly been made, embracing (1) The Old Deer Forests of Badenoch; (2) Macniven's Cave, or the old cave of Raitts in Badenoch; (3) The Clan Battle on the North Inch of Perth in 1396; (4) The Battle of Glenfruin; (5) The Battle of Blarleine; and (6) Colonel John Roy Stewart. To the account of the Badenoch Deer Forests, there is appended a jotting in pencil to the effect that it was writen in 1838 "at Cluny's request, for a gentleman who intended to write a history of the Scottish Forests." That account is, with sundry imaginary dialogues, narrated in *Scrope's Deer Stalking in the Scottish Highlands* [1]—originally published about half a century ago—the narrative being prefaced by the remark that "the account I am about to relate, *as well as I can from memory*, was most obligingly given to me by Cluny Macpherson, Chief of Clan Chattan, a very celebrated and accomplished sportsman." The author of that work, in giving the particulars of the Badenoch Forests, lets his imagination run riot in the way of prefacing and interlarding the narrative with the most absurd gibberish put into the mouth of an apocryphal "Gown-Cromb, or blacksmith of some village in Badenoch." In a colloquy between an Athole man and the so-called "Gown-Cromb," the Athole man is represented as speaking the most refined Saxon, while the Badenoch "Gown" is represented as holding forth in the most incongruous Highland-English, after the following fashion:—

"Hout-tout! ye're a true Sassenach, an' the like o' ye chiels aye ca' liftin' stealin', which is na joost Christian-like."

"Well, what would you give for such bonny braes, and birks,

[1] I am indebted to a learned and courteous correspondent of the *Northern Chronicle* for directing my attention to this work.

and rivers as are in the forest of Athole, if they could be transferred to your wild country?"

"And are there nae bonny braes and birks in Badenoch? Ye're joost as bad as our minister; but fat need the man say ony thing mair aboot the matter, fan I tell 'im that I'll prove, frae his ain Bible, ony day he likes, that the Liosmor, as we ca' the great garden in Gaelic, stood in its day joost far the Muir o' Badenoch lies noo, an' in nae ither place aneth the sun; isna there an island in the Loch Lhinne that bears the name o' the Liosmor to this blessed day? Fan I tell you that, an' that I hae seen the island mysel, fa can doot my word?"

"But, Mac, the Bible says the garden was planted eastward, in Eden."

"Hout! aye; but that disna say but the garden micht be in Badenoch! for Eden is a Gaelic word for a river, an' am shaire there's nae want o' them there; an' as for its bein' east o'er, that is, when Adam planted the Liosmor, he sat in a bonny bothan on a brae in Lochaber, an' nae doot lukit eastwar' to Badenoch, an' saw a'thing sproutin' an growin' atween 'im an' the sun, fan it cam' ripplin' o'er the braes frae Athole in the braw simmer mornings."

"But, Mac, the Bible further says, they took fig leaves and made themselves aprons; you cannot say that figs ever grew in Badenoch."

"Hout-tout! there's naebody can tell fat grew in Badenoch i' the days of the Liosmor; an' altho' nae figs grow noo, there's mony a bonny *fiag* runs yet o'er the braes o' both Badenoch and Lochaber. It was fiag's skins, an' no fig blades that they made claes o'. Fiag, I maun tell you, is Lochaber Gaelic for a deer to this day; an' fan the auld guidman was getting his repreef for takin' an apple frae the guidwife, a' the beasties in Liosmor cam' roon them, an' among the rest twa bonny raes; an' fan the guidman said—'See hoo miserable we twa are left; there stands a' the bonny beasties weel clad in their ain hair, an' here we stand shame-faced and nakit'—aweel, fan the twa raes heard that, they lap oot o' their skins, for very love to their sufferin' maister, as any true clansman wad do to this day. Fan the guidman saw this, he drew ae fiag's skin on her nainsel', an' the tither o'er the guidwife. Noo, let me tell ye, thae were the first kilts in the world."

"By this account, Mac, our first parents spoke Gaelic."

"An' fat ither had they to spake, tell me? Our minister says they spoke Hebrew; and fat's Hebrew but Gaelic, the warst o' Gaelic, let alane Welsh Gaelic."

"Well done, Mac, success to you and your Gaelic."

The following account of the Old Badenoch forests is exactly as given in Old Biallid's MSS., the spelling simply of the names of places in a few instances being modernized :—

The Earls of Huntly possessed by far the most extensive range of Hills, as Deer Forests, in Britain. They commenced at Ben-Avon in Banffshire, and terminated at Ben-Nevis near Fort-William —a distance of about seventy miles—without a break, except the small estate of Rothiemurchus, which is scarcely two miles in breadth where it intersects the Forest. This immense tract of land was divided into seven distinct divisions, each of which was given in charge of the most influential gentleman in its neighbourhood. The names of these divisions or Forests are—1st, Ben-Avon ; 2nd, Glenmore, including Cairngorm ; 3rd, Brae-Feshie ; 4th, Gaick ; 5th, Drumuachdar ; 6th, Ben-Alder, including Farron ; and 7th, Lochtreig, which extended from the Badenoch March to Ben-Nevis. The extent of these divisions was nearly as follows :—Ben-Avon about 20 square miles, Glenmore 20, Brae-Feshie 15, Gaick 30, Drumuachdar 25, Ben-Alder 50, and Lochtreig 60 square miles—in all, 220 square miles. The whole, however, were not solely appropriated for the rearing of deer, for tenants were allowed to erect shealings on the confines of the forest, and their cattle were permitted to pasture as far as they chose throughout the day, but they must be brought back to the shealing in the evening, and such as were left in the forest over night were liable to be poinded. These regulations did very well between Huntly and his tenants, but they opened a door for small proprietors, who held in feu from the Gordon family, to make encroachments, and in the course of time to acquire a property to which they had not the smallest title. The old forest laws in Scotland were exceedingly severe, if not barbarous. Mutilation and even death was sometimes inflicted. It is related that Macdonald of Keppoch hanged one of his own clan to appease Cluny Macpherson of the time for depredations committed in the forest of Ben-Alder, and it is a well-known fact that another hunter, called John Our, had an eye put out and his right arm amputated for a similar offence. It is also said that he killed deer even in that mutilated state. No alteration took place until after the rising of 1745, when the whole were let as grazings except Gaick, which the Duke of Gordon continued as a deer forest until about the year 1788, when it was let as a sheep walk, and continued so until 1826, when the late Duke of Gordon (then Marquis of Huntly) re-established it. It is now rented by Sir Joseph Radcliff, but as he takes in black cattle to graze in summer,

the number of deer is not great, perhaps not more than two or three hundred. The deer in this forest are small, and are principally hinds, but in all the other named forests it was not uncommon to kill harts that weighed twenty-four and even twenty-seven imperial stones.

The forest of Ben-Alder is now rented by the Marquis of Abercorn, but as the sheep were only turned off in 1836, there are not many deer as yet; however, as the Marquis of Breadalbane's forest is not far distant, they will no doubt accumulate rapidly. This forest lies on the north-west side of Locherrichd, and contains an area of from 30 to 35 square miles. Its lie is in a south-west direction. The boundary on the south-west is the small River Alder, on the north-west, Beallachnadui (the dark vale), and the River Caalrath, and on the north-east it is bounded by Lochpattag and Farron. The mountains are high, probably near 4000 feet above the level of the sea, and there is a lake about two miles in circumference, at an elevation of at least 2500 feet, abounding with trout of excellent quality. It is called *Loch Beallach-a-Bhea.* The legends connected with this forest are many, and some of them are interesting, for in Ben-Alder is the cave that sheltered Prince Charlie for about three months after he made his escape from the islands where he very imprudently entangled himself. When he came to Ben-Alder he was in a most deplorable state, full of rags, vermin, &c., &c., but there everything was put to rights, and during that period he made considerable progress in the Gaelic language. It is unnecessary to add that Cluny Macpherson and Lochiel were his companions, attended by three or four trusty Highlanders, who brought him every necessary, and many of the luxurys of life.

Cluny Macpherson had generally the charge of this forest in olden times, and upon one occasion a nephew of his (a young man) met a party of the Macgregors of Rannoch on a hunting excursion. There were six of them, but Macpherson having a stronger party, demanded their arms. To this the Macgregor leader consented, except his own arms, which he declared should not be given to any man except Cluny personally. Macpherson, however, persisted in disarming the whole, and in the attempt to seize Macgregor, was shot dead upon the spot. The Macgregors of course fled, and effected their escape except one that was wounded in the leg, and who died through loss of blood. This unlucky circumstance, however, was not attended with any farther bad consequences. On the contrary, it had the effect of renewing an ancient treaty between the two clans for mutual protection

and support. When Cluny Macpherson resolved on going to France on account of the share he had in the Rising of 1745, he called upon a gentleman with whom he was intimate, and who was a noted deer-stalker (Mr Macdonald of Tulloch), and said that he wished to kill one deer before quitting his native country for ever. The proposal was quite agreeable to Macdonald, and they accordingly proceeded to Ben-Alder. They soon discovered a solitary hart on the top of a mountain, but just as they got within shot of him, he started off at full gallop for about two miles. He then stood for a few minutes as if considering whether he had had any real cause of alarm, and then deliberately walked back to the very spot from where he first started, and was shot dead by Cluny, a circumstance that was considered a good omen, and which was certainly not falsified by future events. Mr Macpherson of Breakachy had the charge of this forest at one period. He went upon one occasion, accompanied by a servant, in quest of venison, and in the course of their travel they found a wolf-den (an animal very common in the Highlands at that time). Macpherson asked his servant whether he preferred going into the den and destroying the cubs, or to remain outside and guard against an attack from the old ones. The servant said he would remain without, but no sooner did he see the dam approaching than he took to his heels, without even advising his master of the danger. Macpherson, however, being an active man, and expert at his weapons, killed the old wolf also, and, on coming out of the den, he saw the servant about a mile off, when he beckoned to him, and without hardly making any remark upon his cowardly conduct, said that as it was now late he intended to remain that night in a bothy *(Dalinlineart)* at a little distance from them. They accordingly proceeded to that bothy, and it was quite dark when they reached it. Macpherson, on puting his hand on the bed to procure heather for lighting a fire, discovered a dead body, and without taking any notice of the circumstance, he said—I don't like this bothy, we shall proceed to such a one about a mile off (Callag), where we shall be better accommodated. They accordingly proceeded to the other bothy, and on arriving there Macpherson, pretending that he left his powder-horn in the first-mentioned bothy, desired the servant to go and fetch it, and said that he would find it in the bed. The servant did as he was desired, but instead of the powder-horn he found a dead man in the bed, which, to one of his poor nerves, was a terrible shock. He therefore hurried back in great agitation, and on reaching the second bothy, to his dismay, found it dark and empty, his master

having set off home as soon as the servant set out for the powder-horn. Terrified beyond measure at this second disappointment, he proceeded home, a distance of twelve miles of a dreary hill, which he reached early in the morning, but the fright had nearly cost him his life, for he fevered, and was many weeks before he recovered. This Macpherson of Breakachy was commonly called *Callum beg* (little Malcolm), and there is reason to believe that he was one of those who fought the famous Battle of Perth in the reign of King Robert the Third.

Two children of tender age strayed from a neighbouring sheiling, and were found after a lapse of many days in Ben-Alder, locked in each other's arms. They were dead, of course, and the place is still called the affectionate children's hollow. It is confidently asserted that a white hind continued to be seen in Ben-Alder for two hundred years.

Gaick.—There are many circumstances connected with this forest that give it an interest. Its lie is in a south-west direction, bounded on the south by the Braes of Athole, on the north by Glentromie, on the east by Corry Bran, and on the west by the Glentruim Hills. In the centre of Gaick there is a plain of about eight miles long, and in this plain there are three lakes—Loch-an-t-Seillich, Loch Vrotain, and Loch-an-Dùin, all abounding with excellent trout and char, and another species of fish called dorman by the country people. This fish called dorman is large, with a very big head, and is believed to prevent salmon from ascending into the lakes. Some of them weigh from twenty to thirty pounds. The hills on each side of this flat are remarkably steep, with very little rock, and of considerable height, and in the south end there is a hill of a very striking appearance. Its length is about a mile. Its height is at least 1000 feet above the plain, and its shape is that of a house. This hill is called the Doune, and is the southern boundary of the forest. It was in Gaick that Walter Comyn was killed by a fall from his horse. He was probably a son of one of the Comyns of Badenoch, and certainly a very profligate young fellow. Tradition says that he determined on causing a number of young women to shear, stark naked, on the farm of Ruthven, which was the residence of the Comyns in Badenoch. He was, however, called on business to Athole, and the day of his return was fixed for the infamous exhibition. The day at last arrived, but instead of Walter, his horse made his appearance, with one of his master's legs in the stirrup. Search was of course made instantly, and the mangled body was found with two eagles feeding upon it, and although nothing could be

more natural than that birds of prey should feed upon any dead carcass, yet the whole was ascribed to witchcraft, and the two eagles were firmly believed to be the mothers of two of the girls intended for the shearing exhibition. The place where Walter was killed is called *Leim-nam-fian*, or the Fingalian's leap, and a terrible break-neck path it is. The fate of Walter is still proverbial in the Highlands, and when any of the lower orders are very much excited without the power of revenge—"May the fate of Walter in Gaick overtake you"—is not an uncommon expression. Stories of witches and fairies connected with Gaick are numberless, but the following two may serve as specimens. A noted stalker was one morning early in the forest, and observing some deer at a distance, he stalked till he came pretty near them, but not altogether within shot, and on looking over a knoll he was astonished to see a number of little neat women dressed in green milking the hinds. These he knew at once to be fairies, and one of them had a hank of green yarn thrown over her shoulder, and when in the act of milking the deer the animal made a grab at the yarn with its mouth, and swallowed it. The fairy, in apparent rage, struck the hind with the bond with which she had its hind legs tied, saying at the same time, may a dart from Murdoch's quiver pierce your side before night. Murdoch was the person listening, from which it may be inferred that the fairies were well acquainted with his dexterity at deer killing. In the course of that same day Murdoch killed a hind, and on taking out the entrails he found the identical green hank that he saw the deer swallow in the morning. It is said that it was preserved for a long period as a very great curiosity, and no wonder, for it would make a most valuable acquisition to one of our museums, had it been preserved till now. Upon another occasion the same person was in the forest, and having got within shot of a hind on the hill called the Doune, he took aim, but when ready to fire, he observed that it was a young woman that was before him. He immediately took down his gun, and then it was a deer. He took aim again, and then it was a woman, but when the gun was lowered it became a deer. At last he fired, and the deer fell in the actual shape of a deer. No sooner had he slain the hind than he was overpowered with sleep, and having rolled himself in his plaid, he laid himself down in the heather. His repose, however, was not of long duration, for in a few minutes a loud cry was thundered in his ear, saying—"Murdoch! Murdoch! You have this day slain the only maid of the Doune," upon which Murdoch started up and replied—"If I have killed her, you may

eat her," and immediately quitted the forest as fast as his legs could carry him. It may be remarked that this man was commonly called Murrach Machian or Murdoch the Son of John. His real name, however, was Macpherson. He had a son that took holy orders, got a living in Ireland, and it is said that the late celebrated Mr Sheridan descended from a daughter of his. The most extraordinary superstition, however, was that of the belief in a *Leannan Shith*, or a fairy sweetheart, and all inveterate deer stalkers, that remained for nights and even wecks in the mountains, were understood to have formed such a connection. In these cases the earthly wife was considered to be in great danger from the machinations of the fairy mistress. The forest of Gaick has also acquired notoriety from a melancholy event that happened in the year 1800. A Captain John Macpherson with four attendants, and several fine grey hounds, were killed by an avalanche. The house in which they slept (a strong one), was swept from the very foundation, and part of the roof carried to the distance of a mile. This catastrophe also was ascribed to supernatural agency, and a great deal of exaggeration and nonsense were circulated in consequence, to the annoyance of Captain Macpherson's family and friends.

The principal quality required in a deer stalker is patience, and a capability of enduring fatigue as well as all kinds of privations. No animal is more wary than a deer, particularly the hinds. It is not enough that the stalker is concealed from their sight, but he must also pay particular attention to the wind, for they scent at a very considerable distance. They will also discover their enemy by the notes of the lark, and the singing of various other little birds, so that it requires great caution and experience to become an expert stalker. The old stag greyhound is now nearly extinct, if not wholly so. It was an animal of great size, strength, and symmetry, with long wiry hair, and exceedingly gentle until roused. Its speed was great and far beyond that of the common greyhound, particularly at a long run and on rough ground.

II. THE OLD CAVE OF RAITTS IN BADENOCH.

The distinguished philosopher, Sir David Brewster (the son-in-law of the translator of Ossian's poems), while resident at Belleville in 1835, made a careful exploration of this remarkable cave, and in a communication to the Society of Antiquaries in 1863 (when he was Principal of the University of Edinburgh) he thus describes it :—

"This cave is situated on the brow of a rising ground in the village of Raits, on the estate of Belleville. It is about 2 miles

from Kingussie, and about half a mile to the north of the great road from Perth to Inverness. In 1835, when it was first pointed out to me, it was filled with stones and rubbish taken from the neighbouring grounds. Upon removing the rubbish, I was surprised to find a long subterraneous building with its sides faced with stones, and roofed in by gradually contracting the side walls and joining them with very large flattish stones. The form of the cave was that of a horse shoe. Its convex side was turned to the south, and the entrance to it was at the middle of this side by means of two stone steps, and a passage of some length. The part of the cave to the left hand was a separate apartment with a door. A lock of an unusual form, almost destroyed by rust, was found among the rubbish. The formation of the roof by the gradual contraction of the side walls is shown in the drawing. There is no tradition among the people respecting the history of this cave, and, so far as I know, it had not been previously noticed."

In stating that there was no tradition among the people at the time regarding the cave, Sir David must, have been misinformed. "Old Biallid's" account of it appears to have been written prior to 1835, and in a quaint diary in my possession, which belonged to the Rev. William Blair, who was minister of Kingussie from 1724 to 1786, there is the following reference to the cave in a description of a journey from Edinburgh to Inverness:—

"We visited the cave of Clan Ichiluew, which is not far from the side of the high road. We descended into it and found the greater part of it fallen in, and could only perceive a dark hole through which we could not see the further end. The stones that support the roof are of an enormous size—in length about twelve feet. The accounts given of this subteraneon mansion are various. The people there give this account—That in primitive ages when anarchy prevailed throughout the Island, the country was infested with men of a gigantic stature, who had often made fruitless attempts to conquer the Island. Being repulsed at a time when they made their last and most formidable attack, such as were not either killed in the feight or escaped by sea fled into the mountains, and being closely pursued by the enemy untill night stopt the pursuit, they advanced as far as the Spay, and in a night's time finished the said cave, and lived there for some time, till by the continued searches of the conquerors they were at last discovered, and every man killed."

The cave was well known to the old natives of Badenoch under the name of *An Uaighe Mhor*, *i.e.*, *The Big Cave*, and is now

generally known in the district as *The Robbers' Cave.* Learned antiquarians who have examined it within the last few years have expressed the opinion that it is of Pictish origin, and of much older date than common tradition assigns to it. Here is "Old Biallid's" account of it under the title of

The Macniven's Cave.—This artificial cave is on the farm of Raitts, in Badenoch, and is still nearly entire. Its history is as follows :—When the Clan Chattan lost their patrimony in Lochaber by the marriage of the heiress of the clan to the son of the Thane of Fife, the Macphersons who opposed the pretensions of the husband to the chieftainship were gradually expelled their possessions, and found an asylum in Badenoch, then occupied by the Macnivens as vassals of Comyn, Earl of Badenoch. The emigration from Lochaber continued for several years, but it was not until the restoration of Robert Bruce and the downfall of the Comyns that the chief of the Macphersons made a purchase of the lands of Cluny, &c., and came to reside there. In consequence of that event the Macnivens became alarmed, and took every opportunity of insulting Cluny, who was not then sufficiently strong to resent or punish their conduct. An occurrence, however, happened which brought matters to a crisis. The Chief of the Macnivens, who was Cluny's next neighbour, pounded his cattle, and as there was much bad blood between the parties, it was considered dangerous that the men should come in contact. It was therefore resolved to send Cluny's daughter to relieve the cattle, but instead of paying that deference due to the rank and sex of the young lady, she was treated in the most brutal manner, her petticoats were cut off, and in that state she was sent home to her family. The cattle were also sent home, but the bull's tongue was cut out, which, in these times, was considered as a direct challenge. Such a gross outrage could not but inflame the Macphersons to the highest pitch, and as they were not equal to their adversaries in point of numbers, one called *Allaster Caint* (that is —Peevish Sandy)—collected a band of one hundred resolute men, with whom he set out at night, and before the sun rose next morning there was not a living male Macniven in the lordship of Badenoch, except eighteen that continued to conceal themselves in the woods of Raitts. These men managed to elude the vengeance of *Allaster Caint* until they constructed a cave under the floor of their dwelling-house, and which they did with such skill and secrecy that they were enabled to keep possession of the place for several years. They slept securely in the cave at night, and in the day-time they kept so good a look-out that their enemies

could never get them in their power, until the cave was discovered by the following stratagem :—

Allaster Caint concealed himself under pretence of sickness, until his beard grew to a great length. He then disguised himself in the habit of a beggar, and came in that character to the house of the Macnivens late in the evening, when he was kindly treated by the women, but refused lodgings for the night. He begged hard to be allowed to remain, and when they attempted to remove him by force he pretended to be afflicted with gravel, and uttered such piercing shrieks that they had pity on him and allowed him to lie at the fireside, where, after a great deal of mock moaning, he pretended to fall sound asleep, and by this artifice discovered the cave, for, believing him to be really asleep, the cave door was opened to give the men their supper. He left the house early in the morning, and in a few days thereafter he returned with a strong party, and beheaded every one of the unfortunate Macnivens upon the stump of a tree before the door. The most singular circumstance connected with this tragic affair is that every one of the descendants of *Allaster Caint* to this very day have been afflicted with gravel.

III. THE BATTLE OF THE NORTH INCH OF PERTH.

There are a great many versions of this battle in circulation, but none of them strictly correct. It was fought in the reign of Robert the Third, and the belligerents were the Macphersons and the Davidsons. George Buchanan says that it was fought between the Clan Chattan and the Mackays, and he has been copied by almost every individual that wrote on the subject; but this is evidently an error, for the Clan Chattan and the Mackays were at such a distance from each other that it was almost impossible they could come in contact. The substituting the Clan Chattan for the Macphersons can hardly be called a mistake, for it is well known that the Macphersons are the senior branch of that clan, but the error with regard to the Mackays was owing to the similarity of that name to Davidson in the Gaelic language (Mackays, *Clanichcaie*, Davidsons, *Clandai*), and the grounds of the quarrel were as follows :—

On the marriage of the heiress of Clan Chattan, although the husband succeeded to the whole of her property, yet the bulk of the clan refused to acknowledge him as chief. He therefore commenced upon a new foundation, and took the name of *Mac-*

kintoashich (which signifies a beginner), a very applicable name for one in his situation, and the modern definition attempted to be given to it, as signifying first or foremost, is quite absurd, and will be scouted by every unprejudiced person possessing a competent knowledge of the Gaelic language. The ancestor of the laird of Cluny (although admitted to be the senior branch in the male line) also changed his name to Macmurdoch, and afterwards to Macpherson, and both names are given to the clan indiscriminately to this day. A third party took the name of Macgillivray from their ancestor, and a fourth that of Davidson as descendants of David *dubh*, who was brother to Macgillivray, and both of them were the younger brothers of the ancestor of Cluny Macpherson. Thus the Clan Chattan was all at once split into at least four clans, and under circumstances as may be supposed that left very little cordiality among them. Such as did not adopt the name of Mackintosh were ejected from possessions, and the Macphersons and Davidsons took possession of Badenoch on the ruin of the Comyns. Mackintosh having admitted Camerons in their place soon learned that he had to deal with refractory tenants, and it was not long before his authority was set at defiance. He was therefore obliged to have recourse to arms for the recovery of his rents, but his own followers were quite inadequate to the task, and he was compelled to implore the assistance of the very clans his ancestors had expelled from their ancient patrimony. Nor did he implore in vain, for although they regretted that the clan estates should devolve on a stranger, and felt indignant at their own expulsion, yet they considered (the then) Mackintosh in some degree as their relation, and could not stand by and see him trampled upon by a clan with whom they had no connection whatever. The Macphersons and Davidsons agreed to join him in his expedition to Lochaber, but Lochiel had intimation of their plans, and resolved to anticipate them by assembling his clan, and marching straight to Badenoch. By this movement he would preserve his own country from the ravages of war, and it is very probable that he had also in view to attack the enemy in detail, and to overpower the Macphersons before they could be joined by Mackintosh. In this, however, he was disappointed, for Mackintosh was in Badenoch before him, and awaiting his arrival at Invernahaun, the place of Davidson the chief of that branch of the Clan Chattan. When the Camerons made their appearance, and the order of battle was about to be formed, Cluny, as a matter of course, claimed the post of honour, and was very much surprised to find his claim disputed by Davidson, and

still more so when Mackintosh pronounced in Davidson's favour, and added that as the battle was to be fought on his (Mackintosh's) account, none but Davidson should take the right. Upon this Cluny indignantly marched off his men, and crossing the river Spey below Craigdhu, they halted and stood on a small hill at the river-side as unconcerned spectators. The battle was short but bloody. Mackintosh was beaten with great slaughter. Davidson and his seven sons were killed, and those that fled were only saved by crossing the Spey directly where the Macphersons stood, and the Camerons did not consider it prudent to follow them. After this the contention between the Davidsons, supported by Mackintosh, and the Macphersons (with regard to precedency), was carried on with such rancour and so much bloodshed as to attract the notice of Government, and accordingly commissioners were sent to endeavour to effect a conciliation. These commissioners, finding that both parties were obstinate and bent on carrying their point at whatever sacrifice, proposed that the dispute should be settled by thirty men on each side—the fight to take place on the North Inch of Perth, before umpires chosen by His Majesty, and the combatants to use no other weapon but broad-swords. This proposition was eagerly accepted by both parties, and the men destined to be sacrificed appeared on the North Inch on the appointed day. The result of the battle is well known. The Davidsons were all killed except one who fled and swam across the River Tay, and the Macphersons had nineteen killed. Tradition ascribes the decided superiority of the Macphersons to the extraordinary valour of the *Gobhin Crom* (or stooping Blacksmith) whom they engaged as a substitute for one of their own men who fell sick, and which was rendered necessary, as the Davidsons refused to withdraw one of theirs.

IV. BATTLE OF GLENFRUIN.

In an account of this battle, which was fought in 1603, it is stated that early in that year Allaster Macgregor of Glenstra, followed by 400 men, chiefly of his own clan, but including also some of the clans Cameron and Anverich (?) armed with "halberschois, pow-aixes, twa-handit swordis, bowis and arrowis, and with hagbutis and pistoletis," advanced into the territory of Luss. Alexander Colquhoun, under his royal commission, granted the year before, had raised a force which some writers state to have amounted to 300 horse and 500 foot. In Sir William Fraser's interesting work—*The Chiefs of Colquhoun and their Country*—

published in Edinburgh in 1869, the following description of the battle is given :—

"On 7th February the Macgregors were in Glenfruin in two divisions, one of them at the head of the Glen, and the other in ambuscade near the farm of Strone, at a hollow or ravine called the Crate. The Colquhouns came into Glenfruin from the Luss side, which is opposite Strone—probably by Glen Luss and Glen Mackurn. Alexander Colquhoun pushed on his forces in order to get through the Glen before encountering the Macgregors; but, aware of his approach, Allaster Macgregor also pushed forward one division of his forces, and entered at the head of the Glen in time to prevent his enemy from emerging from the upper end of the Glen, whilst his brother, John Macgregor, with the division of his clan which lay in ambuscade, by a detour, took the rear of the Colquhouns, which prevented their retreat down the Glen without fighting their way through that section of the Macgregors who had got in their rear. The success of the stratagem, by which the Colquhouns were thus placed between two fires, seems to be the only way of accounting for the terrible slaughter of Colquhouns, and the much less loss of the Macgregors. The Colquhouns soon became unable to maintain their ground, and falling into a moss at the farm of Auchingaich, they were thrown into disorder and made a hasty and disorderly retreat, which proved even more disastrous than the conflict, for they had to force their way through the men led by John Macgregor, whilst they were pressed behind by Allaster, who, re-uniting the two divisions of his army, continued the pursuit. All who fell into the victors' hands were instantly slain, and the chief of the Colquhouns barely escaped with his life after his horse had been killed under him. Of the Colquhouns, 140 were slain and many more wounded, among them a number of women and children."

Here is "Old Biallid's" account of the battle, written, it is believed, about fifty years ago :—

It is rather singular that so little should be known of the particulars of the Battle of Glenfruin and the causes that led to it, when it is considered that it is comparatively of a late date, having been fought between the Clan Gregor and the Colquhouns in the reign of James the Sixth. No correct account has, however, been published, from which it may be inferred that the true history is lost among the Macgregors, for every version of the affair is more unfavourable for them than the facts would have been. One account says that it was an accidental rencontre, and

another, that the Macgregors were treacherously waylaid by the Colquhouns. These statements are both unfounded. The battle was deliberately resolved upon, for it was fought in the heart of the Colquhoun country, which of itself is a proof that it was not an accidental rencontre. But what places the matter beyond a doubt, is that Macgregor applied for, and obtained assistance from the Clan Macpherson (with whom he had a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive), for the very purpose of invading the Colquhouns. There were fifty picked men sent from Badenoch to assist the Clan Gregor, but the action was over a few hours before their arrival, which perhaps was rather a fortunate circumstance, for had they taken part in the battle, it is more than probable that they would also share in the proscription. Another account states that the massacre of the boys was unintentional, that a house in which they took shelter was accidentally set on fire. That the massacre of the boys was unintentional on the part of the Macgregors is very true, but still it was the deliberate act of one individual, and no doubt the Clan Gregor were in a certain degree responsible for the conduct of that individual, for although he was not of their name yet he was under their banner at the time. He was a man, or rather a monster, of the name of Cameron, and foster-brother to Macgregor, who was sent to take charge of the boys in order to keep them out of harms way, and strange and unnatural as it may appear, he massacred the whole of them to the number of forty—some say sixty. The origin of the quarrel with the Colquhouns was as follows:—A party of twelve Macgregors entered the Colquhoun country in quest of stolen or strayed cattle, and in a dreadful stormy night came to a sequestered farmhouse, the landlord of which refused them admittance, although it was quite evident that they must perish in the event of attempting to reach any other inhabited place. They, however, acted with extraordinary temper and forbearance, for in place of using force (which under the circumstances would be quite justifiable) they merely took possession of an outhouse, where they lighted a fire, and having in vain applied for provisions, for which they offered payment, they had no alternative but to take a sheep from the churl's flock, which they killed, and handed its value in at a window. Having thus provided themselves with food, they were sitting round a large fire and broiling the mutton, when the savage landlord stole quietly to the top of the house, and dropped a large stone into the fire through the vent hole, which burnt several of the Macgregors severely. One of them, smarting with

pain, made a spring to the door, and when the landlord was in the act of descending from the house he shot him dead. After this accident (for it cannot be called by any other name) the Macgregors returned home, but the Colquhouns having seized several of that clan (who were on their own lawful business and knew nothing of the other affair), they hanged them like so many dogs. So gross an outrage could not be overlooked, but still the Macgregors acted with the greatest coolness, and sent a regular embassy to demand satisfaction, but every proposition was rejected by the Colquhouns, and after much negotiation Macgregor intimated to Colquhoun of Luss that he must hold him and his whole clan responsible for the slaughter of the Macgregors, and he accordingly prepared to put his threat in execution. The Clan Gregor entered the Colquhoun country with fire and sword, and when they came to Glenfruin, and in sight of the enemy, they fell in with a number of boys who came out from Dumbarton to see the fight. They were principally schoolboys, and many of them of good families that probably had no connection whatever with either of the belligerents. Macgregor, in order to keep them out of harms way, directed that the boys should be confined in a church or meeting-house that happened to be close by, and sent his foster-brother (one of the name of Cameron) to take charge of them, who, from what motive it is impossible to divine, massacred the whole of them as soon as he found the armies engaged. The battle of Glenfruin was soon over. The Colquhouns were defeated with great slaughter. Their chief was killed, and the Macgregors scarcely lost a man. When they returned from the pursuit Macgregor's first enquiry was for the boys, whom he intended to liberate and dismiss with kindness, but learning the horrid fact that they were all butchered, he struck his forehead and exclaimed —"The battle is lost after all." The fate of the Dumbarton scholars was so very revolting to the feelings of every person possessing any share of humanity that it is no wonder that it created a deep and powerful prejudice against the Clan Gregor, and yet they were, at least, morally innocent, and it must forever be a matter of regret that such heavy calamities should be heaped upon the bravest clan in the Highlands for the act of one madman. The Clan Gregor, however, were doomed to be unfortunate, as will appear by continuing their history a little farther. Gregor *Our*, or Gregor the Swarthy, was the second in rank to the chief, but in deeds of arms he had no superior nor perhaps an equal in all the Highlands. Argyle was his maternal uncle, and his valour in defence of his clan and country when outlawed and assailed by multitudes of foes, would appear more like romance than real

facts. After various desperate actions in which the Clan Gregor displayed incredible prowess, but which considerably reduced their number, they learned with amazement that Argyle, at the head of an overwhelming force, was advancing to attack them. Upon the receipt of this intelligence Gregor *Our* proposed to stop his uncle's progress, and having communicated his plan to his chief he set out alone and in disguise. After several narrow escapes he succeeded in making his way into Argyle's tent at midnight (by telling the sentry that he was the bearer of despatches from Government, the delivery of which admitted of no delay), and after upbraiding him for his cruelty and injustice, told him plainly that his life was forfeited unless he instantly agreed to relinquish the expedition. Argyle knew the determined character of his nephew, and it is also possible that he might be influenced by affection towards a relative of whom he might very justly be proud, but be his motives what they may, he at once agreed to the proposed terms, and conducted Gregor safely out of the camp, and soon after disbanded his troops. Nor did his good offices cease there, for he became an advocate of the Clan Gregor at Court, and obtained an armistice for them as well as a protection to Gregor *Our*, with instructions to him to appear before the Privy Council to explain every circumstance relating to the battle of Glenfruin and the massacre of the scholars. Gregor *Our* accordingly set out for Edinburgh with the concurrence of his chief, but he was no sooner gone than suspicions began to arise as to the purity of his intentions. Dark hints were first thrown out, and afterwards stated boldly as a fact, that Gregor, through the interest of his uncle and his own address, had obtained a royal grant of the chieftainship, as well as of the estates of Macgregor for himself. By these insinuations and reports (which no doubt had great plausibility in them) Macgregor was driven to a state of absolute distraction, and having learned that Gregor *Our* was on his way back from Edinburgh, he went to meet him, and without the least enquiry or explanation, shot him through the heart with a pistol. On examining his papers it was discovered that there was not a vestige of truth in these reports. The pardon to the Clan Gregor was addressed to Macgregor. His estates were restored to himself, and Gregor *Our* did not secure a single benefit to himself but what he got in common with every individual of the clan. This discovery drove Macgregor to madness, and he actually became deranged. The pardon was recalled, and the proscription was enforced with greater rigour than before, nor is is at all surprising that Argyle should become their bitter (as he was their most powerful) enemy.

V. BATTLE OF BLARLEINE.

The battle of Blarleine was fought between the Macdonalds of Clan Ranald and the Frasers about the year 1545. The cause of it was this:—Clan Ranald married a daughter of Lovat, and in less than two years died, leaving only an infant son (Ranald), who was brought up and educated at Beaufort with his grandfather, from which circumstance he received the nickname of Ranald Gauld (or low country Ranald), from the Macdonalds. When Ranald became of age he went to take possession of his patrimony, and was received with great rejoicings. Bonfires were lighted on every hill, and beef and mutton were killed and roasted in dozens, but unfortunately Ranald Gauld spoke contemptuously of these preparations, and declared publicly that he would rather dine upon a broiled chicken than on all the coarse fare they had prepared, which he considered downright waste. Upon this unfortunate declaration the clan had a consultation, and unanimously agreed to eject him from his patrimony, which they did without the least ceremony, and elected his uncle, John Mudardach, in his place, who was a natural son. Lovat of course made every exertion to reinstate his grandson, and with the assistance of Huntly entered the Clan Ranald country with such an overwhelming force that the rebellious Macdonalds durst not oppose them. Ranald Gauld was therefore restored, apparently, without opposition, but no sooner had Huntly and his forces departed than John Mudardach assembled the whole of Clan Ranald and attacked the Frasers. The battle was long and bloody, and it would have been very doubtful to which side the victory would lean, were it not for the treachery or cowardice of a Benjamin Clark, whom Lovat sent with one hundred men to guard a particular pass, and who fled without fighting a stroke. This circumstance ruined the Frasers. Lovat fell, and Ranald Gauld was killed after performing prodigies of valour, so much so that he was admitted by both sides to be the first warrior in the field. When John Mudardach assembled the clan for the purpose of attacking the Frasers, he gave orders that none should be allowed to march against the enemy except those whose beard was thick upon the chin. One young man, however, disobeyed, and insisted on accompanying his father. He was of a good family, and dressed so well as to be conspicuous among the clan, which caused a number of jests to be passed upon him, such as, how very interesting he would appear when running away from the Frasers, and such like. To these

jests he made no reply, but when the battle commenced he proved himself to be equal, if not superior, to the most celebrated warriors of the clan. In the heat of the fight this young man observed his father engaged with Ranald Gauld, and on the eve of being cut in pieces. He therefore sprung to his assistance, but he soon found that he was also overmatched, for he received a severe cut on the head, and was forced to give ground. He therefore had recourse to an artifice, and called out to his antagonist, "You are attacked from behind," upon which Ranald Gauld turned round, and when in that position received a mortal blow. By this time the battle was over, and the young warrior was so weak from his wounds and loss of blood that he was carried to a barn where many of the wounded were. He was stretched upon a little heather and Ranald Gauld's sword by him, when a number of his clansmen came into the barn, every one of whom claimed a right to the sword as the conqueror of Ranald Gauld. The young man listened to them for sometime, but at last, his patience being exhausted, he addressed them in the following words :—"Gentlemen, give up your boasting ; were that sword in the hand which grasped it this morning, and in the same vigour, and this barn crammed full of such as you, I would much rather enter the barn at one end and go out at the other, sword in hand, than face that sword." This rebuff silenced them, but it proved fatal to this very superior young man, for, to the eternal disgrace of that clan, they bribed the nurse to put a rusty nail into his brain when dressing his wound, in consequence of which he died.

VI. JOHN ROY STEWART.

Colonel John Roy Stewart was an outlaw like many others after the Battle of Culloden. He was a native of Kincardine, in Strathspey, where he was exceedingly popular, and a great favourite with the Grants, although they were opposed to the Stewart interest. Notwithstanding the Colonel's popularity, there was one Grant who undertook to apprehend him for the sake of the bloodmoney offered by Government. This Grant ought to have been a man of some consideration in Strathspey from his ancestors and connections, but nevertheless he was known to be far below par in point of intellect, and as to courage, he was considered, in the ring phrase, mere dunghill. He paraded through Strathspey with a party of twenty-four men, some of whom joined him because they were his sub-tenants, some because they had nothing else to do ; but for the most part to make game of him,

and perhaps one and all of them would give intimation to John Roy if they thought him in danger from such a leader and such a party. John Roy Stewart had no great cause to be alarmed, although friends felt some indignation at even a show of hostility to a man so universally beloved. Things went on in this manner for sometime, to the amusement of some and the annoyance of others, until a wag took a bet of a pint of whisky that he would so frighten Grant as to make him cease tormenting John Roy for ever. He therefore proceeded to Grant's house, and having asked and obtained a private audience, he told him, with great gravity, that he had information of great importance to communicate; that he knew where John Roy was to sleep that night, and that he would conduct Grant and the party to the spot, provided they gave him a share of the reward. This, of course, was agreed to. The party assembled, and when the night became dark, they set out armed and accoutered, the wag having mentioned some sequestered dwelling at a considerable distance. When they were drawing near to the place the leader began to ask a great many questions—"Was he sure that John Roy would be there? Did he know if he had anybody with him? "for," he added, "should he have a stronger force than ours, it would be madness in us to attack him," to which the wag replied, "That John Roy never had more than one or two along with him, and that it would be a terrible disgrace if six-and-twenty would be afraid to attack two or three men, however powerful and desperate they might be." Grant then turned upon another tack. He began to express apprehensions that the outlaw was not there, "for," said he, "if we go to the house and not find him, it would put him no his guard, and there will be less chance of getting hold of him on a future period." "That is very true," replied the wag, "and, as it is not known that I have joined your party, and therefore will not be suspected, I shall go to the house and see, while you remain here until I return and bring certain intelligence." This plan was agreed to, and the wag set out at a good pace until he got out of sight, and then set himself down until a reasonable period had expired in which he might perform the journey. He then returned, and when he got to the party he began to caper and dance, exclaiming in an undertone of voice—"Great news, my lads! glorious news! what lucky dogs we are! our fortunes are made!" The leader now eagerly enquired what this good and great news were, and if he had seen John Roy, to which he replied, "Yes, I have, and what is still better, Cluny Macpherson is along with him." "Cluny Macpherson!" exclaimed Grant. "Yes,

Cluny Macpherson!" replied the wag, "we shall be the richest men in Strathspey—that is, the survivors of us!" He was then questioned as to how many attendants there were, to which he answered "that there were only four, but that they were the largest and roughest fellows he had ever seen, and armed to the very teeth." The whole party now began to suspect the drift of their new associate, and eagerly demanded to be led on, saying that such an opportunity of making their fortunes would never again arise, to which the wag added—"'Tis very true that at least one half of us will be killed, but still so much the better for those that live." Grant now began to show the most unequivocal symptoms of terror, and proposed that they should wait till daylight before they surrounded the house, but his tormentor declared that Cluny and Stewart were never known to remain in their quarters till daylight, and the whole party, as with one voice, opposed the delay. At last the unfortunate Grant fell down in a state of insensibility, and when he partly recovered it was found necessary to wash him in the nearest stream before he was carried home. The news of the expedition circulated like wildfire, and continued to be the subject of conversation and jocular remark throughout the district for many a long day.

2nd APRIL, 1890.

The paper for this evening was contributed by Mr Hector Maclean, Islay, entitled "The Picts." Mr Maclean's paper was as follows:—

THE PICTS.

Much has been written about who the Picts were, and whence they were. They were supposed by some to be Kelts, and by others to be Scandinavians; but persevering research has enabled scientific inquirers to ascertain that they were neither the one nor the other; and that, through time, they amalgamated with Gaels from Ireland on the west of North Britain, and with Brythons on the south-east side. They and the Caledonii were kindred peoples, if not quite the same; but there is reason to think that there was a large admixture of Gaels among the Caledonii in the time of Tacitus. Calgacus is believed by scholars to be a better

reading than Galgacus. Now Calgach is an ancient Irish name which points to a still older form Calcagos, which signifies *swordsman*. At p. 9 of his "Iberian and Belgian influence in Britain," Mr Hyde Clarke states:—"Caledonia is by its termination shown to be an Iberian name." At p. 4 ibid. he says:—"At a later period during my investigations for Khita decipherment, the word Nia comes out, a distinctive word for country, land. This we find in Britannia, Hibernia, Sardinia, Hispania, Lusitania, Acquitania, Mauritania, Tyrrhenia, Lucania, Sikania, Makedonia, Lakonia, Messenia, Acarnania, Carmania, Armenia, Germania, Paionia, Albania, Babylonia, Hyrcania." Calydon in Greece would seem to be a word akin to Caledonia. In Calydon there was a celebrated boar hunt, in which the King Meleager killed the boar, according to Greek mythological story; and, according to Gaelic Feinnian story, Diarmaid killed a fierce boar in Ireland or Hibernia, according to Irish tradition; and in Alban or Caledonia, according to Highland ballads and legends.

As to the red hair and large limbs which Tacitus ascribes to the Caledonians, whence he compared them to the Germans, it may be said that red hair is of various hues corresponding to different races—there is the light-red or yellow-red hair of the Teutons; the bright-red or orange-red hair of the Kelts; and the red hair of the colour of iron rust to be seen among the Caffres. The Voguls, the same in race with the Magjars of Hungary, who are black-haired, separated far apart from the latter in Asia, are red-haired.

There was red hair in Ireland and in British Pictavia before the Kelts appeared in these regions. It likely abounded among the Fomorians who hailed from Africa, and the Children of Neimhidh, who succeeded the descendants of Partholon in Ireland. The Scandinavians, in the eighth and ninth centuries, intermixed largely with the Highland and Irish people, and in this comixture there was increase of fair skin, fair hair, and large stature. Large stature, white skin, and reddish hair abounded among the Amorites of Palestine, the Philistines, and the Lybians of Northern Africa. Of these latter were the Fomorians, who infested the coasts of Ireland, and intermarried with the successive peoples who held possession of that island. The Khabyles of Northern Africa, who are tall, ruddy-haired, and white-skinned, are the descendants of the ancient Libyans.

Professor Sayce says in his "The Hittites," pp. 15-17:—"If the Egyptians have made the Hittites ugly, it was because they were so in reality. The Amorites, on the contrary, were a tall and

handsome people. They are depicted with white skins, blue eyes, and reddish hair, all the characteristics, in fact, of the white race. Mr Petrie points out their resemblance to the Dardanians of Asia Minor, who form an intermediate link between the white-skinned tribes of the Greek seas and the fair-complexioned Libyans of Northern Africa. The latter are still found in large numbers in the mountainous regions which stretch eastward from Morocco, and are usually known among the French under the name of Kabyles. The traveller who first meets with them in Algeria cannot fail to be struck by their likeness to a certain part of the population of the British Isles. Their clear white-freckled skin, their blue eyes, their golden-red hair, and tall stature, remind him of the fair Kelts of an Irish village ; and when we find that their skulls, which are of the so-called dolichocephalic or long-headed type, are the same as the skulls discovered in the prehistoric cromlechs of the country they still inhabit, we may conclude that they represent the modern descendants of the white-skinned Libyans of the Egyptian monuments."

This freckled type of white-skinned, blue-eyed, and golden-red hair abounds in the Highlands as well as in Ireland, and they are to be distinguished on the one side from the orange-red-haired Kelts, and on the other from the milk-white-skinned Scandinavian type, which is never freckled. The former type owes its freckles to a thin skin, which is more influenced by sun and atmosphere than the thicker skinned Scandinavian type is, and has come down to us, intermingling, at first, with pre-Keltic races, subsequently with the Keltic race, and latterly with the Scandinavian type. Further on, Professor Sayce tells us :—"Tallness of stature has always been a distinguishing characteristic of the white race. Hence it was that the Anakim, the Amorite inhabitants of Hebron, seemed to the Hebrew spies to be as giants, while they themselves were but 'as grasshoppers' by the side of them (Numb. xiii. 33). After the Israelitish invasion, remnants of the Anakim were left in Gaza and Askelon (Josh. xi. 22), and in the time of David Goliath of Gath and his gigantic family were objects of dread to their neighbours (2 Sam. xx. 15-22).

"It is clear, then, that the Amorites of Canaan belonged to the same white race as the Libyans of Northern Africa, and like them preferred the mountains to the hot plains and valleys below. The Libyans themselves belonged to a race which can be traced through the peninsula of Spain and the western side of France into the British Isles. Now it is curious that wherever this particular branch of the white race has extended, it has been accompanied by

a particular form of cromlech, or sepulchral chambers built of large uncut stones. The stones are placed upright in the ground, and covered over with large slabs, the whole chamber being subsequently concealed under a tumulus of small stones or earth. Not unfrequently the entrance to the cromlech is approached by a sort of corridor. These cromlechs are found in Britain, in France, in Spain, in Northern Africa, and in Palestine, more especially on the eastern side of the Jordan, and the skulls that have been exhumed from them are the skulls of men of the dolichocephalous or long-headed type." Ibid. p. 17.

The Nemetes were a nation of Germany at the west of the Rhine; the Nemetatæ were, according to Ptolemy, a people of Heispania Tarraconensis; Nemetobriga was a city of Hispania Tarraconensis; and Nemetacum was a town of Gaul. Now these names correspond with Neimhidh, the progenitor of the *Clanna Neimheadh*, the second colony that conquered Ireland, in accordance with Irish legendary history; and they follow each other in succession through Spain and France to the south-west of Germany, and are connected, apparently, with the Children of Neimhidh in Ireland. *Fomhorach*, "Seafarer," now contracted into *Fomhor*, signifies a giant both in Ireland and Scotland; in Argyllshire it is *famhair*, and *fuamhair* in the North Highlands. In Nott and Gliddon's Types of Manhood, the likenesses of the Tokkari on the Egyptian monuments are considered, who were taken prisoners, being invaders of Egypt by sea. They are compared with tall men of irregular features seen in the Highlands of Scotland.

It is now agreed among ethnologists, and Professor Rhys has lately expressed the same opinion in some of his lectures, that the Picts are not so called because they painted or tattooed their bodies. It was evidently a name by which they called themselves. The name Picti is, without doubt, cognate with Pictones or Pictavi, an Aquitanian or Iberian people situated to the south of the Loire. In the "Chronicle of the Scots," "Skene's Chronicles of the Picts and Scots," p. 380, we have this passage:— "And when Iber comme to eild Gayele send him in yat cuntre, yat now is callet Irland, and fand it vakande but of a certainne of Gewictis, ye quhilk he distroyt, and inhabyt yat land, and callit eftir his modir Scota, Scotia." Gewichtis here is, without doubt, from a Gaelic form *Ciocht*, into which, at a certain period, the Gaels, when they could not pronounce p, substituted c for it, as in the case with *Caisg* from the Latin "paschus," and *clann*, "children," from the Latin "planta," whence the Welsh *plant*, which means the same as *clann*. Mr Whitley Stokes has shown

conclusively that *clann*, like the Welsh *plant*, is from the Latin "planta." The Gaels from Ireland who encountered the Romans, for the first time, in the year 360 A.D., called themselves *Scothi*, from which the Romans made Scoti, and called Ireland Scotia. *Scoth* signifies "warrior" in old Gaelic (O'Davoren's Glossary, p. 115). The name *Cruithneach*, a Pict, is formed by substituting c for p; the Brythons or Old Britons converted Brittania into *Prydyn*, and the Gaels transformed Prydain or Prydin into Cruithin; and the country of the Picts being part of North Britain, was designated in Gaelic *Cruithin tuath*. This explanation is now accepted by Professor Rhys, and was first suggested by Dr O'Brien, in his Irish-English Dictionary. From Cruithin is formed *Cruithneach*, and it was specially applied to the Picts who settled in Ireland from North Britain. It is now admitted by the most learned inquirers into Pictish history that the Picts were a pre-Aryan and pre-Keltic people, who gradually and successively intermingled with the Gaels and Brythons.

The names which are found in lists of the names of Pictish kings offer a strong contrast to the names which occur in lists of the names of Irish kings of the olden times. None of these ever begins with the letter P; in fact, the letter p is never found in them, unless used for an unaspirated b. In the Pictish lists are found "pant, urpant, uip, uruip," &c. The prefixed syllable *ur*, contracted to *u* sometimes. What this prefixed *ur* meant is explained in this passage—"Da Drest, id est, Drest filius Gyrom, id est, Drest filius W drost V annis couregnaverunt. Drest filius Girom solus V annis regnavit." Here are two of the name of Drest who reign together five years, and Drest the son of Girom after this reigned alone five years. Such names, therefore, as urpant, urgant, urguith, urfecir, urcal, urcint, &c., in every case preceded by names corresponding to the second parts of these names, pant, gant, guith, fecir, cal, cint, &c., show that ur denotes two or second, that is, two of a name either together or in succession. In Georgian *ori* denotes two; in Chinese Nankin *urh* (ar) is two; in Chinese Pekin *urh*; in Gyami, Chinese frontier, *ar*. (Hunter's Non-Aryan Languages of India and High Asia, p. 34.) Brude is a name that frequently precedes other names of kings, and it would seem to have signified high king or over king; in one list of the names of Pictish kings it occurs before other names twenty-seven times. Owing to intermarriages between Picts and Scots or Gaels, and also between them and Britons, Gaelic and Brythonic names were introduced among them, and were strangely altered; thus Fergus became Urguist and Werguist; Feradach became Wredach, Aengus or Oengus became Hungus, &c.

Gaelic borrowed from Latin after Christianity had been introduced into the British Isles, at a later period, during the invasions and partial occupations of the Norsemen, during the eighth and ninth centuries. The Scandinavians, besides contributing considerably to both English and Gaelic vocabularies, left a large number of place-names both in England and Scotland. They added *stadr*, a "place," to contractions of the Gaelic names of three of the Irish provinces—Leinster, Munster, Ulster—ster is a contraction of *stadr;* yet it is surprising that although they occupied large tracts of Ireland, they left but few place-names there. (See Joyce's Irish Names of Places). There are more Norse place-names in the island of Islay alone than in the whole of Ireland. As Gaelic has borrowed from the languages which subsequently came in contact with it, there are good grounds for inferring that it took loans from the Non-Aryan dialects which preceded it; and such loans are to be discovered in the oldest written Gaelic down to the spoken Gaelic of the present day. At p. 245, "Transactions of the Royal Historical Society," Dr Hyde Clarke, in his paper on "The Picts and Pre-Celtic Britain," tells us—"In applying William Von Humboldt's researches as to the Basques, it further appeared that the Basque area, or that of the Iberians, would not in his form meet the exigencies of the inquiry. This led me, in the course of time, to the knowledge that the geographical names of the ancient world, or more properly ancient atlas, are formed on one plan. Rivers, mountains, islands, cities, and in some cases, princes, are named after one system. It was further found by me, as communicated to the Royal Historical Society, that the ancient coins, called autonomous coins, commonly treated as purely Greek, bear emblems which have relations to the names of places to which they belong, and are to be assigned to an earlier epoch than the Greek.

"Thus, without going further, and inquiring as to languages and meanings, we are provided with a large body of material, which we can use to test groups, and in some cases individuals. For the general class, which covers the great epochs of original culture, I have in the east applied the name of Khita (by some styled Hittite), and in the west the name of Iberian, but it must not be imagined these are two divisions, or that the class can be strictly defined. It must also be clearly understood, in conformity with what is now more generally accepted than before, that there were several languages in the epoch. As a general term, Iberian is used in this paper as a general and convenient term only. On examining the local names of these islands and towns, here recorded

by the Greek and Roman writers, it appeared that those which were not absolutely and distinctly Celtic were Iberian. On this topic some papers have been read by me. Some remarks of mine on the British coinage point in the same direction."

Mr Hyde Clarke says, with respect to the names of mountains, islands, and rivers:—"The meaning of the words can very well be made out; it refers to the roundness or circular form, or self-contained round or enclosure, which marks an island. This is the reason for which names of allied meaning are represented on the coins, as sun, moon, vase or pot, which are round, as was the ship in its primitive shape. The fish was regarded as round, and other animals found on island coins are the crab and tortoise.

"Island is the same idea or root as mountain, and hence the names for islands and for mountains are the same. As rivers flow from mountains, so are they of the same nomenclature differentiated. Thus my first suggestion of the relation of the names of Britannia and Hibernia was so far accurate; but island is not derived from river but from mountain, and river from mountain."—"Iberian and Belgian Influence in Britain," p. 8.

So Albion is related to Alpes, to Alba, the mountainous part of North Britain, to Albania, in Europe, and in Asia. The river-name, Albis, now the Elbe, is akin to these; Abula was the ancient name of the river Tiber; the river Tiber, at a flowing into the Adriatic, is called Albulates by Pliny, and Albula by other writers. Album was a promontory of Africa, and also of Phœnicia; Albubacis was a river of Gaul; Albanus was a mountain sixteen miles from Rome; a mountain of Upper Pannonia, called Albius by Strabo, now Auff der Alben; Albanus, a river of Albania, in Asia, flowing into the Caspian Sea. Mr Hyde Clarke compares the mountain Kratos and the river Bradanus with Britannia, and the mountain Hebron and the river Hebrus with Hibernia. The Gaels contracted Hibernia into Eire; but the n is preserved in the genitive and dative, *Erenn* and *Erinn*; but the Welsh *Iwerddon* is nearer the original. It is remarkable that two mountains in Ireland were respectively named Alba and Eire. At p. 5, Vol. II., of Translation of "Cambrensis Eversus," by the Rev. Matthew Kelly, St Patrick's College, Maynooth, we are told that "Laeghaire, son of Niall, defeated the Lagenians, and received the Boromean Tribute, but they rose against him once more, and having gained a victory, compelled him to swear by the moon and the winds that he would never more demand that odious tribute. In violation of his oath he marches against them, but he was killed by lightning, near Cassi, in Ui-Faelain, between the two mountains, Eire and

Alba, according to the ambiguous prophecy that he would be slain between Eire and Alba, the Irish names of Ireland and Scotland. A.D. 458."

In Ireland there is *Inis Ereann*, "Ireland's Eye," in which Eye is from the Norse, and denotes island. The Gaelic name of the island, Inis Ereann, is said to have been given to it for a woman named Eire. Lough Erne (Eirne), in Ireland, corresponds in name with Loch Earn, in Scotland; and there is Strathearn, and there is the river Earn, all in Perthshire; there is Auldearn, in Nairnshire. The river Findhorn is called in Gaelic Abhainn Eirne. It is probable that there were mountainous tracts, both in Ireland and Scotland, with which these streams and lakes were connected. *Banbha* is an old name for Ireland, and Banff is the name of a town in Scotland, which gives name to a county. The old form of the name Banff, as it occurs in the Book of Deir, is "banb." *Banbh* signifies pig in Gaelic, and Banbha, as a name for Ireland, and *Banbh*, Banff are evidently derived from it. In each case it was very likely a totem or mythological name, and the word is evidently of pre-Keltic origin. Irish Legendary History tells us that Banbha was a queen of Tuatha De Danann or Dedannian, tribes who preceded the Irish Kelts or Gaels.

In considering the pre-Aryan tribes, in the northern part of North Britain, mentioned by Ptolemy, it may be remarked that long before the Aryans made their appearance throughout Europe, Persia, or India, the Turanian race, from High Asia, migrated south into Asia Minor, Babylonia, Susiana, Hindoostan, and Further India. The Iberians, Kheta, or Hittites, who had come first from the same region to Asia Minor and Syria, where they founded an empire, moved westwards from Asia Minor and Syria to Spain. People of the same race, from the neighbourhood of the Altai mountains, moved westwards to Northern, Central, and North-Western Europe.

The Iberians spoke numerous dialects, but certain words, such as names for mountains, countries, islands, rivers, plains, water, sky, sun, moon, day, night, light, darkness, man, woman, and child, were common to many of them. The Aryan languages which succeeded them, as was to be expected, took numerous loan-words from them. The Hittites or Iberians were the oldest navigators. Ptolemy, who flourished in the second century, copied from the work of a Tyrian geographer, and the Tyrians, who were Semites, received their seafaring knowledge from the Iberians, who preceded them.

In "The Hittites," by Professor Sayce, p. 15, it is said, "The Hittites were a people with yellow skins and 'Mongoloid' features, whose receding foreheads, oblique eyes, and protruding upper jaws, are represented as faithfully on their own monuments as they are on those of Egypt, so that we cannot accuse the Egyptian artists of caricaturing their enemies."

Equally ugly, no doubt, were the followers and soldiers of Jenghis Khan, who conquered and made himself emperor of the greatest part of Asia. As the Hittites intermingled and intermarried with the handsome Amorites, the offspring proceeding from the intermixture would likely be less harsh in features. The fact is, they were a conquering race, and generally intermixed with the nations that they subdued.

At p. 101 of the same work, Professor Sayce says further of them:—"They were short and thick of limb, and the front part of their faces was pushed forward in a curious and somewhat repulsive way. The forehead retreated, the cheek bones were high, the nostrils were large, the upper lip protrusive. They had, in fact, according to the craniologists, the characteristics of a Mongoloid race. Like the Mongols, moreover, their skins were yellow, and their eyes and hair were black."

At p. 136 ibid, we are informed that "The Hittites shone as much in the arts of peace as in the arts of war. The very fact that they invented a system of writing speaks highly for their intellectual capacities. It has been granted to but few among the races of mankind to devise means of communicating their thoughts otherwise than by words; most of the nations of the world have been content to borrow from others not only the written characters they use, but even the conception of writing itself."

"We know from the ruins of Boghaz Keui and Eyuk that the Hittites were no mean architects. They understood thoroughly the art of fortification; the great moat outside the walls of Boghaz Keui, with its sides of slippery stone, is a masterpiece in this respect, like the fortified citadels within the city, to which the besieged could retire when the outer wall was captured. The well-cut blocks and sculptured slabs of which their palaces were built, prove how well they knew the art of quarrying and fashioning stone. The mines of Bulgar Dagh are an equally clear indication of their skill in mining and metallurgic work.

"The metallurgic fame of the Khalybes, who bordered on the Hittite territory, and may have belonged to the same race, was spread through the Greek world. They had the reputation of first discovering how to harden iron into steel. It was from them, at all events, that the Greeks acquired the art.

"Silver and copper appear, from the evidence of the Egyptian and Assyrian monuments, to have been the metals most in request, though gold and iron also figure among the objects which the Hittites offered in tribute. The gold and copper were moulded into cups and images of animals, and the copper was changed into bronze by being mixed with tin. From whence the tin was procured we have yet to learn."

There is a strong probability in favour of the tin being brought from Cornwall, in Britain. I have quoted the preceding to show the relation of the names of the tribes of North Britain mentioned by Ptolemy to non Aryan, Turanian, or Iberian names. Damnouii, the Dannoni of the Ravenoa Geographer, who wrote an anonymous work on geography, in the seventh century. This name corresponds to Damnii, the name of an ancient Irish people, and also to *Tuatha Dé Danann*, a ruling people in Ireland, according to Irish legendary history, who immediately preceded the Kelts. At p. 12 of Hyde Clarke's "Iberian and Belgian Influence in Britain," Damnii occurs in a list of names that signify *man; Dáimh*, in Gaelic denotes people, kindred. According to Captain Thomas's paper "On the Ptolemaic Geography of Scotland," in the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, their territory included the entire basins of the Forth, Clyde, and perhaps the Tay. Irish legend informs us that the *Tuatha Dé Danann*, before going into Ireland, stayed for a length of time in *Dobhar* and *Iardobar* in *Alban;* now *dobhar* denotes "water or boundary;" and it is likely that Dobhar and Iardobhar, in this case, signify the Tay and the Clyde; so that the territory, which legend tells us was inhabited by the *Tuatha Dé Danann*, in Alban, exactly corresponds to that which was occupied by the Damnonii. Creones and Cerones occupied Lorn, Appin, and from Lochaber to the Sound of Skye. *Cer* in these names is evidently cognate with *Karu*, in Talain or Mon, Tenasserim; with *Kors*, Kuri, Central India.—Hunter's Non-Aryan Languages of India and High Asia, p. 139. Gaelic, *Cear*, offspring, blood, *Cearn*, a "man."

Carnonacae.—These probably occupied the territory from the Sound of Skye to Assynt. The Careni dwelt at Strathnavir. The Cornavii were the inhabitants of modern Caithness. In England the Carnavii occupied the lands between the Mersey and the Dee. These names, as well as the Coutani of South Britain, and the Coriondi of Ireland, correspond to names for *man*. (Hyde Clarke's "Iberian and Belgian Influence and Epochs in Britain," p. 12).

Lugi.—The Lugi dwelt in Easter Ross and East Sutherland. *Leú* denotes "man" in written and spoken Burman, and in Sak in

Arrakan; and Lugi, consequently, is cognate, and means "men." Gaelic *Luan*, a lad, a champion; *Luán*, a diminutive of *Lú*, a man; a son. Lucani, the name of an ancient Irish people, is cognate with Luigi.

Smertae.—In this name the S is evidently prosthetic. So it is derived from *Mertae*. They dwelt about Loch Shin. *Maro* means "man" in Lepcha, N.E. Bengal; Mrú denotes the same in Toung, Arakan. *Mart* or *murt* signifies "men" in the Finnic languages, and it is found in a very great number of the names of Finnic tribes, such as the Mord-win and the Komi-murt. The name of a Median tribe was *Mardi*, which denotes "Men." Gaelic *Múireann*, a woman. Captain Thomas, R.N., in his paper on the "Ptolemaic Geography of Scotland," remarks:—"Such is the description of the distribution of the tribes or peoples in the north and west of Scotland in the second century, and to those who are acquainted with the country it will appear to have all the character of truth. That the coasts and glens were well peopled at an early period is proved by Mr Anderson's very interesting map of the North of Scotland, on which he has shown the site of seventy-nine Pictish towers in Caithness, and sixty in the modern county of Sutherland."

The Vacomagi.—These were to the eastward of the Caledonii. They inhabited Murray, Strathspey, Badenoch, and Athol. The second part of the name, *coma*, corresponds to *Kami*, a "man," in Kámi, Arrakan, and to *Kumi*, a "man," in Kúmi, Arrakan. Gaelic *Com*, kindred (Brehon Laws). From these comparisons it may be inferred that Vacomagi is, like the preceding names, a Turanian or Altaic name denoting "Men." Attention may be directed to the second syllable, which is the accented one, thus emphasising the part of the word which specially signifies *man*.

Venicones.—The Venicones were situated south-west of the Vacomagi, and occupied the present counties of Forfar and Kincardine. This name bears close resemblance to Venicnii, the name of an ancient people in the north-west of Ireland. The last part of this name, *cones*, corresponds to Siamese *Khon*, a "man;" to Ahom *Kun*; Khamti Kun; and Laos *Khon*—languages in Siam. (Hunter's "Non-Aryan Languages of India and High Asia, p. 139).

Taezali, Taizaloi, Taxaloi.—This people inhabited the present Aberdeenshire. The first part of this name, *Taez*, *Taiz*, or *Tex*, may be equated with the old Gaelic word *Tas*, a dwelling (Ll. Ar. Br.), and the second part *ali* or *aloi*, with *A'l*, a "man," in Tamil, Malayalma, Tuluva, Toduva, Toda; with *Alu*, man, in Karnataka and with *A'le*, "man" in Kóta; languages in Southern India. (Ibid.)

These are the principal names of the pre-Keltic tribes north of the Firths of Forth and Clyde. The resemblance of the names to names signifying man in India and Further India can only be explained by migrations south, south-east, and south-west from High Asia. These tribes united under the common name of Picti against the Romans in the fourth century, and entered into an alliance with the Scots.

Glenelg is an interesting place-name, of which the first part Glen (*gleann*, a valley) is Keltic, and the second part, *elg* (*eilg*, gen. of ealg) is pre-Keltic. *Ealg* is an old name for Ireland, which is said to have been given to it by the Firbolgs. So in Keating's "History of Ireland" we find:—"An treas ainm, Inis Ealga, eadhon, oilen uasol; oir as ionann inis agus oilén, agus as ionanns, ealga agus uasol: agus as re linn Fear m-Bolg fa gnáth an t-ainm sinn uirre."

"The third name was *Inis-Ealga*, that is, Noble Island; for 'iniu" and 'oilen' (island) are equivalent, and 'ealga' and 'uasol' (noble) are equivalent; and it is during the time of the Firbolgs that name was usually on it."

The oldest meaning of *Ealg* was not "Noble." The Gaelic *Ealg* is no doubt cognate with the Basque *Elge*, a field or cultivated plain; and the old name of Ireland, *Inis Ealga*, evidently signified "Island of cultivated plains." The Basque is a non-Aryan language, and any words akin to Basque words in Gaelic must be of pre-Keltic origin. Glenelg must have taken its name from the ground about the village, which is arable and level. The extended meaning "noble" would apply to the whole glen. The Scotch Gaelic word *Eilgheadh*, "levelling a field for sowing; fallow ground; a first ploughing of land that requires a second, to prepare it for seed," is evidently cognate with the name Ealg, and the Basque *Elge*, "a cultivated plain"

Bolg in *Fear-bolg* signifies "man," and the preceding is a Gaelic gloss on it. At p. 8 of "Notes on the Ligurians, Aquitanians, and Belgians, by Hyde Clarke, F.R. Hist. Soc., it is said—

"The general name of Belgian, like that of Ligurian, is recognisable. It is *man* as in other cases.

"We may enumerate—Belgae, Batavi, Eburones, Abades, Verani.

"The conclusions to be drawn from facts conforming to general historical data are of considerable interest.

"The Belgians in no general respect differed from the inhabitants of pre-Celtic Gaul. The distinction drawn by Cæsar is consequent on the occupation of midland Gaul by the Aryan

invaders, thus sundering the northern Iberians or Belgians from the southern Iberians or Aquitanians, as also from the Ligurians.

"We find, also, that the district was settled with Iberian cities, and that this occupation extended to the shores of the North Sea, if not further, and even to the amber deposits.

"The origin of the Batavi is also decided, for it could not have been Celtic or Germanic, though in after times the population was affected by Germanic influences."

Bolg, then, is but a different form of Belgae, and the name is pre-Keltic. Both Kelts and Germans had considerably intermixed with the Belgae before Cæsar's time, and the names of some of the tribes are evidently Keltic. At page 276, "Celtic Britain," Rhys asserts "That the derivation and meaning of this word (Belgae) are unknown. but one thing is certain, neither the people nor its name had anything whatever to do with the Irish Ferbolgs." The learned professor, nevertheless, gives no reason to confirm his assertion—it is evidently given *ex cathedra*. There are place-names both in Ireland and Scotland to show that a people called *Bolg* abounded in both countries; there is Strathbolgie in Aberdeenshire; Blatum Bulgium, mentioned in the Antonine Itinerary, was not far from the river Annan in Scotland; there is Dunbolg in the county of Wicklow, and Murbolg in the county of Antrim, in Ireland. The Ithians were a pre-Keltic Irish people, and in "The Stem of the Line of Ith" O'Hart's Irish Pedigrees, First Series, p. 80, two names occur of which Bolg forms a part; Sithbolg (Peaceman) and Each-Bolg (Horse-Man).

Sliocht Ir, the Progeny of Ir, were a pre-Keltic race, and much the same as the Firbolgs, Picts, or Tuatha De Danann. *Ir* means land or earth, and *Clann Ir* literally denotes "Children of the Earth," so called by the Kelts who succeeded them "*Làn in h Erin do chlaind Ir*" (full is Ireland of the Children of Ir). Maelmura of Othain says of them in the ninth century—"Ulster, from the mouth of the Boyne to the Bay of Donegal, was almost entirely Irian down to the second century. The Irians held possession of Longford, the Queen's County, and part of Westmeath around Uisneach Hill in Leinster. They possessed the greater part of Kerry, the west of Clare, and a tract around Fermoy, in Munster; and Connemara, with scattered tracts in Leitrim, Roscommon, Mayo, Sligo, in Connaught."

On comparing the Irian territories with those of the native Irish in the fourteenth century, it will be found that, with the exception of East Leinster, they are almost identical. So this very position of the Irian territories is a strong argument that the

Irians preceded the Heremonians, by whom they were driven from the more fertile and accessible parts of the island. Similarly, the Dalriadic Scots, who were Heremonians, took the territory which became the kingdom of Dalriada in Alban, and ultimately conquered the Albanic Picts.

Irian topography leads to the conclusion that the race had, at one time, possession of the largest part of the island—and that conclusion is corroborated by two significant traditions, to wit, the greater number of Irians, whose names are conspicuous in the lists of Over-kings of Ireland, before Ugaine the Great, particularly Ollamh Fodhla, and his seven Irian successors, the kings, if not the founders of Tara, and, again, the partition of Ireland between two Irian brothers, Kearmna and Tobharche—a partition which is supported by traditionary monumental evidence. The palaces of both, at both ends of the island, are yet known by their names, and pronounced the most ancient buildings in Ireland.

The ancient palace of Eamania was the largest of its kind in Ireland. Its foundation, in A.C. 305, and its destruction, in A.D. 322, are epochs in the Irish annals. (See Cambrensis Eversus—Kelly's Edition, Vol I., p. 462-465). It was in a room of the palace of Eamania, *A' chraobh Ruadh*, "The Red Branch," that the young heroes of Ulster were trained to feats of arms. These were called "The Champions of the Red Branch," the most celebrated of whom was Cuchulainn, who was as famous in legend and war-song in the Scottish Highlands as he was in Ireland. According to the Irish *Nennius*, the Irians were not *brothers* of Heremonians and Heberians, but *Cruithne* or Picts. The name *Cruithne* has been already explained. The same writer calls the Irian Ollamh Fodhla and his six Irian successors, the seven Pictish kings that ruled over Ireland. The Kelts, both of Britain and Ireland, would seem to have come first into Britain, as auxiliaries to some Iberian kings, and that they played the same part to these as their brother Aryan Kelts did to the Iberians of Gaul and Spain, as the Aryan Italians did to the Etrurians and Ligurians, and as the Aryans in general did to Greece, Armenia, Persia, and India. Originating as nomads, according to Professor Schrader, in the south-west of Russia, they spread over the world, and diffused their language wherever they settled. The Saxons acted similarly towards the British Kelts at a subsequent period. At a still later period the Normans subdued the Saxons, and later still the Kelts of Ireland and those of Wales. Scotland would have followed had not Robert Bruce's astuteness circumvented Edward the First's vigorous and sagacious plans. The oldest form of *Eireamhon* is *Erim*, the eponym of the most

powerful branch of the Irish Kelts. This eponym may be said to be identical with the Akkadian word "*erim*" (Warrior (host.) (See Syllabary in Sayce's Assyrian Grammar.) That this word was common to other Turanian languages there is good reason for believing, and it supports a strong argument in favour of the first Irish Kelts being employed as warriors by a pre-Keltic Irish Over-king. Another eponym is *Mileadh*, a loan-word from the Latin, denoting "soldier." *Gaidheal* or *Gaoidhiol*, the name by which a Gaelic-speaking Irishman or Scotchman calls himself now, is defined by O'Reilly in his Irish-English Dictionary, "Gaoidheal, s.m., a hero, a man who by force or by art gets above all laws." The word is probably derived from *gaide*, "armed with a spear," and hence *Gaidheal* signifies a "spearman or warrior."

There is reason to think that it was by kinship rather than by conquest that the Dalriadic Scots obtained their first settlement in Alban; for it is said in the "Tract of the Scots of Dalriada" that "Bairfind, 'son of Nadsluag,' and grandson of 'Oengus Mor,' had three sons, viz., Lugad, Conall, Galan, and that 'A Cruthneach was their mother.'" (Skene's Chronicles of the Scots and Picts, p. 311.)

In the Irish and Pictish additions to the Historia Britonum the following description would apply to the Ancient Iberians:—

"Necromancy, and idolatry, illusion,
In a fair and well-walled house,
Plundering in ships, bright poems
By them were taught.

"The honouring of sredhs and omens,
Choice of weather, lucky times,
The watching the voice of birds,
They practised without disguise.

"Hills and rocks for the plough,
Their sons were no thieves,
They prepared their expedition,
They reached Inver Boinne."

—Skene's Chronicles of the Scots and Picts, p. 42.

The accounts given of the Picts in Irish Legendary History generally correspond with those given of the Tuatha Dé Danann. Whatever may have been the meaning of the name Picti in the old pre-Keltic dialects, it would seem to have been a common name among all the pre-Keltic tribes of Erin and Alban for the whole of themselves. The name is still preserved in Lowland

Scotch as Pechts, and as already quoted *Gewichtis* is a Scottish rendering of the Gaelic modified form of the name.

"The fifth name of Ireland, according to Keating's History of Ireland, was Fodhla. 'An cúigeadh h-ainm Fódhla ó bhainrioghain do Thuathaibh De Dhanann da n-gairthi Fódhla: as i fá bhean do Mhacbecht dar bh' ainm dílios Teathúr.'"

"The fifth name [was] Fódhla from a queen of the Tuatha De Dananns, who was called Fodhla; it is she [who] was wife of Macbecht, whose proper name [was] Teathur." (Keating's History of Ireland, Dr Joyce's edition, pp. 6-7).

Fodla was son of Cruithne (Chronicles of the Scots and Picts, pp. 24-25). He is named Fotlla, Ibid., p. 323; and one of the seven divisions of Pictland is called Fotla for him, Ibid., p. 324. At p. ciii. Ibid., it is stated, "Fodla appears in the name Adfodla, the old form of the word now corrupted into Athole." The old forms of the name Athol were *Atfoithle*, *Adtheodle*, and *Athfhothla* Ibid., p. 76, there are extracts from the "Annals of Tighernach' in which is recorded, A.D. 739 — *Tolarcan MacDrostan Rex Athfhotla a bathadh ba h-Aengus*—Tolarcan, the son of Drostan, king of Athol, drowned by Angus.

It appears, therefore, from the foregoing statements, that *Fola* or *Fotdla* was the old name of Athole; but *Fodhla* was also an old name for Ireland; and the Scots, who were colonists from Ireland, were aware that this was the case, so they named *Fodla* in Alban, *Athfhodhla* or *Athfhothla*, the next or the other *Fodhla*. There were an ancient people in the south of Ireland named Vodii by Ptolemy. Although it was in the second century that Ptolemy flourished, he wrote his treatise in the beginning of the century, and his work is only a corrected copy of another work, written by Marinus of Tyre, who lived but a short time before him, who is believed to have drawn his materials from an ancient Syrian atlas; but the Syrians were a Semitic Colony, who migrated to Syria from the head of the Gulf of Persia, and built Tyre at a time when the Khetans, Hittites, or Iberians had founded a great empire in the south-west of Asia, and had extended their sway to the west of Europe and Africa, and it is now believed that the Tyrians learned navigation and map-making from them, and that, to a certain extent, Ptolemy's map is a representation of the geography of the world as it was in their day. Ptolemy's geography is partly much older than that of Pliny or Tacitus, who preceded him. Sidon is mentioned in the Book of Genesis, Tyre is not.

The Vod and Wotiaks are Finnic tribe-names which correspond to an ancient Irish name Vodii; the town name of Buda in

Hungary, is of the same origin, and so is Budii, the name of a Median tribe. Matiani, the name of another Median tribe, and also the national name of the Medes, are derived from the general Finnic or Ugric tribe-name *mat*, which signifies "tent." (See Taylor's Etruscan Researches, p. 78).

La, at the end of Finnish names, denotes "place;" Reval is a corruption of Rahwa-La, "the place of the people." (Etruscan Researches, p. 342). So Fodla, an old name for Ireland, and Fodla in Scotland, now Athole, signify, in each case, the place of the Fod or Vod, and the Vodii were an ancient people in the south of Ireland.

At pp. 106-121 of 2nd ed. of his "Goidelica," Dr Whitley Stokes examines the Gaelic Entries in the Book of Deir. In the first entry we are informed that Bede, the Pict, Grand Stewart of Buchan, gave, in offering, to Calumcille and Drostan from *Cloch in tiprat* (Stone of the well) to *Cloch pette mic Garnait* (Stone of pet [of the] son of Garnait), pp. 108-9. *Pett meic Garnait* occurs again in the second entry, and also *Pett in mulenn* (Pett of the Mill); *Pett meic Gobroig* (Pett of son of Gobrog); *Pett Maelduib* (Pett of Maeldub), p. 109.

In the third entry occurs *pet mec cóbrig*, and in the fourth Pet Ipair (Pet of Ipar), p. 110. At p. 120, Stokes erroneously compares pet with the Irish "*pit* (in *terc-fit*, *leth-fit*), a portion of food," with which it has nothing to do.

In looking over Slater's Directory for Scotland, for the year 1882, in search of place-names beginning with *Pit*, the modern form which Pet takes, I found none among the Orkney, Shetland, or Caithness place-names; two in Sutherland, fourteen in Aberdeenshire, twenty-five in Fifeshire, three in Inverness-shire, six in Kincardineshire, three in Kinross-shire, nineteen in Perthshire, nine in Forfarshire, none in Argyllshire, Dumbartonshire, or Stirlingshire, one in Haddingtonshire, and none elsewhere south of the Firths of Forth and Clyde. Pet or Pit seems to be more frequent where the Albanian Picts north of the Firths of Forth and Clyde held their ground longest. There is not a vestige of it left by the Niduarian Picts, or Picts of Galloway, and there is not a trace of it in Ireland. It seems, therefore, to have been peculiar to the dialects spoken by the Picts of Northern Scotland. There is no reason to doubt that there are more place-names beginning with *Pit* than I have found in Slater's Directory.

Dr Whitley Stokes, at p. 120 of his "Goidelica," 2nd ed., compares *pet* with the Irish *pit* (in *terc-fit*, *leth-fit*, a "portion of food)," but *pet*, a townland, which alternates with the Gaelic *baile*, is older

than the appearance of *p* in the Gaelic language, and is unquestionably of Pictish origin. Corresponding to *pet*, or *pett*, a townland, are Padda, a village in Uraon, Central India; Patti (village), Kóta, Southern India.—Hunter's, "The Non-Aryan Languages of India and High Asia," p. 163.

At p. 54 of Hyde Clarke's "Researches in Pre-historic and Pro-historic Comparative Philology, &c.," are found these corresponding town names:—Patapa, Peru; Patawi, Siam; Patavium, Bithynia; Patavilca, Peru and Italy; Paita, Petu; Pauta, New Granada; Ayapata, Peru; Pitu, Mexico; Beda, Mesopotamia; Pita, Peru; Peto, Yucatan; Pida, Pontus; Pitura, Peru; Paturia, New Granada; Patara, Lycia.

Among the gifts bestowed on the Abbey of Deir are *da dabeg* (two davochs) mentioned in the second Gaelic entry, and *cetri dabach* (four davochs, free from burthens) named in the sixth Gaelic entry, p. 111. Stokes, at p. 117, identifies *dabach* here with *dabhach*, a "vat," with which there is no reason to imagine that it has any other connection further than being a homonym, "but here used," he says, "like *pint*, *pottle*, and *gallon* in Ireland, to denote a measure of land." Pint, pottle, and gallon have always been fixed liquid measures, but *dabhach*, a "vat," never was, for a vat has always been, as now, of varying solid content. It is evidently a matter of certainty that *dabach*, now *dabhach*, or *dabhoch*, has always meant a townland, differing from *pet* in containing more pasture and less arable land. Dr Shaw, in his Gaelic dictionary, defines "Dabhoch, a farm that keeps sixty cows;" and in Macleod's and Dewar's it is stated, "Dabhoch, a farm of extent sufficient to pasture a certain number of cows, varying in different districts. In the Hebrides, the number three hundred and twenty is understood." In Slater's Directory, I do not find Davoch occur but twice—Dovochfin in the parish of Dornoch, and Davochbeg in the parish of Rogart, both in Sutherland. It appears, however, that there are place names in the northern counties beginning with *Dauch* and *Doch*, which seem to be contractions of Davoch.

Conforming with *Dabach* (townland) is Georgian *Daba* (village) —Hunter's "The Non-Aryan Languages of India and High Asia," p. 163; and corresponding to the town names, Tabi, Yucatan; Taba, in Phrygia and in Caria; Teabo, Yucatan; Thebae, Bœotia and Thessaly; Tabatingo, Peru; Tabeo, New Granada; Tebbath, Palestine; Tapacoche, Peru; Tabachula, Guatemala; Tapuah, Palestine—Hyde Clarke's "Researches in Pre-historic and Proto-historic Comparative Philology," etc.

The name Deir is said in the Book to have been given to the place when Columcille and Drostán parted with each other there

—"iarsén do rat columcille dodrostán inchadraig sén 7 rosbénact 7 foracaib imbrether gebe tísad nabad blianec buadacc tangadar déara drostán arscarthain fri collumcille be rolaboir columcille bedéar á ainm ohunn imach."

"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.' Drostán's tears came on parting with Columcille. Said Columcille, 'Let Déar (tear) be its name henceforward.'"

There need hardly be any doubt that Deir was the name of the place long before Columcille, or Drostan, was born. Deir corresponds to Derá (village) in Dhunál, N.E. Bengal.—Hunter's "The Non-Aryan Languages of India and High Asia," p. 163.

A considerable portion of the Gaelic vocabulary may be traced to pre-Keltic languages:—*Táin*, water, is recognised in *Tanais*, the ancient name of the Don in Russia, and there seems to be no doubt that the modern name *Don* is derived from the old one. In Armstrong's Gaelic Dictionary, *Don* is defined as denoting water, and is likely a less ancient form of *Tain;* so the river-name Don in Scotland is evidently identical with the same name in Russia. Abh (av) is given in Cormac's Glossary as denoting river; according to Joyce's "Irish Names of Places," it is used only in the southern half of Ireland. It is found provected into *ap* and *app* in several place-names in Scotland. It probably meant water, in the primary use of it. Awe, in Loch Awe, was evidently in its original Gaelic form *abha;* ab (ab, abba) signifies the sea in Akkadian. Akkadian, *durud*, a fortress, and *tir*, a judge, seem to be cognate with Gaelic *druideadh*, a shutting or closing, and tor, a lord. Akkadian *ca*, a gate; Gaelic *cái* or *caoi*, a way; whence *cachlaidh*, a rustic gate, from *cai*, a way, and *cliath*, a hurdle; Ak. erim, soldier (host). The oldest form of *Eireamhon*, the eponym of the strongest branch of the Gaelic Kelts, is *Erem*, which is nearly identical with *erim*, and evidently closely cognate with this word. This eponym, *Erem*, gives strong support to the theory that the first Kelts came to Ireland from north-western Gaul, that is, the country of the Veneti, as auxiliaries to an Iberian Irish over-king. The oldest name by which the Gaels called themselves was *Féne* or *Féine*, and their cultivated written language they called *Berle Fene*. Again, the names *Fene* and *Veneti* are nearly identical, and, doubtlessly, nearly akin to each other. In Professor Mackinnon's contribution to the *Scotsman* newspaper on the *Feinn*, there is the old Gaelic word rig-Fennid (Kings-warrior), which still further corroborates the foresaid theory.

Ptolemy's Tinea, now the Tyne, is clearly akin to the Gaelic *táin* (water). The Gaelic *caochan*, a rivulet, is evidently related to the river names Cauca, in New Granada; Cacathus, in India; Caca, in Bolivia; Cachy, in Peru; Caicinus and Caecina, in Italy; and Caicusin, in Asia Minor.—(Hyde Clarke's "Researches in Prehistoric and Proto-historic Comparative Philology," &c., pp. 49-50. Gaelic *sian*, rain; Sinu, a river in New Granada; Senos, the Ptolemaic name for the Shannon, in modern Gaelic *Sionainn*; Birgos, for the Barrow, *Biorra* in Gaelic. The first part of Birgos, *bir*, signifies water; Bovouinda, the Boyne, in Gaelic *A' Bhóinne*. Gaelic *cottud*, a mountain; Cotopaxi, a mountain in Ecuador, America; Cottia, Alps, Europe. Ak. *gan* (gana), field, plain, enclosure; Gael. *ceann*, a plain or enclosure.—(O'Davoren's Glossary, p. 68). *Oidhce Bhealltainn*, the last night of April, and *Latha Bealltainn*, the first day of May. Belten in Scotch is borrowed from Gaelic. Belltaine (Cormac's Glossary), a genitive form which points to a nominative Bell-tán. Tán signifies time, and there is reason to infer from various descriptions found in Irish writings, and from the superstitions connected with Mayday and the night preceding it, that *bell* means sun, and that *Oidhche Bealltainn* means Night of Sun-time, and *Latha Bealltainn* Day of Sun-time; so *bliadhna* (a year), the old form of which is *bliadan*, is from *bell*, or *Béal-tán*, sun-time, or sun's apparent annual revolution round the sun. In Dhimál and in Kocch, N.E. Bengal, *belá* is the name for the sun. *Belà* is the name for the sun in Khond and Chentsu, Central India. Gaelic *bell*, or *béal*, appears to be identical with *belá*, found as a name for the sun in four Non-Aryan languages in India.—Hunter's "The Non-Aryan Languages of India and High Asia," p. 158).

In Major C. R. Conder's paper on "The Early Races of Western Asia," in the Journal of the Anthropological Institute, for August last, at pp. 44-48 there are "one hundred Hittite words compared with Akkadian, Medic, Susian and Etruscan, Turkic and Mongol words of archaic living languages." Many of these bear a near resemblance to Gaelic words, with which they are here compared:—[1] G. *abhadh*, a camp, an encampment a dwelling, an abode; H. house, abode; Ak. *ab*; Altaic *eb*, *ev*; Chagataish *oba*, *ova*, house. G. *achadh*, a field; H. *aker*; Et. *ayer*, field; Chagataish *kir*; Lapp. *aker*, field. G. *an*, noble, pure; *Ana*, the mother of the Hibernian gods; H. *an*, god; Ak. *an*; Medic *an*; Et. *an*, *un*; Susian, *an*. G. *guth*, voice, a word; H. *gu*, word, say; Ak. *gu*; Buriat, *goi*, say,

[1] G. for Gaelic, H. for Hittite, Ak. for Akkadian, Et. for Etruscan.

ask. G. *ceann*, plain, enclosure; H. *kan*, *gan*, enclosure; Manchu *yuan*, garden; Yakut, *khonu*, field. G. *cu*, a champion, a hero, a chief—a different word from *cu*, a hound or dog, with which it has been confounded; H. *ku*, king; Ak. *uk* and *ku*; Susian *ku*, king; Manchu *chu*, lord; Ak. *ku*, high. G. *corrach*, steep; H. *kur*, mountain; Ak. *kur*; Medic *kurkha*; Lapp. *kor*; Tcheremiss, *korok*; Gaelic *cruach*. G. *oll*, great, omnipotent; *ollamh*, a doctor, chief professor of any science; *ollamhnachd*, superiority (O'Reilly); *ollamhan*, a chief bard or historiographer (Ll. Ar. Br.); *Ollamh Olum*, a celebrated Irian or Pictish king of Ireland. As in the case of many other words and names, the second part of this name has received a perverted explanation; so *Olum* is said to signify crop-eared, from *o*, an ear, and *lum*, equivalent to *lom*, bare. There can hardly be a doubt that in this case *Olum* denotes great or illustrious. H. *lul*, *lel*, chief; Ak. *lala*, *lul*, *lil*, ruler; Hunnic *luli*, chief; Altaic *ulula*, to become great. G. *tuirghen*, a king, a lord; H. *tarka*, chief; Et. *tarchu*, *tarchi* (Tarquin); Siberian *tarkhan*; Tschuwash *torgan*; Uigur *tarkhan*, chief. G. *tor*, a sovereign, lord, a noble; H. *tur*, chief; Uigur *töre*, prince; Ak. *tar* or *tur*. At p. 33 of the Journal of the Anth. In., Major Conder remarks that *Nazi* is a Susian and Akkadian word, which is spelt syllabically, and signifies a prince. Now, in the Gaelic tale of the Sons of Uisneach, who were three in number, *Nais* was the name of one of them, and the only one that is not transparent to a Gaelic scholar. The name may therefore be allied to Nazi, the name of a Hittite chief. This name signifies in Hittite and in Susian "prince," and the Sons of Uisneach were, according to the tale, princes.

Asia Minor words mentioned by Greek writers—Gaelic, *al*, a horse; *all*, a bridle; Carian, *ala*, horse; Gaelic, *loth*, a filly; Hungarian, *lo*, a horse.

At commencing this paper, I never thought that I should be led by its subject into such a wide field of inquiry and research; were the Picts entirely Ugrian, as Dr Isaac Taylor calls them, the work of writing this paper should have been much less; but the common name Picti, by which this combination of tribes called itself in the time of the Roman occupation of Britain and subsequently, is nearly identical with Pictones, an Aquitanian, not an Ugrian people. The names of the tribes that entered into combination to defend themselves against the Romans, point to successive migrations from different centres, at various periods, into North Britain.

The pre-historic peoples and languages have been examined and compared by distinguished savants, Bryan Hodgson and several others. Among the oldest of the pre-historic languages are the Puggmean, the languages of those races of small stature who were driven to the polar regions, and other desolate parts of the earth, by stronger races. It is supposed by some scientists that, at a very early period, they occupied the British Isles. To these belong the Eskimo found in the furthest northern parts of North America and in the north-west part of Asia; the Bushman, in West Africa; the Tierradel Fuegians, in South America; and the Lapps, who now speak a corrupt Finnish dialect. The Agaw class is said to be one of the most remarkable of the pre-historic epoch. The Asiatic branches are the Abkhas of the Caucasus; the Kajunah of High Asia; the Gadaba of India; and the Rodiya of Ceylon. The African branches are the Agaw, Agawmide, Waag, Falasha or Black Jews, Dizzela, Fertit, Shankali, Koldagi, and Somanli, in North Africa; Egbele, Olomo, Buduma, Pati, Bayon, Bagba, Bamon, in West Africa.

The North American branches are the Skwali, Sekumne, and Tsammak. The South American branches are the Guarini, Tupi, Omagua, Mundruca, and Apiaca, in Brazil, &c.; the Morima, Sararecа, in the Missions; San Pedro, Coretu, on the Orinoco.

There appears to have been, in ancient times, a European branch, the Akhaivi or Achivi, who became Hellenised subseqently. They, very probably, also occupied Aquitania. They were known to the Egyptians as Akauisha, and as sons of Ham they are represented by Havilah in Genesis. They were settled, in ancient times, near the Lesghians, Lycians, Cilicians, Lakonians, and Ligurians. A great influence was exercised by this class in propagating culture. Its members would appear anciently to have been all black. Some Lakedwellers may be assigned to the Agaw class. In Guiana, the Lakedwellers talk Guarani or Agau, and those of Lake Prasias were, without doubt, near to the Akhaisi; and the older lake sites are not remote from them. In their dialects, house and village are equivalent to water, lake, &c. During the Agaw migrations, many of the great rivers were likely named, such as the Iberus, &c., in Europe, and the Parana, &c., in South America. In America the Agaws were forerunners of the Sumero Akkadians. The Guarani animal names are distinctly Agaw.

The Vasco-Kolarian class of languages is a large one among the pre-historic languages, approaching the proto-historic. It comprehends the Basque in its several forms in Europe; in the Caucasus, in Asia, the Lesghian, Kazi, Kumuk, Akush, Mizjezghi, Awar, &c.

In India, the Kolarian group, Ko, Singbhum, Sontali, Bhumij, Mundari, Uraou, Kuri, Juang, &c.; in Eastern Asia, Korean; in North Africa, the Furian; in West Africa, Koussa, Mandinga, Bambarra, Yoruba, languages, the Ebo, Ashantee, and Fantee, Kossa, Fulah.

"The Vasco-Kolarian has tree and house conforming to village and grove. The roots for tooth and bone supply names for implements. The names for beasts are based on those for the dog, and altogether the early elements appear to belong to a stage when men were passing from an age of stone to one of bone, and from caves to tree dwellings."—(Hyde Clarke's "Researches in Prehistoric and Proto-historic Comparative Philology," p. 11).

The northern members of these peoples at present are white or brown, but all the southern members are black; but in Herodotus's time, blacks of them existed as far north as the Caucasus. The colour of the northern members, therefore, has been changed by crossing with races having yellow, brown, or white skins. It is surprising that this group of tribes or nations, whatever be the present social differences, are, and always have been, warlike. The Romans were resisted by the Basques, as the Spaniards are and have been; the Roman Empire was attacked by the Avars; the Russians were long resisted by the Lesghians, under Schamyl; the Southals rebelled against the British; the Americans and French were beaten off by the Coreans, who kept the Chinese and Japanese at bay; the Ashantees have fought bravely against the British, and Houssas and Kossas fought along with them.

There are many words in Gaelic seemingly cognate with Basque words:—*Arhan*, a plum; Gaelic *airne*, a sloe; *arrano*, an eagle; Gaelic *fìrean* (has nothing to do with *fìor eun*); Welsh *eryr*; *bero*, hot, Gael. *breo*, fire, flame; *ecin*, impossibility; Gael. *éigin*, violence, difficulty; *erbi*, a hare; Gael. *earb*, a roe; *gar*, flame; Gael. *garadh*, a warming or heating; *kil*, death; Gael. *cìl*, death; *idi*, an ox; Gael. *ed*, cattle; *khe*, smoke; Gael. *ceo*, one of the meanings of which is smoke in the Outer Hebrides.

In choosing these Basque words as apparently cognate with Gaelic words, I have avoided all those that I suspected of being loan words from Latin, French, or Spanish.

The Basques are called by Roman writers Vascones, and a Basque calls himself, at the present day, Uscaldun, his language Uscara, and his country Uscalherri. The initial V of Vascones was evidently substituted by the Roman writers for the Basque B, which has a sound intermediate between B and V. In modern Basque, the initial consonant has been vocalised into U in

Uscaldun, &c., and the n into ld. Many old Gaelic personal names end in -ne, which denotes offspring or descendants. Baiscne, which by aspiration becomes Bhaiscne, and Bais, Bhais, the first syllable, may be equated with Vasc- of Vascones, and with Usc- of Uscaldun. According to the pedigree of Fionn Mac Cumhaill, as compiled by the Vicar of Bienn Eadair, Fionn is the seventh in descent from Baiscne, from whom the Clanna Baiscne, more lately Clanna Baoisgne, were descended—("Leabhar na Feinne," p. 34).

We learn from Boyd Dawkins' palæontological work that the northern range of the Basques extended to the British Isles. The Sumero-Akkadian is reckoned among the proto-historic languages. Sumerian preceded the Semitic languages in Canaan, and the Akkadians from High Asia blended with the Sumerians in Babylonia. They extended along the Mediterranean westward to Spain and the north-west of Europe. They became powerful by sea, and found their way both to North and South America. They were conquered in Babylonia one thousand years before the Christian era. The Sumero-Akkadians are supposed to have come from a common centre in High Asia to Babylonia and to India, and from the same centre, shortly afterwards, to Indo-China; then followed the occupation of Java and other islands. It is highly probable that Peru was reached four or five thousand years ago. It is to be observed that the Malay occupation of Australasia must have cut off the Sumerian intercourse with America.

A prevalent notion among naturalists that words are perishable and cannot be transmitted, is based upon a false conception. So far as the Sumero-Akkadian is concerned, words written three or five thousand years ago in Babylonia, wherein the language is extinct, are preserved by American populations in an unwritten form. Longer periods must have elapsed for the diffusion of the identical words of the Kolarian of India and of Koussa in Africa; and more still for the period of spreading of Wolof in Africa and Khond in India. There are animal names common to South America and Central Africa. These facts give us a life for a word or for a myth, as for a race; and, in many cases, there is purer preservation of the word or the myth from intermixture than of cranial forms.

To the languages of Chin-India are akin the Aymara and Quichua languages of Peru, the Aztek of Mexico, and thereby to the Sumero-Akkadian. In Southern Peru and Northern Bolivia, the language of the Aymaras, who were conquered by the Incas, is spoken. The Quichua is spoken in Northern Peru and Southern

Bolivia. The Aymaras were a great people before the conquest of the Incas, in 1100. At Tiahuanaca, on the south of Lake Titicaca, which was the capital of the Aymara land, ruins of magnificent palaces and temples occur. The conquest of this city was completed in 1289, but violent revolts ensued. Aymara is probably the equivalent of Kemer, or Khmer, the name of the Cambodians, and of Sumer—the name of the people connected with the Akkadians. The Kissii, or Cissii, near Babylon, may be said to be represented by Quichua in Peru and Quiché in Mexico. The Aztek culture and language of Mexico, as was well seen by Humboldt, were derived from the old world. The language is to be classed with Sumero-Akkadian, and is intermediate between Aymara and Otomi. The Otomi is allied to the Circassian, and its resemblance to Etruscan, though distant, is remarkable. The Otomis may have had connections or dealings with the monument-building races of North America, and at a later period, when the Sumero-Akkadian kingdoms of Mexico had become weaker, returned and invaded Mexico. The Maya language of Yucatan comes within the Sumero-Akkadian class.

Dr Hyde Clarke tells us that "The nomenclature of Ptolemy and the other geographers is of the Akkad epoch; and that of the early Biblical books, Akkad or Babylonian"—("Researches in Prehistoric and Proto-historic Comparative Philology," p. 60); and at p. 63, Ibid., he says of speech—"Its influence is, of course, a disturbing one as well, and hence, although not decisive for ethnological determination, it is none the less to be regarded. Speech is the heir, the representative, the transmitter of the accumulated experience of civilisation in thousands of years."

When I began this paper on the Picts, I thought, at the commencement, that I had to do with a tree, the roots whereof terminated in the north-west of Europe, among the Finnish nations to the east of the Baltic, and in the south-west in Spain; but as I proceeded with the inquiry, I ascertained that the roots of the tree encompassed the globe and crossed immense oceans, and although this is a long paper, it does nothing like exhaust the subject—in fact, it merely points to several landmarks which may suggest some notions of the importance of the topic. It may be seen from what I have written that the Inverness Gaelic Society is in the centre of an area where important results might be attained by diligent research among the Gaelic dialectal peculiarities which it presents. The fact is, research may yet discover forms of words and phrases that may throw much light on the pre-Keltic dialects of the North of Scotland.

16th APRIL, 1890.

At this meeting Mr R. L. Mackintosh, wine merchant, Bridge Street, was elected a member of the Society. Thereafter the Secretary read a paper contributed by the Rev. Archibald Macdonald, Greenock, entitled—"Some Hebridean Singers and their Songs," Part II. Mr Macdonald's paper was as follows:—

HEBRIDEAN BARDS.

Part II.

Besides John Mac Codrum and Archibald Macdonald (Gille na Ciotaig), who, in their own particular vein, were the ablest of the Hebridean bards, there were minor luminaries in these western regions whose poems are worthy of preservation. The Uist bards are characterised by a sly and racy humour, bordering sometimes on the extravagant and grotesque, but always expressed in the happiest diction; and even to this day, Hebrideans who practise the art of versification seem more inspired by the humorous than the sentimental elements of life.

A bard of local celebrity in his day, and one who possessed a large fund of humour, was Donald Maclean, or, as he was known among his compeers, "Domhnull Mac Eoghainn," or, from the name of the croft he occupied, "Domhnull Bàn na Camairt," a place in the neighbourhood of Lochmaddy. He was born at Griminish, in North Uist, during the last quarter of last century, and obtained the elements of an English education in the parish school. He could speak English well—an uncommon accomplishment for a Highland peasant in those days—but accounted for in his case by his having been sent as a youth to learn the cooper trade in Greenock, a lucrative occupation in the palmy days of sugar refining. Donald, however, did not long continue to work at the coopering. He pined to exchange the bustling energy of Sugaropolis for the more leisurely life of his beloved island, "far amid the melancholy main," where time need not be measured by the clock, but by those chronometers of nature's provision, which the old Highlander preferred to artificial aids—"mo shuil mo bhrù 's an coileach." Indeed, in those days the means of intercourse between remote Highland districts and the south were so inexpeditious and rare that the journey from Uist to Greenock was far more formidable than that to America in our day, and the Lowlands were generally regarded as terribly far away. This intensified the Scottish Highlander's affection for his native strath or glen or moorland, and the attachment was often in direct ratio

to the remoteness and barreness of the *natale solum*. Only by bearing this in mind can we understand the strong desire expressed by a native of Iochdair, South Uist, when home-sick and far away—

"Na' feighinn mo leud ann am mointeach an Iochdair
'S cuideachadh siol buntàta!

Donald Maclean left Greenock for North Uist, and took up his residence on the croft of Camairt, where he reared a large family of sons and daughters. To his crofting avocations he added the employment of gamekeeper and kelp officer, and latterly of auctioneer. His wife was a Roman Catholic, and a daughter of "Fear an Dun-Ghaineachaidh," in Benbecula, but notwithstanding the difference of faith, they lived happily together. They first met under circumstances illustrative of how times have changed. Before the days of the prevention of cruelty to animals, it was the custom to have a cock-fighting, "Cath Choileach," in connection with every school, about the Candlemas season. The boys scoured the country in search of the conquering rooster, and the possessor of the victorious bird was king for the nonce. It was on one of these barn-door excursions that Donald first saw his wife. In after years he came back and married her; and, as her voice finds utterance in one of her husband's songs, and she is referred to in another, it is desirable that she should be mentioned here. Humour, which is sometimes fantastic, characterises "Oran na Camairt," but it is apt and clever, and the language is classic in its idiomatic purity. It was composed in dispraise of "Camairt," and the difficulties which its sterility and unproductiveness presented in the support of a large family are graphically told. In the very first verse he breathes an imprecation on the land whose nakedness he exposes, and he refers to periodical expeditions in search of the necessaries of life. His journey to Paible to purchase meal; the niggardliness of the Macaulay from whom it was bought; the indifferent quality of the meal, and the gigantic size of the mites in which it abounded; Donald's altercation with the wife, and, finally, their mutual pledging of one another in *mogan*, and the discovery of third cousinship under its mellowing influence, are all told. It is sung to the same melody as Mac Codrum's "Oran a Bhonn-a-sia."

ORAN DO 'N CHAMAIRT.

Mile molachd do 'Chamairt
Seach aon fhearann an Alba!
'S ann a dh'fhag i mi direach,
'Na mo shineadh an ainmheach,

Ged a dheanainn a churachd,
Cha'n fhas ach buinteag a's sealbhag;
'S bi mi bharr air an t-Samhuinn
Air uiread caillich a dh'arbhar.

Chorus—Haoi-o-haoiri, horo-hall,
Haoi-o-haoiri, horo-hall,
Haoi-o-haoiri, horo-hall,
'S mairg a thachair 's an aite,
Far nach àraichear clann.

Tigh 'n as aonais na mine,
Cha 'n fhaod gillean bhi meamnach;
Ann a' freasdal bhuntata,
'S gun 's a' bhlar dheth ach meanbhlach:
Ged a rachainn do 'n traigh dhoibh,
Ni na bairnich am marbhadh;
'S a dhol 'g am ghearain ri Bailidh,
Gur beag stath tha 'nam sheanchas.

Haoi-o, &c.

Tha mo cheann-sa air liathadh
'S gur e 'm biadh a dh'fhag ann e;
'S iomadh taigh n' dean mi, "Dia so!"
Dol 'ga' iarraidh 's an t-Samhradh;
'Nuair a leumas an t-Samhuinn,
A falbh gu baile Chloinn Aulaidh;
Iad dhomhsa ruladh a bharraich,
'S iad fein ag arrach air cabhraich!

Sud na fir a bhios moiteal
Ni iad fortan am bliadhna;
Ma 's e eorna no coirce
Gheibh iad ochd sgillin deug air:
Bi na bodaich ri mogan,
'S cha bhi sogan 'ga dheanamh;
'S far an càirear am pige,
Cha tig driog as le fialachd.

Turus thug mi do Phabuill,
Gu h-airtneulach cearbach,
Dol a dh'iarraidh na ceannachd,
Ann a meadhoin na h-aimsreach;

Poc' a dh'fhianagan lachdunn !
Mi fein a's m' each air ar marbhadh,
Mi gan iomain le bata,
Chuid nach fanadh 's a' bhalg dhiubh.

Mile molachd do Ruairi,
'S gu'm a buan sud mu 'Shealbhan ;
Ged a gheibhte' rud uaithe,
Righ ! bu chruaidh e mu bhargan :
Boineid ghlas air a' fiaradh,
Air de cheud bhadhar Fhearchair,
'S gu'm be 'n cùineadh 'g a' fhaighneachd,
Air neo *line* Ailein Chamshroin.

'N am bhi tomhas bhuntata,
Mu'n robh lan anns a' chliabh dheth,
'S ann a labhair a chailleach,
Aig an teine gu fiadhaich,
" Tha thu nis air fas gorach,
'Nuair bu choir dhuit bhi crionna
'Toirt do chodach do Dhomhull,
'S e cheart cho seolta ri Iamhar."

" Eisd a bhorrasach shalach,
'S maith a b'aithne dhomh riamh thu,
C'uim' nach fanadh tu samhach,
'S gu'n do phaigh mi na dh'iarr thu ?
Ach chuir an donas glas lamh ort,
Mar bhios meairleach an iarrunn ;
'S ged a tha thu shiol Adhamh,
Tha thu grannd air do dheanamh."

" Cum fo riaghailt do theanga
'S gheibh thu barrachd 's a dh'iarr thu ;"
Fhuair i botal a's gloine,
'S bha i ealamh 'gan iarraidh :
Dh' ol i sud air mo shlainte,
Lom-lan gus an iochdar,
'S nuair a shloinneadh an cairdeas,
B' i fein 's mo mhathair an t-iar-ogh

In his song to Iain Ruadh Valegui, Donald still complains of the " Camairt," but hopes for better times. His senior in estate employment might drop off, and Donald would succeed him in

office. But the proverb about dead men's shoes proved true here also. Maclean Valegui was a man of education and intelligence, and had a good deal to do with the management of the North Uist estate. His subordinate, our bard, a namesake and distant relative, presuming on the other's good nature, exercised his wit sometimes at the worthy man's expense. How he expected the demise of the man who stood in the way of his promotion, how he feared that even death could not prevent such a worldly man from visiting the glimpses of the moon, and disturbing Donald in the enjoyment of his newly acquired possessions and position—all this with the anticipation of coming disappointment—the necessity of scattering the family among the friends, and of sending his wife to the Pope, where she would add no more to the population, comes out in the song

ORAN DO IAIN RUADH VALEGUI.

'S mairg a thachair anns an aite
Far nach fas an t-eorna ;
Gearradh feamain gu buntata
Dh'fhaisginn roimh mo mheoirean :
'G obair daonnan leis a' chliàbh,
A feuch am beathaichinn an triall,
'S le fianuis chaich ge b'oil le m' bhian,
Cha chuir mi siol am feoirling.

Ach tha mi 'n duil nuair thig am Bailidh
Gur e fabhar dhoms' e ;
'Nuair gheibh Iain Ruadh Mac Eachain bas,
Bi Valegui fo m' spògan ;
'S leam an Ruchdi, 's leam a Phairce,
'S leam a machair mar a tha e ;
'S leam a-huile dad a dh'fhag e,
'S gearrachan Ath-leodair.

Gur e mise bhios gu h-uallach,
Le mo chruachan mora,
H-uile h-aon a thig mu'n cuairt,
Their " Bhuainn e Bhuain e Dhomhuill !"
Cha bhi punndadh cha bhi fangadh ;
Cha bhi sion air bith de aimhreit ;
H-uile duine riamh an Sannda,
Tigh 'n a nall 'ga m' chomhradh

Ach fear tha riutsa cho gàbhaidh,
Cha chum bas fo'n fhod e ;
Ged a thiodhlaicinn thu maireach,
Dh'fheumainn geard an comhnuidh ;
Thigeadh tu thugam 's a spagail,
Le d' chul buidhe mar a b'abhaist,
'S chuireadh tu mise 's mo phaisdean,
Mach air earr a' Chròg air.

Ach na faighinn gillean tapaidh,
'Nam bhi pasgadh t-òrdag ;
Cheangladh do lamhan 's do chasan,
Le buill ghasda chocraich ;
Chum 's gu'n aithnichinn thu'n am eirigh,
A' tigh 'n nuas Lon a' Chleireich
Mar gu'm biodh each 'us di-leum air,
'S theichinn fein do'n mhointich !

Sguiridh mi nis de mo rabhard,
Cha'n 'eil stath 'nam *stoiri* :
Roinnidh mi a' chlann air na cairdean
Bho nach fas am por dhoibh :
Cuiridh mi bhean chun a Phàpa
Far nach beir i tuilleadh gràisge,
'S gabhaidh mi fein le mo mhathair,
O 'n 's i dh'araich og mi.

Donald was not always, however, in the humour of running down Camairt. Once, in a way, when his wife seems to have been discontented with the change from the fine fertile fields of her native Dun-Gaineachaidh to the rugged lands about Lochmaddy, he assumes the *role* of admirer of the "Camairt," and in the following metrical dialogue they support opposite sides of the question :—

Eoan.

A Chamairt bhoidheach 'sam bheil mo chomhnuidh,
Gu duilleach neoineanach anns gach gleann ;
Air son do bhoichead cha bharrachd bosd domh,
Teisteas mor a chur ort do 'n Fhraing :
Ma's fear bhios beo mi cha bhi mi dòlum,
Coirce 's eorna cha bhi orm gann,
'S bi cuach 'us smeorach a' deanamh ceol domh,
'S mi treabhadh mointich le m' each 's le m' crann.

Ise.

Ciod am fath dhuit a bhi 'ga' raitinn,
As fios aig cach nach e sin a th'ann,
Ach aite grannda nach cinnich barr ann,
'S nach faigh na paisdeon a null no nall:
Do chrodh a ranaich 's gun sguap 's an athaidh,
'Us iad ag arach an rud tha gann;
'S mar faigh a *bhlarag* e ann a Bhalaidh,
Gun fiugh an t-snathainn a theid na ceann.

Esan.

Tha mnathan gorach 'us tusa d' oinsich,
Tha moran neonachas ann a' d' cheann,
Tha muir 'us mointeach gu maith 'ga d' chomhnadh,
Tha aobhar sòlais dhuit tachairt ann.
Tha sobhrach chùbhraidh 'us lili dhu-ghorm,
A fas gu dluth air a chreig ud thall;
'S cha'n 'eil 's an duthaich ni 's fearr an cùmhradh
Ged ghabh thu 'm buireadh sin ann a' d' cheann.

Ise.

'S iomadh caochladh a thig air daoine,
'S tha mise smaointeachadh air 's an am;
A' moladh aonaich nach fhiach an t-saothair,
'S gun neach 's an t-Saoghal a dh'fhanadh ann,
Le slocan rògach, 's le grobain chòintich,
Cha 'n falbh mi comhnard gun bhat a' m' laimh;
'S gu'm b'fhearr leam seoladh gu Pàp' na Roimhe,
'Na 'fuireach comhlath riut anns an am.

Esan.

Ma ghabh thu 'n t-ardan 's nach fan thu làmh rium,
Bi falbh a maireach 's gheibh thu taing,
As ruig am Pàpa sin tha thu 'gradh,
'S a dh'aindeoin crabhaidh cha'n fhan thu ann;
Bi mi 's mo phaisdean 'nam mhonadh aghmhor,
Le bainne 's blathaich 's cais' 'us meang,
'S bheir mi *discharge* dhuit air do dhearna,
'S le beannachd Phadruig na till a nall.

this short poem the bard gives himself the last word in the ersy—it must be confessed a somewhat unusual experience similar differences arise—but apart from that, it may be d whether he acts the apologist for "Camairt" with the

same zest and success as he plays the part of critic in the two previous poems. No doubt in the last case his task was more difficult.

Another Uist bard, of whose compositions the song that follows alone is extant, was "Nial Ruadh Mor," or Neil Macvicar. He lived at Vallay, in North Uist, and emigrated to Cape Breton upwards of 60 years ago, where he continued to woo the muses. The humour of "Oran nan Cat" leads us to think that his trans-Atlantic verses must have also been worth preserving, but whether they live in the memory of the generation that followed is indeed more than doubtful. As to "Oran nan Cat," the story was that on the night of a fiddler's wedding, and after the close of the festivities, a number of the neighbouring cats congregated to where the bagpipes had been deposited, to whose strains the merrymakers had tripped the "light fantastic toe," and greedily devoured the sheep-skin bag, so essential a part of the national instrument. We do not know whether, like the fox, they congratulated themselves on the combination of meat and music; but they fought and lacerated one another over the division of the spoil, each endeavouring to get the lion's share. But as they did not go the length of the Kilkenny cats, they were able afterwards to moralise on the situation. When the period of reflection came, they were sadder and wiser cats, and their reminiscences of their destructive convivality seem to have been somewhat mingled. The piper, in the first verse, refers to the tragic fate of the instrument, and thereafter the different cats express their opinions.

ORAN NAN CAT.

Oidhche banais an fhidhleir
Bha mi inntinneach eutrom,
Mo chridhe mire ri m' inntinn,
'S bha gach ni leam a' geiltinn;
Piob nan dos 's i fo m' achlais,
'S dheanainn caismeachd do cheudan:
Mu'n d'thainig deireadh na h-oidhche
Cha robh mir dh' i ri cheile.

Seisd—Bheir mi o raill òho
Agus o raill eile,
Bheir mi o raill òho
Agus o raill eile.
Bheir mi o raill òho
Agus o raill eile,
Gur e mis' tha gu tursach,
'S mo chruit-chiuil air mo threigsinn.

Thuirt an cat a bha 'n Langais,
"Tha mo cheann air dhroch cireadh,
'S tim dhomh fein a bhi sealltuinn,
Ciod e'n t-am tha e dh'oidhche ;
'S mor gu'm b'fhearr leam bhi'n còs,
Aig amhuinn Lonaidh 'n am shineadh
No na fhuair mi phiob Dhomhnuill,
'S chaidh an ceol feadh na fidhle."
Bheir mi o raill òho.

Thuirt an cat a bha'n Cirean,
"'S tim dhomh fein bhi dol dachaigh,
Ma's a maith cath nan innean,
Tha mi sgith dhe'r cuid sabaid."
Thuirt cat mor Bun-na-dige,
" Mo chluasan fein air an sracadh :
'S mor gu'm b'fhearr leam i, Dhomhnuill,
A bhi gu ceolmhor fo d'achlais."
Bheir mi, etc.

Thuirt an Clot-cheannach duaichni
An cat ruadh a bh'aig Domhnull,
'S a dha thaobh air an gualladh,
Mar chaidh fuachd ann le reotachd ;
" 'S fad o'n chaill thu na cluasan
Mu'n an truailleachd a' d'oige,
Bhiodh tu crògnadh an uachdair
A muigh aig buailtean na mointich."
Bheir mi, etc.

" Eisd a shiongaire lachduinn
Mu'n cuir mi asad an eanchain ;
'De chuir thusa gu baile,
Chur na h-athais sin ormsa ?
Ma chaill mise na cluasan,
Cha b'ann mu'n truailleachd a dh'fhalbh' iad,
Ach droch easlaint a bhuail mi
'S thug iad 'uam gus mo theanas iad."
Bheir mi, etc.

Thuirt cat Dhomhnuill na Camairt—
" B'fhearr domh fantail 's a' mhointich
S daor a phaigh mi mo shuipeir
No na dh'ith mi na dh'òl mi.

'S ann a chaill mi mo shuilean,
Ge b' e 'n cù bha 'g an sgrobadh,
Air son craicionn seann ruda
'S gur e mùn thug a chloimh dheth !"
Bheir mi, etc.

Thuirt cat Thormoid 's e labhairt—
"Theid bhur sparradh am priosan,
Bho'n tha mise 'nam Earraid
'S duine daingean bho 'n Righ mi.
Theid bhur glacadh mar mheirlich,
Bho nach tamh sibh an oidhche,
'S dògh gu faic mi 'n glas lamh,
Gu tigh geard am Port-righ sibh."

Another Uist (South) bard of local fame was Donald Maclellan, or, as he was called, "Domhnull Ruadh nan Oran." He was the author of several fugitive humorous productions, but the song which follows, "Maighdeann Bhoidheach Mhic Fhearghuis," seems alone to have survived. This "Maighdean" was really a ship of that name, the property of one John Ferguson, and on board of which Donald sailed as a hand. Like most other bards, Donald was a gay Lothario, who dearly loved the lasses, but this maiden whose praises he celebrates was more constant and worthy of his attachment than all the other fair ones on the country side. It is a fine stirring, breezy effusion, though marred in one or two passages by the introduction of English words. It sings to the same air as "Oran nan Cat."

MAIGHDEANN BHOIDHEACH MHIC FHEARGHUIS.

Seisd—Faill illirinn oho hug 'us ohoro eile,
Faill illirinn oho hug 'us ohoro eile,
Maighdeann Bhoidheach Mhic Fhearghuis,
Gur tric a dh'fhalbh sinn le cheile.

Tha mo chion air a mhaighdinn,
Gheibhinn caoimhneas 'na 'd' achhlais,
'S tu bu bhoi'che dreach leine
'N am eirigh 's a' mhaduinn :
Do shlios mar chanach an t-sleibhe
'S gaoth a' seideadh 'na 'd' bhadan,
'S tu nach innseadh na breugan
'S nach cuireadh sgeul orm le magadh.

S tric a chaithris mi 'n oidhche,
Cur na maighdinn an ordugh,
Mu'm faigheadh iad beum dh'i,
Latha Feille no Domhnuich;
Cha robh riobain mu'n cuairt di,
Ach buill chruaidh dhe 'n a chocraich,
'S i bu bhoi'che dhe cinneadh,
A' dol an ionad a seolaidh.

Fhuair mi loinneachan posaidh,
Leat bho Steornabhagh Chaisteil;
Bha do ghealladh ro dhearbhta,
Bha thu eársach 'na 'd'fhacal;
'S mi gu'n ceannaicheadh an gùn dhuit,
Ged bhiodh crun air t-slait dheth,
Agus riobainean cocraich,
Chum do sheoladh bhi aithghearr.

Cuid de bheusan mo leannain
A bhi cathranach faoilidh;
Gabhail fhaileadh na mara,
Bho 'n a chleachd i mar cheaird e;
Bheirinn *dram* dha cuid lamhan,
'S rud a bharrachd 'nam faodadh,
'S b'e mo raghainn 's mo thlachd,
A bhi a' pasgadh a h-aodaich.

Tha clann-nighean an taobh so
'S beag tha m' uigh ann am pairt diubh,
'Gam bheil crodh agus caoirich,
'S cha ghabh mi h-aon buibh 'n 'd aite;
'S mi nach iarradh leat tochradh,
Ach *jib*, a's *topsail*, a's *mainsail*,
Agus *foresail* maith ur,
Bhi as do chionn air a bhreideadh.

'S iomadh oidhche fhliuch fhuaraidh,
Eadar Tuath agus Manainn,
Bha mi muigh leis a' Ghruagaich,
Leis nach b'fhuathach mo leantuinn,
Ise ruith air an fhuaradh,
'S muir a' bualadh mu darach,
Mi fein 's mo lamh air a guallainn,
'S bha cuisle fuathasach fallainn.

Bha thu gleusd air an aiseag,
Bha thu tapaidh mar bhàta,
'Nam tarruing gu cladach,
Cha chluinnte 'glagraich nan ramh ort,
Bha thu comasach coi'-dheas,
Gaoth an ceann no 'na 'd fhabhar,
'S nuair a ruigeamaid Cluaidh leat,
Bhiodh ar tuarasdal paighte.

Another excellent sea song—of which I fear I do not possess a thoroughly complete version—was composed by Raonaid Nighean Mhic Neill, a distinguished poetess in her day. This Hebridean Sappho (a native of North Uist), flourished, I think, towards the close of last century. It is said that she was once in the Isle of Skye wind bound, and waiting for a boat and a favouring breeze to take her across the Minch. She happened to be one day gathering shell-fish, along with other women, on the shore of Dunvegan, when, raising her head and looking westward, she saw a tall handsome man passing by. To the astonishment of all, this gentleman, splendidly dressed, and wearing a gold ring, accosted Raonaid, and, finding out that she was waiting to cross to Uist, offered her a passage. This turned out to be young Maclean of Heiskir, an island otherwise known as Monach, lying westward of North Uist, and which was occupied by the same family for generations. In praise of Fear Heiskir and his *birlinn* the following stirring verses were composed :—

Gur e mise tha fo mhighean,
'S mi leam fein air a' chnoc,
Fada, fada bho m' chairdean,
Ann an aite ri port,
Gus a faca mi 'm bata,
Le siuil arda ri dos,
Tigh 'n bho Rudha na h-Airde
'S mac an armuinn ri stoc.

Mac an armuinn ri stiuireadh,
A' tigh 'n a dh'ionnsuidh an t-Snoid,
Steach troimh chaolas a' beucadh,
'S muir ag eirigh ri stoc,
Tha do lamhsa cho gleusda,
'S cha do threig thu do neart,
Ged a thigeadh muir dù ghorm,
Chuireadh srùladh a steach.

Bu tu sgiobair na fairge,
'S tu falmadair grinn,
'S tu gu'n deanadh a stiuireadh,
'Nuair a dhiultadh cach i,
'Nuair a bheireadh iad thairis,
'S iad nan luidhe 's an tuim,
Chuireadh tus' i cho gaireach,
Gus an tàradh i tir.

Cha bu ghlas bho 'n a' chuan thu,
Cha bu duaichni do dhreach,
Ged a dheireadh muir tuaireap,
Agus stuadhana cas.
Bagradh *reef* orr le soirbheas,
Le stoirm 'us droch fhras,
Bha do mhisneachd cho laidir,
'S bha do lamhsa cho maith.

Cha robh do leithid ri fhaighinn,
Eadar so 's a Chaoir dhearg,
Eadar Lite no Barraidh,
'N dean iad taghal no falbh,
Cha robh maighistear soithich,
Chuala gliocas do làmh,
Nach bi faighneachd am b'fhiosrach,
C' aite 'm faicte do bhàt.

Ged bhiodh ciosanaich mhar' ann,
A bhuaileadh barraibh a crann,
Chuireadh fodh' i gu slataibh,
'S luaithe h-astar na long,
Tha i aotrom aigeanneach,
'G eirigh eadar gach gleann,
Muir a bualadh mu darach,
A' fuasgladh reangan 'us lann.

An iurach alluinn aighearrach,
'S i ri 'gabhail a' chuain,
I ruith cho direach ri saighead,
'S gaoth na h-aghaidh gu cruaidh ;
Ged bhiodh stoirm chlachan meallainn
Anns' an cathadh a tuath,
Ni fear Heiskir a' gabhail
Lamh nach attadh roimh stuaidh.

The following stanzas are also of the nature of a sea song, and with them I shall bring this paper to a close. I have not been able to localise them or state positively that they are Hebridean in their origin. I have heard it said, however, that they were composed by a lady of the Macdonald family of Sleat, but they afford no internal evidence as to their authorship or the person to whom they are addressed. Macpherson, Strathmashie, in the chorus of a song called "An Long Eiginn," has borrowed a part of the chorus of this song, as, I think, there can be little doubt of its being the older composition of the two. I am not aware of its being in print, and I think it possesses the merit of poetic and refined sentiment :—

Seisd—Ho nan tigeadh mo Robairneach gaolach,
Birlinn aig' agus ceatharna dhaoine,
Dheanainnse mire co theireadh nach faodadh,
B' aighearrach mise 'nan tilleadh a ghaoth sibh.

Tha bhirlinn a tigheann fo h-uidheam an trathsa,
Timchioll an rudh' agus buidheann mo ghraidh innt',
Fear a' chuil bhuidhe 'na shuidh' air a braighe,
'S tu dheanadh a stiuireadh ri cul nan tonn arda.

Nam bitheadh sud agadsa claidheamh 'us targaid,
Gunna bheoil laghaich, b' e do roghainn a dh'arm e,
Paidhear mhaith phiostal fo chrios nam bann airgid,
'S tu leannan te oige cho boidheach 's tha 'n Albainn.

Cha b' e mo Robainse soideanach suarach,
'S aotrom aighearrach aigeannach suairc' e,
'Snamhaiche linne fear buidhe chuil dualaich,
B' aighearrach mise bhi mire mu'n cuairt ort.

'Nan tigeadh tu fathast b' e m' aighear 's mo run thu,
Cead bhi 'ga 'd choimhead gu'm b'aighearrach leam e,
'Nuair dh' eireadh tu d' sheasamh bu deas thu air urlar,
'S leat urram an danns' a's tu annsachd na cuirte.

23rd APRIL, 1890.

The paper for this evening was by Mrs Mary Mackellar, on the "Traditions of Lochaber." Mrs Mackellar's paper was as follows :—

TRADITIONS OF LOCHABER.

Lochaber was a place of note in very ancient times. Banquo, Thane thereof, lived at Tor Castle, on the banks of the river Lochy, as history tells, and the topography of the surroundings proves. Afterwards Macbeth had a home at what is now known as Lundavra. St Bershom, in his "Chronicles of St Andrews," says that Macbeth was slain at his habitation of Deabhra, and Skene in his "Celtic Scotland" quotes this, saying that Deabhra is a lake in the forest of Mamore in Lochaber, on an island of which there was a castle known as the Castle of Mamore. He further remarks as proof of this place having been a royal residence, that the glen leading west from it is still known as Glen-ree, the King's glen, and that the river running from the lake through this glen is known as the King's river, "Abhuim ree." The real old Gaelic name of the lake seems to have been Loch da-ràth, and the castle was known as Dun-da-ràth. There are two artificial islands still in the lake, and on them the castles or raths would be built. The palaces of Tara and Emania in Ireland were thus built of logs and wattle, and they were continued in the Highlands until a recent date as the homes of chiefs and people of note. Lochiel's castle of the '45, burnt by the Duke of Cumberland, was all of wattle, excepting the bit of wall where the fire-places were, and which still stands.

Lundavra is a beautiful place, well fitted for a royal residence. Ben-Nevis, from its base to its summit, stands like the mighty guardian of the sheltered spot, and the top of Dundeardeul, which rises so high from Glen-Nevis, is on a level with Lundavra, and one can imagine the blaze of the watch-fires there in the days of Macbeth and his wife Gruoch, daughter of Bodc. This king and queen must have had settled an ecclesiastical colony around them here, as they had done in Kinross. In driving up on Marshal Wade's road from Fort-William to Lundavra, we get to a green fertile tract of country, enclosed by sloping hills, and known as "An Crò," or "the fold."

This beautiful part is tenanted by a crofter population who look thriving and comfortable, and the different names of the townships are suggestive of a religious colony.

The first township we meet in the fold has the name of "Blar-mac-Cuilteach," the field of the son of the Culdee. This name has been in recent years corrupted into Blar-Mac-Failteach, but the old people pronounced it Blar-Mac-Caoilteach, or Cuilteach. Next to that is the township of "Blar-nan-Cleireach," or the field of the

clerks, and it is striking to find that name also given to one of the places granted by Macbeth and his wife Gruoch to the Culdees of Kinross from motives of piety and the benefit of their prayers, with the utmost veneration and devotion. Further on in the fold there is a place that commemorates the older form of religion. It is known as "Blar-Mac-Druighneach," the field of the son of the Druid. Macbeth and his wife are said to have placed the Culdees in Kinross between them and the sea, and they seem to have acted on that principle here also, for they gave the beautiful and fertile lands of Callart to the Culdees, who built a cell which they dedicated to St Mun, or St Munnu, and the island in Loch Leven, on which it was built, and on which its ruins still stand, is known yet as Eilean Mhunnu, the isle of St Mun. This island is the burying-ground of the Glencoe men as well as of the inhabitants of Nether-Lochaber.

We will now record some traditions of the Camerons of Callart and Lundavra; and, before proceeding, we may give the following in support of Dun-da-Raths being the ancient name of this place. In the Scots Acts of Parliament of 1502, vol. II., pp. 241, 249, we find King James IV. gave a grant of the life-rent of the royal forest of Mamore, and the castle on the island of Dun-davray, to one of the Stewarts of Appin. Early in the fifteenth century, John Cameron, Archbishop of Glasgow, granted the Church lands of Callart and the isle of St Mun to his young relative and godson, John, second son of Ailean nan Creach, Allan of the Forays, chief of Lochiel. The Archbishop was a great builder of churches, and it was through his influence that Allan of the Forays built the seven churches in the Highlands, which were attributed to the suggestion of the King of the Cats, in the "Tigh-ghairm," or house of invocation. The Archbishop changed the name of St Mun into St Mungo, after the patron saint of his own diocese, but the ancient name is still given to it.

The first offshoot of the Camerons of Callart was Alasdair Dubh of Cuilchenna, and the second was Allan, first of Lundavra.

The chieftains of Callart, like other Highland gentlemen, sent their sons to school in France. On one occasion two fine lads were sent there, the only legitimate children of the gentleman who was at that time the chieftain of Lundavra. There was unfortunately an illegitimate son at home, whose name was Angus, and in the absence of his brothers he had ingratiated himself so much with his father that he hoped by some means, fair or foul, he would one day be his successor.

At length a messenger came from Appin, saying that a ship would land the two sons of Callart on the following evening at Cuilchenna. Angus was sent off to receive the young gentlemen, and a jealous pang darkened his soul when he saw the joy of his father over the return of his boys. He went to meet them, but instead of conducting them safely home, he slew them, and buried them in a spot still known as "Glac-nam-marbh," "the hollow of the dead." The murder was discovered in the course of time, but the unhappy father was too lenient to punish Angus, and although he banished him from his presence he lived on the estate, as he had formerly done, with his family. The old chieftain died after some years passed, and then one of his nephews of Lundavra became his successor. The new chieftain left Angus and his family in peace on the estate, and the clansmen were anxious lest some judgment would fall upon the house because the innocent blood of the young men was crying in vain for vengeance. This new chieftain became the father of five sons and two daughters, the eldest being still known in Lochaber song and story, and is always spoken of as Mary of Callart. Mary was the most lovely girl in all the country, and was the favourite of rich and poor. She was a poetess, and had the prodigal liberality and the unwisdom of her kind. She helped her mother in house-keeping, and all who were in need went to her, as she could not send any one away empty-handed. Her father frequently found fault with her, and one day, being more angry than usual, he turned her out of doors, and told her to go about and see what she would in her need get from those to whom she was so foolishly liberal. Mary wrapped herself in her tartan plaid and went away sorrowfully, for her mother and sister, as well as her brave boyish brothers, were weeping over the stern decree which they were powerless to contradict. Mary made up her mind to go up the Màm, and take refuge in the meantime in her uncle's house in Lundavra. She met a poor old woman on the top of the hill who was shivering of cold. Mary's compassion was drawn forth by her misery, and she at once made two halves of her plaid, giving the one half to the poor woman, who poured forth benedictions upon her fair young head. Mary was received kindly in Lundavra, and meantime the poor wandering woman had gone to Callart, and as Mary's plaid was recognised, it was feared that she had suffered foul play. The poor woman shewed them that she only wore half the plaid, and told how Mary had met her on the hill and given it to her as she was shivering of cold. There was great indignation among all the people when they knew that

Mary was banished from her father's house, and the stern chieftain himself began to yearn for the loving face of his most beautiful child, and he sent to Lundavra, and had her brought home.

A dark cloud was, however, hovering over Callart. A ship came in with dyes and having some richly embroidered garments. The lady of Callart bought largely of the dyes for her wool, and they also bought some of the gay garments. Alas! death was in the merchandise, and in a few days the plague broke out in Callart house. The chieftain and his wife died of it, and all their children but Mary, who attended to them night and day, but was not touched by the plague. She was in a dreadful position alone in the house with the dead. No person would come near her, and she did not dare to leave the house. A watch was set around the shores to see that no one would leave Callart.

Mary had a lover, young Patrick Campbell of Inverawe, or, as he is called in Gaelic story, "Oighre Mhic Dhonnacha Inbhir-atha." A messenger went to him to tell how his beloved maiden with the golden hair was situated, and he at once went off with a boat and a few trusty men to deliver Mary from her awful position. Some of the men were afraid to venture, but he assured them that he would act so cautiously as to run no risk.

The brave men rowed silently past the watchers, who had fires lighted along the shore about the ferry at Ballachulish, and they were soon at Callart. Mary had a dim light in the chamber in which she had isolated herself from the dead. Surely there never was a case of the bride's rejoicing over the voice of the bridegroom more real and more earnest than the joy of Mary's heart when she heard her name called by her gallant lover. He got her out of the house, and made her bathe herself in the sea, and cast all her clothes into the water. He then gave her his own large, soft plaid, which she wound carefully around herself, and then he lifted her into the boat, and they rowed away with their treasure as silently as they came. After getting to Inverawe he built a bower for her in the woods, and got clothing for her from his sisters. He married her forthwith, and then they lived alone, apart from all his relatives and friends, for three months, until all agreed that the danger of infection was over. Further sorrow was in store for the hapless Mary, for her husband fell at the battle of Inverlochy, fighting against Montrose. Mary was broken-hearted over his death. We think he must have returned home wounded and died there, as in her lament she refers to his being buried behind her house, and we know the escape of the Campbells from Inverlochy was too precipitate for

their carrying any of their dead with them. After her husband's death, her father-in-law was very neglectful of Mary, and then he and others began to insist upon her marrying the prior of Ardchattan, who had proposed to her. Her heart was sore for the loss of him whom she so devotedly loved, and she was very unwilling to enter into this new bond, but they brought such force to bear upon her that she consented; and, according to the Lochaber version of her story, she composed the song of hers that is still known and sung, on the night of her marriage with the prior. She sang it to the maidens who attended her, and her soul floated away in her song, and she died that night. In her song, she first charges her father-in-law with coldness, and then through the rest of the pathetic verses she apostrophises her beloved Patrick. It runs thus:—

A Mhic Dhonnachai' Inbhir-atha,
Is coimheach a ghabhas tu 'n rathad,
Ged tha Mairi Chamshron romhad,
'S og a chaill mi riut mo ghnothuch.

Fheudail a dh' fhearabh na dà-'lach,
Thug thu mach a tigh na plàigh mi,
Far an robh m' athair 's mo mhathair,
Mo phiuthar ghaoil 's mo choignear bhraithrean.

Fheudail a dh' fhearabh na greine,
Thog thu tigh dhomh an coill nan geugan,
Bu shunndach ann mo luidhe 's m' eiridh,
Cha b' ioghna sud b' ùr mo cheilidh.

Righ gur mise th' air mo sgaradh,
Bhi dol le fear eile 'luidhe,
Is m' fhear fhein air cùl an tighe,
Sealgair nan damh donn 's nan aighean.*

Before concluding this story, we may mention that the Camerons of Callart were satisfied that the plague was sent as a punishment for the deaths that were unavenged. A new chieftain came to Callart from the family of Lundavra, and the descendants of Angus—who were never called Camerons—were known as Clan Aonghuis, and in English they came to be known by the name of Innes.

There was no further break in the succession until the last of the Callarts sold the estate to Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassifern. On

*This song is unfortunately left incomplete owing to Mrs Mackellar's death.

the first morning that Sir Ewen's dairymaid went to milk the cows, in one of the Callart parks, she saw a little woman, with a handkerchief about her head, rocking herself to and fro, with a plaintive wail. She was sitting on the side of a burn, and looking furtively at the dairymaid, and as soon as she noticed herself observed she gave a loud piercing scream, and fled for ever. It was the "Bean-shith" that followed the old Callart family, and she was never seen there again. Our next story is of a more weird sort than that of Mary of Callart. It is the history of the famous Lochaber witch, "Gormshuil Mhor na Maighe," "The Great Gormshuil of Moy." Gormshuil was a common name among the Scotch and Irish Celts. It was the name of the wicked wife of Brian Boruimhe, who brought Jarl Sigurd and Brodir, the Viking, to fight against her husband at Clontarf, where he was slain. It was a common name among the Camerons until it fell into disrepute through this famous witch, and no child in Lochaber ever got the name again. The Camerons of Moy, known as "Teaghlach na Maighe," were said to be a branch of the Camerons of Callart. A young widow of the house of Callart had fled for protection to Lochiel at Tor Castle, with her two boys, Charles and Archibald. This Charles was the progenitor of the family of Moy, and the name of Charles has been common among them down through the ages. These Camerons had Wester Moy, whilst a family of the name of Mackinnon had Easter Moy. The ancestor of these Mackinnons had come from Skye, with a lady who married into the Lochiel family; and when he married he got a place called Ardnois, in the Giubhsach, or great fir forest at Loch-Airceag. Afterwards his family got Easter Moy; but to this day they are known in Lochaber as "Sliochd Iain Maidh na Giubhsaich." These Mackinnons frequently intermarried with the Camerons of Wester Moy. Among others, young Gormshuil Cameron became the wife of one of those Mackinnons. She was a strong, brave young woman, full of sagest wisdom, and very high-spirited, and she had no objection to be considered *uncanny*, as it gave her power over her fellow men. People shook their heads and said, "Tha tuille 's a paidir aig Gormshuil," hinting that she knew more than her Paternoster; but she heeded them not. The fisherman going forth to the river, or the hunter going to the hill, came for her blessing, and gave her of their spoils. One incident, in which her forethought and wisdom was of good service to her chief, made her famous in the annals of her clan. Lochiel was invited to meet the Earl of Athole to fix their boundaries, and he suggested that they should meet without any of their men, but each having his piper.

Lochiel and his piper were passing Gormshuil's house at Moy, and she sat by her door crooning a song, and with the familiarity of the times she asked where he was going. Lochiel resented her speech by asking what it could matter to her where he was going. Her reply was "'S minic nach bu mhisde iasgair no sealgair mo bheannachd agus co dh' an duraichdinn e coltach ri m' cheann-feadhna"—"Ofttimes a fisherman or a hunter were none the worse for my blessing, and to whom would I wish it so heartily as to my chief?" Lochiel then told her of the message he got from the Earl of Athole, and she advised him to return and take a contingent of his men and to hide them in the heather when nearing his trysting-place with the Earl of Athole, and to appear before him only with his piper as originally arranged, and that he was to have an understanding with his men that they were to rush to him if they saw him turning the scarlet lining of his cloak outside. Lochiel saw the wisdom of her counsel, and he did as she suggested.

He met the Earl of Athole, who was unreasonable about the boundaries, believing that Lochiel's person was at his mercy. So when they could not come to terms, the Earl blew a silver whistle he had, and immediately a number of armed Athole men sprung from heath and copse. "Who are those?" asked Lochiel. "These are the Athole sheep coming to eat the Lochaber grass," replied the Earl. "Seid suas," said Lochiel to his piper, whilst he turned out the scarlet lining of his cloak. The Lochaber men jumped up from their hiding places, and the Earl asked who those were. "They are the Lochaber dogs going to chase the Athole sheep from the Lochaber grass," replied Lochiel, and forthwith the piper blew up the tune that has been the gathering of the Camerons until this day, "Thigibh an so, a chlannabh nan con, 's gheibh sibh feòil." Gormshuil's counsel saved her chief, and he called at her cot on his return home to thank her and to promise her any favour she would seek from him at any time. The piper stood on the road, and played the new tune, and Gormshuil told her chief how glad she was that he had been delivered from the Duke of Athole's deceitful plans. "Yet," she added, "in spite of all your promises of kindness to me you will one day hang my son." "Never," said Lochiel, "you have only to come to me, and remind me of this day, and even if your son deserved hanging, he will be saved for your sake." I need not record here the part that Gormshuil was said to take in the sinking of the Florida in Tobermory Bay, as it has been given by Dr Norman Macleod in "The reminiscences of a Highland Parish," but the tradition in Lochaber gives the following account of her death :—

In the course of years one of her sons and the son of a neighbour were out together on the hill, when the neighbour's son and another quarrelled, and without intention of murder he gave his man a blow that slew him. The young man who had done the deed expected to be put to death, and his mother, whose only child he was, was in sore distress. Gormshuil, recalling the promise given her by Lochiel, got her own son to take the blame, although he was quite innocent, and he did so, and was imprisoned in the dungeon, whose iron door stood in the face of Loch Airceig. Then Gormshuil set out to go to Achnacarry to crave the life of her son from the chief.

She got the length of a burn known in the district then as Allt Choille-ros, but known since then as Allt Gormshuil or Allt a' Bhradain. When the hapless Gormshuil got to that burn she saw a salmon in a small pool, and thought it could easily be caught. She asked some persons on the road to help her, but they objected, and she went alone. She went on her knees on the lower side of the pool, and at that moment the Beum-sléibhe or spate was in the stream, and it carried Gormshuil away into Loch Lochy, where she was drowned. Her son, who was innocent, was executed, for Lochiel did not know he was her son until it was too late.

The chief spoken of as being the one to whom Gormshuil gave the sage advice in connection with the interview with the Earl of Athole, is generally spoken of as Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel; but the date of the sinking of the Florida declares Gormshuil to have lived at an earlier date, and the following song would indicate that it was in the time of Ailean Mac Iain Duibh, the grandfather of Sir Ewen, that Gormshuil lived in Moy. The following is a waulking song, a Glengarry witch and Gormshuil having met on a trial of individual power, to be demonstrated on the piece of cloth they tossed between them on the "Cliath-luadhaidh," or "waulking wattle":—

Gormshuil.

Hi hiù o ! sid gun cluinneam,
Hi hiu o ! gar am faiceam,
Hi hiu o ! gar am bithinn,
Hi hiu o ! beò ach seachduinn;
Hi hiu o ! creach an t-Slthein,
Hi hiu o ! creach an Lagain,
Hi hiu o ! gu Coille-ròs,
Hi hiu o ! bho Baile-Mac-Glasdair.
Hiro, haro, horo eile,
Hiro, haro, fuaim na cleithe.

Hi hiu o ! mhollachd bo dhubh,
Hi hiu o ! no bo ghuaillionn,
Hi hiu o ! eadar Ladaidh,
Hi hiu o ! 's Gairidh-ghuallach, ;
Hi hiu o ! nach toir Ailean,
Hi hiu o ! donn air ruaig leis,
Hi hiu o ! co chuireadh tu,
Hi hiu o ! gan toirt uaithe.
Hiro, haro, horo eile,
Hiro, haro, fuaim na cleithe.

A Bhan-gharranach.

Hi hiu o ! cha ruigte leis,
Hi hiu o ! an tilleadh dhachaidh,
Hi hiu o ! mhollachd bo dhubh,
Hi hiu o ! no bo chais-fhionn ;
Hi hiu o ! a leigeadh na fir,
Hi hiu o ! mhora thaiceil,
Hi hiu o ! le bodaich bheaga,
Hi hiu o ! Dhoch-an-fhasaidh,
Hi hiu o ! saighead an suil,
Hi hiu o ! nam fear lachdunn,
Hi hiu o ! 's mnathan tuiridh,
Hi hiu o ! bualadh bhasan,
Hiro, haro, horo eile,
Hiro, haro, fuaim na cleithe.

Hi hiu o ! gheibhte sud,
Hi hiu o ! mu bhun Airceig,
Hi hiu o ! bodaich bheaga,
Hi hiu o ! chroma chairtidh,
Hi hiu o ! cuarain laoicinn,
Hi hiu o ! stocaidh chraicinn,
Hi hiu o ! breacain liath-ghlas,
Hi hiu o ! dronnag bhradach.
Hiro, haro, horo eile,
Hiro, haro, fuaim na cleithe.

Gormshuil.

Hi hiu o ! c'uime an dubhairt,
Hi hiu o ! 'chaile bhradach,
Hi hiu o ! gun robh Ailean,
Hi hiu o ! donn gun chaiseart,
Hi hiu o ! cha ruig i leas e,

Hi hiu o ! bha iad aige ;
Hi hiu o ! brogan min-dubh,
Hi hiu o ! ciaraidh cairtidh,
Hi hiu o ! stocaidh de 'n t-srol,
Hi hiu o ! dhearg mu 'chasan.
Hiro, haro, horo eile,
Hiro, haro, fuaim na cleithe.

Hi hiu o ! ruaig a' chaorain,
Hi hiu o ! leis an abhainn,
Hi hiu o ! 's a ghràn eorna,
Hi hiu o ! am bial na brathann ;
Hi hiu o ! air na tha beo,
Hi hiu o ! a chinne d' athar,
Hi hiu o ! eadar chlann og,
Hi hiu o ! 's mhnathan tighe,
Hi hiu o ! 's Eilean Droighneachain,
Hi hiu o ! 'bhi na lasair,
Hi hiu o ! 's mar creid thu sud,
Hi hiu o ! seall a mach air.
Hiro, haro, horo eile,
Hiro, haro, fuaim na cleithe.

The Glengarry witch looked out, as she was asked to do, and her home was on fire. In the blaze of her wrath, she burst on the waulking wattle, and Gormshuil was triumphant. There are several of her descendants among the Maokinnons in the Lochaber district, but they do not like to be reminded of their most famous ancestress.

30th APRIL, 1890.

The paper for this evening was contributed by Mr J. R. N. Macphail, advocate, Edinburgh, entitled "An interesting copy of a Report of the Trial of James Stewart of Acharn." Mr Macphail's paper was as follows :—

NOTES ON THE TRIAL OF JAMES STEWART OF ACHARN.

Everybody who has read "Kidnapped" must remember the killing of the Red Fox, Colin Campbell of Glenure, and how that objectionable youth, Mr David Balfour, and his friend, Alan Breck Stewart, very nearly came to grief in consequence. And it may

be remembered, too, that in his preface, or dedication, as he prefers to call it, Mr Robert Louis Stevenson speaks of "the printed trial" of James of the Glens. Authors now-a-days have rather a trick of referring the courteous reader to imaginary authorities in the shape of ancient manuscripts, archaic maps, and even engraved shards, in the hope that the story may, perchance, be thereby invested with an air of life and circumstantiality otherwise awanting. And so very possibly some may have fancied, that this reference to "the printed trial" is only such another literary jest. But they are in error, as anybody in Appin will tell you, for James of the Glens was a very real and a very ill-used man. His trial, and an impudent mockery it was, actually took place, and it is some notes suggested by a curious old copy of the report, or, as Mr Stevenson calls it, "the printed trial," that Mr Mackay thought might be of interest to the Society. It would, however, be too much to assume that, though everybody ought to have read "Kidnapped," everybody has actually done so, and, accordingly, a short preliminary sketch is probably desirable, and will certainly not be out of place.

In 1745, Dugald, 10th and last of the Stewart lairds of Appin, was a child of tender years. Ardsheal, the oldest cadet of the house, was Tutor of Appin, and the clan to the number of between three and four hundred were out under him in that disastrous time. After Culloden, at which more than half of them were killed and wounded, the clan dispersed. Ardsheal, who had vainly attempted to make one more stand away in the west, was attainted, but, after many adventures, succeeded in escaping to France in the autumn of 1746. Meanwhile, according to the authors of "The Stewarts of Appin," the estate was confiscated and given up to plunder, and the malevolence of the English soldiery selected December as the most appropriate time for sacking Ardsheal House, and turning the Lady Ardsheal and her newly-born infant into the snow. After many hardships, she managed to join her husband in France, where they were followed by many tokens of the devoted and thoughtful affection of their people.

The management of the forfeited estates, and Ardsheal amongst them, was vested in the Court of Exchequer for Scotland, whose administration seems to have been, on the whole, fair and just. The Duke of Cumberland, it is true, was crying aloud for the extirpation of the whole native population, and, of course, found some backing amongst the baser politicians of the time. But his thirst for blood was not shared by the leading statesmen of the

day, who had come to see, with Duncan Forbes, that the true method of quelling disaffection was to take methods for improving the condition of the people. Those who had taken a leading part in the rising received, indeed, no mercy, and sometimes scrimp justice, but with the common people byegones were to be byegones, and encouragement given them to walk for the future in the paths of pleasantness and peace. The Barons of Exchequer had, however, to act through local factors, who did not always rise superior to the temptation of using their office for the paying off of old scores or the aggrandisement of themselves and their friends. The local factor on Ardsheal was Colin Campbell of Glenure, a small glen which strikes south-east from Glen Creran, an unfortunate appointment both from the character of the man, and also on account of the long-standing enmity between the Appin Stewarts and the whole Campbell clan.

This Colin Campbell of Glenure, it may be remarked, was a son of Patrick Campbell of Barcaldine by his second wife, Lucia Cameron of Lochiel. On Patrick's death, Barcaldine passed to his eldest son, John, who, however, got into difficulties, and had to sell the estate to his half-brother, Duncan, some time Sheriff-Substitute at Killin, from whom the present Baronet of Barcaldine is descended. The estates, it is true, have passed into other hands, but the importance of the old family is attested by the picturesque ruins of their once proud castle, which contrasts strangely with the common-looking villa in which the present proprietor is housed. Besides the judicial rent which had to be paid to Glenure on behalf of the Court, the tenants regularly raised a second rent, which was duly remitted to France for the support of the exiled laird and his family. This was seen to by James Stewart, a near relative—there seems no evidence for calling him natural brother, as he is described in the printed trial—of Ardsheal, who occupied Glenduror, the principal holding on the estate, and was accordingly known as *Sheumas-na-Glinne*. Campbell of Balliveolan soon cast his longing eyes on Glenduror, and found his neighbour and relative, Glenure, very willing to oblige him. But James Stewart managed to get another place in the neighbourhood, namely, Acharn, from Campbell of Airds, and so things went on as before until 1752, when Glenure made up his mind to clear out a number of the Ardsheal tenants, and replace them with dependents of his own. James Stewart, being, in the circumstances, the natural leader of the people, did what he could on their behalf by bringing the matter under the notice of the Barons of the Exchequer, who had already shewn themselves by

no means satisfied with their factor's behaviour. By this time, too, the conciliatory policy of the Government was more fully matured. The forfeited estates were to be annexed inalienably to the Crown, and managed by Special Commissioners, who were to apply the rents for the civilisation of the Highlands, and the promotion of education and industries among their inhabitants. Improving leases were to be granted on liberal terms, schools to be erected, and teachers provided. To the whole spirit of such a measure Glenure's high-handed proceedings were utterly opposed, and accordingly, when the Court of Session, on technical grounds, refused to interdict him from going on, the tenants, by James Stewart's advice, resolved to stick to their holdings, in the confident belief that he would be disowned in due time by his superiors. The evictions were to take place at Whitsunday, but on 14th May, as Glenure, with a servant, a sheriff-officer, and an Edinburgh writer, was passing through the wood of Lettermore, on the south side of Ballachulish Ferry, he was shot from behind by a man who instantly disappeared.

Years before this there had died a decent man, Donald Stewart, leaving his children to the care of Ardsheal and James of the Glens. One of these children, after giving a good deal of trouble to his guardians, enlisted in the Royal Forces, deserted to Prince Charlie at Prestonpans, and after Culloden made his escape, and apparently obtained a commission in the French service. After things had quieted down a little, he occasionally came over to Scotland, wandering about among his friends in Appin, Rannoch, and elsewhere, but keeping carefully out of the way when any English soldiers happened to be in the neighbourhood. Such up to this date was the history of Alan Breck Stewart, whom Mr Stevenson has now rendered immortal. Upon him suspicion at once not unnaturally fell, for he was known to have been in the country for some time, and, like many another of his name, to have spoken evil things concerning Colin Roy. But not a trace of him could be seen in spite of the most industrious search, and so the rage of the Government and of Glenure's friends had to look out for another victim. For some days before the murder, Alan had been living at Acharn, and it was suspected that his escape had been facilitated by his former guardian. Accordingly, James of the Glens was arrested and carried off to Fort-William, where he was imprisoned for several months, while no stone was left unturned to concoct evidence against him. In the upshot, he was indicted as art and part with Alan in the murder, and placed on his trial at Inverary Circuit. Archibald, third Duke of Argyll,

long known as Earl of Ilay, was at the time titular Justice General, and he took full advantage of his position to prevent any chance of an acquittal. The Lord-Advocate, William Grant of Prestongrange, also lent himself to the plot, as is admitted by Mr Omond in his book on "The Lord-Advocates of Scotland," though palliating circumstances are urged on his behalf. In Mr Omond's words, "The proceedings from the first were unfair. There was a standing feud between the Campbells; yet the trial took place at Inverary, where the Duke of Argyll was supreme. There were two judges of the Court of Justiciary present, but the Duke, then Justice General of Scotland, sat as a judge, though he had never been in the habit of doing so. The Lord-Advocate went to Inverary, and conducted the prosecution in person, although, it was said, no Lord-Advocate ever appeared in a Circuit Court before."

Glenure had been married to one of the Mackays of Bighouse, in Sutherland, a niece of the 4th Lord Reay, and the indictment, which took the form of criminal letters, ran at the instance of the widow and her children, as well as of the Lord-Advocate; and so far did the malice of the private prosecutors carry them that attempts seem actually to have been made to hamper the prisoner's defence by retaining all the leading members of the bar, and so deprive him of their assistance. The Court met on 21st September. The judges were the Duke of Argyll, who presided, and Lords E chies and Kilkerran. The prosecuting counsel were the Lord-Advocate; James Erskine, then Sheriff of Perth, afterwards raised to the bench as Lord Barjarg; Mr Robert Campbell of Asknish, head of the M'Ivers, and who, according to Douglas, "was brought up to the Bar under the particular tuition of Archibald, Earl of Islay, afterwards Duke of Argyle, and possessed much of the confidence and friendship of that great man as long as he lived;" Mr John Campbell, yr. of Levenside, afterwards well known as a judge under the name of Lord Stonefield, son of Archibald Campbell of Stonefield, who had been Commissioner on the Argyle estates, and was at this time Sheriff-depute of the County; and a very virulent gentleman rejoicing in the somewhat chequered name of Simon Frazer. According to the *Scots Magazine*, this was "Mr Simon Fraser, commonly called the Master of Lovat, lately called to the Bar," and there are good reasons for believing this statement to be correct. In 1745, while but a student at the University of St Andrews, the Hon. Simon Fraser of Lovat was sent for by his father, and practically compelled to join in the rising. For a year or two thereafter he was kept in a sort of honourable captivity in

Edinburgh and Glasgow, until in 1750 he received a free pardon. During his whole subsequent career he lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself with the Government, with the result that the Lovat estates, though not the title, were restored to him. The otherwise unaccountable virulence which characterised this his first appearance at the Bar is thus capable of easy, if not very creditable explanation. The defence was in the hands of George Brown, Sheriff of Forfar, and four years afterwards a judge under the name of Lord Coalstoun; Thomas Miller of Glenlee, Sheriff of Kirkcudbright, afterwards successively Lord-Advocate, Lord Justice Clerk, and Lord President of the Court of Session; Robert Macintosh, son of Lauchlan Mackintosh of Dalmunzie (who was minister of Dunning and afterwards of Errol), an able but very eccentric advocate, whose career is sketched at length in the *Ochtertyre Papers*; and Walter Stewart, younger of Stewarthall, regarding whom Mr Ramsay has also preserved some information. Objections were taken to the relevancy of the indictment, discussed at great length, and, of course, repelled. Then the jury was empanneled. In those days the presiding judge nominated the jury, while the prisoner had no peremptory challenge, so that it is not surprising that out of the 15 selected eleven were Campbells. Two gentlemen of the name, indeed, to their credit, it is said, refused to serve, on the ground that their minds were biassed against the prisoner, but the others had no such scruples. And so the trial went on. Even against Alan Breck the prosecution, with all their efforts, made but a shabby case, while against his alleged accomplice not a single scrap of reliable evidence was adduced. But the Duke had picked his men well—one of them, Duncan Campbell of Southhall, even trying to stop the speech of counsel for the defence—and he was rewarded with a unanimous verdict of guilty. His passion, which had been smouldering throughout the trial, now broke forth into insolent abuse as he addressed the unfortunate man whose blood he must have felt was on his head. Mr Omond's idea is that the Government were terrified lest the murder of Glenure should be seized upon by the Duke of Cumberland and the rancorous gang under his control, to force them to abandon their policy of conciliation; that they felt that somebody must hang, and did not care very much whether he were innocent or guilty; that such outbreaks must at all costs be prevented in the future, and, in short, that the conviction of James of the Glens was in their eyes a political necessity. "Therefore," says Mr Omond, "in order to secure a conviction, Stewart was

tried at Inverary, where he was amongst his enemies, the Lord-Advocate appeared in a Circuit Court to press a charge founded on insufficient evidence, a packed jury was put into the box, and the Duke of Argyll presided on the bench." There may very well be some truth in this view. The Lord-Advocate had no special enmity towards the prisoner, and it is on his behalf that this excuse is urged. But it is impossible to believe that in the mind of the Justice General, though these considerations may have had a place, there was not also direct personal rancour against the prisoner as representing an odious race, and as having been hatefully loyal to the banished Ardsheal. The only defence, if defence it can be called, ever made for his Grace has been preserved by Lord Cockburn in his "Circuit Journeys." A loyal Campbell, who had the hanging of James Stewart flung in his teeth, retorted with some pride that anybody could get a guilty man hanged, but only Mac-Chaileinn-Mor a man who was innocent!

The sentence of the Court was that on 8th November James Stewart should be hanged on a gibbet to be erected "on a conspicuous eminence upon the south side of and near to the said ferry" of Ballachulish, "until he be dead, and thereafter to be hung in chains upon the said gibbet." On 5th October the unfortunate man "was carried from Inveraray to Fort-William tied on a horse and guarded by 80 soldiers," and on 7th November, under a still stronger escort, he set out to meet his doom "The command of soldiers escorting the prisoner," to quote from the *Edinburgh Courant* of 21st November, 1752, "came to the north side of the ferry upon the evening of the 7th, but it blew so hard that they could not cross till the morning of the 8th. The prisoner was attended by Mr William Caskill, minister of Kilmalie, and Mr Couper, minister at Fort-William, and a few of his friends. A little after twelve they got to the place of execution, where was erected a small tent that contained the two ministers and the prisoner, and after a short prayer by one of the ministers the prisoner produced three copies of a speech, one of which he gave to the Sheriff-Substitute of Argyleshire, another to Captain Welch, the commanding officer, and asked leave to read the third copy, which, being granted, he with an audible and distinct voice read a very extraordinary speech, and, when he had done reading, gave the third copy to Mr Douglas, Sheriff-Substitute of Inverness." Then ensued an unseemly wrangle, the Sherift-Substitnte of Argyleshire maintaining that various statements in the speech were untrue. Finally, "the prisoner kneeled and read a very long written prayer, and then the other minister sang psalms and prayed. The prisoner took leave of his friends, mounted the

ladder with great composure and resolution, and read a short written prayer with an audible voice. The storm was so great all this time that it was with the utmost difficulty one could stand upon the hill, and it was near five before the body was hung in chains. There were a great number of the country people present; and sixteen men of the command in Appin are stationed at Ballachulish to prevent the gibbets being cut down." Little wonder that people in Appin still show you where James of the Glens was done to death, and declare that the very grass refuses to grow on the accursed spot.

In all copies of the printed trial there is, or ought to be, a map of the district, and in the particular copy in my possession that map has on it certain MS. notes. These notes are in an old-fashioned hand, and betoken considerable local knowledge on the part of whoever is responsible for them. For example, the house of James Stewart is marked, so too the place where Glenure was killed, and one or two other places of less conspicuous importance. It occurred to me that it might be interesting to know who was responsible for these notes. The names of several proprietors of the volume adorn its pages, the earliest of all, if one may judge from an old-fashioned book-plate, having been a certain General Conway. The volume itself was published in Edinburgh by S. Hamilton and J. Balfour in 1753, and it struck me at first that Conway might have been as a young officer employed in garrison duty, say at Fort-William, about the time in question, but after a good deal of investigation, this conjecture had to be put aside, as no trace of any such person could be obtained. There was, however, a very eminent General Conway—Horace Walpole's friend—who occupied a prominent place in the political and social life of the second half of last century. Born in 1721, he lived till 1791, having been Secretary of State and leader of the House of Commons in 1765, and Commander-in-Chief, with a seat in the Rockingham Cabinet, in 1782, besides having in the meantime seen a good deal of service, and, in particular, having commanded the 48th Foot at Culloden. But it was not from any experiences of his during the '45 that this General Conway was likely to have been interested in the killing of Glenure and all that followed thereon. Here, as elsewhere, comes into play the good old maxim—*cherchez la femme.* In December, 1747, Conway married the widowed Countess of Ailesbury. This lady, who had in 1739 married, as his third wife, Charles, fourth Earl of Elgin and third Earl of Ailesbury, was the daughter of John Campbell of Mamore, whose father was

the second son of Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyll; and who was thus first cousin of Archibald, the third Duke, who presided at the trial. Duke Archibald, who died in 1760, left no legitimate children by his wife, the daughter of Wakefield, the Paymaster of Marines. To a woman named Williams, by whom he had an illegitimate son, he left his whole English property, but the dukedom and minor titles and the family estates devolved on Lady Ailesbury's father as the fourth Duke of Argyll. For three years after his marriage, Conway lived at Latimers, in Bucks. Then in 1751 he was for a short time with his regiment in Minorca, but returned home early in 1752, and bought Park Place, Henley-on-Thames. During part of that year and the next he was on duty in Ireland, but during part both of 1753 and 1754 he was in this country, and attending Parliament. In 1755, he was again in Ireland as secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, but was back in London next year, and for some time to come. I have been unable to find any trace of his having been in Scotland during any of these years with his wife's relatives, and very possibly visiting the Appin country itself. Of course he may have been, but no evidence that he was has yet come under my notice. But it is quite clear not merely that he had abundant opportunities during this time of associating in London and elsewhere with his Scottish connections, and learning from them what was going on in the north, but also that he himself actually took a very lively interest in Scots affairs. Such an event as the murder of Glenure cannot, in the circumstances, have failed to come under his notice, and, coming under his notice, to have secured his attention also for the whole proceedings. It would not, accordingly, be surprising to find that he possessed a report of the trial of James Stewart, and if so, that the map in his copy was annotated by somebody possessed of full local knowledge. There is no reason for believing that he possessed that local knowledge himself, but nothing was simpler than for him to transfer to his own map the notes which some of his Campbell relatives—perhaps even the Duke himself—had placed on theirs. In short, I think there is very little reason for doubting that the General Conway, to whom the old volume before me once belonged, was Henry Seymour Conway, whose career has been described, and also that the annotations on the map owe their existence to somebody who was either himself mixed up with the judicial murder of James of the Glens, or intimately connected with those who were.

7th MAY, 1890.

At this meeting Mr R. L. Mackintosh, wine merchant, Church Street, was elected a member of the Society. Thereafter Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., read a paper contributed by Professor Mackinnon, Edinburgh, entitled "Scottish Collection of Gaelic MSS." Mr Mackinnon's paper was as follows:—

THE SCOTTISH COLLECTION OF GAELIC MSS.

With the exception of some half-dozen manuscripts, all that remains in Scotland, so far as at present known, of the labours of industrious Gaelic scholars through many centuries, now lies for preservation and reference in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh. The collection is to be regarded as but gleanings from the dust heap of the ages, mere fragments cast ashore from the wreck of the past, rather than a full representation of the literature. That native scholarship flourished in our midst in the far past we know. Historically, Gaelic literature in Scotland begins with Columba. The Saint was a poet, a scholar, an accomplished penman; and the literary as well as the missionary spirit of the founder lived in Iona for many a long day. It used to be said that Columba left a copy of the Psalter written in his own hand in every church which he founded. Be this as it may, we know that the great missionary was a devoted student of the Psalms from his boyhood, and that it was death alone that was able to snatch the pen from his hand. But of the literature of this period hardly a vestige remains. The Norsemen swept the Hebrides in the end of the eighth, and through the two succeeding centuries. These "roving barbarians" took particular pleasure in plundering monasteries and massacring priests. They were passionately devoted to their native saga, but in their heathen days the books of monks were objects of value to these men solely because of their costly coverings. A single volume has happily escaped their destroying hand. The monastery copy of Adamnan's Life of St. Columba, in the hand of Dorbene, writing-master of the day, and at the time of his death (713 A.D.) Abbot-elect of Iona, was carried away by a monk to the Continent, probably after the murder of Blathmac, in the year 825 A.D. The priceless document lay for a thousand years in the monastery of Reichenau, on the lake of Constance, and on the suppression of that house in the end of last century, found

its way to the Library of Schaffhausen, where it now is. Six or seven manuscripts of this period have been preserved in Ireland. Whether any of these belonged to Iona is now matter of conjecture only. The Book of Kells is, in its decoration and ornamentation, the crowning glory of Celtic art. Now, it has been observed that in the character of its illuminations the "Lindisfarne Gospels," the work of men who acquired the knowledge of their craft from the school of Iona, approaches the Book of Kells more nearly than the Irish manuscripts of the period. Historically we know that the Monastery of Kells rose on the ruins of Iona. Accordingly, it would seem a fair inference that this Book was at one time the Book of Iona, or the work of students of that great school. Gaelic learning flourished in Pictland. But the reforming Queen Margaret was hostile to native ways, and this accounts for the total disappearance of Gaelic manuscripts produced in that part of the country. Among the articles handed over by the Culdee Monastery of Loch Leven to St Andrews, seventeen books are named, but all trace of these, as well as of the hundreds of others that must have existed, is lost. The Book of Deer, a MS. of the ninth century, with memoranda written on its blank spaces in Gaelic of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, has been preserved, we know not how, and is now in Cambridge. Sixteen months ago, Mr Whitley Stokes discovered, from a note on a beautiful copy of a Psalter in the Vatican, that the Codex at one time belonged to the Monastery of "Sancta Maria de Cupra," that is, Coupar-Angus.

When a settled government was established in the Hebrides, first under the kingdom of Norway and afterwards under the Lords of the Isles, the old literary relations with Ireland were resumed, and learning revived. The Monastery of Iona, and in a less degree the Abbeys and Priories of Ardchattan, Saddell, Oronsay, with others, were seats of Gaelic learning and culture. The Macdonalds kept state in Islay for several generations, with all the pomp and circumstance of Royalty. This great house fell on the eve of the Reformation, and the records, which we know to have been kept, have disappeared. A solitary charter written in 1408 on a strip of goat's skin, and conveying certain lands in Islay to "Brian Bicare Magaodh," was recently found in the possession of a man of the name of M'Gee in Antrim, who had deposited the parchment for safe custody in a peat hag, but who with difficulty was persuaded that the Register House in Edinburgh afforded a securer home, pending the time when the lands described in the document would be restored to his family. In the middle

of the 16th century came the Reformation, which, in so far as the uprooting of the old order of things and the destruction of native manuscripts were concerned, was pretty vigorously carried out in those districts which looked to Iona for light and leading.

There were other causes of a permanent character which powerfully affected the production and especially the preservation of manuscript literature in the Scottish Highlands. The country was turbulent and lawless; the climate was damp; the dwellings frail and mean. Over and above all there were the neglect and indifference with which such literature came to be regarded by the great mass of the people. A family of MacMhuirich was for eighteen generations hereditary *seanachies* to Clan Ranald in South Uist. The illiterate descendant of this long line of Gaelic scholars describes, in the year 1800, the dispersion of the family library, the accumulation of centuries. Clan Ranald ordered the reporter's father to give the "Red Book," amissing since that time, to James Macpherson from Badenoch. There were many parchments, but "none of these books are to be found at this day, because when his family were deprived of their lands they lost their alacrity and zeal. He is not certain what became of the parchments, but thinks that some of them were carried away by Alexander, son of the Rev. Alexander Macdonald, and others by Ranald, his son, and he saw two or three of them cut down by tailors for measuring tapes. He himself had some of the parchments after his father's death, but because he had not been taught to read them, and had no reason to set any value upon them, they were lost." The wonder perhaps is, not that so few MSS. have been preserved, but that so many have survived.

For the collection of Gaelic MSS. as we now have it, scholars are indebted mainly to Mr William F. Skene, D.C.L., the present Historiographer Royal for Scotland, author of "Celtic Scotland," and other learned works. The catalogue prepared by Mr Skene enumerates sixty-five separate manuscripts. Of these, MS. xxxii., one of the oldest and most valuable, described at length in the Highland Society's Report on Ossian (App., pp. 285-293), and in Ewen Maclachlan's "Analysis" (pp. 122-127), has been amissing since 1841, when it was in the possession of Thomas Thomson, Esq.; and MS. xxviii., containing an old and valuable copy of the Synchronisms of Flann of Bute with other matter, is represented now only by a modern transcript of a portion of the Synchronisms. In addition to these sixty-five, there are transcripts made of the

contents of several MSS., or portions of MSS., by Ewen Maclachlan of Fort-William and Aberdeen and the Rev. Donald Mackintosh, including an elaborate analysis of fourteen of the manuscripts by the former scholar. There are also several collections of Ossianic Ballads, made in the end of last century and beginning of the present by Duncan Kennedy of Kilmelford, and others; while, in recent years, the late Mr Campbell of Islay has bequeathed the whole of his own extensive collection of Gaelic Tales and Ballads to the Advocates' Library. Of the history of individual MSS., we know but little. The first four of Mr Skene's catalogue are the property of the Faculty of Advocates. Of these, a portion of MS. i. was discovered in the Library 50 to 60 years ago, and is supposed by Mr Skene to have once formed part of the Kilbride Collection. I find, however, from a volume of Letters, Essays, etc., published by the Rev. Dr Malcolme [of Duddingston] in 1744, that that gentleman presented to "A new Society at Edinburgh for improving Arts and Sciences," on March 7th, 1738, by the hands of Mr [Professor] Maclaurin a MS. answering in description to this portion of MS. i. MS. ii. was presented to the Library by the Rev. Donald Macqueen of Kilmuir, Skye. MSS. v. to xxxvi. inclusive formed part of the famous Kilbride Library. MS. liii. (the Glenmasan MS., as it is called), is also believed to have belonged to the same collection. Lord Bannatyne, in letter to Henry Mackenzie, Esq., the Chairman of the Committee of the Highland Society appointed to inquire into the authenticity of Ossian's Poems (Appendix to Report, p. 280), tells how, through the influence of Mr Macintyre of Glenoe and others, he was able to obtain access to these MSS. The tradition among the Maclachlans of Kilbride was that one of their ancestors was a dignified ecclesiastic at the time of the Reformation, and that a taste for Gaelic literature and antiquities characterised the family for many generations, in consequence of which they had acquired a large collection of MSS., gathered partly in the Highlands of Scotland, partly in Ireland. MSS. xxxii.-xxxvi. and liii. were secured for the Highland Society at the beginning of the century, and permission to catalogue the others was obtained. Many years afterwards, what remained of the Kilbride library (MSS. v.-xxxi.) was discovered by Mr Skene, and through him deposited in the Advocates' Library. The rest of the Collection came into the possession of the Highland Society of Scotland in one way or another. The greater number, including the Dean of Lismore (MS. xxxvii.), MS. xl., and indeed all the more valuable, came from London, through the hands of John Mackenzie of the Middle Temple, who was Secretary of the

Highland Society of London, and literary executor of James Macpherson. Many of these were no doubt collected in the North by James Macpherson himself, and the whole were eventually brought together in consequence of the interest in Gaelic literature excited through the poems published by that gentleman under the name of Ossian. Four MSS. (liv.-lvii.) are marked as the property of Peter Turner, an old soldier, who published a second edition of Ranald Macdonald's collection of Gaelic songs in 1809, and a fresh collection made by himself in 1813.

Of MSS. not included in the Advocates' Library collection, the following are known to exist. In the University of Edinburgh, and forming part of the Laing collection, are a medical manuscript once in the possession of several Beatons; the collection of Ossianic and other Gaelic poems made by the scholarly schoolmaster of Dunkeld, Jerome Stone; a large collection of Gaelic poetry made about the beginning of this century by the Rev. Dr Irvine of Little Dunkeld; and a fragment of a treatise on Gaelic Grammar, written before 1762. In 1784, the Rev. Donald M'Queen of Kilmuir presented to the Society of Antiquaries a copy of a translation of Barnardus de Gordon's *Lilium Medicinæ*. On the fly-leaf of this MS. is a note to the effect that it was the Book of Farquhar Beaton who lived at Husabost in Skye five generations previously, and that the cost of transcribing a copy of the *Lilium Medicinæ* used to be 60 milch cows. Mr Skene is the possessor of two or three MSS. Among these is one which I had the good fortune to identify as the lost Fernaig MS. several years ago. I transcribed and annotated the whole of it, and in April, 1885, sent a detailed description of it to the Society (Transactions vol. xi., pp. 311-339). Several medical MSS. were said to have been in the possession of Dr Donald Smith, who died in 1805. Probably all that now exists of these is 24 leaves of vellum, discovered among the papers of the late Mr Duncan Smith, Glasgow, Dr Smith's nephew, and now in my possession. The collection made by the Rev. James Maclagan, minister of Blair-Athole, is in private hands. So is the portion of the Iliad of Homer translated into Gaelic verse by the late Ewen Maclachlan of Fort-William. Several have disappeared, and are disappearing daily. A translation of the Old Testament Scriptures, as far as the Song of Solomon, was undertaken, and in part at least executed, by members of the Synod of Argyll in 1657-60. The MS. of the Books of Chronicles of this translation was in existence as late as 1851 (Fasti Eccles. Scot. v., p. 14), but cannot now be traced. Macnicol of Lismore's collection of Ossianic ballads has disappeared

within recent years. The late Dr Cameron of Brodick informed me, shortly before his death, that he possessed the whole, or considerable portion of the manuscript of Dr John Stuart of Luss translation of the Old Testament.

Of the sixty-three catalogued MSS. now in the Advocates' Library thirty-six are written on parchment, twenty-five are written on paper and two partly on parchment and partly on paper. The Dean of Lismore's MS. is amongst the oldest of the paper MSS. Both it and the Fernaig are written in the current hand of the day, and on a peculiar orthographical system, approaching more or less closely to the phonetic. With the exception of a few written in the last century, all the other MSS., whether parchment or paper, are in the old Gaelic hand, and in the orthography and idiom of literary men of the writers' day. Many of the parchments are in part illegible, the effect of damp, soot, and neglect ; others are as fresh and clear as on the day they were written. The handwriting varies greatly —in some cases coarse and uneven, in others of exquisite beauty. Several have the capital letters ornamented, and here also we have mere daubs, as well as the brightest of colours and high artistic skill. Some of the paper MSS. have their edges rubbed away, with a leaf torn here and there. Several are mere fragments. MS. ix., for example, consists of a portion of a single leaf of dirty paper, on which is written a genealogy of the Macdougalls. MS. lii. consists at present of loose leaves and scraps gathered together under one cover. Even the Book of the Dean of Lismore (xxxvii.) has several of its leaves torn, and is in many places illegible, through frequent use and neglect.

A number of the more modern paper MSS. contains a considerable amount of unpublished Gaelic verse, some of which possess literary merit. MS. lxiii., for example, contains poems by Alex. Macdonald of Ardnamurchan. The version in the MS. is different in a few cases from that published, as *e.g.* in the poem called the "Ark." In another commencing—

A Thearlaich mhic Sheumais,
Mhic Sheumais mhic Thearlaich,

the MS. gives nine stanzas, as against three published in the author's works. Other pieces, from their force, vigour, politics bias, and, one regrets to add, coarseness, must be attributed to the same brain. Hardly any Gaelic poet, except Mac Mhaighst Alastair alone, could compose the following :—

Hùg air clò Mhic 'Ille Mhicheil,
O hùgibh, hùgari, hùg,
Hùg air clò Mhic 'Ille Mhicheil.

Oganaich ùir a chuil teudaich
'S oil leam eudach a bhi dhìth ort.

Gu'n chuir Albainn clò am beairt duit
'S 'nuair thig e as cha bhi aon dìth air.

Bidh e fighte, cumta, luadhta
Ma's tig oirnn buain na Feille-micheil.

Gheibh mise culaidh g'a shuathadh
Ma tha gruagaichean 's an rioghachd.

Gu'm bi do chlo ruadh-sa luadhta
Le gaorr, fuil, is fual 'g a stlopadh.

In MSS. lxii. and lxv. again, among a heterogeneous mass of song and ballad and proverb, are some verses of merit, evidently composed in Kintyre, a district which does not figure prominently in our published Gaelic literature. Satire, which in Gaelic usually means foul abuse in more or less faulty rhyme, passes between a Mac Cairbre and a Mac Mhurchaidh. The latter is described as "a piper, a fiddler, a harper, a tailor and schoolmaster," as well as a would-be bard, and a man, according to his reviler, enjoying undeservedly the confidence of the Laird of Largie. Largie's piper in 1745 was a M'Murchy, and he claimed to be a poet (Glencreggan, ii. pp. 235-6); but whether this man possessed all the gifts and graces of the noted pluralist of the MS. I know not. One piece is headed "Marbhna Maigester Eoin M'Illeoin." The author mourns the death in succession of "Good Mr Patrick, and the two Masters John." The subject of the verses must be the Rev. John Maclean, minister of Killean (1728-1743), whose immediate predecessors were Mr John Cunison, M.A. (1692-1699), and Mr Patrick Campbell, 1699-1728 (Fasti. Eccles. Scot. v., p. 45). A more ambitious piece in MS. lxv. is a long and wordy address by a nameless author to his countrymen throughout Kintyre. A portion of this poem will be found in the "Oranaiche," p. 435-7. (Here as elsewhere I write as far as possible in the orthography and grammatical forms of our Gaelic of to-day)—

Soraidh soir uam gu Cinntire,
Le caoine dìlse agus fàilte,
Gun ard no iosal a dhearmad,
Eadar an Tairbeart is Abhart [Dunaverty].

Banaltra Galltachd is Gaidhealtachd,
Ge do threig i mor a h-àbhaist,
Bha drùghadh gach tìr d'a h-ionnsuidh;
'S cha duraichd aon neach a fàgail.

And about the most meritorious piece of modern Gaelic verse known to me is found on p. 28 of MS. lxii. It is anonymous, but the subject is a dignified remonstrance to the Laird of Largie for having sold his lands, herein described as

Eadar Allt-Pharuig fa dheas,
Is Allt-na-Sionnach 's leat fa thuath;
Fearann a's àille fo'n ghréin,
'S duine tréigte thug dha fuath.

The description of the sunny slopes of Kintyre, and of the rural economy of the district seems singularly happy—

A magha mìn a's blàithe fonn,
An cinn torach trom gach pòr;
Eadar monadh maol is tràigh,
Am binne bàirich laogh is bhò.

'S binn a maighdeana 'n a buailtibh;
'S binn a' chuach am barr a tuim;
'S binn an smeorach nach claon fonn;
'S nuall nan tonn ri slios a fuinn.

And no doubt the lines that follow describe with equal fidelity a phase of life intensely real in the author's day—

A macraidh ghleusta ghasta gharg
A chuireadh gu fearrdha bàir,
Aig do sméideadh mar bu chòir,
Dream nach pilleadh beo le tàir.

'S lionmhor curaidh fear treun fial
Shoir is shiar ri teachd 'n an ceann,
Bu cho-dhileas duit ri t' fheòil,
'Nuair nochdta do shròl ri crann.

MS. xlviii. again is a small miscellaneous collection, once in the possession of the MacMhuirichs of South Uist. Several pieces are Ossianic, *e.g.*—

"Goll mear mileanta
Ceap na crodhachta," &c.;

at one time in MS. xxxiv., whence Mr Mackintosh copied
ersion of

Cnoc an àir an cnoc-sa shiar, &c.,

ed in the Transactions of the Ossianic Society of Dublin
. The Dean of Lismore has a copy of

"Sè là gus an dé
Nach fhaca mi Fionn,"

nd here. One of Deirdre's songs—

Soraidh shoir gu h-Albainn uam,

by O'Flanagan, O'Curry, & Stokes from the Irish MSS.,
and also, with considerable variations and additions, in
. Several pieces are the composition of Cathal and Niall
cMhuirich. The latter once spent six nights in Dunvegan
g the hospitality of Ruairidh Mòr MacLeoid, a chief of
art and open hand, upon whose death the MacCrimmon of
y composed that grand wail "Cumha Ruairidh Mhòir."
uirich commemorates the visit in some spirited verses—

Sè oidhche dhamhsa 's an Dùn,
Nior b'e coinnmhibh feallsa fuar;
Cuirm lionmhor d'a h-ìbhe a h-òr,
Fionn bhrugh mor is lionmhor sluagh.
. . . . . .
Gair nan clairseach 's nan cuach trom,
Ag nach gnathach fuath no feall;
Gaire na mìleadh fleasgach fionn,
Lionn misgeach is teine thenn.

apart from a large portion of the Dean of Lismore's Book
he MSS. written within the last 200 years, the great bulk of
tents of the Gaelic collection consists of the standard liter-
ommon to the educated Gael, whether of the Scottish High-
r of Ireland. Our collection is not to be compared, in
variety, or antiquity, with the rich Irish collections; but
uable nevertheless, and often supplies gaps in the larger
re preserved in Ireland. The contents of several of the
e almost entirely in lyric verse, the authors partly High-
ut chiefly Irish. One such is MS. xxxv., transcribed by
i Mac Lachainn, 1654-5. According to Dr Donald Smith,
n judge, several of the sonnets, odes, and epistles in this
ield to no compositions of the kind in any language with

which I am acquainted." Some are certainly beautiful. Here are a few lines from an epistle sent by a love-sick swain of the Emerald Isle to a cruel fair one in Alba :—

Gluais a litir, na leig sgìos,
Gu faice tu rìs i fèin ;
Feoraich di a faigheam bàs,
No am bitheam gu bràth am péin.

If his doom is death the poet solicits burial in Alba for reasons assigned :—

An crìch Alba ar bhith séimh,
Is ann thaghainn fein mo chur ;
Far an luidheadh i air mo lic,
'S am bidh i air m' fheart [1] a' gul.

The ease with which a happy simile is borrowed from external nature, and subjected to the trammels of rhyme, is very admirable :—

Ma's aluinn leat do ghruaidh gheal,
Geal an sneachda, beag a luadh ;
Ata 'm buafhallan [2] buidhe fòs,
Ma's buidhe na an t-òr do ghruag.

Ma's dearg leat do leaca shaor,
Leoir deirge nan caora con ;
Ma's dubh leat do mhala mhìn,
Duibhe na sin lì na lon.

Ma's glas leat fein do shuil mhall,
Glaise na sin barr an fheoir ;
Tha guth ceol-bhinn aig a' chuaich,
Ma's binn leat fein fuaim do bheoil.

And it would be difficult to improve upon the following quatrain (MS. lxv.), wrung doubtless from the heart of a bereaved mother :—

Thig an samhradh, thig an sàmh ;
Thig a' ghrian gu lànach glan ;
Thig am bradan as a' bhruaich ;
'S as an uaigh cha tig mo mhac.

Of the old MS. literature, a considerable portion consists of translations more or less literal, chiefly from the Latin. The heroic literature of Greece and Rome caught the fancy of Gaelic authors,

[1] Grave. [2] Ragweed.

and they rendered into their own language large sections of it from the Latin versions available. MS. viii., *e.g.* consists of thirty-four folios. The whole is taken up, with the exception of one page, with the legendary history of Greece. MS. xv. contains twenty-eight folios—subject, the expedition of Jason, the labours of Hercules, and the Destruction of Troy. This MS. has been copied, with a view to publication, by Mr Whitley Stokes. A poem on the Argonautic Expedition is catalogued as part of the contents of MS. xix. MS. xlvi., that designated "Emanuel" from the fact that some pious person had written the word several times over the page, is a fragment only, the subject being ancient history. One chapter, in treating of an episode in the wars of Pompey and Cæsar, relates how a Roman officer wanders from the camp, and, meeting a countryman, begins to question him regarding the history of the villages and forts, and the names of the hills round about. The rustic tells Curio, such was the officer's name, that a rock opposite was called the Rock of Antæus, and the legend of that mighty son of earth follows. Mr Astle assigned the date of this MS., on palaeographic grounds, to the ninth and tenth century. The language is not so old as this. A rather illegible note at the foot of p. 4 gives what looks like 1315, which may be the date of the document.

A large portion of the ecclesiastical and religious literature of pre-Reformation as of post-Reformation days, is translated. Among us the amount of this class of manuscript preserved is not very great. There is nothing of the wealth of "passions" and "homilies" and legends, such as are found, *e.g.*, in the *Leabhar Breac*. But eight folios of MS. i., and portions of several others, are exclusively religious. The contents are chiefly the "passions," or sufferings and death, of the Saviour and the Apostles, legends regarding such ecclesiastics as Abbot Paphnutius, Gregory of Rome, &c. One of the "passions" in our MS. i. is not in the "Speckled Book," viz.—the passion of our Lord as revealed to St Anselm. To this composition is appended the following interesting note:—"And it was John O'Connor that translated [this passion] into Gaelic for Duncan O'Feely, and it was Dugald Albannach, son of the son of Paul, that wrote it on this parchment in the presence of Elisa Butler in Baile [?], in the year of our Lord 1467." Along the top and bottom of two pages is drawn a thick line in alternate bars of red and black, with an explanatory note that O'Mulconry traced this line for Dugald Albannach in the house of M'Egan in Munster, and that it was designed to represent the blood-stained

footprints of the Saviour upon a marble flag. An imperfect copy of the same "passion," as well as a treatise on the Ten Commandments, is found in MS. xxv. A treatise on the Mass, with other matter, is given in MS. xxvi., and here, as in that on the Commandments, the author proves himself quite familiar with the writings of the Fathers on these subjects. In MS. iv. are pious reflections and prayers, chiefly in Latin. MS. vii. contains a good copy of a homily, entitled *Teagasg Sholaimh*, usually called *Sermo ad Reges*. In MS. xl. is "The punishment of Adam," a copy of which is also in the *Leabhar Breac*, and a rhymed version in *Saltair na Rann* (line 1483, *et seq.*), edited by Whitley Stokes (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1883).

Of native production is the Life of St Columba, called by Dr Reeves "The Oid Gaelic Life." Copies are found in Ireland in the "Leabhar Breac" and in the "Book of Lismore," both of which have been printed by Stokes. Martin, in his "Description of the Western Isles" (p. 264), mentions that both Macneill of Barra and Macdonald of Benbecula had copies of this work. Whether that now in our MS. xl. is one of these, we know not. The "Life," according to Dr Reeves, is a composition of the tenth century, or thereabouts, and was meant to be a kind of sermon on the Saint's day. In form, the treatise professes to be a discourse on Genesis xii. 1, the command given to Abraham to leave country and kindred being considered applicable to the circumstances of Columba. Here and there we come upon religious verses. There is, in MS. lviii. (a modern paper MS.), besides a Life of St Margaret and verses on the Catholic Religion, the commencement of a rather ambitious poem, being an epitome of history in verse, from the creation down. Religious, and especially moral pieces, were perhaps more frequent in the old literature than later. In MSS. xxv., xxxv., xlviii., and others, there are several such. In MS. v. is a copy of the piece attributed, in the Burgundian Library MS. in Brussels, to Columba, a translation of which is given by Mr Skene in "Celtic Scotland," II., p. 91. The verses are supposed to describe the saint's daily life in Iona. Here are three stanzas, spelling so far modernised :—

Milis leam bhi an Uchd Alainn,
Air beinn[1] cairge;
Gu faicinn ann ar mhinic(e),
Feath na fairge.

[1] Pinnacle.

Ro sgrùdainn aon na leabhar,
Bhiodh maith do'm anmain;
Seal air sleuchdadh air neamh ionmhuinn,
Seal air salmaibh.

Seal a' buain duilisg de chairgibh;
Seal air acladh [1];
Seal a' toirt bìdh do bhochdaibh;
Seal an carcair.[2]

owing these verses in MS. v. are others, also anonymous, of tiful melody, but unfortunately in great part lost, the MS. g torn :—

Ro b'e miann do m' anmain-sa
Dh' fhaicsinn gnuise Dhé
Ro b'e miann do m' anmain-sa
Bith bhetha imalle

To the class of translated works falls to be added in great part nyrate the medical section of our MSS. This is a most ortant part of the Scottish collection, about a third of the whole g medical or quasi-medical. With the exception of a cursory nination by Dr Donald Smith of one or two of them (Report on an, Appendix, p. 293), these documents have not yet been read a medical man. Dr Norman Moore of London examined such MSS. in the British Museum, and wrote a valuable r upon them in the Bartholomew Hospital Reports for 1875 xi). Dr Moore concludes that the British Museum MSS. are slations, partly because he has traced the originals of some of n, *e.g.*, the *Lilium Medicinæ* of Barnardus de Gordon; partly use old native words are frequently discarded and the scientific adopted from Latin (or Greek); but chiefly because none of e MSS. begins like an original Gaelic document by naming the , place, author, and occasion of writing it. The same acteristics mark the medical MSS. in the Scottish collection. ange of content, these cover the whole field of medical science wn in the middle ages, including botany, biology, and not a e astrology. Some, like the copy of the *Lilium Medicinæ* in Library of the Antiquarian Society, are known to be transla- s. Others give the text of Galen or other authority in n, and then proceed to give a translation, paragraph by graph, accompanied by a comment. The comment is frequently voluminous and detailed; and in some cases it may be an

[1] Fishing. [2] Prison.

original Gaelic composition. How have so many medical treatises been preserved in the West Highlands? There would not be the same reason for destroying such documents as there would be for doing away with treatises on the mass or with charters and records and annals that might preserve the evidence of exploded beliefs, or disputed rights. Besides, the principal custodiers of the medical treatises survived the Reformation. These were a family of the name of M'Bheath, or M'Veagh, or Beaton, who practised medicine in the Western Isles, chiefly in Islay, Mull, and Skye, for many generations. It is said that the first Beaton came from Ireland in the train of the daughter of O'Cathan, who married Angus Og of Islay and Kintyre, the friend of Bruce. A pedigree of the family was written by one of themselves on a blank leaf of the medical MS. in the Library of the University of Edinburgh. There are six branches of the family named. These are all traced up to a common ancestor, Fergus *Fionn*, or "The Fair." Fergus Fionn is traced up to Beath, the founder of the family, and he again to Niall of the Nine Hostages, monarch of Ireland. One of the witnesses to the Islay charter of 1408 is "Fercos Macbeth." As "Fercos" was the only one of the four witnesses able to write his name, the others signing with a mark, he was probably the writer of the document, and may well have been the Fergus Fionn of the pedigree. King Robert II. granted to Ferchard *Leche*, or "The Leech," all the islands on the Sutherland shore from Stoer Head to the Point of Armadale, together with lands in Melness and Hope in the parish of Tongue. The tradition has always been that the gift was a mark of gratitude on the part of the King to Ferchard for curing himself or his son of a painful and dangerous disease after the case had baffled the Court physicians. Ferchard is said to have been the Islay Ollamh of his day. This name does not appear in the pedigree. The names of several members of the family are found on the margin of many of the Gaelic MSS., especially of the medical MSS. Malcolm, Donald, Christopher, and Fergus M'Bheath appear to have owned the Edinburgh University MS.; the last of whom was of the Mull branch of the family, as the entry, *Hic liber est Fergusii M'Veagh, habitantis Peanagross*, shows. The ruins of the *Ollamh Muileach's* house are seen at Pennycross, in Mull, to this day. One of the Mull M'Bheaths was, according to Martin, on board the "Florida" when the vessel was blown up in the Bay of Tobermory, in 1588. John Beaton, family physician to the Macleans, died in 1657, as the Latin inscription on his tomb in Iona bears. According to Martin, a Fergus Beaton was in Uist

at the time he wrote, and had in his possession the works of Galen, Hippocrates, Avicenna, Averroes, Barnardus, and others. Farquhar Beaton, as appears from the Antiquarian Library MS., practised in Skye in the first half of the seventeenth century. It is mainly to these men we owe the preservation of the rich collection of Medical MSS. we now possess, and which are worthy of a thorough examination by a competent medical man. Many changes, educational, ecclesiastical, political, and economic, have taken place in these parts during the last 400 years, and I do not know a way in which these can be brought more strikingly home than by a perusal of the medical books of the Gaelic Ollamhs. These men were familiar with the literature of their own profession; and the names of Galen, Hippocrates, Averroes, John of Damascus, Barnard De Gordon, Jacques De Forli, Isodore, and, as the author of MS. x. puts it, a thousand others, were household words among them. [According to a pamphlet published in 1778, and attributed to the Rev. Thomas White, minister of Liberton, whose wife was Anne, daughter of Daniel Bethune, minister of Rosskeen, the Bethunes and Beatons of Skye and Mull are traced to the Bethunes of Balfour in Fife. The McBheaths of the old Gaelic MSS. seem to have been unaware of this relationship.]

The principal departments of the purely native literature are the Historical, including history proper, annals, genealogies, biographies, &c.; the Scientific, including law, treatises upon language, grammars and dictionaries; and the Legendary, including heroic literature and works of imagination. The compositions that embrace these are in prose and verse. But it is a feature of Gaelic literature that the driest historical facts and pages of genealogies are thrown into verse, while works of pure imagination are mainly in prose, with verse interspersed.

In the Scottish collection the historical department is poorly represented. MS. v. contains a good copy of the history of the proceedings at the National Convention of Druimceatt, where St. Columba was the central figure; and where, among other questions, the future relations of Dalriada to the mother country of Ireland was disposed of. The arrangement come to, suggested by Columba, was proposed by a young priest named Colman; and this is how the men of old solved the Home Rule problem of their day:—The people of Dalriada, in the matter of hostings and expeditions, that is to say, in their foreign policy, were to remain one with Ireland; in their purely domestic affairs they became independent. MS. l. contains a history of the Macdonalds of the Isles by one of the

M'Mhuirichs. Copies of portions of Keating's History of Ireland are given in one or two of the later MSS. Then there are the lives of St. Columba and St. Margaret. But in the Scottish Collection there are no annals to be compared with those preserved in Ireland. Records were kept in Iona, and by the Lords of the Isles, but these, with others, are, it is to be feared, lost for ever. Neither have we genealogies to compare with the genealogies preserved in the Book of Ballymote and elsewhere in Ireland. The first folio of MS. i., written by Dugald Albannach in 1467, contains the genealogy of several of the clans, and has been printed by Mr Skene, first in the Collectanea de rebus Albanicis, and afterwards as an Appendix to volume iii. of Celtic Scotland. MS. li. gives a genealogy of the kings of Ireland ; and the old heroes, whether Grecian or Gaelic, are usually traced up to Adam, or at least to Noah. As already stated, the leaf constituting MS. ix. gives a genealogy of the Macdougalls, and the pedigree of the MacBheaths is given in the University Medical MS. Short biographical notices of distinguished persons are found in MS. vii.—of men, beginning with Art the Solitary, and of women from Scota, the daughter of Pharoah, downwards.

A formal treatise on Gaelic Law, such, *e.g.*, as the *Lebar Aicle*, does not exist in the Scottish collection. The subject, for many a long day, did not possess a living interest to Highlanders. The Gaelic tribal organisation seems to have been completely replaced in the Hebrides by the Norse occupation, as witness not merely the prevalence of Scandinavian proper names, but the *borelands*, the *penny lands*, the *teirungs*, &c. When native ways recovered themselves by the end of the thirteenth century, the country was rapidly consolidating into a kingdom, the feudal law was established in the south and east, and, without in practice interfering with old customs, may have begun to be tacitly acknowledged in the west. A considerable amount of lore describing the various classes of Bards, with the rights and privileges of each grade, is found in several MSS., and specially in vii. There are good copies of the so called precepts of Cormac, and here and there fragmentary notices, etymological and legendary, of famed places, all, or nearly all, in Ireland. A copy of the great grammatical and philological treatise found in the Books of Balimote and Lecan, &c., is also in MS. i. of our collection. Our copy does not contain the chapter on the Ogham Alphabet, and several sections and paragraphs are awanting here and there. It is to be hoped that this document, by far the most complete source of information regarding the ways and practices of native poets and scholars in existence,

will soon be published by a competent Gaelic scholar. In MS. lviii. is the commencement of a treatise on grammar; and, as already stated, in a MS. of last century in the Laing Collection in the University of Edinburgh, are the opening sections of what promised to be a good Gaelic Grammar. This fragment is written in English. The observation is made, among others, that of old no word except "exotic" words began in Gaelic with *p*. MS. xxxviii., written before 1500, according to Skene, but assigned by Gaidoz to the seventeenth century, contains a vocabulary of some 740 words, several of which I have not been able to trace elsewhere. The last page of MS. vii. is also mainly taken up with several scores of words defined or explained. These, though valuable and worthy of being printed, do not approach in interest or importance Cormac's Glossary, edited by Stokes.

The department of native literature, which for our purposes may be described as the Heroic and Legendary, is by far the largest of all. This kind of literature has been preserved in two-fold form. As elaborated and "improved" by the native authors, these compositions were written down by Gaelic scholars from time to time in MS. As preserved in the tenacious memories of successive generations of reciters, they have been handed down orally, and collected in our own day by the late Mr J. F. Campbell and others. In both forms the subject matter of the composition was so far changed in the process of transmission. The literary improver depended as much perhaps upon the popular version as upon his imagination in touching up his incidents or embellishing his periods; the reciter no doubt refreshed his memory by frequent reference to manuscript. A considerable portion of this literature, oral and MS., consists of myth and nursery rhyme, of popular folk tale or scrap of ballad—literary *debris* characterised by good men in the past as idle if not evil, but subjected in our day to scientific analysis, and made to cast valuable light upon the history and beliefs of prehistoric times. Several others of these compositions are stories of individuals, marvellous tales of personal adventure, fightings with terrible foes—human and other. But the more ambitious of them associate themselves for the most part with one or other of two main periods or cycles famed in Gaelic romance. These are the mythological period—say from the creation until the Gael had, by conquering their foes, established themselves in their own land; and the heroic period, which divides into two epochs—the epoch of Cuchullin, the Sons of Uisneach, &c., which is placed chronologically about the beginning of the Christian era; and the epoch of the Féinn, *i.e.*, of Fionn and his companions, which is placed in the third century.

Many of these compositions are of a truly epic character; but as preserved in the MSS. they are more commonly in detached form—episodes, or *remscela*, of a larger drama. Sometimes, and especially in more recent times, the particular episode is recorded entirely in verse—a ballad; but the classical form is the Tale. The Gaelic Tale is of a distinct type, varying somewhat in the MS. and in popular literature. The MS. tale is a skilfully composed narrative of events in historical order. Here and there, the more important incidents are gathered up, and repeated by the leading actor for the time, in lyric verse. The style varies. As a rule, the prose tale is wordy, inflated, exaggerated; but not infrequently the style is vigorous and chaste, adapting itself with ease to the varying mental movements of the narrator. In the popular tale the style is less elaborate; the diction as a rule is simpler, the syntax easier. The *laoidh*, or "lay," so frequently met in the MS. tale, hardly ever appears. But the reciter, in recounting a stirring incident, passes from plain prose into a semi-rhythmical movement which is neither prose nor verse, but partaking of the character of both. This peculiar style is technically termed *ruitheannan* or "runs." In the mouth of a skilful reciter, this impassioned recitative is highly effective. Examples are found in all the most elaborate of Campbell's Tales—a very good one, *e.g.*, is the description of the *Iubhrach Bhallach*, or "Speckled Barge," in the opening of the Tale of the Knight of the Red Shield (West Highland Tales II., 456), and which Macdonald of Ardnamurchan must have had in his mind when composing Clanranald's *Birlinn*.

The Scottish Gael has preserved orally and in MS. a large and valuable collection of this heroic literature. In the Dean of Lismore's Book there are some thirty poems and ballads classed as Ossianic. Down through the later MSS. (xlviii. and others) are additional ballads and variant versions. Mainly in consequence of Macpherson's publications, Ossianic literature has since been diligently collected by several scholars, and published. The exploits of Fionn and his band form the subject of many a MS. tale, as well as of a large number in Campbell's and other publications. Of the earlier periods of Gaelic romance, our Scottish Collection preserves valuable relics. Our oldest copy of the great Gaelic saga, the *Tain Bò Chuailgne*, was in MS. xxxii. now amissing. And MS. xl., of which Dr Kuno Meyer has given a detailed account in Vol. XII. of the *Celtic Magazine*, preserves better versions of several characters and incidents of the Cuchullin epoch than any found in the larger and fuller Irish MSS.

Of two at least of the three classical Gaelic tragedies—The three Sorrows of Story telling, as they are technically called—our Scottish Collection has preserved the oldest, and presumably the best, copies. These tragedies are—the *Aided*, or "Death by Violence," of the Children of *Tuirenn;* the *Aided* of the Children of *Lir;* and the *Aided* of the Children of *Uisneach*. The two first belong to the Mythological period; the last to the Cuchullin period. The Children of Tuirenn kill *Cian*, the father of *Lugha Lamhfhada*, and the son imposes upon them as *eric* nine tasks or labours which they successfully accomplish, but from the effects of which they die. The tale is in MS. lvi. of our collection. The main incidents, apart from the labours of the Children of Tuirenn, are concerned with the wars of the Tuatha Dé and the Fomori, who, according to the tale, dwelt at the time in Lochlann. In the opening pages, we are told that Nuada, King of the Tuatha Dé, had only one hand, and his doorkeeper only one eye. Two famous doctors came the way of the palace, and they fitted the king with a silver hand, whence he is known, not as *Nuada Lamh Airgid*, as we should say, but as *Nuada Airgiod-lamh*. The name survives in *Maynooth*, the *Magh* or "plain" of Nuada. Into the doorkeeper's head the doctors put a cat's eye, and the author, with delicious humour, tells of the poor doorkeeper's troubles with his new organ:—When everything was quiet, and the porter needed sleep, the cat's eye was wide awake, starting "at the squeaking of the mice, the flying of the birds, and the motion of the reeds;" when the doorkeeper was marshalling a pageant, and required all his wits about him, at such times the cat's eye "would be in deep repose and sleep." Ireland was the nightmare of politicians then as now. In our own day, a statesman suggested the removing of the island 1000 miles out into the Atlantic as a solution of the Irish problem. John Bright's remedy was but an echo of that of the King of the Fomori, Balar of the Mighty Blows. Balar charged his son Breas, after he had conquered the Tuatha Dé, "to put his cables round Erin, which gives so much trouble, and tie it to the stern of his ships, and tow it to the Nôrth of Lochlann," evidently hoping that the transfer of the Green Isle to the North Pole would remove all difficulties.

The *Aided Cloinne Lir* is found in our MSS. xxxviii. and lvi. The Children of Lir, three sons and a daughter, were, through the jealousy of their stepmother, changed into swans, and doomed to pass 300 years on *Loch Dairbhreach*, 300 in *Sruth na Maoile*, as the wild belt of sea between Kintyre and Antrim was appropriately named, and 300 in the Western Sea round Glora

Isle, their spells to be broken when they would hear the voice of the Christian bell. Their human reason and Gaelic speech remained to the wanderers, and so the Lady Fingola, who occupies the leading place in the tale, describes with spirit, in one of her many *laoidhs*, the discomforts of life on a winter night off the Mull of Kintyre :—

Olc a' bheatha-sa ;
Fuachd na h-oidhche-sa;
Meud an t-sneachda-sa ;
Cruas na gaoithe-sa.
. . . . . .
Do chuir leas-mhathair,
Sinn an ceathrar-sa ;
A nochd 's an dochar-sa,
Olc a' bheatha-sa.

The tragedy of the children of Uisneach is the most popular and best known of these tales. Copies of the shorter version are found in the old Irish MSS. But the oldest copy of the expanded version is found in our MSS. liii. and lvi. Deirdre was a child of surpassing beauty, reared in seclusion by King Conchobar Mac-Nessa, with the view eventually of marrying her. Meanwhile the young lady causes Naoise, son of Uisneach, to elope with her. With a large retinue the pair, to avoid the vengeance of Conchobar, pass over to Alba, and spend happy days on the shores of Loch Etive. They are induced to return to Ireland, their safe-conduct being guaranteed by Fergus MacRoich, a champion of honour who comes to Alba for them. The lady has her suspicions, and on leaving Alba she sing the well-known *laoidh*—

Inmain tír an tír ut thoir
Alba cona h-ingantaibh
Nocha ticfuinn eisdi ille,
Mana tísainn le Naise.

On their arrival in Ireland, Fergus is by stratagem detached from the party. Naoise and his brothers are treacherously put to death, and the lady commits suicide. On the cover of MS. liii. (the Glenmasan MS.) is the date 1238. The existing MS. is assigned on linguistic grounds by Whitley Stokes (who has printed this tale, Irische Texte, Leipzig, 1887) to the fifteenth century, but it may well be a copy of a MS. of the earlier date, the transcriber altering the orthography and grammatical flexions to the standard of his

own day. This MS. at present consists of twenty-five leaves of large quarto, closely written upon. There are two breaks, the extent of which we know not. The tale of the sons of Uisneach occupies only four of these leaves, the remainder being taken up with the exploits and intrigues of the champion Fergus M'Roich after the murder of Naoise and his companions and before the *Tain Bó Chuailgne* opens. Notwithstanding the blanks this portion of the MS. is extremely valuable, for the preserved Irish literature hardly touches the subject.

Fergus, angry because of the treachery of one of his sons, *Buinne Borb Ruadh*, who had joined the party of Conchobar; the death of another, *Iollann Fionn*; and, more than all, because his own guarantee of safe-conduct to the sons of Uisneach was not respected, heads a party against the king, commits great devastation, and thereafter with several companions, including Cormac Conloinges, son of Conchobar, retires in dudgeon to Cruachan, the capital of Connaught, where Queen Meave, a woman of great talent but easy virtue, rules both her husband and her kingdom. Meave cordially receives the exiles. But the volatile Fergus soon tires of the life of inglorious ease he leads at Cruachan. He hears much of the beauty of Flidais, the wife of a petty prince in *Iorrus Domnann* "Erris," and the gifted Lothario, bent on fresh conquests, resolves to proceed to the wild west. In his train at the time was an *o'ldmh* of great talent, named in our manuscript *Bricne*, son of Cairpre, a man whose capacity for making mischief must surely identify him with *Bricriu Nemthenga* or "poisoned tongue," the Ultonian satirist who at his famous feast, the *Fled Bricrend*, set the ladies of Ulster so violently by the ears. (The *Fled Bricrend* is printed in Windisch & Stokes's *Irische Texte*, Leipzig, 1884.) Bricne went in advance of Fergus to trumpet the praises of his patron, and specially to interest Queen Flidais in his fortunes. When the great poet is seen on the plain of *Dun-atha-fein*, the youth of the place go forth to meet him, and they carry him shoulder high to the presence of *Oilill Fionn* or the "Fair," son of *Domnall Dual-buidhe* king of the *Gamanraid*. A great feast is given in Bricne's honour. The guests are seated according to their rank, Bricne occupying the place of honour, "at the king's shoulder." The choicest in foods and drinks that the castle affords is produced on the occasion. There is white wine for the nobles; light mead for the old gentry; *brogoid* which Cormac derives from the Welsh, a variant of the Gaulish *brace* and our *braich* malt, "*bragget*," a drink made from malt and honey, for the landlords; and *cuirm* (Welsh *cwrw*) "ale" for all and sundry

The feasting over, song and story go round. Bricne is asked whether he will be good enough to contribute anything to the entertainment, a *duan* or *airchetal* or *caladha*. The poet calls for his nine-stringed harp with its *uaithni* made of gold, and sings, the *cliar* accompanying, a song which he made *ar cepoig* to the prince. (O'Curry explains that *cepog* was the technical term used in Alba for what the Irish called *aiobsi* "great chorus or vocal concert.") In Sutherland *ceapag* is (or was until recently) the term for "a catch," a verse composed *impromptu* (cf. Rob Donn Ed. 1829 p. 344.) The Gamanraid applaud; they never heard a better *duan*. It had only one fault; they were not able to understand a word of it. Whereupon Bricne is good enough to expound the verses for them, clause by clause. In conversation with the prince, Bricne says he never lived in better quarters—the castle needed only a queen to make it perfect. He is told that Queen Flidais is temporarily absent, being at the time looking after the *Mael* Flidais, a wonderful cow that yielded at one milking sufficient for 300 men, besides women and children. Bricne is invited to visit the Queen, and here the festivities of *Dun-atha-fein* are repeated. The poet is popular to a degree; but he so manages matters that wherever he goes, no two men however friendly previously but are deadly enemies thereafter. Flidais asks what sort of man this champion Fergus is of whom she has heard so much. "Vain to ask such a question;" says Bricne, "for though I had seven heads, and in each head there were seven mouths, and in each mouth seven tongues, and on each tongue the eloquence of a *suadh*, I would be unable to speak of the man aright. Among the heroes of the earth there is none to compare with him. Nor have I ever heard of any except *Lugh Lamhfhada* or 'Longhand' (the famous king of the Tuatha Dé), and Hercules the son of Amphitryon the hero warrior of the Greeks, and Hector, son of Priam the hero warrior of the Trojans; and I give my word that Fergus is superior to these heroes in courage, in valour, in sense, in nobility, in spirit, in generosity; and besides there is no king on earth whose gifts to his household at each *samhain* are so rich as his." The poet then expatiates in detail on the magnificence and generosity of Fergus. Bricne shortly thereafter is able to return to his patron at Cruachan, loaded with gifts from *Oilill Fionn*, and bringing a secret message from Flidais that she is prepared to follow the fortunes of Fergus, and to contribute men and treasure for the approaching war between Connaught and Ulster.

Fergus now goes to the west in person, and the remainder of the saga is taken up with his intrigues and adventures among the

Gamanraid, as the inhabitants of that remote part of the country are called in the MS. The champion gets imprisoned, and now Queen Meave fits out an expedition partly to rescue her fickle lover, partly to induce the king of the *Gamanraid* to join her in the great campaign against Ulster about to open. The *Tain Bo Flidais* printed by Professor Windisch three years ago from the Book of the Dun Cow, the Book of Leinster, and the Egerton MS. is but a mere episode or *remscel* of the great epic the *Tàin Bò Chuailgne*. In our MS. the subject is expanded into an independent saga, containing a full complement of feasting and fighting, "moving accidents by flood and field," valuable descriptions of men and manners, and thus forming an important addition to our stock of Gaelic literature.

The contents of this valuable collection of Gaelic Literature are as yet but imperfectly known even to scholars. Too few of the MSS. have been read, and still fewer printed. A good catalogue is much needed. The first to attempt a description of any of the manuscripts was Dr Donald Smith, a very competent man. The collection at the time consisted of the MSS. now catalogued xxxii. to lxv., those, viz., that belonged to the Highland Society. MSS. i.-iv., the property of the Faculty of Advocates, and MSS. v.-xxxi. from the Kilbride collection were not at the time available. Dr Smith gave an account of nine MSS., viz.—xxxii., xxxiii., xxxiv., xxxv., xxxvi., xxxvii., xl., xlvi., and liii., with extracts (Report on Ossian, Appendix pp. 285-312). The Rev. Donald Mackintosh, collector of the Proverbs, prepared the carefully written catalogues appended to the great 1807 edition of Ossian (iii. pp. 566-573), and made copious transcripts from MSS. xxxiv. and xxxvi. which are preserved. Mr Mackintosh died in 1808, and about 1812 the Highland Society commissioned Mr Ewen Maclachlan of Aberdeen to examine the more important of the Gaelic MSS. in their possession. Mr Maclachlan in a volume which has been preserved made a careful and full analysis of 14 MSS., 6 of those formerly described by Dr Smith and 8 others, viz., those now catalogued xxxii., xxxiii., xxxvii., xxxviii., xl., xli., xlvi., liii., liv., lv., lvi., lviii., lxii., and lxv. Mr Maclachlan made besides very voluminous transcripts which he intended, when the time and opportunity which never came permitted, to publish with translations. Of MS. xxxvii. (the Dean of Lismore's) he has left two transcripts. In a volume which he designated the *Leabhar Caol* there is a transcript of the whole of MSS. xlvi. and liii.; of all the tales in xxxviii.; of the tale of the Son of Uisneach from lvi.; with copious

extracts from xl., liv., lv., lxii., and lxv. There were no Grammars or Dictionaries of the old language at the time, and so Mr Maclachlan was unable at all times correctly to extend the contractions of the older MSS. (xl., xlvi., and liii., *e.g.*), but the work which the indefatigable scholar did, though now apt to be forgotten, was most valuable and important.

Mr Skene in addition to preparing a general catalogue of the whole collection and making some transcripts, has printed the greater part of the Genealogies on the first folio of MS. i. (Collectanea de rebus Albanicis, Celtic Scotland iii. p. 467), and a considerable portion of MS. l. (Celtic Scotland iii. p. 398). Dr Maclauchlan and Mr Skene printed the greater part of the contents of MS. xxxvii. (Book of the Dean of Lismore: Edinburgh, 1862), and the former scholar gave in Celtic Gleanings (Edinburgh, 1857) brief notices of two or three other MSS. *e.g.* iv., viii., xxv., and the Edinburgh University Medical MS. Mr Campbell in *Leabhar na Féinne* gave nearly all the versions of Ossianic Ballads that he could lay his hands upon from the Dean of Lismore downwards. Within the last twenty years we have diligently cultivated "Ossianic" literature. The late Mr Macpherson revised the "Ossianic" portion of the Dean's Book. Dr Cameron made a fresh transcript of a large part of the published portion of the Dean's MS., and of the Ballads printed in *Leabhar na Féinne*, with others that escaped Mr Campbell's collaborateurs. The collection of ballads by the late Mr Macdonald of Ferintosh was printed by Dr Cameron in vol. xiii. of the Transactions of the Society, while the collection by Jerome Stone, made about the middle of last century, was sent by me to the Society two years ago, and printed in vol. xiv. of the Transactions.

The first scholar furth of Scotland who took notice of the Scottish collection of Gaelic MSS. was the Very Rev. Dr Graves, Bishop of Limerick, who published a note regarding MS. xlvi. and one or two others in the fourth volume of the proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy. Of recent years Mons. Henri Gaidoz wrote a brief but very accurate note regarding the collection in the *Revue Celtique* (Tom. vi., 109-114); Dr Kuno Meyer of Liverpool has read several MSS., and in particular has described MS. xl. in the Celtic Magazine (vol. xii.); while Mr Whitley Stokes has printed the Tale of the Sons of Uisneach from MS. liii. and lvi. (Leipzig 1887), and transcribed with a view to publication MS. xv. (the Destruction of Troy), and the *Mesca Ulad* or Intoxication of the Ultarians from MS. xl.

Still, not merely several important MSS., but large sections of the literature embraced in this collection have hitherto been totally neglected. Beyond what I have been able to do myself, I am not aware that a single one of the medical MSS. has been read through. The same may be said regarding the religious section, and several historical MS. of value, such as MSS. i., v., xxv., xxvi. and others. And still more is the statement true regarding the antiquarian, grammatical, and philological treatises found in such MSS. i., vii., xxxviii., lviii.

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