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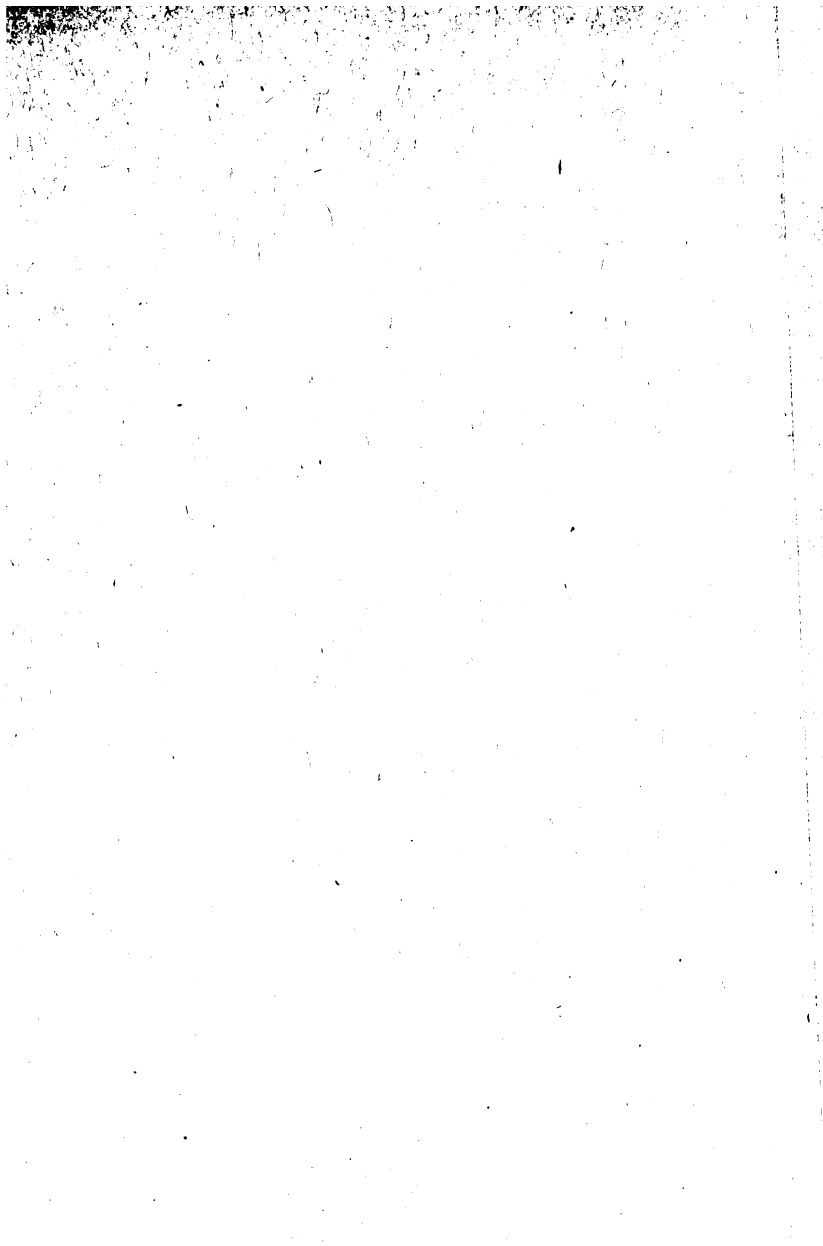
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1770







TRANSACTIONS  
OF  
THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

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VOLUME XIX.

1893-94.

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TRANSACTIONS  
OF THE  
GAELIC SOCIETY  
OF INVERNESS.

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VOLUME XIX.

1893-94.

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Clann nan Gaidheal an Ghailean a Cheile.

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# COMUNN GAELIC INBHIR-NIS.

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## CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

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

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

3. 'S iad a bhitheas 'nam buill, cuideachd a tha gabhail suim do runtaibh a' Chomuinn; agus so mar gheibh iad a staigh:—Tairgidh aon bhall an t-iarraidair, 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.

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## 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 thois-each an Deicheamh mios gu deireadh Mhairt, agus gach ceithir-la-deug o thois-each 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 thrìan de na'm bheil de luchd-bruidhinn Gailig air a' chlar-ainm. Ma 's miann atharrachadh a dheanamh is eiginn sin a chur an ceill do gach ball, 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 dearbhata.

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.

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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.

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THE present Volume of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness—the 19th of the series—contains, like the last one, the work of a year and a half. It begins with March, 1893, and ends with Midsummer of 1894. The publication of the Society's proceedings are almost up to the date of the writing of this preface, a fact upon which the Society has to be congratulated. The scheme of publishing the three years' Transactions—from Midsummer, 1891, to Midsummer, 1894—in two volumes has been carried out successfully, and in the time promised by the Publishing Committee. This Volume has gone through the press within half-a-year. It will be found, it is hoped, of equal interest and excellence with any yet published of its predecessors.

For the half-year since our last introduction was penned, we have to record, naturally, but little; but that little is good. No prominent member has died, and the usual satisfactory progress has been made in Celtic matters, both literary and social. Mr Archibald Sinclair has issued two good works from his "Celtic Press" in Glasgow. One is the "Uist Collection" of Gaelic poetry, mostly that of John M'Codrum (M'Guthrum or Guttormr, a common Norse name once in the Isles); this is edited by Rev. Mr Macdonald of Kiltarlity, who has done exceedingly well by his fellow Uist men in this book. The other work is entitled "Laoidhean agus Dain Spioradail—Hymns and Spiritual Songs," collected or translated by the late Rev. Arch. M'Callum, LL.D., edited by Mr John Whyte. The work extends to some five hundred pages, and contains translations of about four hundred hymns, as well as many original pieces, done by our best Gaelic hymnologists and translators. Many of the renderings are exceedingly felicitous, and the work cannot fail to be

cordially received by all interested in Gaelic and in good religious poetry. A ripple was caused on the surface of the Ossianic controversy by the publication of Mr Bailey Sanders' "Life and Letters of James Macpherson," but the book, although the best sketch yet given of Macpherson's life, is quite uncritical in regard to the authenticity of the Ossianic poetry given to the world by Macpherson.

We have the promise of two or three good books in the near future. We have already mentioned "The History of the Macdonalds," which is in preparation; and we are glad to notice that a work is to appear dealing with "Sutherland and the Reay Country," edited by Mr John Mackay (of the *Celtic Monthly*) and Rev. Mr Adam Gunn, Durness. Three works are in the press, one by the late Rev. J. G. Campbell, Tiree, entitled "Tales and Traditions of the Western Highlands" (David Nutt, publisher). The other is an "Etymological Dictionary of the Gaelic Language" by one of our most valued members, Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A. This work is nearly half through the press, and may be expected about midsummer. The third work is by our Honorary Secretary, Mr William Mackay, and its title is to be "The Records of the Presbyteries of Inverness and Dingwall." It is published by the Scottish History Society.

In general Celtic literature we have to record an interesting and important work, edited by Rev. A. Moore and Professor Rhys. This is the "Book of Common Prayer in Manx Gaelic," as translated by Bishop Philips in the 17th century, and the Manx clergy in the 18th century. Professor Rhys has added a valuable treatise to it on the phonetics of the Manx language, which no Gaelic scholar can afford to miss. The Manx language, it is clear, is a branch of the Scottish Gaelic, cut off from the main body in the 13th century. Dr Kuno Meyer has published in the *Anecdota Oxoniensia* a work entitled "*Hibernica Minora*, being a Fragment of an Old-Irish Treatise on the Psalter." Dr Meyer gives a translation, notes, and an index of words, all done with his usual scholarly care. The Irish Literary Society of London, started a year or two ago, is doing excellent work in publishing popular

books bearing on Ireland and its literature : what is very gratifying is that the Society has " caught on " with the English public.

The Clan Societies are in a very flourishing condition, and, at present, reports come to hand every day about enthusiastic meetings being held in Glasgow of one clan or another. It is to be hoped that something literary will also be the outcome of this Clan movement, and that social functions alone will not swallow up all its energy and funds. Matters educational in the Highlands and Isles are in a very satisfactory condition. Mr Robertson, H.M.I.S., one of our chieftains, is mainly responsible for this. His zeal and enthusiasm in the matter are reaping the success deserved, and he has just added to his other laurels the concession that Inverness and Portree will, in future, be centres for the Civil Service examinations. Teachers throughout the Highlands should remember the importance of their pupil teachers being taught Gaelic : actually eighty marks—as good as for any subject on the list—are given for Gaelic at the Normal admission examinations. It is folly to throw these marks wholly, or even partially, away, for a little exertion over the Gaelic grammar should carry any ordinary intellect through the test paper with high marks.

INVERNESS, *January 1895.*



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# TRANSACTIONS.

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8th MARCH, 1893.

At a meeting of the Society held this evening the Secretary intimated that in accordance with the resolution passed at the Annual Meeting of the Society on 31st January,<sup>1</sup> and instructions given at the meeting of 8th February last, the Committee had drawn up a petition to the War Office against the proposed change in the dress of the 79th Cameron Highlanders, and that he had forwarded copies of same to the Prime Minister, the Secretary of State for War, and the Members for the Highland Counties and Burghs; and he laid on the table acknowledgments of the petition. Thereafter, Mr William Mackay, solicitor, read the following paper on

## DONALD MURCHISON AND THE FACTORS ON THE FORFEITED ESTATES.

After the suppression of the Rising of The Fifteen, the estates of the Earl of Seaforth, The Chisholm, and Grant of Glenmoriston were forfeited, and placed by Government under the management of a body of gentlemen who were known as the Forfeited

<sup>1</sup> The following are the terms of the resolution :—“ At the Annual Meeting of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, held on 31st January, 1893, in the Caledonian Hotel, Inverness, which was largely and influentially attended, Mr Alex. Mackenzie, editor, *Scottish Highlander*, moved, and Mr Duncan Campbell, editor, *Northern Chronicle*, seconded, and it was carried unanimously, that the Society strongly protest against the proposal to remove the Queen's Own 79th Cameron Highlanders from the Army List as a distinctive Highland Regiment, and against turning it into a Battalion of the Scots Guards; and that the Chairman be requested to sign this resolution on behalf of the meeting, and that the Secretary forward copies of same to the Secretary of State for War, the Prime Minister, the other leading members of the Government, and all the members for Highland Counties and Burghs.”



Estates Commissioners, and who were expected to collect the rents on behalf of the Crown. These gentlemen did not find their task an easy one. Donald Murchison, Seaforth's chamberlain, ignored the forfeiture, and continued to uplift the rents and send them to the Earl, who was in exile on the Continent. In the same way The Chisholm and the Laird of Glenmoriston continued to enjoy their old patrimonies. It is said that tenants sometimes paid their rents twice over—first to the old proprietors or their representatives, and again to the Government officials. That, however, could not have happened often, for as a matter of fact the said officials did not often venture within the territories which they were supposed to rule, and so great was the risk which they sometimes ran in the performance of their work, that when Sir Patrick Strachan, the Surveyor-General to the Commissioners, came north to enquire into the rental and capabilities of Glenmoriston, he did not deem it prudent to approach nearer to it than the Green of Muirtown, near Inverness, where he held his court of enquiry on 29th October, 1718. The lairds and tenants were encouraged in their resistance by rumours of a Spanish invasion in the interests of the Chevalier. The invasion took place in 1719, when a few Spaniards landed in Kintail; but it was soon stopped by General Wightman, who, marching from Inverness by Stratherrick, Fort-Augustus, and Glenmoriston, met and defeated the strangers at the battle of Glenshiel. Still, however, no rents came to the Commissioners, and what they hoped to be effectual measures were resolved on. They appointed two Ross-shire Whigs—William Ross of Easter Fearn, ex-provost of Tain, and his brother, Robert Ross, one of the bailies of that burgh—factors on the estates, and, placing them under the escort of Lieutenant John Allardyce and a company of the Royal Regiment of North British Fusiliers, ordered them to do their duty. They started from Inverness on 13th September, 1721, and, proceeding through Glen-Urquhart, reached Invermoriston "after some adventures," and there held a court on the 21st, to which they summoned the tenants and wadsetters. Some attended, but paid no rents; and after the factors went through the formality of giving judgment against the defaulters, they proceeded to Strathglass, where they held another sitting with very much the same result, and then prepared to make their way to Kintail by Glen-Affric.

Among those who watched their proceedings at Invermoriston was Patrick Grant, Glenmoriston's second son, a lad of eighteen who resolved to do what he could to cut short their factorial career. As soon as they left his father's

estate, he, with a few kindred spirits, took the short route to the West Coast by the Braes of Glenmoriston, and informed Donald Murchison of their intention to visit Kintail. Donald, who had had some military experience as an officer in the Jacobite army in The Fifteen, determined that they should not enter his bounds, and with about three hundred men, including Patrick Grant and his Glenmoriston followers, crossed the hills in the direction of Strathglass. He met themselves and their escort on Monday, 2nd October, at Ath-nam-Muileach, in Glen-Affric, where, after an exchange of fire, he and Easter Fearn had an interview between the lines, with the result that the factors retraced their steps, leaving their commission in Donald's hands. In the skirmish Easter Fearn and his son, Walter, and several others were wounded. Walter's injuries proved fatal, and his body was carried by the Fusiliers to Beauly, and buried in the old Priory.

The authorities, with the view of punishing the perpetrators of this outrage, went to some trouble to ascertain who were present at Ath-nam-Muileach. Courts of enquiry were held at Inverness on 11th and 12th November by Robert Gordon of Haugh, Sheriff-Depute of Inverness; and by John Baillie, also Sheriff-Depute, at Guisachan on 16th November, and at Duldreggan, in Glenmoriston, on the 20th. The following are the minutes of these courts, which have been preserved among the Forfeited Estates papers in Edinburgh, but never before now published:—

At Invernes, the eleventh day November j<sup>m</sup> vij<sup>c</sup> and twentie years, in presence of Robert Gordon of Haugh, Sheriff deput of Invernes.

Compeared Hector Monro, serjent of the Royal Regiment of North British Fuziliers, who, being solemnly sworne in a pre-cognition of the insult and murder committed be some Highlanders upon the factors of the forfeited estates and a partie of the King's forces, at the head of Lochaffrick, upon Munday, the second day of October last, maketh oath that he, being of the said partie of His Majestie's forces, did see a number of Highlanders, in severall bodies about three hundred in number, who fired several times on the King's forces and the saids factors; and that Easterfearn's son was killed, and himself and his brother's son wounded; and that he did see and know a son of the late Glenmoristoun (but knows not his name), with whom the deponent was in company at Glenmoristoun when the factors kept court at Invermoristoun; as also he did see and know one Duncan McRae, who sometime was a

souldier in the said regiment, both of them among the said Highlanders at the said place and time ; and farder, maketh oath that he seed a younge man who owned himself to be commander of the said partie of Highlanders, and called himself Daniel Murchison, Chamberland to the Earle of Seaforth, who Capitulat with Easterfearn ; as also he seed a dark complexioned younge man command a partie of twelve men who were sent before the souldiers to clear the way through the woods, whom several in the companie said they knew, and named him Murchison of Auchtertire. All which is truth, as he shall answer to God.

HECTOR MUNRO.

Jurat. Coram Rob. Gordon.

Eod. Die.

Compeared Lieutenant John Allardice, of the said Regiment, who, being sworne *ut supra*, maketh oath that he, being the commander of the partie of the forces at Lochaffrick, after that the severall bodies of Highlanders fired on His Majesty's troups and the said factors severall times, he seed a younge man, who capitulat with Easterfearn, and named himself Daniel Murchison. factor to the Earle of Seaforth, which is truth, as he shall answer to God ; and furdur declairs that the said Murchison told the deponent he was ane outlawed man and lived in that manner.

JOHN ALLARDICE.

Jurat. Coram Rob. Gordon.

Eod. Die.

Compeared Donald McBean, one of the sheriff officers of Inverness, who, being sworne *ut supra*, maketh oath that he was officer to Easterfearn, and was with him at Lochaffrick when the insult and murler above mentioned was committed, and seed severall bodies of Highlanders fire on His Majestie's troups several times ; and that he believes their numbers were about three hundred ; and maketh oath that he seed and knew the persons following among the said Highlanders and with them, viz. :—Murchison of Auchterire ; McRae of Inerinat ; Donald McWirchie vic Rae, in Comer of Strathglesh ; John McDonald vic Allan, servant to the Ladie Strathglesh ; McRae vic Alister, in Cambuslyny, baggage man to the rebels ; and Donald McAlister vic Ean Oig, in Balmacar, in Lochelsh ; and farder maketh oath that when he was sent with Easterfearn's son, after receiving his wound, to a shieling for accommodation, the said Inerinat, with a partie of the Highlanders, threaten'd to fyre at him if he did not return. All of which is truth, as he shall answer to God.

DON. McBEAN.

Jurat. Coram Rob. Gordon.

Eod. Die.

Compeared Walter McKenzie, souldier of the said regiment, who, being solemnly sworne, maketh oath that he was one of the partie sent with the factors, and was in company with them at Lochaffrick when the insult was committed on His Majestie's troups, and the murder within mentioned, by severall bodies of Highlanders, and did see and know the persons after named among them and in their ccpanies, viz. :—Donald Roy, son to the officer in Glenmoristoun, liveing in Achnaconoran ; Peter Grant, son to the late Glenmoristoun ; John Murchison of Auchtertire, who commanded the party who went with the forces on their return ; and Donald Bain McEuan Frankich, lately in Locharkak. Which is truth, as he shall answer to God, and declairs he cannot wryt.

Jurat. Coram Rob. Gordon.

Eod. Die.

Compeared John Ross, alias Clacher, in Kirktoon of Kilmorack, who, being solemnly sworne, maketh oath that he was allong with the factors the time aforesaid, and seed the insult and murder withiu mentioned committed be the Highlanders, and did see and know among them and in their companies—Murchison of Auchterire ; David Noble, traveling chapman ; John McFinlay vic Ean, in Dinleig ; Alexander McRae and Murdo McRae, sons to Ferquhar McAlister, in Morvich of Kintail. Which is truth, as he shall answer to God, and declairs he cannot wryt.

Jurat. Coram Rob. Gordon

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Inverness, 20th November, 1721. In presence of Master Robert Gordon of Haughs, Sheriff-Depute of Inverness.

Compeared Donald McRae, soldier in the Royal Regiment of North Brittain Fuziliers, who being solemnly sworn in a pre-cognition, maketh oath that he was of the detachment of His Majestie's Forces, appointed to attend the Factouris on the Forfected Estates, when the insult and murder was committed on the saids Forces and Factouris at Loch Affrick, upon the second day of October last by several Bodies of Highlanders ; and that he knew and seed the persons following amongst the saids Bodies of Highlanders, viz. :—Donald Murchison, Chamberland to the late Earl of Seaforth ; Donald Murchison, of Auchtertyre ; John McRae, of Inerinat ; John Dow McAlister Vic Gilchrist in Achayark, of Kintail ; Christopher Ferquhar and Murdo McRaes,

sons to Christopher McRae in Arivugan ; Don McRae in Glensheal, nephew to the said Christopher ; John McUrchie Vic Alister Vic Vinister in Killelan ; John McFinlay Vic Ean in Killelan ; Duncan McEan Vic Conchie in Killelan ; Alexander McEan Vic Conchy in Killelan ; John McEan Vic Conchy in Killelan ; John McEan Vic Conchy Vic Alister in Glenelchack ; John Dow McAlister Vic Gilchrist in Achayouran, of Glensheall ; Donald McAlister Vic Gilchrist in Achayouran-begg ; Alexander McConchy Vic Gilchrist in Rategal of Glensheal ; Alexander McRae, son to Master Donald McRae, minister of Kintail ; John McRae, son to Alexander McFerquhar Vic Rae in Morvich ; John McKenzie in Inverinat, son to Kenneth Roy, brother to the late Aplecross ; Ferquhar Oig McFerquhar Vic Alister in Inversheile ; Murdo McFerquhar Vic Alister in Croe of Kintail ; Alexander McFerquhar Vic Alister in Morvich, in the Croe of Kintail ; John McRae Vic Vinister in Letterfearn ; John McRae, eldest son to Donald McRae of Driudag, living in Letterfearn ; Murdo McAlister Vic Vinister in Camboslynie ; Alexander McAlister Vic Vinister in Glenelchak ; Alexander McHuistan Vic Rae in Meikle Salachy of Lochelsh, nephew to Aryvogan ; Donald Oig McLennan in Achnafearn of Lochalsh ; Murdo McRae in Coriloyne of Glenloyne : John McRae, son to the said Murdoch McRae in Coriloyne of Glenloyne ; Ferquhar McConchy Voir Nakaimie in Glenloyne ; Alexander McHutchan Vic Rae in Sallachy More ; Duncan McHutchan Vic Rae in Sallachy More ; John Dow McLennan in Achnaguiran ; Colline McEan Vic Iver in Inversheal ; Murdo McEan Vic Iver in Inversheal ; Duncan McConchy Vic Gilchrist in Islandonanbeg ; Evander Murchison, son to John Murchison McEan Vic Conil in Achnabein ; and Donald Roy, son to the ground-officer of Glenmoriston ; and John McAlister Vic Rae in Cambouslynie of Glenelchack, one of the baggage men to the Rebels : and further maketh oath that the said John McAlister Vic Rae, baggage man, and others of the partie who conducted the troupes and factors back through the wood, informed him that the persons following were amongst the committers of the said insult and murder, viz. :—John Dow McAlister Vic Gilchrist in Achayark ; Duncan McConchy Vic Charlich in Sallachy More ; Alexander McFinlay Vic Ean in Achnabein ; Duncan McAlister Vic Conchy Matheson in Achraichen of Lochalsh ; Murdo McConchy Vic Ean in Killelan ; Alexander McConchy Vic Vinister in Aglachan of Lochalsh ; Christopher McFerquhar Oig in Letterfearn ; Alexander McAlister Vic Gilchrist Vic Ferquhar Oig in Mamaig of Glenelchaig ; Alister McAlister Vic Gilchrist in Kilarie ; John

McEan Vic Conchy in Ratigan ; Donald McAlister Vic Gilliechrist in Achayark of Glensheal ; Donald Murchison in Achachoraran, brother to the deceast Aughtertoir ; Murdo Murchison, brother to the deceast Aughtertoir ; Alexander Murchison, brother to the deceast Aughtertoir ; John McGilchrist McRae in Comer of Strathglesh ; Christopher McEan Vic Conil Vic Vinister in Conchraig of Cambouslyne ; Christopher McWirchie Vic Vinister, in Glenelchack of Kintail ; Alexander and Mylies Murchison, sons to John Murchison McEan Vic Conil in Achnabein ; John McDonald Reach Vic Conchy Oig in Meikle Salachie ; John Dow McEuan Gou in Meikle Salachy ; John McLennan Vic Conchy Voi in Mid Ausgett of Kintail ; Donald McEan Doi Brebater in Mid Ausgett of Kintail ; Finlay McEan Doi Brebater in Mid Ausgett of Kintail ; Duncan McEan Glas in Achnashou of Lochalsh ; Donald Matheson in Corichra of Lochelsh ; Duncan Matheson in Achnashew ; Donald McDonald Oig in Ardinar ; Finlay McCoil Reach Vic Conchie Oig in Letterwhile of Kintail : and furder maketh oath that he seed Patrick Grant, son to the late Glenmoriston, with the saids companies of Highlanders : all which he declairs to be truth, as he shall answer to God, and declairs he cannot wryt : and furder maketh oath that he seed Kenneth McConchy Vic Alister in Ratigan of Glensheall, in company with the saids Highlanders.

ROBERT GORDON.

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Gusechan, November the sixteenth j<sup>m</sup> vij<sup>c</sup> and twenty one years, in presence of John Baillie, shirreff deput of Invernes, who is by a speciall warrand from the Lords Advocat and Justice Clerk, appointed to take precognitions of the facts comited against William Ross, of Easterfearn, Robert Ross, baillie of Tain, and Livetennant John Allordice, of the royal North British Fusiliars, did, in purswance of the said warrand cause charge

William Fraser, of Gusichan, aged thirty, being deeply sworn, depons he knew nothing of any of the people of this country being concerned in the above insult and murder, only that he heard Donald Murchison, servitor to the leat Earl of Seaforth ; Donald Bain, Spainach ; and Donald Bain, Frankach, with severall other stragling fellows, were guilty of the above crim's, all which was treuth as he should answer to God.

WM. FRASER.

*Gaelic Society of Inverness.*

John Chisholme, of Knockfinn, ag'd fifty or thereby, being deeply sworn, depons that he saw the corps of Walter Ross, lawful son to William Ross, of Easter Fearn, brought to Wester Knockfinn, at least there, and the lead with which, as he beleiv'd, the said Walter Ross was murder'd taken out of his bodie, and further made oath he knew non of the actors, only that he heard, as the above Gusichan depon'd, all which was treuth as he should answer to God.

JOHN CHISHOLME.

Hugh Fraser, of Little Struie, ag'd thirty-six, being deeply sworn, depon's the same with Gusichan, which is treuth as he should answer to God.

HUGH FRASER.

Hugh Fraser, brother german to Gusichan, ag'd twenty-eight or thereby, being deeply sworn, depons cum precedente, which was treuth as he should answer to God.

HUG FRASER.

Alexander McDonald, in Crochell, ag'd twenty-two, being deeply sworn, depons that he heard Donald Murchison and Donald Bain, Frankach, with other Kintail people, and some from Glenmorison, were guilty of the above crim's, this was all he heard as he should answer to God.

ALEXR. McDONALD.

Donald McFarchar, tenant in Gusichan, ag'd thirty, being deeply sworn, depons that he heard Donald Murchison and Donald Bain, Frankach, were guilty of the above crim's, which is treuth as he should answer to God, and declar's he cannot write.

JO. BAILLIE.

Murdoch McCoill, vic worchy in Inverchanich, ag'd fifty, being deeply sworn, depons cum precedente, which is treuth as he should answer to God, and declar's he cannot write.

JO. BAILLIE.

Donald McThomas, in Inverchanich, aged sixty, being deeply sworn, depons as to Alexander Grant, in Inverchanich, that to his certain knowledge he was the day the murder was committed at home, and that he see'd him take a fish from the water of Glass that day, and Further mak's oath cum precedente, all which is treuth as he should answer to God, and declar's he cannot write.

JO. BAILLIE.

Evan McLean, in Inverchannich, ag'd fifty, being deeplie sworn, depon's cum precedente in omnibus, which is treuth as he should answer to God, and declar's he cannot write.

JO. BAILLIE.

Daldreggan, in Glenmorison, November the twenty j<sup>m</sup> vij<sup>c</sup> and twenty-one years, in presence of John Baillie, shirreff deput of Invernes, who by a speciall warrand from the Lords Advocat and Justice Clerk, was direct'd to take precognition of the insult and murder committ'd against William Ross, of Easterfearn, Robert Ross, baillie of Tain, and Livetennant John Allordice, of the royall North British Fuziliears, did, in purswance of the said warrand cause charge

Duncan Grant, brother german to the leat Glenmorison, ag'd fourty, being deeply sworn, depon's that he knew nothing of the above crime but by hearsay, and by all the information he hade Donald Morchison, late servitor to the late Seaforth, with a number of Kintail men, and Donald Bain Frankach, alias Cameron, with a number of vagabonds from Lochaber and other places, were the principall actors in the said crim's, which is treuth as he should answer to God, and declares he cannot write.

JO. BAILLIE.

John Grant, eldest lawful son to the late Glenmorison, ag'd twenty, being deeply sworn, depons cum precedente, which is treuth as he should answer to God.

JOHN GRANT.

Peter Grant, of Crasky, ag'd fifty, being deeply sworn, depons cum precedente, and further mak's oath that he heard there was one John McCoul vic ean vic rory in Glenmorison, was amongst the actors, and further maks oath that he heard Donald Morchison and Donald Bain Frankach were since May last waiting to attack Easterfearn when he should goe to Kintail, all which is treuth as he should answer to God, and declairs he cannot write.

JO. BAILLIE.

Alexander Grant, in Daldreggan, ag'd fourty, being deeply sworn, depons cum precedente in omnibus, which is treuth as he should answer to God, and declar's he cannot write.

JO. BAILLIE.

Angus Grant, of Daldreggan, ag'd nynteen, being deeply sworn, depons that by the best information he hade Donald Morchison, and a number of Kintail men with him, Donald Bain Frankach,



and Donald Bain Spanach, and numbers with them, were the people guilty of the above crim's, which is treuth as he should answer to God.

ANGUS GRANT.

Peter Grant, of Bellado, ag'd fifty, being deeply sworn, depons cum precedente, which is treuth as he shall answer to God.

P. GRANT.

The above enquiries had no result. Murchison and his associates escaped the punishment which was intended for them—and he continued to send the rents to Seaforth, who, in the end, recovered his estates. The estates of Chisholm and Glenmoriston were also, through the good services of friends, restored to their old owners.

Donald Murchison has been said to have been the tenant or wadsetter of Aughtertyre. It will be seen, however, that the above documents describe him in one place as "Daniel Murchison, Chamberland to the Earl of Seaforth," and in another as "Donald Murchison, servitor to the late Earl of Seaforth," while another person of importance appears as Murchison of Aughtertyre. This latter is in one place called *John*, and in another *Donald*. Donald was, however, his name, as appears from the following entry in the minutes of a court held at Ardelve on 20th September, 1718, in presence of David Bethune of Coulmaskie, Sheriff-Substitute of Ross:—"Donald Murchieson of Aughtertyre and Parish aforesaid [Lochalsh] makes oath that he has a wadsett of the Lands of Aughtertyre and Arteile [Ardelve] for the sum of seven thousand five hundred merks Scots, and that he pays yearly of feu-duty for the said Land seventy-three pounds Scots, and that he knows not whether or not he is in arrear; which is the truth as he shall answer to God.

"D. MURCHISON.

"DAVID BETHUNE."

The following excerpt from the Factors' account for 1722 in connection with the Barony of Kintail is not without interest:—

"The factors having had no intronissions with the rents of this Barony for the crop 1722, nor with the rents or rests of previous years, discharge themselves thereof by the whole rents resting as p. Rental.

*Inde* ... .. £2396 10 3½

"The factors having used their utmost to recover the Rents of this and other Estates under their care for the use of the publick,

and having for that end and in execution of the trust committed to them, frequently exposed themselves to great dangers, and thereby suffered irreparable losses, off all which they had the Honour to apprise the Board by a Memoriall formerly, They humbly hope the Honourable Commissioners will be of opinion that the factors have acquitt themselves to the outmost, and therefore they referr themselves and the consideration of their circumstances to the Honourable Trustees."

The Factors were, in short, unable to collect the rents, and further light is thrown on the nature of their difficulties by an entry on the discharge side of their account showing a payment of £6 to a constable "for himself and guide sent with a party of soldiers to Kintail to apprehend Donald Bain Spanich, one of the party who seized and robbed the officer and witnesses of their money, cloathes, and armes, who were formerly sent to Kintail to summon the Tenants."

I may here give the following unpublished fragment of a ballad on the skirmish of Ath-nam-Muileach.\* It is said to have been the work of a Beaully woman, who witnessed the retreat of the Factors and the burial of Walter Ross.

Ud-ud ! Ud-ud ! Ud-ud-ian !  
 Bu tubaisteach bhur còmhail,  
 'Nuair thachair pragsan ullamh ruibh  
 Aig Ath-nam-Muileach còmhla.

Gur h-olc a chaidh a' chomhairle leibh,  
 'S i dh'fhag bhur gnothach cearbach —  
 Gun deach Fear Feàrn a mhaslachadh,  
 'S gun deach a mhac a mharbhadh.

Gun deach Fear Feàrn a mhaslachadh,  
 'S gun deach a mhac a mharbhadh ;  
 'S gun tug sibh màl a' Mharcuis leibh  
 Air chupall each 's air charbad !

Gun deach Fear Feàrn a mhaslachadh,  
 A's chaidh a mhac a reubadh ;  
 'S chaidh luchd nan cota daithte 'sin  
 A chasaid a Dhuin-Eideann !

'Nuair chunna sibh nach b'urrain duibh  
 Na giullain a bh'aig Dòmhnall,  
 Gun tug sibh an *commission* da  
 A fhuair sibh 'ghibht bho Deòrsa !

\* Since this paper was read this fragment has been published in Mr Mackay's "Urquhart and Glenmoriston."

Guidheam ceud buaidh-thapaidd leat,  
 A Dhòmhnuaill ghasda, ghleusda,  
 A Dhòmhnuaill threubhaich, churanta,  
 Ni feum dhe arm 's dhe eideadh !

For the benefit of such as have not Gaelic, I may give the following translation :—

“Ud-ud! Ud-ud! Ud-ud-ian! Awkward was your [the Whigs'] performance on the day on which the sprightly company [of Jacobites] met you at Ath-nam-Muileach. Bad was the result of your consultation: it brought your errand to a feeble end; Fearn was disgraced, and his son was slain. Fearn was disgraced, and his son was slain; and you carried the rent of the Marquis [of Seaforth] with you on a bier between two horses! [A sarcastic allusion to the fact that, instead of returning with the rent, they returned with young Fearn's dead body.] Fearn was disgraced, and his son was mangled; and the men of the coloured coats went to Edinburgh to complain! When you saw that you could not cope with Donald's youths, you gave up to him the commission which you received in gift from [King] George! I wish you a hundred brave victories, O Donald the good and expert, Donald the bold and valorous, who can put arms and accoutrements to proper use!”

Patrick Grant lived to succeed to his forefathers' estate, which he enjoyed till his death in 1786. The fates were not so kind to Donald Murchison, whose office of Factor of Kintail I have now the honour of holding. According to tradition he died at a comparatively early age, broken-hearted by Seaforth's ingratitude to him. His handsome monument, standing prominently on the Lochalsh shore of Kyle Akin, bears the following inscription :—“‘Tulloch Ard.' To the memory of DONALD MURCHISON, Colonel in the Highland Army of 1715. He successfully defended and faithfully preserved the Lands of Kintail and Lochalsh from 1715 to 1722 for his Chief, William, the exiled Earl of Seaforth.—Erected by his great-grand-nephew, Sir RODERICK I. MURCHISON, K.C.B.—1863.”

I append a fac-simile of Donald's signature from a deed, dated 14th June, 1710, signed by him as witness, and now in my possession.

*Murchison Witness.*

15th MARCH, 1893.

At this meeting the following gentlemen were elected members, viz. :—Dr Moir, Inverness ; Mr Colin Thomson, American Exchange Bank, Duluth, Minn., U.S.A. ; Mr Wm. Macqueen, coal merchant, Baron Taylor's Lane ; Mr William Macleay, bird stuffer, Church Street ; and Mr Thomas Boyne, *Courier* Office, Inverness. Thereafter the Rev. Alex. Bisset, Nairn, read a paper on the "Topography and Folklore of Stratherrick." Mr Bisset's paper will be given in the next volume of Transactions.

22nd MARCH, 1893.

At this meeting Sir James Sivewright, K.C.M.G., Commissioner of Crown Lands, Cape Colony, was elected a life member of the Society. Thereafter Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., read a paper contributed by Professor Strachan, Marple, Cheshire, on "The importance of Irish for the study of Scottish Gaelic." Professor Strachan's paper was as follows :—

THE IMPORTANCE OF IRISH FOR THE STUDY OF  
SCOTTISH GAELIC.

*"Antiquam exquirite matrem."*

It is a truism that in order to understand the present form of a language it is necessary to study its past, that to comprehend what a language is, we must know what it has been, and trace out, as far as possible, the various changes which it has undergone, and the different influences which have moulded it during the course of generations. For a practical knowledge of a language this is not necessary. A child reproduces the language of its parents by imitation ; it learns by experience what it may use and what it must avoid, and it may pass through life speaking its tongue with perfect correctness, and at the same time utterly ignorant of the history of the words and forms which are constantly on its lips. So we may learn to speak and write a new language correctly with nothing more than an empirical acquaintance with it ; for this purpose it suffices to know that certain words have certain meanings, and certain forms certain functions, without going on to inquire how these words and forms have come to have their present form and usage. For example, it is enough for practical purposes to know that if we wish to express

*he will do* in Gaelic, we must say *nì e*, while to express *he will not do* we say *cha dèan e*; it is not necessary to know further why in the one case *nì* is used, in the other *dèan*.

But if we wish also to understand how a language has come to be what it is, how the words and forms have come to have their present form and usage, then we must turn to the historical method. We must trace back the words and forms as far as the literary remains of the language will carry us; if necessary, we must call in the aid of cognate dialects and of other languages of the same family, proceeding, as it were, from the twig to the branch, and from the branch to the trunk; it may be that the seeming anomaly of to-day is the result of a law that operated hundred of years ago. Thus the historical study of Modern English leads back through Middle English to Anglo-Saxon. A comparison of Anglo-Saxon with the other Teutonic languages—Old Saxon, Norse, Gothic, &c.—brings us to the hypothetical proto-Teutonic forms from which have developed, in course of time, the different forms of the individual Teutonic languages. To get beyond this, resort must be had to comparison of these primary Teutonic forms with the corresponding forms of other members of the great Indo-European family—Greek, Latin, Celtic, Sanskrit, and the rest. Just as from a comparison of the Teutonic languages among themselves we deduce the original Teutonic forms, so from a comparison of the different branches of the Indo-European family we deduce the original Indo-European forms. Since it is impossible to establish the relationship of the Indo-European form of languages with any of the other languages of the world, the comparative method can go no further. Suppose we wish to trace the history of the word *three*, cognate with Gaelic *tri*. Going back to Anglo-Saxon, we find that the nom. pl. masc. is *ðri*. Comparison of this with Gothic *þreis* and other Teutonic forms brings us to *þrīr*, as the starting point in Teutonic. Further comparison with the corresponding word in other branches of Indo-European—Lat. *tres*, Gr. *τρεῖς*, Skr. *trayas*—leads to *tréyes* as the hypothetical Indo-European form, and nothing more original can be arrived at. Applying the same method theoretically to Scottish Gaelic, we should trace its history back as far as written documents will permit, then call in the help of the sister dialects of Ireland and Man, and, after arriving at the oldest attainable forms of the Irish branch of Celtic, proceed to compare them with those of the British branch—Welsh, Cornish, and Breton, not neglecting the scanty remains of the language of ancient Gaul, and so get to the oldest Celtic forms. A single

instance will show how important the British dialects may be for the study of Celtic words. The Gaelic and Modern Irish *óg*, 'young man,' appears in its oldest historical Irish form as *óac*. But the Welsh form is *ieuanc*, and this leads us to *yovankos* as the oldest Celtic form, the similarity of which with Latin *iuvencus* is apparent enough.

But to-night we propose to confine our attention to the Goidelic or Gaelic branch of Celtic, and here the method which is theoretically the correct method for the historical study of Scottish Gaelic turns out to be practically impossible. The reason is that, with one important exception to be mentioned presently, there is no series of ancient documents such as would enable us to trace the history of the language of the Scots after their separation from their brethren of Ireland. Much more is this the case with Manx. Ireland, on the other hand, has a literature abundant from the eleventh century, and which in the old glosses goes back as far as the seventh century. Can these documents be used as evidence for the early history of the Highland tongue, or, in other words, was the language of the Scottish Gaels at one time practically identical with the ancient language of Ireland? The answer, it seems to me, must be in the affirmative. Everyone is aware of the close likeness between the Gaelic of the Highlands and the Gaelic of Ireland, and if we compare not what may be called literary Irish, but the popular dialects, the likeness is still greater. The question may indeed be raised whether the distinction between Scotch and Irish Gaelic is not illusory. What we find is a series of dialects running round the south, west, and north of Ireland and the west of Scotland from Waterford to Sutherland, and it may well be doubted whether the differences between the dialects of Argyle and Antrim are greater than the differences between the dialects of Antrim and Kerry. But to answer the question satisfactorily it would be necessary to have a trustworthy account of the various Gaelic dialects of Scotland and Ireland, and unfortunately there seems every likelihood that that will not be undertaken until it is too late. Fortunately we are not left to such vague reasonings from the similarity of the modern dialects of the two countries; we have a document preserved from the middle ages which shews the practical identity of Scotch with Irish Gaelic at the time when it was written. I refer, of course, to the Book of Deir, from the Abbey of Deer in Buchan.

Let us take a specimen:—Tangator as a aithle sen in cathraig  
ele 7 doraten ri Columcille sí iar fallán (air ba fallán? Stokes, or

air fa lán?) do rath dé 7 dorodloeg arin mormaer .i. béde gondastabrad do 7 nítharat . 7 rogab mac dó galar iar nére na glérec (*i.e.* glérech) 7 robo marb act mad bec . iarsen dochúid in mormaer d' attac (*i.e.* attach) na glérec go n-déndaes ernacde lesin mac go n-dísad slánte dó 7 dorat in edbairt dóib úa cloic (chloich) in tiprat gonice chloic pette meic garnait . doronsat in n-ernaeda 7 tanic slánte dó. In modern Gaelic :—Tháinig iad an déigh sin gus a' chaithir eile, agus thaitinn i ri Calumcille, oir bha i lán de rath Dhe, agus ghuidh e air a Mhòrmhaor gu'n tabhaireadh e dho i, agus cha d' thug e i. Agus an déigh na cléirich a dhiúltadh ghabh mac dha galar, agus bha e ach beag marbh. Airsin chaidh am Mòrmhaor do na cléirich a ghuidhe orra gu 'n deanadh iad ùrnuigh airson a' mhic, gu'n rachadh slánte dha, agus thug e mar lobairt daibh o chloich an tobair gu ruig cloich Pette mhic Garnaid. Rinn iad an ùrnuigh agus tháinig sláinte dha. <sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> The following Irish translations of the extract from the Book of Deir may be of interest. I owe them to my friend, Father Henebry, who comes from Waterford :—

*Classical Irish of Style of Keating.*

Rangadar as a h-aithle sin cathair eile 7 budh thaitheamhach le Colum Cille í, óir fa lán de rath Dé í. Agus d' iarr se ar an mór-mhaor .i. Bede go d-tiubhradh dho í 7 ní thiubhradh Agus do ghabh mac do galar iar n-duiltadh na g-cléireach, 7 budh bheag nach raibh sé marbh. Iarsin do chuir an mór-mhaor impidhe ar na cleireachaibh go n-dingnead urnaighe ar an mac go d-tiocfadh a shláinte chuige. Agus tug mar iodhbairt dóibh ó chloich an tobair go nuige chloiche phette mhic Gharnaid. Dorigneadar an urnaigh 7 táinig a shláinte dho.

*Present Waterford Irish.*

Tar éis sin thangadar go d-ti cathair eile, agus bhí spéis ag Colum Cille innte, óir budh lán de rath Dé í. Agus dh' iarr se ar an mór-mhaor Bede go d-tabharfadh sé dho í agus ní thabharfadh. Bluail galar mac (a bhi) aige annsin taréis na cléirigh a dh' eitigh airre. Na dhiaidh sin chuir an mór-mhaor athchuinge ar na cléirigh go nguidhdíst ar a mhac chun go d-tiocfadh a shláinte chuige, 7 thug se mar iodhbairt doibh a raibh ó chloch an tobair go d-ti cloch Phette mhic Garnaid. Dh' dhineadar an urnaighe agus tháinig a shláinte chuige.

The Gaelic of the Book of Deir is practically identical with Middle Irish, as the following analysis will shew:—

*tangator*, Old Ir. *tancatar*, Middle Irish *tancatar*, *tangadar* (the spelling with *c* is historical, *g* represents the actual sound) is the 3 pl. of *táinic*, he came, Gaelic *thàinig*. The present of the verb is *ticcim*, I came, Gaelic *thig*. One of the greatest changes that Scotch Gaelic has suffered is the decay of its verbal system. The Book of Deir shews that, at the time when it was written, Scotch Gaelic, like Irish Gaelic, had not only a much more elaborate system of tenses, but also different forms to indicate the different persons of the tense, while in the modern tongue for the most part the old 3rd sing. is alone found, with the addition of pronouns to mark the various persons. Similar decay is found in many of the modern Irish dialects; the old verbal system is best preserved in the dialects of the south.

as *a aithle* (*sin*) is a phrase found in Middle Irish in the sense of thereafter. *Aithle* is a noun which seems to be found only in this phrase and in the phrase *a aithle*, "after," followed by the genitive.

*in* (*n*) is the old form of the acc. sg. fem. of the article. In modern Gaelic as in Irish *an*, pre-tonic *i* has become *a*, as in *amach*, Mid. Ir. *immach*, literally *in-mach*, "into the open" where *mach* is the accusative of *mag*, plain; the corresponding dative appears in *amuigh*, Mid. Ir. *inmaig* = *in-maig*.

*cathraig* is the acc. sing. of *cathir*, town, as in Old and Middle Irish. In the modern language the nom. and acc. have fallen together. The old inflection in the sing. was nom. *cathir*, gen. *cathrach*, dat. *cathraig*, acc. *cathraig*.

*ele*, Old and Mid. Ir. *aile*, *ele*, Mod. Gael. *eile*. It will be observed that in this extract the rule *caol ri caol* is neglected in writing.

*doraten* may be analysed into *do-ro-aith-tenn*, 3 sg. pret. of a verb corresponding to Mid. Ir. *taitnim* = *to-aith-tennim*, Gael. *taitinn*, a verb compounded of *tennim* with the prepositions *to-* (pretonic *do*) and *aith* = old Celt. *ate*. *ro-* is the usual prefix of the preterite in Old Irish, cf. below *rogab*, *robo*; in Middle Irish it alternates with *do*. Traces of *ro-* survive in Gaelic in *robh*, *rug*, Mid. Ir. *ruc* = *ro-uc*, *rainig*, Old Ir. *ránic*, *ro-anic*.

*ri* Mid. Ir. *ri*, *fri*, Old Ir. *fri*. In Mod. Ir. it has been ousted by *le*.

*sí* = Old Ir. *sí*, Mid. Ir. *sí*, *í*.

*air*, Old Ir. *air*, *ar*, "for."



*fa*. If this reading is right, *fa* is identical with Mid. Ir. *fa* = Old and Mid. Ir. *ba*, was.

*fallan*. Stokes quotes an example of Mid. Ir. *fallan*. But, as we have seen, we should perhaps read *fa lán* = Ir. *lán*, full.

*do* = Old Ir. *do*, *de*, used after adj. of fulness.

*rath* = Old Ir. *rath*, "gratia," dat. sg. of neut. noun *rath*.

*dorodloeg* = *do-ro-dloeg*, pret. with infix *ro-* of *do-thuichim*, ask. Cf. Old Ir. *tothluchur*, I entreat, *dotluichethar*, exigit, *todlaighte*, petitum.

*ar* serves here to represent Old and Mid. Ir. *for* after verbs of asking. *Ar* and *for* are found confused in Mid. Ir. If this be so, *forain* would have been the Old Ir. form of *arin*.

*mór*, Old Ir. *mór*.

*maer*, Mid. Ir. *maer*, from Lat. *maior*.

*gondastabrad* = Ir. *con-das-tabrad*. *tabrad* is 3 sg. sec. pres. of *do-berim*, I give; *das* contains an infix pronoun = it. Such infix pronouns are very common in Old and Middle Irish; they have now disappeared.

*do*, Old Ir. *dó*, to him.

*ní tharat*. *Ní* is the negative particle in Old and Middle Irish, and in many of the modern dialects. Gael. *cha*, also in some of the Irish dialects, is descended from Mid. Ir. *nochan*, *nochon*, Old Ir. *nichon*, with loss of the syllable before the accent. *Tarat* is the same word as *dorat* below. The Old and Middle Irish forms would also be *dorat* and *ní tharat*. The difference of form is due to difference of accent. In verbs compounded with particles, the rule in Old Irish was that, except in the imperative, the accent stood on the second syllable, thus *dorat*, with weakening of the particle *to-* to *do-* before the accent. But after certain particles, of which the negative *ní* was one, the accent shifted a syllable backwards, thus *ní-tharat* and as *to-* here stood in the accented syllable it did not become *do-*. Traces of this double accentuation are still to be found in the Gaelic verbs. Thus *ní e* corresponds to Old Irish *do gní*, 'he does,' *cha dean e to ní déne*, 'he does not.' Similarly *chí e*, *chithear e* = Old Ir. *ad-chí ad-chithar*, but *cha'n faic*, *am faicear e*, impr. *faic* = Old Ir. *nicon acci*, in *accathar*, *acce* (*f* in *faic*, etc., is a prothetic *f* already found in Middle Irish); *bheir e* = Old Ir. *do-bheir*, *cha tabhair e* = *nicon-tabair*.

*rogab*, *mac*, *do*, *galar*, as in Old and Middle Irish.

*íarn*, Old and Middle Irish *íar n-*, before certain consonants *íar*, "after." It appears in Gaelic in the infinitive *tha mi air bualadh*. The form *ar n-* is already found in Middle Irish.

*é*re, Mid Ir. *é*ra, "refusal," *é*raim, "I refuse."

*na*, Mid. Ir. *inna-n*, *na-n*, Old Ir. *inna-n*.

*glérech*, by eclipsis for *clérech*, Mid. Ir. *clérech*, from Lat. *clericus*. After a preceding closely connected word originally ending in a nasal, *c t p f* become in Ir. *g d b v*, and the mediæ are assimilated—a *n-cinn*, "their heads," becomes a *ginn*, now written a *g-cinn*, *na m-bo*, "of the oxen," is pronounced *na mo*. There are indications that this change had taken place in Old Irish, though there for the most part it is not expressed in writing. The book of Deir shows the rule in full force in Scottish Gaelic, in some dialects of which it is said to have survived to the present day. For the most part, however, the original consonants have been restored by a process of levelling. Thus *na gluas* has become *nan cluas*, after *na cluasa*, *na cluasaibh*, etc., *nan* being restored for *na* from cases like *nan iasc*, where it was regularly preserved. But the older state of things reveals itself in certain petrified phrases like *amhàn*, "downwards," "down," doubtless for *i n-fán*, the preposition *i-n* = Lat. *in* and *fán*, "slope," *guma*, "may it be" = *co m-ba*.

*robo*, Mid Ir. *robo*.

*marb*, Ir. *marb*.

act. *i.e.*, *acht*, Ir. *acht*.

*mad*, Old Mid. Ir. *mad*, literally "if it is." The phrase *acht mad* is found in Middle Irish, *e.g.*, *nì ruc claind acht mad oen ingin*, she bore no children save one girl.

*bec*, Old and Mid. Ir. *bec*.

*iarson*, Mid. Ir. *iarsin*, "after that."

*dochuid*, Old and Mid. Ir. *dochóid*, *dochuaid*.

*attach*, Mid. Ir. *attach*, infinitive of *ateoch*, I beseech.

*gondendais*, Mid. Ir. *condéntais*, *déntais*, 3 pl. secondary present of *dénim*, I do, make, Gael. *déan*.

*ernaicde*, graphic for *ernaighdhe*, or the like, Mid. Ir. *ernaigde urnaighde*.

*gondísad*: *disad*, by eclipsis from *tisad* = Old Ir. *tisad*, the 3 sg. of the secondary future of *ticcim*, I come, Gaelic *tig*.

*slánte*, Ir. *sláinte*.

*in edbairt*, literally "in offering," *in* = Ir. *in*, in; *edbairt*, Old and Mid Ir. *edbairt*, dative of *edbart*, "offering."

*úa*, Old and Mid. Ir. *úa*, *ó*, "from."

*chloich*, Ir. *cloich*, dative of *cloch*, "stone."

*tiprat*, Mid. Ir. *tiprat* genitive of *tipra*, "well."

*gonice*, Mid. Ir. *connu*, "far as," literally, "till it reaches," *do-ici*. Here it governs the following accusative *cloich* = Ir.

*cloich*. In modern Gaelic the accusative has fallen together with the nominative. A parallel form in Irish is *corice* = Gael. *goruig*.  
*doronsat*, Mid. Ir. *doronsat*, 3 pl. preterite of *doḡnú*, "I make."  
*inn*, Ir. *inn*, accusative of the article *ind*.  
*tanic*, Ir. *tánic*, "came."

I have analysed this extract at length to show the practical identity of Scotch and Irish Gaelic at the time of the Book of Deer. This identity established, we have at our command for the elucidation of modern Scottish Gaelic, in addition to the scanty fragments of the Book of Deer, the whole range of Old and Middle Irish literature, for, if the Gaelic of the Book of Deer is practically the same as the Irish of its time, it follows that the Old Irish of the seventh and eighth centuries represents a stage through which Scotch Gaelic must have passed, that the language of the Highlands must have had the same fuller system of declension, the same complicated system of verbal forms which we find in the Old Irish glosses. From this it follows that, if we wish to study the history of any Gaelic form, we must, before indulging in any speculation concerning it, first trace it back to its oldest ascertainable Irish form; except in the few cases where the inscriptions come to our aid, this will be the form found in the Old Irish glosses. It may be that the Old Irish system of inflexion shows either no corresponding form at all, or a form from which the modern form cannot, in accordance with known laws of sound change, be derived. In that case, considering the completeness of our knowledge of the Old Irish inflexional system, we may assume with tolerable safety that the form in question is an analogical formation of a later period; it then remains to search the later literature to discover the starting point of the new form. A good example of the former type is the so-called Irish consuetudinal present, *e.g.*, *glaniann*, "he cleanses." Nothing like this is found in Old Irish, the formation first appears in Middle Irish. It has lately been ingeniously explained as having spread by analogy from a present *tesban*, is wanting, inherited from Old Irish. Of the second type the Gaelic and Modern Irish *sléibhte*, plural of *sláb* may serve as an example. The Old Irish plural is *sléibe*. In *sléibhte*, which is already found in Middle Irish, *te* must have been transferred by analogy from other nouns when it was the regular form of the plural; the particular starting point future investigation must shew, for the history of inflexion in later and modern Gaelic has been little worked at. With regard to vocabulary, it would, of course, be absurd to apply the same rule. A word occurring for the first

time in the modern language may be a genuine old Celtic word, which, by some accident, has not been used in the known literature.

Let it not be supposed that, when we have arrived at the very earliest historical Irish form, we have of necessity reached the goal. It may be that we have; thus the old Irish system of accentuation gives a sufficient explanation of variations like *nì e*, *cha dèan e*. But we are much more likely to find that the final explanation is not to be found in Irish, but to arrive at it, if it can be attained to at all, we must call in the aid of comparative philology, and search for forms corresponding to the Irish form in the sister languages of the Indo-Germanic family. In such a case the tracing back of the word to its earliest historical form is the necessary preliminary to this further investigation. But to carry this farther lies outside the limit of this paper.

We have already had various instances of the way in which the older Irish may throw light upon modern Scottish Gaelic. It may not be without interest to take some others which have suggested themselves to me while looking through Stewart's Gaelic Grammar. First as to orthography. From the fact that certain sounds have fallen together, for example *dh* and *gh*, and others have become entirely quiescent, there has resulted much confusion in the spelling of words. There is lost the chief advantage of the historical as contrasted with the phonetic mode of spelling, that the word bears on its face its past history. The only way of arriving at the true historical orthography is to trace the word backwards. Stewart has already called attention to this help in fixing the spelling of words. He has been somewhat unfortunate in his examples. As between *troidh* and *troigh* "foot," he infers from Welsh *troedd* that *troidh* is the correct spelling. Now, the Old Irish word is *traig*, genitive *traiged*, and *g* is found in the old Gaulish *vertragus*; hence it is evident that the historically correct form is *traigh*. As to Welsh *troedd*, it stands for *troged*, intervocalic *g* being lost. Stewart would write *tràidh* "shore" rather than *tràigh*, on account of Welsh *traeth*. But the older Irish form is *traig*, and *traeth* is an entirely different word = Ir. *tracht*. In modern Gaelic it is customary to write *thugam*, *thugad*, *thùige* "to me," &c., thus altogether obscuring the history of the words. The oldest Irish has *cuccum*, *cucut*, *cuci*, later with aspiration *chucum*, *chucut*, *chuci*; so that the historically correct spelling in Gaelic would be *chugam*, *chugad*, *chuige*; the words contain the preposition *co* "to." Stewart, page 129, distinguishes two prepositions *fa* "upon" and *fuadh* "under;"

they both correspond to old Irish *fo*, which has both meanings. With regard to *t'athar* "thy father," Stewart remarks, p. 63, note— "There seems hardly a sufficient reason for changing the *d* in this situation into *t*, as has often been done, as *t'oglach* for *d'oglach*, *thy servant*, &c. The *d* corresponds sufficiently to the pronunciation, and being the constituent consonant of the pronoun, it ought not to be changed for another." Now *t'athir* is found from the old Irish glosses downwards. As a comparison with Lat. *tuis* shews, the older form of *do* was *to*; *to* sank to *do* because of its weak accent (cf. *gach* for *cach*, *gu* for *co*); where, however, the final vowel was elided, the *t* came to form part of an accented syllable and was preserved, sometimes aspirated *th'athir*.

We will now take one or two instances from inflexion. In *ceann*, "head," the nom. sing. is the same as the dative. Old Irish had a distinct form for the dative *ciunn*, *ciund* (= \**cendū*). This dative survives in Gaelic in the phrase *os cionn*. When preceded by the numeral *dà*, the noun has the form of the nom. sing. *dà fhear*, or of the dat. sing. *dà làimh*. This seems very strange, but it becomes clear enough when we turn to the Old Irish declension and find that *fer* and *laim* are in reality the nom. dual of *o* and *ā* stems respectively. The numerals *fichead* and *ceud* seems at first sight to take the noun in the singular, *fichead fear*, *ceud fear*. But when we turn to the older Irish we find that *fiche* and *cét* are substantives governing the genitive case, so that *fear* in *fichead fear* is not nom. sing. but gen. pl.

"She will bear" is *beiridh i*, "she will not bear," *cha bheir i*. There is the same distinction in Old Irish; after the particle a shorter form of the verb is used *berid*, but *ní beir*.

On p. 68 Stewart treats *ata* as a corrupt form of *ta*, *tha*. It is the Old Irish *atá*, which is found by the side of *tá*; *tá* corresponds etymologically to Lat. *stat*, "he stands." *Atá* is the same verb compounded with the particle corresponding to the Latin preposition *ad*.

These examples might easily be increased, but enough has been given to illustrate the principle.

Thus far we have dealt with the outward form of the word. Let us take a couple of instances to show how the older Irish may cast light on the origin and original meaning of a word or phrase. Gaelic, like Irish, has a word *choilche*, "for ever." *Caidche* is found in the same sense in Middle Irish, but there are other passages which shew clearly the original meaning "till night," *co aidche*. A good example is found in the story of the sons of Uisnech, Book of Leinster, 260b, *anathered immorro in rechteaire*

*chaidhe friasi, adfédedsí dia céliu inn aidchi sin fachtóir*, "what the steward said to her till night, she would straightway tell to her husband that night." *An déis*, "after," contains *Ir. d'éis*, "after," *cach anmain d'éis a céle*, "one soul after the other," and this is a nominal preposition containing the word *éis*, "footprint."

With reference to the spoken language, these remarks have had more of a theoretical than of a practical interest. We have seen how a study of the older Irish may throw light upon the words and forms of the present day: of the living meaning of the words and actual usage of the forms in modern Gaelic it can tell us nothing. The living language must be learned from the mouths of the people. But if we go back to the older Gaelic poems, the knowledge of Irish becomes of practical value. These poems contain words and phrases which have now become obsolete, and which, in consequence, cannot be explained from the living Gaelic language. Here we may not unreasonably expect to get help from the sister language of Ireland with its long literary history. It is with great diffidence that I venture to try to illustrate this, as I am well aware of the danger that one who has to place his trust in dictionaries runs of branding as obsolete a word or phrase still in use. However, the principle is sound, however ill-chosen the illustrations may be. I take one or two examples from the Rev. J. G. Campbell's interesting book, "The Fianns," not from any desire to detract from the merits of the work, but to shew that a knowledge of Irish may save from mistranslation:—

P. 40. *Marbhar leats (arsise) caogad ceud* is translated "There will be slain by thee, she said, nine hundred." Here *caogad* is doubtless the Old and Middle Irish *cóica*, *fifty*.

P. 98—"Thainig an laoch bu mhath tlachd

Le fraoch 's le neart na cheann."

"The hero of comliest form came

With fury and strength in his head."

*Inna chend, 'na chend* is a common Irish phrase for "towards him." In the corresponding text in "Reliquiæ Celticæ," p. 26, *nan ceann* is rightly translated "them to meet."

One or two examples may be taken from the curious poem *Am Brat*, "Reliquiæ Celticæ," p. 76, 116. From the affinities of the language of this poem with Irish Gaelic, it is a somewhat exaggerated instance. I refer to the version in "Reliquiæ Celticæ," I., 116.

*Fionn as Diarmoid gan on*, "Fioun and Diarmaid without blemish." *Cen on* is often found in this sense in Middle Irish, particularly in chevilles—

~ Mór is plural, message is noun.  
 In. crealar is imperatival.  
 Níam radice is Finnish, plurals are  
 singular and is imperatival. ~ Mór is plurals.

~ When translators edited the women, a tolerably common incident in Middle Irish literature, they fell into the error that there were not, on the back of the . . . . . earth six women so honest."

*Dechadur*, Mid. Ir. *dechadur*, *dechadur*, Old Ir. *dechadur*. "they were."

*Immorbarth* = Mid. Ir. *imbarth*, "national boasting," -- boasting in rivalry with *one another*, *team* -- *imbar*, "generation."

The precise meaning of *tric* here is not clear to me, but the phrase in *tolam tric* is also found in Mid. Ir.

"Gia maite sibhsi as iomdha ben  
 Nach derna feis acit le haoinfhear."

"Though ye are good, there is many a woman that never slept but with one man."

*Iomdha* is Mod. Gael. *iomadh*, Mid. Ir. *imda*, Mod. Ir. *iomdha*.

*Nach derna* = Gael. *nach d'rin*, Mod. Ir. *nach n-dearna*. *Feis* serves in Middle Irish as the infinitive to *feaim*, "I sleep." In this sentence *as* should be *is*.

Fiafruighes Fionn go n-gaire  
 D'inghin an bhrait orshnaithe.

"Fionn asked with a laugh of the maiden of mantle of thread of gold."

*Fiafruighes* is the 3 sing. preterite of *fiafraighim*, in the older Irish *iarfaighim*, I ask.

*Go n-gaire*. *Go n* is the old Irish *co n*, with, a different word from *co*, "to." It is found in this poem in *go n-aille*, "with beauty."

*Inghéan* is the Irish form corresponding to *nighean*. Both come from *inigena*, found on an old inscription. The whole poem abounds in similar instances, but these will suffice as a specimen.

In such investigations it is not sufficient to turn to the native Irish dictionaries like that of O'Reilly. They are full of blunders, and it is unsafe to put much trust in them for the meaning of an obscure word. It is necessary to get a first-hand knowledge of Old and Middle Irish literature, and, thanks to the labours of scholars like Zouss and Ebel and Stokes and Windisch and Ascoli, that is not difficult nowadays.

Just a word in conclusion on the value of Middle Irish literature for the study of the heroic tales and legends of the Highlands. In

the “Leabhor na h-Uidhre” of the eleventh century, the Book of Leinster of the twelfth century, and later collections, there is a wealth of national story, which should be the common pride of the whole Gaelic race. As time wears on, the older and wilder cycle of legend, that of which the chief hero is the mighty Cuchulainn, is thrust more and more into the background (though, as an interesting tale communicated to this society some years ago shews, the memory of the great national epic, the famous “Táin,” has not completely disappeared from popular tradition), while its place is taken by a new cycle of story, that of Fionn and his followers, who form the chief subject of the heroic ballads of the Highlands. If we wish to observe the growth of these tales, to note what changes they have undergone in the course of generations, and, if possible, to trace them to their origin, it is to the older literature of Ireland that we have to turn. And this literature, though it bears the name of Irish, is the inheritance no less of the Gael of Scotland than of his brother of Ireland. It is not meet that prejudice should keep apart members of the same family. Surely each member of the Gaelic race can be proud of his own tongue, without despising that of the others, remembering that they are children of the same mother, and that whatever changes the centuries may have brought, they bear in their lineaments the traces of their common origin:—

“facies non omnibus una,  
nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.”

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29th MARCH, 1893.

The paper for this evening was contributed by the Rev. John MacRury, Snizort, entitled “Taillear Ghearraidh-bo-Stig.” Mr MacRury’s paper, which was read by Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., was as follows:—

#### TAILLEAR GHEARRAIDH-BO-STIG.

Bha taillear Gearraidh-bo-stig ’na dhuine gun bhith mòr ann am bodhaig; agus bha e cheart cho luath ris an nios. Cha robh mac aig ’athair ach e fhein, agus cha robh mac aig a sheanair ach ’athair. Chaohail a mhàthair an uair a bha esan beag. An uair a thainig e gu dad a dh’ íre ’s gu’n deanadh e feum leis an t-snáthaid, thug ’athair air toiseachadh comhladh ris fhein ris an



taillearachd. Cha b' ann mar a tha taillearan an latha 'n diugh a bha iad an uair ud air am beathachadh no air am paigheadh. Bha aca ri taillearachd na duthchadh mu 'n cuairt a dheanamh ge b' e uair a chuirteadh fios orra. Bha mearg 'sa' bhliadhna aca ri 'fhaotainn o na h-uile teaghlach aig an robh fearann uachdarain ; peice de mhin fhurraraidh, agus peice de mhin ghradanaidh, agus tri bidh 'san latha comhladh ris an teaghlach, ge b' e air bith seorsa bidh a biodh an teaghlach a' cleachdadh a bhith aca.

Mar a bha 'n taillear a' fàs suas ann an laithean agus ann an neart duine, bha e 'tighinn air aghart anns a' cheaird mar an ceudna. Cha robh taobh a rachadh an t-athair nach biodh am mac maille ris. Cha robh breid a ghearradh an t-athair nach fuaigheadh am mac. An uair a bhiodh obair an latha seachad, agus a bhiodh an solus gann, b' e 'n cur seachad oidhche a bhiodh aig daoine 's an àm ud, 'gabhail òran agus sgeulachd, a' bruidhinn air droch-shuil 's air droch rùn 's air tathaisg 's air treubhantas ghaisgeach, agus air mort is marbhadh.

Mar a bha am mac a' fàs suas ann an laithean agus ann am bliadhnanachan, bha 'n t-athair a' cromadh sìos le aois agus le lapaiche. Dh' fhàs an t-athair bliadhna dhe na bliadhnanachan cho lapach 's nach b' urrainn da a dhol a mach air doras fad a' gheamhraidh agus an earraich. Ach gidheadh fhuair copag na Feill Padraig greim air 's an anail am barraibh nan cluas aige, agus leis cho fìor mhath 's a bha e 'cordadh ris an tuath-cheathairn, cha robh bean aig an d' rug mart no gobhar eadar da cheann na duthchadh nach robh 'dol le Ìm agus le bainne thun an taillear. An uair a thainig an samhradh a steach gu math bha 'n seann taillear cho mireagach ri piseag chait, agus cho math gu seinn ri seillean ann an gathàn na greine. Bha 'n taillear òg o thaigh gu taigh mar eun o thom gu tom. Ach do bhrìgh gu robh an seann taillear air fàs mall 'na fhradharc, cha b' urrainn e taillearachd a dheanamh, ged a bhiodh e cho dlùth air a mhac a h-uile taobh a rachadh e 's a bhiodh 'fhaileas as deigh a shàlach ri latha grianach. Fad àireamh bhliadhnanachan 'na dheigh sin bha am mac 'ga chumail fhein agus a' curmail 'athar ann am biadh agus ann an aodach cho math 's ged a bhiodh 'athair slàn, fallain.

Cha robh fear iomanach anns na trì duthchannan a dh' fhaodadh breith air caman, no 'b' urrainn a dhol as deigh buill cho math ris an taillear òg. Bha e cho beachdaidh ann an sealladh a shùl, agus cho cinnteach a buille a laimhe, agus cho supailte ris an easgainn ; agus an uair a gheibheadh e aon uair am ball roimh 'n chaman, cha bhiodh fear 's a' chuideachd a ruigeadh a leas a dhol g'a thoirt uaithe. Cha bhiodh latha Fheill Micheil, no latha

Nollag, no latha Bliadhn' ùire, no latha Tri Rìgbrean nach biodh an tailleair aig iomain an ait-eiginn.

Bha e 'na dhuine aig an robh deadh nàdur, agus nach gabhadh fearg ri nighinn no ri gille, ri bodach no ri caillich no ri cromaich. Ach nan rachadh tuaireapadh sam bith a chur air a nàdur, b' ann le a chomadh fhein. Gidheadh bha aon ni fuaighte ris le dualchas a thaobh nan aithrichean o 'n d' thainig e, agus na ceairde a bha e leantuinn, agus b'e sin, gu robh beagan de bhleid agus de sgeig ann an uair a bhiodh a chridhe a' mireag ris.

Bha 'athair an comhnuidh ag iarraidh air pòsadh, ach cha robh buaidh sam bith aig briathran 'athar air ni 's mo na bhiodh aig smugaid air iarunn teith tailleir. Bha 'athair a' fàs mall agu lapach, agus a' nochdadh nan comharran a bha gu nàdurra 'leigeadh ris gu robh e' dluthachadh ris an dachaidh bhuaìn ; ach ged a bhà, cha'n aontaicheadh an tailleair òg gu'm pòsadh e. Cha robh nighean bodaich chur-sil no bodaich ruith-spreidhe nach robh cron aige oirre. An te nach robh fiar-shuileach bha i stream-shuileach, agus an te nach robh stream-shuileach bha i croma-shrònach, agus an te nach robh croma-shrònach bha i stòrach 's an deud. An te nach robh beag bha i mòr, agus an te nach robh mòr bha i aobranach, uinneach, òrdagach, failmeanach gun chalpa fo' glùin. Cha robh tochra sam bith ann a thoilicheadh an tailleair, do bhrìgh nach robh e air a thogail ri obair fearainn, no ri sealbh, no ri spreidh.

An uair a chunnaic an seann tailleair gu robh deireadh a latha dluth air, chuir e fios air a ghoistidh, Micheal Mac Lachlan, a chum gu'n tugadh e beannachadh mairbh dha fhein, agus beanachadh beò dha 'mhac, agus comhairle gu pòsadh. Thainig a ghoistidh air Dihaoine am beul an àth 's an anamoich ; agus an uair a chom e fo'n ard-dorus, thug a dheth a chomhdach-cinn, agus thuirt e ann am briathran seimh, ciuin, "Dia so." Thuirt am fear a bha 'na laidhe air leabaidh na h-iarguin agus an tinneis, "Dia 'ga dheonachadh sin." Ghabh e suas a dh' ionnsuidh na leapadh, agus chaidh e air a dha ghluin a ghabhail urnuigh, agus ghuidh e as leith na muinntir a bha marbh agus a bha beò. An uair a chrìochnaich e a dhleasdanas mar ghoistidh do'n fhear a bh' air leabaidh an tinneis, dh'eirich e, agus rug e air laimh air, agus dh'aidich an seann tailleair dha uile lochdan cho fad 's a b'fhiosrach e. Dh'àithn is dh'earb an seann tailleair ri 'ghoistidh comhairle dhileas agus dhiomhair a thoirt air a mhac gu pòsadh ; agus nam b' e 's gu 'm bu bhàs dha fhein e mu d' rachadh an Domhnach seachad, a chorp a charadh ri taobh 'athar ann an Cladh Challuim Chille, am Baile-Mhanaich, agus am ploc mu dheireadh a chàradh

le a laimh fhein air an uaigh os cionn a shróine. Mar a thubhairt b' fhior. Chaochail e mu 'n deachaidh an Domhnach seachad. Gu moch Diluain rinn iad gach ulluchadh a b' urrainn iad air son an taillear bochd a charadh fo'n phloc air Diciadain a reir gne agus cleachdadh na dutchadh. Moch 's a' mhaduinn Diciadain cha robh bodach, no lasgaire, no gille og ann am meudachd fir eadar da cheann na dutchadh nach robh cearta, cruinne, comhladh gun chuireadh gun iarraidh aig taigh an taillear an Gearraidh-bo-stig. Chuireadh an corp 's a' chistidh le 'mhac agus le 'ghoistidh, agus bhuail saor beag nan ordag na tairnean gu h-ain-deonach, a lamb air chrith agus na deoir o' shuilean ag ionndrainn an tailleir. Bha a' chiste air a giulan o'n dors air tri lamh-chroinn, agus iall ghlas 'gan ceangal, leis an t-sianar bu shine a bh' anns a' chuideachd; agus bha a mhac aig a cheann agus a ghoistidh aig a chasan.

Dh' fhalbh iad leis a' ghiulan a dh' ionnsuidh na cille le ceum socair, comhnard, agus an cridhe trom, bronach. Ole 's mar a bha 'n rathad agus an t-side rainig iad gun tuisleadh, gun sgiorraig a dh' eirigh dhaibh. Ghearr a mhac agus a ghoistidh a' cheud phloc an ainm an Athar agus a' Mhic agus an Spioraid Naoimh, agus thug iad na sluasaidean do ghillean calama, tapaidh, nach robh fada 'treachaid na h-uaghach. Cha robh snaithle air duine a bha air an torradh ach aodach a ghearr 's a dh' fhuair am mac 's an t-athair; agus mu 'n deachaidh a' ghrian as am fianuis fad' an iar air bunacha-bac bha am ploc mu dheireadh air a charadh gu ciatach le' ghoistidh air uaigh an tailleir.

An deigh dhaibh a dhol air an gluinean air an lic agus an urnuigh a ghabhail, agus iad dalla-bhronach, chuir gach seann duine agus duine og 'aghaidh air iuil 's a chul ri ainuill, gu bog, balbh, samhach, gun ghuth mòr, gun droch fhacal.

O'n a bha taigh an taillear gun teine gun tuar, thug Micheal Mac Lachlainn leis a dhalta dha thaigh fhein 'sa Ghearraidh-Bhuidhe. An uair a rainig iad bha gealbhan mòr, briagha air cagailte Mhicheil mar a b' àbhaist, agus biadh gun ghanntur bruich, blath aig a mhnaoi a' feitheamh orra. An uair a ghabh iad na chunnaic iad fhein iomchuidh de'n bhìadh, bhruidhinn Micheal ris an taillear gu seimh, socair, agus chomhàirlich e dha pòsadh. Ach am bog no'n cruaidh cha gheilleadh an taillear dha gu sid a dheanamh. Bha bean Mhicheil mar gu'm biodh balgum fala 'na beul, gun smid a' tighinn as a ceann, ag ionndrainn a goistidh, agus i fo throm churam ciod a dh' eireadh dha' mhac mur pòsadh e. Ged a bha i 'na boirionnach aig nach robh mòran ri radh uair air bith, bha spiorad na bàrdachd innte le dualchas. Bha' cainnt cho gear 's gu 'n tigeadh gach facal o a beul le leithid de

chudthrom 's gur gann nach gearradh i an t-iarunn fuar air a tharsuinn. An uair a chunnaic i nach robh éifeachd aig cainnt Mhicheil air a dalta, thuirt i ris gu robh ise agus Mìcheal fo bhòidean mar a mhuime agus 'oide gu sealladh iad as a dheigh gus am faigheadh e bean dha fhein; agus gu feumadh e geilleadh dhaibh; agus gu faigheadh ise bean dha a chòrdadh ris gun teagamh. An sin labhair i anns na briathran a leanas:—

“ Maighdean bhàn an fhuilt shleamhuinn;  
Croma-shròn fo chaol-mhala;  
Meoirean mar iteachain bainfheich;  
Fiaclan fad' air dhath a' chanaich;  
Gun chalpa le luirg dhirich, thana,  
Aobran mòr os cionn sail bhirich;  
Cha ghabh thusa, 'ghraidh nan gillean.

Te chràs-gach, ruadh, nan sul geala,  
Cha bhi buar aic' 's cha bhi glain' aic;  
Breacadh-sionain air a malaidh;  
Druim cho dìreach ri crann galain;  
Spleadhach, pliathach, pleatach, fearail;  
'S fuathach leam gach fear a sheallas  
Air an t-seòrs' an cuirt nan ainneir.

Te dhubh, shlogach, shleamhuinn, lachdan,  
Ailleagan a cluais' mar chairtear;  
Inean crom' mar spuir an fhithich,  
'Dh' eadraigeas am poll o nigheadh;  
Nach dean sniomh no card' no fighe;  
Cha robh gin riamh dhiubh sgith de bhruidhinn;  
Cha'n eisd iad ri ceol le bruidhinn;  
Chluinnear a gloc air bharr tobhta,  
Aig bun gach tuim 's air bharr gach cnocain;  
Cha toir deire do na bochdan,  
No biadh a dh' fhear-turuis gortach;  
Bidh i tric 's a' chiris-chaitris;  
Banarach gun im gun bhainne;  
Bidh a laigh a' dol do 'n bhuailidh  
'Nan cuis-eagail 'measg spreidh tuath-chearn;  
Am blian ac' mar fheanntag bealtuinn,  
Le geum caol mar eun an calltuinn;  
Cha bhi sonas no rath-samhna  
Air fear a phòsas tè dhe samhlahd.

Mairdean shìobhalt', shocair, chomhnard ;  
 Falt tiugh, donn, le stiom 'ga chomhdach ;  
 Suil ghorm, mheallach fo rasg mòthar ;  
 Glan-chraicneach mar eun geal mointich ;  
 Gun ghuth mor o' beul Didonaich ;  
 Sìobhalta ri aois 's ri òige ;  
 Fiaclan goirid, geala, comhnard ;  
 Bilean 's gruaidh air dbath nan ròsan ;  
 Smig ghoirid os cionn a sgornain ;  
 Tiugh-uchdach mar tholman coinich ;  
 Seang mu'n chneas 'n uair theid i 'n ordugh ;  
 Calpannach, taiceil, 's ceum mòthar  
 A leumas thar linne an fhòlaich ;  
 Bas min, geal, tana, le meoirean goirid  
 Air an comhdach le inean cruinne ;  
 Gun roc an deireadh a sul ;  
 Gun phreasadh 'na gruaidh ;  
 Gun chlaise 'na bathais ;  
 Nach dean gaire ri mart a nàbuidh,  
 A bhith 'm poll no 'n eabar ;  
 A chromas a ceann an uair a  
 Chluinneas i gloc gaire  
 Chàich 's an eadradh."

An uair a chrìochnaich i an rann dh' aontaich an taillear gu'm pòsadh e nam faigheadh e te a reir a mhiann ; ach gu tur dona, bha 'n taillear dùilich a riarachadh. Beagan ùine 'na dheigh sin shònraich a mhuime a mach nighean deadh athar agus deadh mhàthar air an robh na subhailcean a dh' ainmich i a' gabhail comhnuidh.

An ùine ghearr 'na dheigh sin dh' fhalbh Michael Mac Lachlainn agus an taillear aig deireadh seachduin a chordadh ris an nighinn ; agus chaidh gabhail rompa 'san taigh le lamhan sgaoilte. An uair a chuireadh aird' air an taigh, agus a shuidh iad sìos aig a' bhiadh, chuir Michael an geill a theachdaireachd a dh' fhear an taighe agus do bhean an taighe. Agus thug iadsan an lan-aonta gu'm biodh gach cùis mar bu mhiann leotha, nam b' e s gu'm biodh an nighean fhein deonach. Aig an am cha robh an nighean a staigh. Bha i 'n taigh na baineich ag iarraidh aodaich a bha 'ga fhighheadh ann. Agus mar a bha chama-chòdhail an dàn co a tigheadh dhachaidh comhladh ris a nighinn ach a' bhaineach, a chum gu faigheadh i an *greim gearr*. Oir mur faigheadh i an greim gearr cha bhiodh rath no sonas air an neach a chaitheadh an t-aodach.

Chaidh teachdaireachd Mhicheil innseadh do'n nighinn. Agus an uair a chual' a' bhaineach an teachdaireachd 's duil aice fhein ris an taillear, 's ann a thuir i gu dalma ri fear an taighe, gu 'm bu bhochd an rud dha a dhol a thoirt 'aon ghineil seachad do mbac 's a dh'ogha fir aig nach robh mart no caora; agus gu robh an truaighe 's an dòlas a' feitheamh oirre mur faigheadh i fear a b' fhearr na taillear aig nach robh de chrann-arain ach siosar is meuran is snathad; agus ged a gheibheadh e i, nach biodh e tri oidhche gu brath an deigh a cheile aig a cagailte comhladh rithe; agus gur ann a bha e coltach ri cu o ghleann gu gleann as deigh chlosnaichean.

Dh' eisd an taillear ris na chual' e gu math foighidneach, agus thuir e, lapach 's mar a bha a chrann-arain-san, agus ged a bha e gun stoc gun mhor-storas nach d' thainig a' ghorta steach riamh air dorus 'athar no 'sheanar; agus nach b' ionnan sin 's mar a dh' èirich de na h-uile baineich a bh' anns an duthaich, gu robh' ghorta 'gabhail comhnuidh aca seachd bliadhna fo chasachain nam beartan-fighe.

An uair a chual' an nighean agus a mathair na chuir a' bhaineach dhith, o nach robh moran eolais aca air an taillear, 's ann a chaidh iad a mach a dh'iuicdh ri taobh na cruaike moine. Chuir iad an cinn ri' cheile, agus ge b' e air bith comhradh a bh' eatorra cha d' fhuair neach eile mach e. Ach aon ni a fhuaradh a mach, agus sin gu math follaiseach air feadh na duthchadh, gu 'n do sheas an nighean gu bailceanta air bathais an urlair, agus gu 'n dubhairt i ris an taillear, ged nach biodh fear eadar Hirst is Peairt ach e, nach gabhadh i nasgaidh e.

An uair a chual' a' bhaineach mar a labhair i ris an taillear, rinn i glag mòr gaire, agus bhuail i a da bhois ri' cheile, agus thuir i gu reiceadh i e airson seana bhreid-broige, ged bu leatha 'heim e.

Dh' èirich an taillear 'na sheasamh an uair a chual' e bhith 'ga dhimeas cho mòr, agus thuir e, "Gu seachnadh Dia air gach neach a 's ceisdeach leamsa bhur seorsa-se. Agus ni mise m' uile dhichioll air sibhse 'sheachnadh air cach." Ghearr e cruinn-leum thun an doruis, agus dh' iarr e air 'oide bhith falbh comhladh ris, agus thuir e nach b' e rath no sonas a chuir a steach fo 'n ard-dorus iad am beul na h-oidhche. An uair a bha e eadar dha bhì a's dorus thug e boidean air peighinn is leith an domhain nach fhaicadh fear no te eile esan a' dol tomhas na troidhe a dh' iarraidh boirionnaich fhad 's a bhoidh an anail sios is suas ann.

Chuir e an oidhche sin seachd ann an taigh oide, agus e gun smur gun smalan air, ach na bh' air de bhròn ag ionndrainn 'athar.

An ceann latha no dha thainig teachdaireachd a dh' iarraidh an taillear gu taillearachd, agus dh' fhalbh e mar bu ghnath leis le 'shiosar 's le 'shnathaid, agus rainig e a cheann-uidhe. O'n o bha e gun athair gun mhathair, gun phiuthair gun bhrathair, gun charaid gun ghaoltach, ach a mhuipe agus oide, rinn e dhachaidh de thaigh Mhicheil ; o' n a bha a bhothan bochd, dubh, udluidh fhein gun teine gun tuar. Cha robh dith no deireas air o thaigh gu taigh re shia laithean na seachduin, agus ghabhadh Micheal agus a bhean ris a h-uile oidhche Shathurna mar gu 'm b' e an gineil fhein a bhiodh ann. Bha na bliadhnachan a' dol seachad air an doigh sin—Micheal a' togail na canach, agus gach sgillinn airgid a bha 'n taillear fhein a' faotainn, bha bean Mhicheil 'gan cur ann am minicneag uain a steach fo 'n chasan.

Cha robh de dh' earnais ann an taigh Mhicheil ach dà leabaidh —leaba mhor agus leab' ard ; sreath chlach mu choinneamh an teine, agus sgrath rèisg air an uachdar gu beinge ; trì sunnagan comlaich, loban gu gleidheadh shìl ; ciste gu gleidheadh mhine ; coidhean gu gleidheadh ime ; noigean gu bleoghan bhainne ; miosair shuidheachaidh no dha ; crannachan is loimid is ròineachan ; spal-ladhair gu fighe nam plataichean ; corc-ràsair gu marbhadh agus gu gearradh na feola ; da chuaich fhiodha agus da spain adhairc. Cha robh de bhord bidh aca ach gluinean bean an taighe. Bha 'n earnais a rèir an latha agus na linn anns an robh iad beo. Ach an deigh a h-uile cùis, eadar na bha Micheal a' deanamh a dh' aiteach agus na bha 'n taillear a' cosnadh, maille ri maruinn spreidhe, cha robh dith no deireas orra latha deug 's a' bhliadhna.

Bhiodh càl gu leor an cur aig Micheal, agus o'n a thigeadh an t-samhuinn gu toiseach an t-samhraidh bhiodh iad gu math roipeiseach air bruthaiste, muilt-fheoil is muic-fheoil is mairt-fheoil. An uair a thigeadh an t-urrach a steach chuireadh bean Mhicheil da mhogan oirre, agus a cliabhan beag eallaich air a muin, agus bheireadh i a' sgeir-leathann oirre a mhaorach. Ri traigh reodhairt bheireadh i dhachaidh eallach a droma eadar fhaochagan is bhairnich is chrubagan is phortain ; agus an uair a bhiodh a' chontraigh ann bheireadh i dhachaidh luma làn plàtadh de shlòcan 's de dhuileasg 's de ghruaigean. Bhruicheadh i dhaibh e, agus ghabhadh iad an sàth dheth ; agus dh' oladh iad an diol de shaile nam bairneach an uair a bhiodh feum aca air. Bha'n triur aca cho fallain ris a' bhreac, cho reamhar ris an ron, cho gionach ris an trosg, agus cho sgaitheach ris a' bhioraich. Thainig atharrachadh dreach agus cruthachd air aghaidh an taillear comhladh ri 'mhuipe 's ri oide ; agus ma bha e smearail, eutrom, aigeannach, uallach, gu ruith 's gu iomain roimhe sid 's ann a bha

e nis seachd uairean ni bu smearaile na bha e riamh. Bhiodh e aig gach iomain is ruith is leum a bhiodh eadar gob Rudha Aird Mhicheil agus faoghail Mhic an Fhuidhear.

Bliadhna dhe na bliadhnachan bha fleadh mhor aca latha Fheill Micheil ann a Hogh-mor, agus cath choileach. Cha robh bean thorrach no lair shearraich eadar da cheann na duthchadh a b' urrainn a bhith làthair nach fheumadh a dhol deiseal a' chlaidh an latha sin. Thog an taillear air gle mhoch 's a' mhaduinn, agus thug e leis a chaman, a cheithir spadagan 's a bhadan mionaich. Ge b' fhada bha uaithe cho b' fhada 'bha e 'ga ruidhinn. Cha robh e fada air ruidhinn an uair a thoisich an iomairt. Ged a bha a chuid bu mho de shluagh na duthchadh ann, cha robh gin aca 'dheargadh air an taillear ann an doigh dhe 'n doigheannan. An uair a bha gach iomairt seachad sgioblaich an taillear e fhein gu dhol dachaidh, agus buaidh gach cluich aige, mollachd gach fir as a dheigh, agus beannachd gach maighdinn 'na lorg.

An uair a bha e 'nuas Carnan Diarmain air machair a mhlog-adain, agus e cheart cho luath ri boc earba, smaoinich e gu 'uidheadh e greis a leigeil analach. An uair a shuidh e air an tulaich thug e an aire do chlaiginn duine air tighinn ris ann an aghaidh a' bhruthaich agus na faclan a bh' ann cho geal ri canach an t-sleibhe. Thog e 'na laimh e; dhùr-bheachdnaich e air agus thairt e, "Cha bu bheag leud do chlàragan ann an ceapaire math Latha Fheill Micheil," Thilg e uaithe an claiginn, thug e dudar leum as, bhuail e breab air a' chlaiginn, agus chuir e da chlàraig as. Dh' fhag e an claiginn an sid fo ghaoith 's fo uisge, agus thug e na buinn dhi.

Cha bhiodh an traigh ann gu anamoch air an oidheche; agus mu 'n d' fhuir e an fhaoghail a chur as a dheigh bha gach duine air a dhol a chadal. Ghabh e tarsuinn Gearraidh Dhomhuill ann an Lìona-cleit ball gacha dìreach gu ruige Gearraidh-bo-stig. Agus an uair a bha e 'dol seachad air an taigh a bh' aig 'athair, ciod a bhuail 's a' cheann aige ach gu'n cuireadh e seachad an oidheche ann, o nach do chaidil e riamh ann o'n a chaochail 'athair. An uair a rainig e 'n dorus ciod a b' iongantaiche leis na solus briagha geal a bhith 'dearsadh a mach fo bhonn na comhladh.

"Uhh, ubh, ciod e so?" ars' an taillear ris fhein. "An iad na sithichean a th' ann? Cha robh mi riamh gun bhuaidh gach cluich agam, agus bidh buaidh na cluiche so agam mar an ceudna." Le' cheanna-bheairt lachduin m' a cheann, a chaman 'na laimh, agus a chaiseart 'na achlais, ghabh e gu neo-sgathach a dh ionnsuidh na comhladh, dhragh e an iall, dh' fhosgail an dorus, agus ma dh' fhosgail, stad an da shuil 'na cheann an uair a



chunnaic e na bha roimhe. Co bh' ann ma ta ach a' bhaineach, agus i 'n deigh an taigh a sgrìobadh 's a sguabadh. Bha 'n leaba air a caradh aice, agus bha gealbhan briagha air a' chagailte.

"Cìod e, a bhan-eucorach, a tha thusa 'deanamh an so?" ars' an taillear.

"B'e sin mi da rìreadh an uair nach fhad' o thainig mi a chur do thaighe-sa air doigh," ars' ise. "Bu tusa an truaghan an oisinn taigh fir eile, agus do dheadh thaigh fhein a' dol a dholaidh."

"A phlaigh nan seachd sitigean," ars' an taillear, "mur bi thu ann am briobadh na sùl air chul an dunaidh, bheir mi air chasan troimh 'n teine thu. Mur bitheadh do dhroch bheul-sa bhiodh té' agamsa a b' fhearr a chumadh mo thaigh na thusa' 'nochd."

Leis cho garg 's a labhair an taillear—agus b' e' 'cheud uair dha e—thug i daoil-leum aiseid thun an doruis, agus cha mhor nach tug i leatha 'chomhladh 's na h-ursannan m'a ceann. Leig i rannaghail de dhroch cainnt aiseid air an t-sitig, thionndaidh i clach air aimhleas an taillear, agus chairich i air lùc dhilinn i, agus thug i na buinn as dha bothan fhein.

O'n a bha 'n taillear sgith an deigh a thuruis agus an taigh seasgair, blath, smaoinich e gu sìneadh e a chliathach car acn oidhche anns an leabaidh anns an do thilg 'athair agus a sheanair an anail. Thilg e dheth gach snaithle mhathar a bh' air, agus chaidh e chadal. Bha 'n gealbhan a' gabhail gu boiseil.

An uair a leum air a' mheadhon-oidhche chual' e guth fann air an luidheir, ag radh, "Am bheil thu 'staigh, a thaillear? Bha mise latha nach cumadh tu ruith no cluich no leum rium. Ma chuir thusa da chlàraig asamsa an dé, cuiridh mise da chlàraig agus da chulaig asadsa 'nochd."

Bha 'n t-anam gu leum as an taillear, agus e air a dhruim dìreach anns an leabaidh.

"Thig a mach, a thaillear," ars' an guth.

Cha robh smiach aig an taillear.

"Greas a mach, a thaillear," ars' an guth.

Cha ghluaiseadh an taillear lamh no cas ged a gheibheadh e 'n Crun Rìoghail agus rìoghachd fhearainn. Bha driuchd falluis air a h-uile gaoisnean fuilte a bh' air a cheann leis an eagal.

"Bha boillsgeadh beag as an teine, agus chunnaic e an claignon a' tighinn a steach air an luidheir mar eun air iteig. Agus thainig claignon mòr eile steach air uinneig thuill a bha mu choinneamh an teine, agus chaidh e eadar an claignon a thainig a steach air luidheir agus an taillear. Thoisich na claignean air gabhail dha cheile, agus fear aca air gach taobh de 'n t-slabhraidh. Bha 'n claignon a thainig a steach air an luidheir ag iarraidh thun

an taillear, agus an claignon a thainig a steach air an uinneig 'ga chumail uaithe. An uair a bheireadh iad greis air leum air a cheile, shuidheadh iad an sin gu baisgeanta, fear air gach taobh de 'n teine, mu choinneamh a cheile. An uair a bhiodh iad greiseag 'nan tamh, thoisicheadh iad a rithist air a cheile. Is gann a bha fhios aig an taillear co dhiubh a bha e beò no marbh leis mar a chaidh e troimh a cheile leis an eagal. Dh' éirich an coileach beag glocanach, stocanach, stacanach a thug a' bhaineach do 'n taigh agus bhuaile e' dha sgeith tri uairean ri' churach, agus ghairm e tri uairean gu binn, boidheach. Ghrad thug fear dhe na claignean 'aghaidh air an luidheir, agus thug am fear eile 'aghaidh air an uinneig thuill, agus dh' fhalbh iad.

Fhuair an taillear rud-eiginn de mhisnich an uair a ghairm an coileach, agus thug e earraig air éirigh gus a dhol do thaigh 'oide do 'n Ghearraidh-bhuidhe. Ged a thug, cha'n amaiseadh e air snaithe aodaich a chur uime leis an eagal. Bha 'n anail an aird a' chleibh aige, agus b' eiginn dha tilleadh do 'n leabaidh.

Cha robh e sìon saoghalta ach air a thaobh a shneadh inute an uair a ghairm an coileach an darna turus. O 'n a bha 'n taillear bochd sgith 'na chorp an deigh gach cluich, agus sàruichte 'na inntinn le eagal, thuit clò cadail air. Cha robh e fada air tuiteam 'na chadal an uair a chual' e guth tiambaidh ag eigh each tri uairean, agus ar leis gur e guth a sheanar a bh'ann. Thuirt an guth, "A thaillear, a thaillear, an cluinn thu mi ? agus eisd rium."

Dhuisg an taillear, agus thuirt o gu neo-sgathach, "Eisdidh, eisdidh."

Thuirt an guth ris an uair sin, "Ge b' e air bith àite anns an faic thu cnaimh do cho-chreutair na buail 's na brist e. Chuir thusa da chlàraig as a' cheann 'ud an dé, agus bha e latha dhe laithean gur beag a dheanadh tusa 'na lamhan. Ge b' e àite am faic thu cnaimh duine comhdaich e le duslach na talmhainn ; na loisg cnaimh caorach. Mur bhitheadh mise bha thu an nochd air a bhith 'n geall na b' fhiach thu. Bi faicleach le d' laimh agus le d' fhacal as a dheigh so ; oir chuir thu mise gu mor-dhragh an nochd. Sith na dheigh so do d' chos-cheumannan, agus Muire fhein 'gad' leantuinn."

Dh' fhalbh an guth. Dh' aithnich an taillear gu math 's gu romhath gur e guth a sheanar a bh'ann.

A chur an sgeoil an aithghearrachd, thuit an taillear 'na chadal gu trom agus gu math trom, agus bha 'ghrian a' gabhail a cursa gu seimh agus gu math ailleannach ann an cridhe na h-aid-an-eara-dheas mu 'n d' thug e a rosgan o cheile an la iar-na-mhaireach.

An uair a dh' éirich an taillear bha 'n coileach beag 'ga chluimhadh fhein ann an oir na luathadh.

“Is tusa 's mo a thug de mhisnich agus de thoileachadh dhomh na bhana-bhuistreach a thug do 'n taigh thu,” ars' an taillear. Thuit e mach gu robh sgonn de shrubhan ann am pòcaid an tailleir. Shuath e eadar a bhasan e, agus thilg e thun a' choilich air bathais an urlair e, agus thug e 'n dorus air. Rainig e taigh Mhicheil, agus ma rainig, 's ann ris a rinneadh an suillean; oir bha eagal orra nach tigeadh a bheo no 'mharbh gu brath o'n nach d' thainig e an oidhche roimhe sin.

An uair a fhuair an taillear 'anail a tharruinn dh'innis e facal air an fhacal mar a dh' eirich dha o'n a dh' fhalbh e. Grad thuig Micheal agus a' bhean mu chuilibheartan na baineich. Bhuail a' bhean an tairig air a ceann, agus thuirt i ris gur ann a bha ùigh aig a' bhaineich i fhein ann.

“Biodh sin mar a thogras e,” ars' an taillear, “ach ged a bhiodh aigileannan de 'n òr o a cluasan, agus a' ghrian ag eirigh eadar a da sblinnean, is i an te mu dheireadh de 'n chinne-daon a ghabhainn mar cheile.”

“Is fìor e, a dhalta,” ars' a mhuime, “nighean na mathar nach do chuir dhachaidh na fuigheagan a dh' ionnsuidh a ban-nabuidh riamh.”

Is e' chomhairle 'chinnich ann an ceann Mhicheil gu falbhadh an taillear cho luath 's a thigheadh tonn o chloich air a' chois-cheum cheudna, ball gacha-direach, gu Carna Diarmain, air machair a' mhlogadain, agus gu 'n tiodhlaiceadh e an claignonn 's a' ghainmhich. Dh' aontaich an taillear leis gach facal a thuirt Michael; agus aig fìor thoiseach na tràthad thog e air le' chuaille 'na laimh, agus dh' fhalbh e. Gheall e bhith air ais roimh thrath cadail. Rainig e Carnan Diarmain. Fhuair e an claignonn agus an da fhiacail mar a thuit iad as. Chaidh e air a' ghluin dheis agus 'aghaidh an cridhe na h aird a' deas, agus a lamh thoisgeal air a leas, agus chàirich e 'n claignonn anns a' cheart bhad anns an d' fhuair e e, agus chuir e gainmheach air a mhuin. Thill e dhachaidh 'na ruith 's 'na leum cho luath ri boc earba. Rainig e dhachaidh mu 'n do chaidil iad. An uair a ghabh iad am biadh rinn iad deas air son a dhol a laidhe. Chaidil an taillear gu trom, socair, samhach, gus an robh a' ghrian ann an aird nan speur an la-iar-na-mhaireach.

Chuir an taillear na bha roimhe dhe' bheatha seachad mar a rinn 'athair agus a sheanair—a' taillearachd o thaigh gu taigh, agus o bhaile gu baile. Bha taigh Mhicheil 'na dhachaidh aige a h-uile latha riamh fhad 's a bha Micheal agus a bhean beo. An uair a chaochail Michael agus a bhean, dh' fhag iad gach ni a bhluineadh dhaibh aig an taillear. Bu cho math leis a' chorra-

bhinneach fhaicim ris a' bhaineich, ged a thachradh i ris air a' bhlar.

Is e thainig as a' chuis mu dheireadh gu 'n d' rinn an taillear agus an te a chaidh oide a dh' iarraidh dha, suas ri' cheile, agus gu 'n do phòs iad. Bha iad gu sona, seasgair, socair, samhach comhladh ri' cheile fad iomadh bliadhna ann am measg cuid agus cothrom. Bha esan 'na dheadh fhear-ceairde, doigheil, deanadach, agus bha ise 'na deadh bhean taighe, cunntach, gleidhteach, glic. Mar a tha 'm facal ag radh. "Cuid an fhir mhairbh aig an fhear bheo." Fhuair ise gach ni a dh' fhag a h-athair, agus fhuair esan gach ni a dh' fhag 'oide.

Cha robh iad riamh gun chrodh gun eich gun chaoraich. Bha iad ann an sith ris na nàbuidhean, agus bha muirn is meas is mánran a' gabhail comhnuidh, nan dachaidh. Cha d' fhuair fuachd no gorta aoidheachd aon oidhche riamh aca. Bha dithis mhac is aon nighean aca.

Cha 'n 'eil slon a chuimhne aig duine a tha beo ciod e bu chinneadh do 'n taillear. Bha e fhein 'sa' bhean beo gus an robh iad glé shean. An uair a dh' eug iad chaireadh taobh ri taobh iad ann an cladh a' Bhail-Uachdraich am Borogh, ann am Beinn-a-faoghla.

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19th APRIL, 1893.

As this meeting the Secretary laid on the table copy of Mr Neil Macleod's "Clarsach na Doire," from the author, and a copy of "The Christian Doctrine," compiled by the Archbishop of Tuam, from Mr Colin Grant, as donations towards the Society's library. The paper for the evening was contributed by the Rev. Archibald Macdonald, Kiltarlity, entitled, "The Religion and Mythology of the Celts." Mr Macdonald's paper was as follows:—

#### NOTES ON THE RELIGION AND MYTHOLOGY OF THE CELTS.

Mythology in all nations arises from the attempt of an unscientific age to interpret the phenomena of the universe. Man's relation to the world around him is not mediated by the dry light of the understanding—the interpretation of nature is fanciful and poetic. In the non-age or childhood of nations, before all embracing law is seen to dominate the universe, the powers of

nature are invested with the attributes of personality. The study of Sanskrit, which received such an impulse towards the end of last century, has rendered possible a science of comparative mythology as well as of comparative philology, especially as regards the Aryan races. These sciences are mutually complementary. The history and development of myth are embedded in the origin and growth of language. Sanskrit, owing to the originality and abundance of its forms, as well as the purity and richness of its literature, forms the key to the study of the philology and mythology of the Aryan family, subjects which Max Muller and a wide circle of enthusiastic disciples have made so familiar to the modern student that it is difficult to impart fresh interest to the theme.

In considering the data provided for us by historical and antiquarian researches, we are led to the conclusion that the Aryan races, in common with the other races of mankind, passed gradually from more to less elementary stages in the development of their religious life. The earliest, the most primitive form of religious belief, and at the same time the most persistent and universal, is the worship of dead ancestors. The laws of Manu, one of the ancient books of the Sanskrit literature, declare that the Aryans in the Eastern home, in the cradle of the race, worshipped the spirits of the dead. The race in which this phase of religious culture most survived, and whose national life and history it most powerfully influenced, was the ancient Romans. Their family tombs, in which the members of the household one by one were laid, and where at certain set times the living assembled, were regarded as peculiarly sacred. They believed that although body and soul were severed, yet the one was laid to rest in the grave with the other, and, though under changed conditions, still the spirit lived. Hence it was that when paying honour to the departed at the tomb, food was placed within reach. This same belief prevails among the Red Indians of to-day, and their most sacred duty is to make an annual visit to the burial-place of the dead, and place food and drink beside them. Hence the importance which the rites of sepulture acquired among the Aryan races. They believed that the soul as well as the body should be laid to rest, and the lack of this last honour to the dead doomed the departed spirit to perpetual restlessness. As long as the Roman religion lasted, this reverence for the spirits of the dead endured. "Let the rites of the deities of the dead," says Cicero, "be considered sacred, let those who pass into the world of souls be regarded as deified." As a branch of the Aryan race the Celts.

were, like the ancient Romans, worshippers of the glorious dead, although, before they quitted their Asiatic home, they expressed in other forms their relation to the supernatural. It is well known that the Celtic wave was not the first to pass over Europe, and that the Celts were not the primitive inhabitants of the British Islands. Archæologists are pretty well agreed that two races preceded them in the occupation of Britain during the Stone and Bronze ages. One of these was the short, dark-skinned, curly-headed race who resembled the Iberians of the Basque provinces of Spain, from which they were supposed to have come. The other was tall, fair-skinned and fair-haired, designated as the Finnish race, owing to their resemblance and probable affinity to that once powerful tribe. To these latter are to be attributed the circles, *cromlechs* (single upright stones) and huge cairns or barrows scattered over Britain as well as the continent of Europe. It is almost needless to say that the supposed connection of these with the Druids is an exploded speculation, and does not rest on any scientific basis. The design of these ancient monuments was evidently commemorative and sepulchral. Under *cromlechs* and within stone circles human bones have been found, a clear indication of the primary intention with which these rude structures were reared. Pennant refers to a great cairn one mile north of Dupplin which was demolished in his time, and where, on removing the stones, there were discovered at the bottom a great number of stone chests whose dimensions were two feet eight by two feet two, every one consisting of five flags, forming four sides and a lid. In all, excepting one, were bones discovered. In the cruciform group at Callernish, and near the large pillar standing in the centre, a chambered tomb containing human remains was found. These instances, along with others, seem to place the fact beyond doubt that these stone monuments of various kinds were memorials and tombs of the departed, especially of distinguished kings and warriors. The fact that they do not bear any traces of metallic tools has, with some reason, been regarded as conclusive of their pre-Celtic origin, seeing that the Celtic race was versed in the use of metal before they came to the British Islands. This probability, however strong, must still not be pushed too far. There are proofs that some at least of these monuments are not older than the Roman occupation. Coins of several Roman Emperors have been discovered along with human remains in a *cromlech* in Derbyshire, upon which a large barrow had been reared which certainly makes it contemporary with the Celtic occupation of South Britain. Generally speaking, however, the evidence is

largely in favour of the view that the monuments in question are pre-Celtic in their origin, although some of the later ones owe their erection to the Celtic race, who in this as in some other respects absorbed many of the customs and superstitions of the races whom they displaced.

The custom of erecting upright stones to commemorate great men or great events is one of prodigious antiquity. These monoliths are to be seen in various parts of the world. They occur in Bible history. The stone at Bethel, which Jacob consecrated as the House of God in remembrance of the night vision and the promises—the twelve upright stones with which Joshua commemorated the miraculous passage of the Jordan—the anointing of Abimelech as King by the pillar which was in Shchem, and of Joash who stood by a pillar as the manner was—all these point to uses religious, commemorative and ceremonial, to which upright stones were put in days of very hoary antiquity. Another instance of the sacredness attached to stones used for religious and ceremonial purposes is the *Liafail*, or Stone of Destiny, once the coronation stone of the Scottish Kings at Scone, but for long centuries in Westminster Abbey, and around which has grown a wonderful accumulation of mythical and legendary matter.

Reverting to barrows as memorials of departed greatness, and which owed their origin to a pre-Celtic race, it seems clear that the Celts assimilated the ideas which led to their erection, for the erection of cairns to the memory of the dead has been a Celtic custom almost to our own day. Within recent times when the remains of the dead had to be conveyed to a distant burying place, whenever the bearers had to rest a cairn of stones, if these were at all available, was quickly put together by those who formed the funeral *cortege*. Such a cairn was invariably erected whenever the body of anyone was found who perished on the way.

That the Celtic race regarded the ancient barrows, cromlechs, and stone circles with religious reverence as commemorative of the mighty dead, and that they offered worship at them with religious rites, seems to be highly probable, judging from the analogy of other Aryan races. Whether they took with them from the East the beliefs and rites of ancestor worship, along with the nature worship and Polytheism, to which they had attained, or whether they assimilated these from the primitive inhabitants of Britain, we cannot well say—probably there may be some truth in both views which are not contradictory of each other. At anyrate they believed, as all the Aryan races seem to have believed, in the souls'

immortality, and that the dead body and soul inhabited the tumuli or barrows. They were only dead to this scene of things. In these sacred barrows they lived a life of their own, a great part of which consisted in taking a close interest in the living. They were the guardian spirits or genii of the hills in which they rested. In the course of time, however, this phase of belief developed into what constitutes the more modern mythology of the Celt—what may be described generally as belief in the præternatural inhabitants of fairy land. The tumuli or barrows were the *sid*, and their occupants the *sidhe*, the *sithichean*, the *daoine beaga*. They were called *daoine sithe*, or the peaceful ones; *daoine beaga* on account of their general invisibility. Their dress was green, of the colour of the grassy mounds they occupied, and the female fairy was often spoken of as *bean chaol a chòt' uaine*. It was only possible to see them at night, and the privileged have sometimes watched them dancing on the sward under the silver moonlight. They were the dim and shadowy counterparts of humanity—form without substance. They were gifted with poetic powers, and have been heard in the air and in their hillocks singing in melancholy and unearthly strains, and, to crown their airy nothingness, they could not stand the daylight, for when the sun rose they vanished. This vanishing with daylight was a characteristic of all præternatural beings—it was the token of their unreality, of their fundamental difference from actual men and women. It was thus regarding the circumstances set forth in a fairy song in the Duanaire, entitled “Cumha na sithiche,” but which in the Outer Hébrides is called “Oran an eich uisge,” the water kelpie’s song. The Hébridean version is the same, but differs in the arrangement of the chorus. The præternatural being is only a man by night, with the daylight he vanishes. He contracts a matrimonial alliance with a woman of the earth, and spends the night in her company, but flees with the dawn. The wife, in the attempt to attract her fairy spouse, leaves her child—the fruit of the union—upon the mountain side. Whereupon she hears a voice in the air, though she sees no form, entreating her to take back her child. There is something in the vanishing at daylight suggestive of solar mythology.

A Mhor a ghaoil,  
A Mhor a ghaoil,  
A Mhor a ghaoil, till ri d' mhacan,  
'S gheibh thu 'n goidean boidheach bhreac uam.



*Gaelic Society of Inverness.*

Hill o hu ò, hill o ro ho  
 Hill o, hu ò,  
 Hill o, hu ò,  
 Hill o, hu ò,  
 Hill o ro hò.

Gheibheadh tu fion, gheibheadh tu fion,  
 Gheibheadh tu fion, 's gach ni b'ait leat,  
 Ach nach éirinn leat 's a' mhaduinn.  
 Hill o, etc.

Bha 'n ceo 's a bheinn, bha 'n ceo 's a bheinn,  
 Bha 'n ceo 's a bheinn 's uisge frasach,  
 Thachair orm a ghruagach dhreachmhor.  
 Hill o, etc.

'Si 'n taobh gheal donn, 'si 'n taobh gheal doun,  
 'Si 'n taobh gheal donn rug a mac dhomh,  
 Ged nach caomh a rinn i altrun.

Tha laogh mo laoigh, tha laogh mo laoigh,  
 Tha laogh mo laoigh ri taobh cnocain,  
 Gun teine gun dion gun fhasgadh.  
 Hill o, etc.

The air is weird and unearthly.

If the mother of a family died, and her husband thereafter took unto himself a second wife, the departed wife was supposed to take as deep an interest as ever in her children, though the conditions of her existence in fairyland limited her power of interference with the cruelty of the stepmother towards the motherless little ones. The following lines were once heard issuing from a fairy hill in the circumstances referred to:—

Mo thruaighe mo chlann,  
 O haoiri o ;  
 Bean eile 'nan ceann, o haoiri o hao,  
 Haoiri uo haoiri o.

'Gam biathadh gu gann, o haoiri o,  
 'Gam bualadh gu trom, o haoiri, etc.,  
 Bi d' athair 's a' ghleann, o haoiri o,  
 'Se treabhadh gn fann, o haoiri, etc.,  
 Mo thruaighe mi fein, o haoiri o,  
 Nach d' thug mi dad riamh, o haoiri o,  
 Ach giobag dhe 'n lion, etc.

As there are good and bad people in the world, so there are also in fairyland. One of the practices the wicked fairies indulged in was stealing children from their mothers and substituting fairy children. Hence if a child grew up different from other children, with any marked peculiarity or defect, especially if its growth was slow and its health feeble, all this was assigned to the action of the fairies, who had stolen the real child and substituted the *sith-choire* for it. The beautiful and pathetic song of the mother, after a vain search for her child thus spirited away, is published in the "Duanairé"—

Fhuair mi lorg an laoigh bhric dhuinn,  
 An laoigh bhric dhuinn, an laoigh bhric dhuinn,  
 Thuair mi lorg an laoigh bhric dhuinn,  
 'S cha' d' fhuair mi lorg mo chòineachain.

It would appear that these little ones who were taken away to fairyland were carefully tended and nurtured by their præternatural guardians. This, at any rate, one would infer from the following lines of a song heard in the air from the lips of a fairy mother who yearned once more to see her husband and children:—

Tha cnoc mor shios ud  
 Is urlar farsuing aig,  
 'Us urlar sguapte  
 Is luachair thairis air.  
 Tha da bhean dheug,  
 A toirt cich do leanabh ann,  
 Is urrad eile a' toirt an aire dhoibh.  
 A bhean ud shuas,  
 'N toir thu cluas do m' ghearain sa?  
 Cia mar tha Eoghain  
 'S mo choignear leanabh sa?  
 Tha corr is bliadhn'  
 Bho 'n a fhuair mi sealladh dhiubh.

The tendency to view any bodily affliction as proceeding from the influence of præternatural beings, or from the possession of an evil spirit, has been widespread. People suffering from such misfortunes as epilepsy or dumbness, for example, were in ancient times regarded with a measure of awe and reverence. A story is told of a young cow belonging to a certain household which, in a fit of caprice not uncommon among cows, refused to give milk. The good wife in her perplexity was going about the house in no

amiable temper, and coming across a dumb daughter who was in her way, spoke sharply and unthinkingly—"Get out of my way, you useless thing!" not, of course, expecting that the impatient utterance would be heard. Whereupon the dumb girl, who had never before spoken a word, took the milking pail and the *buarach* and sung a milking song, of which the following is a fragment, while the cow stood patiently to be milked:—

Hi hoileagan hi ho m' aighean,  
 Hi hoileagan hi ho m' aighean,  
 Hi hoileagan hi ho m' aighean,  
 Mo chrodh fein air gach taobh dhe'n bhuaile.  
 'S e mo ghradh an t-aghan caisinnn,  
 A theid a bhuarach air a casan,  
 Cha bhuarach shiomain chruidh no chapuill,  
 Ach buarach shiod thig air luing a Sasuinn.  
 Tha mo ghradh air an aghan ghuailinnn,  
 A thig gu farasda stigh do'n bhuaile,  
 A tha de shiol a chruidh nach gluaiseadh,  
 A chuireadh air mo chuman cruachadh.

The low phase of religion called Fetichism is closely allied to the worship of the spirits of the dead. The belief that these spirits are still existent—have not vanished into thin air—easily passes into the further belief that they have entered into natural objects such as trees, wells, animals, hills, and so forth. The water-kelpie (an-t'each uisge)—the genius of the lake—the giants, the spirits of the mountains, are both illustrative of the process by which fetichism becomes the parent of this form of Celtic mythology. The "famhairean," for example, were the personification of what was huge and unintelligent strength and size combined with low intelligence. "Famhair mor nan coig ceann nan coig meall 's nan coig muiuneal" was frequently worsted by the superior cleverness and ingenuity of the ordinary mortal. The tale of Mac-a-Rusgaich in Campbell's collection illustrates this victory of mind over matter. There is a somewhat amusing story told in the Island of Coll, on the west coast of Argyllshire, illustrative of intellectual slowness and taciturnity as well as a gigantic way of looking at the flight of time. Three giants dwelt together in a cave—those who lived in caves by the sea-side were called *Samhanaich*. On a certain day one of them said to the other, "Chuala mi geum ba." A day and a year after this the second giant said, "Coid e bha thu gradh mar sud an la roimhe?" A

day and year after, the third said, "Mar a sguir sibh dhe'r boilich fagaidh mi'n uamh agaibh fein!"

The idea that human spirits entered into animals and birds was also entertained by the ancient Celts. The wolf, the seal, the swan, are in many tales spoken of as the spirits of men lying under an enchanter's spell—*Clann righ fo gheasan*. The evil genius by whom this transformation is effected is very frequently the *Eachrais ulair*. This witch, who is the embodiment of domestic strife and discord, enters on the scene whenever the exigencies of the tale require it, and with a stroke of her enchanter's wand—the *slachdan druidheachd*—the dark deed is done. Witchcraft, therefore, was a development of ancient fetichism, possibly to some extent the remains of pre-Celtic culture. The belief was held that there were spirits, personal powers in nature, which those deeply versed in its mysteries could engage in their own services, and for their own ends. They were part of the later Druidism which confronted St Columba and St Patrick, the conflict of the latter with which appears in the Irish Ossianic ballads. Herbs and wells were held in reverence, the curative properties which they might naturally possess being ascribed to a præternatural influence or presence which resided in them. Omens and divinations were for the same reason thoroughly believed in. Some of the omens that were regarded as lucky may be referred to—

Chunnaic mi'n t-searrach 's a chulaobh rium,  
 Chunnaic mi'n t-seilcheag air a' lic luim,  
 Chunnaic mi cuthag 's gun ghreim nam bhroinn,  
 'S dh'aithnich mi nach rachadh a bhliadhna sin leam.

There were lucky and unlucky days as well as objects of good and sinister omen, days on which the spirits of good, and others on which the spirits of evil were in the ascendant. There is one rhyme which says—

No falbh Di-Luain,  
 'S na gluais Di-Mairt,  
 Tha Di-Ciadaoin craobhach,  
 'S tha Diardaoin dàlach,  
 Di haoine cha 'n 'eil e buadh-mhor,  
 'S cha dual duit falbh a maireach.

There is according to this no lawful day left for commencing a journey. Friday was not considered a lucky day, but evidently Thursday was, for the saying was current in the Outer Hebrides—

Diardaoin la Ghille Chaluum chaoimh  
 La chur chaorach air seilbh  
 A dheilbh 's a chur ba air laogh.

There were charms which the initiated could employ for the cure of certain complaints, as well as other purposes. *Eolas an t-sniomha* was for curing a sprain. *Eolas an deididh* was supposed to drive away the toothache. The charm for the relief of a sprain exhibits a knowledge of Christianity, combined with the darkest Paganism. A thread for tying about the sprained limb was spun while the magician, who was also the spinner, uttered the following rhyme:—

Thainig Criosd a mach  
 Ann a' maduinn mhoich  
 'S fhuair E cnamhan nan each  
 Air an tilgeil ma seach  
 'S chuir e cnaimh ri cnaimh  
 'S chuir e feoil ri feoil  
 'S chuir e féithe ri feithe  
 'S chuir e fuil ri fuil  
 'S chuir e craicionn ri craicionn  
 'S mar a leighis E sin  
 Gu 'n leighis E so.

There were also charms against the evil eye. This form of witchcraft was of the semi-unconscious—the semi-unintentional kind. When cows lost their milk or when a child began to *dwine* without any apparent cause it was often put down to the influence of some evil eye, whose possessor was always of an evil, covetous, avaricious disposition. *Luidh suil air* was then the *dictum* of the wise. Belief in the evil eye has not yet died out in some remote Highland districts. There are some who greatly dislike to hear any living creature they possess highly praised unless they are perfectly sure of the person who does. It is still a formula of frequent use in some places when a person addresses a growing boy or girl, *cha luidh mo shuil ort ach 's tu tha fás mor*.

Ancestor worship and fetichism in their original and developed forms may be very primitive and elementary as stages in the religious life of nations, yet even from the very first may we not believe that there is a higher consciousness—the sense of a power, a presence, and a purpose in nature transcending the visible—that the spiritual is, after all, the basis of the natural?

Our limits will hardly permit us to enter upon consideration of the further stage of the religious life of the Celts involved in

the worship of the powers of nature, out of which seems to have grown a polytheistic system that appears to have vanished. That the Celts of Gaul and Britain had an Olympus, and that it corresponded with that of Rome, is evident from the oft quoted statement of Julius Cæsar. Polytheism is but a stage towards that unity of Monotheism, after which the human soul is yearning, but outside of revelation it seldom attains thereto. Abraham, through a special revelation, passed from the many gods of Mesopotamia to the unity of the Elohim, and the plural form of the divine name, which was to him a revelation of the divine nature, shews that he realised how the manifoldness of the powers of nature centred in a divine unity which comprehended and transcended them all. One line of thought, and one only, can we follow relative to the Polytheism of the Celts—a line which explains and illustrates some of the most important phases of their religion, faith, and practice. Max Muller tells us that before the Aryan language separated many long ages ago there existed an expression for light, *div*, to shine. From it the adjective *deva* has been formed, signifying bright. This word *deva* is the original word for God in all the European languages. The Greek Zeus, Latin Deus, Gael Dia, French Dieu, and others, are all from the same root. From this we conclude that our Celtic forefathers, in their primitive home, and in common with other races having a similar origin, were worshippers of light and of the sun, the fountain of light; and this faith they shared with the inhabitants of Persia, that ancient and famous land, where Daniel prophesied, where Esther was Queen, and whence came, guided by the light of a star, those wise men from the East who visited the scene of the nativity.

This ancient sun worship really forms the key to many of the superstitious customs which, down to this very day, have prevailed, not only among Celtic peoples, but also their Teutonic neighbours. Nay, more, some of the observances of our traditional Christianity have been derived from our Pagan ancestors. When, at Christmastide, people adorn their houses and deck their churches with evergreens, and burn the Yule log, they observe customs which were, undoubtedly, heathen in their origin. Winter was the season when the powers of darkness and death brooded over the world, and when the powers of light and heat, the fostering germinating powers, seemed to be withdrawn. These evergreens were regarded as symbols of the life that had elsewhere vanished—and when cut down and hung in the halls and temples of these ancients, the holly, the ivy, and the mistletoe,

they were regarded as propitiating the powers that presided over life and growth, and invoking their presence again in the world that seemed so cold and dead. All this was done at Christmastide, for that was the period of the winter solstice, when the sun was supposed to stand still, and on the eve of issuing from its winter quarters, to return once more upon its beneficent course.

The idea of *deiseal* known in our own day—that is, the custom of handing things sunwise, especially at table, passing people by keeping the right hand to them in token of respect, carrying the remains of the dead sunwise round the church, even when the distance is greatly increased by so doing, all these are traces of the time when the Celtic inhabitants of this Island were worshippers of the sun. Fire worship was a development of the same idea. The discovery of how to make fire by friction was a great step in human progress, and, as in the myth of Prometheus, has impressed itself upon the mythologies of ancient times. The needfire, which was celebrated as late as last quarter of last century, is a relic of fire worship, and was used as a charm for the removal of disease. According to Martin, "All the fires in the parish were put out, and eighty-one married men were thought the necessary number for effecting this design, took two great planks of wood, and nine of them were employed by turns, who, by their united efforts, rubbed one of the planks against the other until the heat thereof produced fire, and from this fire each family is supplied with new fire, which is no sooner kindled than a pot of water is quickly set upon it, and afterwards sprinkled on the people infected with the plague, or upon the cattle that had the murveim."

There are three distinctive Celtic festivals—Bealltuinn, Lunasduinn, and Samhuinn—dedicated to the worship of the sun, the source of warmth and light, and also to the propitiation of the powers of cold and death. Some of the Bealltuinn rites, observed not later than last century, clearly pointed to a time when human sacrifices—conducted by the Druids, the priests of the Celtic religion—prevailed. The observances of Samhuinn, or Hallowe'en, still lingers. The fireside customs of Hallowe'en are pretty uniform everywhere. After surrounding the boundaries of their farms with *sambnags*, or torches, to protect their possessions from evil spirits, the old Highlanders used to engage in various forms of divination. The first ceremony was the pulling each a plant or stock of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with. It being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the

husband or wife in store. Nuts and apples were also everywhere in requisition, which the old matron, according to our national poet, generally had in store :—

“The auld guid wife’s weel hoorded nits  
Are round and round divided,  
And mony lads and lasses fates  
Are there that night decided.  
Some kindle couthie side by side,  
And burn th’gither trimly,  
Some start awa’ wi’ saucie pride,  
And jump oot ower the chimney  
Fu’ high that night.”

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26th APRIL, 1893.

The paper for this evening was by the Rev. Mr R. Macdougall, Resolis, entitled, “Notes on the Ecclesiastical History of Strathdearn.” Mr Macdougall’s paper was as follows :—

#### STRATHDEARN—SOME CHURCH NOTES.

The Parish of Moy and Dalarossie lies in the County of Inverness, and stretches along the Findhorn for about 24 miles from its source downwards. This district appears in old records of the middle ages as the “Lordship of Stratherne,” and was part of the Earldom of Moray. In a rentroll of 1456 (*Cawdor papers*), many of the names of the present farms are inserted. The Erne (or water of the Erne) was of old the usual name of the Findhorn, and those who speak Gaelic to-day never call it by any other name. To prevent confusion with Strathearn in Perthshire, the valley is called Strathdearn. Before the Reformation there were two separate parishes in the strath, but soon after that epoch they were conjoined. Moy is the lower part of the strath, and extends from the Streens to Tomatin. The present church was built in 1765, probably on the site of the pre-Reformation structure. Tradition asserts that a more central site was chosen on the plateau above the influx of the Fintaig; but after some progress had been made in building, The Mackintosh’s influence secured the proceeding with the erection on the north shore of Loch Moy. Nine miles further up the strath, and on the north bank of the



river, is Dalarossie Church—the Tallaracie of 1574, and the “Dalgergussyn in Stratherne,” which Bishop Andrew confirmed to the Church of the Holy Trinity in Elgin in the thirteenth century. The name seems to mean the Dell of Fergus. Soon after the Reformation, John Dow, a reader, owing to the scarcity of Protestant ministers, supplied the then (1574) united parish. Mr James Duff was minister, but in addition to Moy and Dalarossie, he had the spiritual superintendence of Daviot, Boleskine, and Dores. In 1597, the General Assembly appointed some of their number to visit the North Highlands for Church extension, and in the interests of religious knowledge. In passing through Moray, Inverness, and Ross, the visitors found an unexpected avidity for religious instruction in the people and great readiness on the part of the principal proprietors to make provision for it. Foremost among these public benefactors was Lachlan Mòr Mackintosh (16th Chief of the Clan), who met the deputation at Inverness, and subscribed obligations for the payment of stipends in the different parishes of his estates; and observing the surprise of the visitors at his alacrity, he stated:—“You may think that I am liberal because no minister will venture to come among us. But get me the men, and I will find sufficient caution for safety of their persons, obedience to their doctrine and discipline, and good payment of their stipends, either in St Johnston, Dundee, or Aberdeen.” The worthy James Melville, one of the visitors who records this fact in his *Diary*, adds—“Indeed I have ever since regretted the state of our Highlands, and am sure if Christ were preached among them, they would shame many Lowland professors. And if pains were taken but as willingly by prince and pastors to plant their kirks as there is for wracking and displanting the best constituted, Christ might be preached and believed in Highlands and Borders.” (*Mel. Diary*, 434).

The testimony of Melville is valuable as showing that away among remote Highland hills many, like the man of Macedonia, were crying to the Assembly, “Come over and help us.” The Mackintosh was warmly attached to the Protestant faith. He was now 54 years of age, and in various ways he aided the cause of the Reformation among his numerous clansmen. Eight years after (1605) Robert Bruce of Kinnaird was banished to Inverness by James VI. for his determined opposition to Prelacy. He may be called the great apostle of the north. He preached every Sabbath forenoon and every Wednesday, and his labours were abundantly blessed. Multitudes from neighbouring parishes flocked to hear him, “Yea, they came from Ross and Sutherland.”

(Brand, *An. Diary*, 1700). Melville's prophecy has been amply fulfilled. In the last century we had ministers in the north equal in ability, piety, and success to the most famous in the south.

In 1614 Andrew Dow Fraser ministered in both churches of Strathdearn until his translation to Boleskine in 1624, where twenty years afterwards "he was barbarously murdered by the Irish, not without the instigation, it is supposed, of some in the parish who harboured a rooted prejudice against him, because he obtained an order for a legal glebe." Three years after the removal of Mr Dow Fraser, Mr Lachlan Grant was inducted into Moy, where he laboured for 22 years, when (in 1649) he was translated to Kingussie. The next minister was Mr Roderick Mackenzie (from Elgin), a licentiate of the Presbytery of Dingwall. He was ordained to the pastorate in 1654. He conformed to Episcopacy at the Restoration of Charles II., along with the other members of the Presbytery, and died in February, 1680, in the 27th year of his ministry. His successor, Mr Alex. Cumming, a licentiate of the Presbytery of Abernethy, was settled after a brief vacancy of three months, on the 23rd May, 1680. He was presented by Colin Falconer, Bishop of Moray (who had been for some years Presbyterian minister of Forres, and on conforming to Episcopacy was promoted to the See of Argyll and removed to Moray). Mr Cumming was a native of Duthil. Although a strong Jacobite, he remained in undisturbed possession of the benefice until his death on 27th April, 1709. While Mr Cumming lived the Presbytery of Inverness in no way interfered with church matters in Strathdearn; but at their meeting at Inverness on 4th May, 1709, they took the usual steps to declare the church vacant, and appointed Mr John Calder of Cawdor to preach at Moy on the second Sabbath of June. Calder was an eminent minister, and was the father of one of the greatest ministers of the north—Mr James Calder of Croy. The parishes of Boleskine, Cawdor, Ardersier, and Croy were at this time in the Presbytery of Inverness. The Chief of Clan Mackintosh was Lachlan (the 20th of the line). His father, Lachlan, died in 1704. Although he afterwards was induced by his relative, the famous Brigadier, to join the standard of the Pretender, he seemed at this time to be anxious for the settlement of a Presbyterian minister at Moy, and he lost no time in urging the Presbytery to proceed to the settlement of a minister. The Chief's letter came up for consideration at a meeting of Presbytery held at Cawdor on 3rd June, and the Presbytery returned answer "that they cannot send any of their number to moderate a call to Moy till such time as the

people shall hear a minister or probationer preach among them, whom they may call. And as to supplies they have already appointed Mr Calder to preach there on the 2nd Sabbath of June, and they appoint Mr Fraser (Croy) to preach there the Sabbath immediately thereafter." At a meeting of Presbytery held at Inverness on 20th October, 1709: "Compeared the laird of Mackintosh, and craved in his own name, and in the name of the united parishes of Moy and Dalarossie, that the Presbytery would appoint one of their number to moderate in a call to a minister to the said united parishes. The Presbytery, taking the said request into consideration, appointed Mr John Morrison of Boleskine to meet with the said people at the Kirk of Moy on Thursday, 10th November ensuing, to the intent foresaid; and, further, appoint Mr Donald Mackintosh to preach at Moy on Sabbath 30th inst., and serve edict, giving notice to all concerned of the appointment." At a meeting of Presbytery in Inverness on 7th December (1709), it was recorded—"As to the affair of Moy, it was represented that Mr Morrison did moderate a call to Mr Donald Mackintosh to be their minister, and that the call would have been presented to the meeting of Presbytery, but that it has pleased the Lord to remove the said Mr Donald by death." The minister thus prevented by death from being settled at Moy about the end of 1709 was a native of Badenoch, born about 1647. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Aberdeen in 1674. He was appointed minister of Farr (Sutherland) in 1682. Hitherto an Episcopalian, he was received into Presbyterial communion by the committee appointed by the General Assembly for the north of Tay in July, 1694. Of his own accord he removed to Duthil and Rothienurchus in the following year. Duthil had been vacant for several years, and it is extremely likely that Sir Ludovic Grant had urged his moving southward. By the Assembly of 30th January, 1699, he was appointed one of a committee for visiting the Highland parishes in the Province and Synod of Moray. He demitted in 1708, "on account," says Scott, *Fasti*, "of falling a victim to a conspiracy against his usefulness in connection with his baptising an infant son to Grant of Dalrachny." The nature of this conspiracy is differently stated by tradition, but there is no doubt but the cause of worthy Mackintosh's persecution was the fervent zeal he manifested in rebuking evil-doers. At a catechising in the house of Dalrachny, the minister spoke severely against the lady of the house. She had six sons, men of Belial, who, in revenge, accused the faithful minister of immorality. That the report was not believed, either in or out of the parish, is evident.

from Sir Hugh Campbell's earnest desire that he should be settled in Ardersier soon after his demission of Duthil. Nor did The Mackintosh offer the slightest objection to his settlement at Moy. The Presbytery of Inverness received him as an ordained minister, having first asked him to preach before them, and having in conference satisfied themselves that he was worthy of being settled in any vacant parish within their bounds. There are still traditions lingering in Strathspey regarding Mackintosh's unflinching zeal and uncompromising faithfulness in his ministry. One day Sir Ludovick and Lady Grant came from Castle Grant to hear him—the same who was fined so severely for conventicles in the "killing times," and who was so active in procuring Presbyterian ministers for Strathspey after the Revolution. It would be likely in 1701, during the vacancy at Cromdale, after the death of Mr William Mackay. On the way to church, the Baronet and his lady called at Tullochgriban, where a relative resided. There they were detained so long that it was about the close of the service when they entered the Church of Duthil. Forthwith the minister added for the special benefit of the dilatory an anecdote, which was homely enough, and quite characteristic of the preacher. "The dogs," he said, "once went out on a hunting expedition, but on reaching the field they fell in with carrion. On that they gorged themselves, and thus lost their hunting chance." It was probably spoken in Gaelic, and the man who could use such freedom before earth's great ones was of no common fortitude. Calling one day at Castle Grant, before entering he took some sand out of his pocket and sprinkled it on the stones. Asked, probably by the Chief himself, why he acted so strangely, he replied—"Oh, it is long since I heard the proverb, slippery is the stone at the threshold of the mansion-house."

The ex-minister of Duthil having rested from his labours, Mr Thomas Chisholm, a probationer of the Presbytery, frequently preached at Moy during the greater part of 1710. Chisholm, at the end of said year, was called by the Presbytery of Dingwall to the Church of Kilmorack, but at the meeting for his ordination, on the 22nd March, 1711, the Presbytery could not get access, and they retired to the manse; but there "they were surrounded by a multitude assailing the doors and windows, throwing in stones." Leaving the besieged parsonage, "the ministers, their servants and horses, were severely assaulted by clods and poles." It was at Kiltearn on the following day that the settlement was completed.

In October, 1711, the Presbytery heard that a young man, Mr Daniel Beaton, having Gaelic, was on trials before the Presbytery of Aberdeen, and they cordially invited him to come and labour within their bounds. He accepted the invitation, and appearing before the Court produced certificates of good conduct. He was appointed to labour at Moy, and Kirkhill, which he did with acceptance. At a meeting at Croy, on 11th August, 1712, "Messrs Fraser and Calder are appointed to speak to the Laird of Kilravock, patron of Moy, that part of the vacant stipend should be paid to Beaton—he having preached in said parish a considerable time." Hugh Rose of Kilravock was Sheriff of Ross, a much married man—one of his wives being a daughter of the famous Mr Fraser of Brae. On the 3rd day of March, 1713, Mr Stuart, of Inverness, reported to the Presbytery that Kilravock had given a half-year's stipend to Beaton for his labours in Strathdearn. On the 28th April, "The Presbytery, considering the desolate state of Moy and Dalarossie, and that Mr Beaton frequently preached there, and the people on several occasions declared themselves satisfied with his gift in preaching and conversation, call Mr Beaton *ure devoluto* to be minister of the vacant charge." But difficulties seemed to be cropping up. The air was becoming heavy with Jacobitism. Agents of the Pretender were busy everywhere, and The Mackintosh yielded to their wooing. Well he knew that the Presbyterians and their Church Courts were everywhere staunch upholders of the Revolution Settlement. Poor Beaton saw the coming storm, and feared to encounter it. He entreats the Presbytery, at meeting after meeting, not to urge him, as "he has no clearness as yet to accept the call" to Moy. At length he finds a back-door of escape from his indecision by accepting a call to Ardersier, where he is settled on 24th September, 1714. A glimpse of the breakers ahead is given in the entry in the Presbytery Record of 12th October, 1714. The Presbytery take up consideration of the lamentable desolation of several Highland parishes within their bounds, such as Moy and Kirkhill. "Although they have the right of presentation, yet, as matters now stand, it would be hard to get peaceable settlements in those places, considering how much an opposite Jacobite spirit prevails." Mr Stewart (Inverness) and Mr Fraser, Croy, are enjoined to "take their own prudent way of speaking to the Laird of Mackintosh, and report." But very discouraging is their reception at Moyhall. In the course of a few weeks they "report that they have essayed to discourse with The Mackintosh about the parish of Moy, but that such a dissatisfied multitude was about him, it was not con-

venient to insist much upon the subject, and that they feared they shall have no success." At this meeting, Mr James Leslie, a native, it is thought, of Ardlach, and a licentiate of the Presbytery of Elgin, turns up. He has been invited to attend the Presbytery, and he produces testimonials of having been licensed to preach the Gospel, and of his good behaviour where he has since sojourned. Forthwith he is appointed to supply at Kirkhill and Croy. The hour is come and the man. Leslie, tall in stature—considerably over six feet in height—has the strength and courage of a lion. After frequent supplies at Moy, the Presbytery, on the 22nd March, 1715, "considering the desolate condition of Moy and Dalarossie, give a call to Mr James Leslie, and intimate the same to Kilravock, patron, and the other heritors, that their consent may be obtained thereto." Mr Leslie's ordination trials are given out to him. He preaches on 2nd Tim., ii. 3, "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ"; is examined in divinity and Church history, with Hebrew and the Greek Testament at the opening of the book. "Mr Fraser is appointed to speak to the Laird of Mackintosh, in order to get safe access to the Church of Moy, that it may be duly supplied and comfortably filled with a Gospel ministry." Safe access, indeed! Mackintosh now, with the fever of rebellion in his veins, would be glad to see them all hanged. A few weeks after, Mr Baillie, of Inverness, reports, at a meeting of Presbytery held in town, "that he was detained a prisoner in his own house by four sentinels of The Mackintosh's while they were proclaiming the Pretender king." Presbytery trials and difficulties thicken. On 11th October, 1715, the Presbytery, "considering the present confusions and what a difficulty there is in travelling, cannot appoint a day for next meeting." Two months afterwards the Moderator reported that "though the town of Inverness was re-taken by Lovat and friends of the Government, yet the battle of Sheriffmuir occasioned such looseness and breaking in the country that there was no safe travelling, and he could not call a meeting." A regular meeting of Presbytery is held at Inverness on 14th February, 1716. "The Laird of Kilravock, as patron of Moy, gave in a presentation to that parish in favour of Mr James Leslie, which being read, the Presbytery delivered to Mr Leslie, to have his thoughts on it in conjunction with the other call formerly given, in the meantime appointing him to preach at Moy, sometime between this and next Presbytery, and make a discovery of the inclinations of the people." At next meeting Mr Leslie reports supply, but makes no reference to the inclinations of the people. "At Inverness, 7th August, 1716, the Presbytery

resolved to proceed to the solemn ordination of Mr Leslie at Moy, and appointed Mr Lachlan Shaw (the future historian of Moray) to preach at Moy next Sabbath. They appointed Mr John Calder to preach in Irish, and Mr Stewart the action sermon, presiding at the ordination according to the laudable practice of this Church; and in order to prevent disturbances they appoint the Moderator to write a letter to the laird of Kilravock, and another to Sir Archibald Campbell, that 'they may be pleased to attend at said ordination at Moy on 23rd August (1716)." The meeting was duly held—present, Mr R. Baillie, Moderator, and Messrs W. Stewart, John Calder, Thomas Fraser, Pat. Nicolson, ministers, and Kilravock, and Sir A. Campbell, ruling elders. "Mr Shaw reported that he had served edict. The thanks of the Presbytery were tendered to Kilravock and Sir A. Campbell for their countenance and encouragement on this and other occasions. After Mr Calder preached in Gaelic, Mr Stewart preached in English from Mat. xxviii. 17-19. Thereafter he gave a full account of the proceedings of the Presbytery as preparatory to Mr Leslie's ordination, and having demanded of the audience if any of them had any objections to move against Mr Leslie's ordination to the ministerial charge and pastoral relation to the united parish of Moy and Dalarossie they should yet be heard, and none offering to make any objection he proceeded to take the ordinary engagements of Mr Leslie according to Acts of Assembly, particularly asking all the questions appointed by Assembly 1711. Full and satisfying answers being given, Mr Stewart came down from the pulpit, and in conjunction with the other members did ordain him to be minister, and the service was concluded with prayer, exhortation, and Psalm singing. The Presbytery, considering Mr Leslie's circumstances in Moy, did recommend him to Kilravock, patron, for encouragement, who engaged to contribute all in his power toward that end." After the ordination the Presbytery adjourned to Moyhall, where they remained all night. There is no mention made of The Mackintosh, who for months had been a prisoner in Newgate, London, and was set at liberty in this same month of August, through the intercession probably of his lady and other friends of the Government.

Mr Leslie needed all the encouragement that patron and Presbytery could give him. On the following Sabbath he walked up along the banks of the Findhorn to preach at Dalarossie in the face of strong opposition. After proceeding seven miles, and on reaching the wood overhanging the river near Achintoul, he encountered a crowd of women, with aprons filled with stones—

offensive missiles readily obtained on the ground. Blocking up the way, they bade him return, and excitedly assured him that if he proceeded further, they would certainly stone him. Mr Leslie, nothing daunted, met the angry clamour with the remark—"Let the greatest witch among you throw the first stone." The Amazons were startled. None of them cared for so unhappy a pre-eminence, and in the confusion that ensued the valorous minister was allowed to proceed. Arriving at the church he found it empty. There was a multitude in the graveyard engaged in putting the stone—the husbands, brothers, and sons of those women from whose hands the preacher had so happily escaped on the way. Leslie urged the athletes to leave their sport and attend his service, but they emphatically refused, and in return urged him to take part in the game. Thereupon, he offered to throw the stone—that recognised test of physical strength—once, on condition that if he surpassed them they would adjourn to the church. His one throw far exceeded the mark reached by the foremost of the players. The new parson at once rose in their estimation. They readily acknowledged his superiority, and followed him into the church. Whether the stone, according to tradition, remained for long years afterwards untouched on the spot from which it had fallen from Leslie's hands, I know not, but certain it is that much trying opposition, even to the frequent jeopardy of life, yet awaited him.

Four weeks after his induction, Mr Leslie attended the Presbytery meeting at Inverness, and there is the following ominous entry in the Records:—"The Presbytery, considering how disaffected the people of Moy are to the Government, both in Church and State, and that one, Mr Louis Grant, who was out with the rebels, continues to preach in that country, sowing the seeds of rebellion and disaffection among the people, which occasions many insupportable grievances to Mr Leslie, minister there; therefore, they appoint the Moderator to address the Deputy-Lieutenants to take proper methods to remove the said Mr Grant out of the parish, that Mr Leslie may have peaceable access to the church." At next meeting (16th October, 1716), the Moderator (Mr Baillie) reported that "he had addressed the Laird of Culloden, Provost of Inverness, in order to remove Mr Grant, who intrudes in the parish of Moy, and for getting access to Mr Leslie, who gave a very obliging answer." Next month, Mr Baillie reported that Culloden had spoken to young Kyllachy—his father had been out in the '15, had been a prisoner in London, and pardoned—"that Mr Leslie must have peaceable access to Dalarossie, and that Kyllachy had been in



that country hearing Mr Leslie preach in that church with several country people. The Moderator is appointed to continue to speak to Culloeden that Mr Grant, who intrudes upon the parish, be obliged to remove, otherwise the people cannot but be poisoned with rebellious principles." Few ministers ever passed a more trying winter and spring than Mr Leslie experienced after his induction. He was houseless and kirkless, and the situation was becoming intolerable. He appeared before the Psesbytery on 4th June, 1717, and gave in a petition craving for an act of transportability (without which he could not accept a call to a more promising field of labour), or redress of the following grievances:—"1. A rebellious intruder possessing his church, and alienating the minds of the people. 2. The people's not attending ordinances. 3. Want of a manse to dwell in, as the petition more fully bears out." "For the redress of the first two hardships the Presbytery appoint Mr Baillie to write to the Laird of Mackintosh and acquaint him that, if he take not effectual steps to remove that Jacobite intruder, the Government shall be acquainted. As to the 3rd, the Presbytery agree to meet at Moy for a visitation, in order to procure a manse for Mr Leslie, and appoint him to make seasonable intimation thereof from the pulpit, after divine worship, that the heritors and all others concerned may be present, and have proper workmen, who, upon oath, may declare what money is sufficient to build a legal manse." On the 2nd July, 1717, a meeting of Presbytery took place at Moyhall (owing to a great flood they could not meet at the church), Kilravock, The Mackintosh, and other heritors were present. They combined in assuring the Presbytery "that Mr Grant should be forthwith removed, and that they (the heritors) will concur with Mr Leslie in matters of discipline, and endeavour that all should countenance the ordinances, and strengthen the minister's hands in all his ministerial work." There being no manse nor convenient house for the minister, arrangements were proposed for building a two-storey house, 45 feet long, 15 feet broad, with side-walls 15 feet high, and thatched with divits, at the cost of 1300 merks. Donald Mackintosh of Dalmigavie, and Donald Shaw of Banchor, are appointed to collect the vacant stipends for payment of this sum. These heritors are present at the next meeting of Presbytery at Inverness, and are accused of giving "no countenance nor encouragement to Mr Leslie than if they had come under no such promises as were made by them at last visitation." Entries in the Record show the anxiety of the Presbytery to obtain Gaelic-speaking probationers, and to have schools set up within their bounds. "At Inverness, on the

7th July, 1719, . . . the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge offer 100 merks for a Charity School in Moy and Dalarossie, provided Mackintosh, the principal heritor, build the school and house." Notices of the schools at Moreclune and Knockandoo follow soon after this. At the meeting of Presbytery in Inverness, on the 27th January, 1720, "A petition was given in by Lachlan Mackintosh, younger of Kyllachy, for himself and William Mackintosh of Dalmigavie, Don. Shaw of Banchoruan, Jas. Macqueen of Corrybrough, James Macqueen of Glenkirk, John Macbean of Tomatin, and a letter from Mackintosh that vacant stipends yet unpaid amount to a great sum, and tenants cannot pay the whole at once." An offer to pay a year's stipend each Martinmas was accepted by the Presbytery if sufficient security were given. Very slow to perform were all the heritors, for, after several years had passed, it is recorded that they did nothing in the way of building a manse or repairing the (dilapidated) kirks. "In the teeth of clinched antagonism," Mr Leslie toiled on. His labours were by and by abundantly blessed. The sowing season of tears was long, dark, and troubled, but a reaping time of joy succeeded. Traditions in the parish tell of his prodigious strength. One time he encountered a ferocious bull let loose upon him on his way to Dalarossie. As the bull lowered its head to toss him over, the intrepid minister struck it with his boot between the horns, stunning the animal and passing on scathless. Passing once in winter by the steep road above Polochaig Pool, his pony slid down the bank on the ice and would have fallen into the river, had not Mr Leslie, by sheer strength, kept it up, and carried it to the perilous path. The Mackintosh chiefs that succeeded Lachlan of the '15 seem to have held Mr Leslie in high estimation. After the defeat of Culloden, Mr Leslie, as recorded by Sir Æneas Mackintosh, in the paper recently printed by The Mackintosh, tried to protect Lady Mackintosh from any rude treatment by the soldiers sent to apprehend her. After a long, faithful, and latterly highly successful ministry of fifty years, Mr Leslie died on the 28th October, 1766. It was the year after the church and manse were built. He was succeeded by Mr James Mackintosh, who had been schoolmaster of Cawdor, and acted as missionary in Strathdearn for upwards of two years before his settlement. He was ordained on the 14th July, 1767. Soon after his settlement twenty-three elders were ordained on one day in the church of Dalarossie. They were leading men in the parish, eminent for piety, brought to a saving knowledge of the truth under the ministry of his predecessor. Mackintosh's ministry proved a failure. The faithful

converts of Mr Leslie were sorely afflicted with the unedifying ministrations of one whom they believed to be guilty of immorality. For upwards of ten years, and at great expense, they sought redress from the higher courts of the Church. The case was repeatedly before the General Assembly (1782-4 and 1786-7). At length, in the words of Scott's *Pasti*, "he was deposed after a tedious process in which various sentences had been set aside, 28th May, 1787." The deposed minister was succeeded on the 5th August, 1788, by Mr William Macbean, a licentiate of the Presbytery of Elgin, and a native of that district. After an incumbency of four years, he was translated to Alves, where he died in 1818. His glebe at Moy was too small for him, and he offered for and obtained a small farm in its neighbourhood at Dalmigarry. The evicted tenant, smarting under the sense of a great wrong, was soon afterwards called up by the minister to repeat the tenth commandment at a diet of catechising. The man, in presence of a large gathering, said, with emphasis, "There is no such commandment." On being admonished for his ignorance, he forthwith broke out, "Yes, I know there was such a commandment, but you, our minister, tore it out of the decalogue when you took my land." The old Statistical Account of Moy was written by Macbean in 1792, before removing to Alves. There is not much about the religious condition of the people there recorded. He sets down the population at 1813, of whom 1600 were examinable, or above 7 years. He complains of the number of inns and ale-houses—there being 2 inns on the public road, and 12 small public houses. He regards them as nursing mothers for idleness, quarrelling, and many other vices, and with good reason hesitates to accept the view that the coldness of the climate renders the use of spirits more necessary than in milder situations. The houses were in construction as in ages before, with the hearth in the centre of the house. The tartan plaid and kilt were worn generally by the men, and "the women retain the Highland dress of that sex." He tells that "few of the inhabitants speak English," and that "they are remarkably attached to old customs and practices." The real rent was £1000, and the number of tenants 200. The wages of farm servants had risen during the preceding forty years from 10s or 12s in the half-year to £2 or £2 15s. The wages of domestic servants had risen from 6s or 7s to 15s or 20s sterling.

Macbean was succeeded by Mr Hugh Mackay, son of Angus Mackay, in Kinloch, Sutherlandshire. He was for some time schoolmaster of Tongue, and was thereafter ordained as

missionary at Halkirk. He was settled in Moy on 25th April, 1793, amid the universal joy of the people, who heard of the high esteem in which he was held in Sutherlandshire and Caithness for his eminent parts and piety. The name of Mr Hugh is mentioned to this day in Strathdearn with profound veneration. In his day many famous Sutherland worthies came to Strathdearn communions. He was the means of bringing into the parish annually for a round of diets of catechising, the famous William Mackay of Syre, Strathnaver. William was pre-eminent among the great catechists of his day, and his death in 1798, at the early age of 46, was greatly lamented over the whole north of Scotland. On a tombstone at the east end of the churchyard of Farr, there is mention made of his deep Christian experience, eminent parts, and extensive usefulness in the Church. On his death-bed, he recommended as his successor in the office of catechist the worthy Peter Stewart, and Strathdearn had every reason to honour him as a catechist of distinguished ability whose labours were greatly blessed. Dying in 1839, Peter Stewart recommended Joseph Mackay, some time ensign in the Royal Scots. He came annually from Reay, and lectured and catechised with much power and faithfulness until his death in 1848. Peter Stewart and Joseph Mackay are buried side by side in the Chapel Yard of Inverness. Mr Hugh Mackay died at Inverness, greatly lamented, on the 7th March, 1804, in the 43rd year of his age and the 11th of his blessed ministry in Strathdearn. The sorrowing congregation made some unsuccessful efforts to obtain the services of Mr James Mackintosh, a native of Avoch and licentiate of the Presbytery of Chanonry, who was ordained to the Church and parish of Kilarrow in Islay, in 1797. He had often preached in Moy with great acceptance, during the much-blessed ministry of Mr Mackay, but he now declined to leave Islay. After a vacancy of two years, Mr James Maclauchlan, of the Gaelic Church, Edinburgh (son of the highly esteemed and eminently pious Lachlan Maclauchlan, teacher, Abriachan, well known as a writer of spiritual songs), was presented to the benefice by Wm. Mackintosh, Esq. of Geddes. His admission took place on the 3rd September, 1806. On the 26th May, 1824, he was, along with Messrs Macphail of Daviot, Fraser, Kirkhill, and Clark, Inverness, rebuked at the bar of the General Assembly, for causing a strong protest to be read before the congregation at the settlement of Mr Colin Fraser at Kintarilty in the previous year. He died on 10th November, 1843. His younger son, Mr Thomas, was appointed assistant and successor on 19th April, 1838. He joined the Free Church in 1843, was a short

time F.C. minister at Dores, and in 1849 was called to the Free Gaelic Church in Edinburgh, where he died. Mr Hector Mackenzie was inducted to the parish church in 1844, where he laboured until his death in 1871. He was succeeded by Mr D. M. Simpson. In the Free Church there has been an evangelical succession of ministers in Messrs Cook, Baillie, Macfarlane, and Mackenzie. I do not think it expedient to touch on the controversy that produced the Disruption; and I reluctantly pass over the names of many eminent Christian men and women of ardent piety and prayerfulness, who in past generations were a blessing to the district.

This paper is simply a fragmentary sketch, and many matters of local interest have been omitted for brevity's sake. In olden times the Strath was called *Stairsneach nan Gaidheal* (or "Threshold of the Highlands.") Through it the Lochaber men and other raiders poured into "Moray, where all might take prey," and for this privilege of convenient passage a fair proportion of the plunder was paid to The Mackintosh. The mountains on either side of the Findhorn, now so bare, were then thickly covered with the pine trees, whose huge stumps crop up everywhere amid the heather, and whose roots are laid bare in the peat mosses. Sometimes vengeance overtook the cattle-lifters in a narrow defile near the source of the river as they feasted in fancied security on the spoil. Stories of clan feuds and conflicts are abundant in the parish. Many sadly interesting traditions linger in regard to times of severe famine, when numbers of the dead were found around the little meal-mills, and when boiled nettles and other herbs and roots were the food of the survivors. In times of less severity one hears of the cattle being taken from the hills and bled—the blood mixed with meal used sparingly to support life. As late as 1782 the crops of grain were overtaken in early harvest, as they were ripening, with frost and heavy snow, under which they lay buried until the following February. A number of the people of the Strath bled at Culloden when "the brunt of the battle fell on Clan Chattan." Boys who went to be spectators were cut down in the rout that followed the battle, and the parish for months was familiar with the objectionable English "redcoats." Round Loch Moy—its fort and prison islands—many traditions cluster, while the Braes are rich in legendary lore.

## THE ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The Twenty-first Annual Assembly was held in the Music Hall on the evening of 13th July. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The chair on this occasion was occupied by the Chief of the Society, Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond, who, along with a considerable number of other gentlemen present, wore the Highland dress. Supporting the Chairman on the platform were—Lochiel; Provost Ross; Captain Chisholm of Glassburn; Mr Grant of Glenmoriston; Colonel Alexander Macdonald, Portree; Major Grant, Drumbuie; Brigade-Major Fraser, Inverness; Mr Alexander Mackenzie, *Scottish Highlander*; Mr Fraser, Millburn; ex-Bailie Mackenzie; Mr Kenneth Macdonald, town-clerk; Mr Horrihan, Inland Revenue; Rev. John Macrury, Skye; Mr H. V. Maccallum, solicitor; Mr Colin Chisholm, Inverness; Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor; Mr E. H. Macmillan, Caledonian Bank; Mr P. Burgess, Glen-Urquhart; Rev. Father Bisset, Nairn; Rev. Father Macqueen, Inverness; Rev. Father Chisholm, Strathnairn; Brigade-Surgeon Grant, Inverness; Rev. Mr Sinton, Dores; Mr L. Ross, Portree; and Mr D. Mackintosh, secretary of the Society.

Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, who was very cordially received, said—I have to thank the members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness for the unprecedented honour of having elected me now for the third time as Chief. Circumstances have prevented my attendance at its meetings, except on few occasions, but I have been a steady contributor to the Transactions, and hope to continue as one of your staff. The Society has now completed its majority, and no time therefore could be more suitable for taking stock, as it were, of our position, and glancing at what has been done, at what is now doing, and at our prospects for the future. I do not imagine that the few gentlemen, who met and formed the Society, anticipated for it so successful a career. True, the renaissance of Gaelic had to some extent begun, but the builders-up were generally to be found in the great cities of the South or abroad, and this our Highland Capital had long been permeated by an alien and anti-Celtic attitude—not always openly hostile, but generally, and in divers occult ways, in effect, more destructive than open antagonism. Every one of the thirty-five, who met on the 4th September, 1871, did their part well, and all their names are worthy of commemoration, but I can only refer, from

recollection, amongst those living, to Mr John Murdoch, Mr William Mackay, Mr Alexander Mackenzie, Mr James Barron, Mr William Mackenzie, Mr Duncan Mackintosh, Mr John Noble, Mr Charles Mackay, and Mr John Macdonald, who helped in bearing the brunt of successful inauguration and maintenance. Nor, as early and hearty supporters of the Society, should such names as those of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Rev. Dr Stewart, and Professor Blackie be forgotten. The goodly volumes which the Society has issued, with the modest prefaces, evidence the value of the work, and declare with no uncertain sound the vitality and force of Celtic literature. Contributions such as those of Mr Alexander Carmichael, the Rev. John Macrury, Mr William Mackenzie, and others, on Hebridean subjects, open to us, as it were, another world, but still one with which we are inseparably connected. We have to deplore the loss during our career of many distinguished friends, allies and workers, and amongst the latest I would specially refer to my valued friend, the late Sheriff Nicolson. Our acquaintance ran over thirty years, and first began when, as an enthusiastic volunteer, he used to attend the Highland Rifle Association meetings. What a depth of love was his for the Highlands and Islands, and in special for his native Skye! None appreciated his value and worth more than his remaining colleagues on the Napier Commission, and his social qualities on that occasion, when he used, for instance, to sing his great song, and we used to join him in the chorus, "Horo, stand together, agus O Mhorag," is one of those pleasant reminiscences which will never be forgotten, and help to counteract the numerous worries and annoyances which unhappily attend man through life. A memorial of the Sheriff I have lately read is totally unworthy the subject. In the preface the editor, who has since publicly stated that he sees visions, and is a dreamer of dreams, gives as a satisfactory reason why, in his opinion, the Sheriff did not attain a higher position, that he was a Celt, and, mark the words, "somehow the poor Celt is not a success in this life." As a Highlander, I hope I am as amenable to criticism, as conscious of faults and shortcomings as an Eastern or Lowland Scot. We cannot all rise to the transcendant heights of this visionary, and he ought to recollect that the business of the world is carried on and transacted by average men and women. But is it true that the Highlander in especial fails? I say no; and the slightest investigation will establish that in our day, before our day, and we have every ground for hoping that in time coming the

average Highlander fulfils his part in all branches and in every position not a whit behind his fellows. Who has lately gone down to an honoured grave—" *Sans peur sans reproche* "—but a Highlander, cradled and nurtured in honourable poverty, by his own unaided powers, attaining wealth, honour, and respect? Sir William Mackinnon was a typical Highlander—r Celt pure and simple. Let me give another illustration. Dr George Macdonald undoubtedly stands high in the literary world, and I know that his adopted home in one of the ancient cities of Ligurian Italy is the centre of Christian, philanthropic, and rescue work. He told me himself, within the last few months in welcoming me as a brother Mac, that he was proud of his Highland descent, and, though born in Huntly, cherished all the Highland traditions and sentiments which he inherited from his father, a native of Ross, and his mother, a sister of the eminent Rev. Dr Mackintosh Mackay of Dunoon. I might come nearer, and refer to Highlanders pure and unmixed in this hall, who have made their mark, and can afford to smile at the unjust charge so flippantly asserted. To-morrow we shall have unveiled in Inverness, an enduring memorial of the noble and gallant 79th Highlanders, of whom the mere name is high honour. But I really must no longer dwell upon this unhappy dreamer, and turn to what we are doing. Now, to become a member of the Society, to be asked to contribute to its Transactions, is considered no mean honour. Of late years there are burning questions connected with the Highlands, chiefly in connection with the occupation of the soil, which naturally give rise to discussion and division. Fortunately for our Society it is non-political, and, from its inception, has welcomed all as brethren, and understands not that unhappy jargon, the pretended distinction 'twixt classes and masses. Inverness has for the last sixty years been fortunate in having in its midst an ameliorating element of literary culture. We have in our three newspaper editors, men from the east, west, and south, of great ability, as has been shown in their works. Though of diverse temperament and thought, they are all enthusiastically with the Society and its aims. I see new hands, new magazines coming to the front, all, young and old, imbued with the same spirit, the same determination to illustrate and maintain all that is best and dearest to us in the Gaelic, and Mr Noble can testify to the great and increasing demand for old Gaelic books. There is one subject I should like to say a few words about, and that is the cultivation of Highland music and song. This is a subject in which I have always taken a deep interest, and I shall not rest satisfied until it is restored



in every family as of yore. I refer to music in the family ; for piping is, indeed, well to the front, when it was possible for 80 pipers to march past the Inspecting Officer of Northern Volunteers the other day. I consider those who denounce either vocal or instrumental Highland music, are doing great harm. I have always felt, and I fancy this feeling is entertained by lovers of Highland music, an interest and respect for the worthy minister of Kilmore, Mr Patrick Macdonald, who issued the first collection of Highland music. He was the son of the minister of Durness, but I did not know until the other day that he was connected with Inverness. Some extracts from a letter which I lately discovered, dated "Kilmore in Lorne, 7th September, 1772," may therefore prove of interest. It is addressed to the then Mrs Baillie of Dunean, who had recently become a widow. You are no doubt aware that Mr Macdonald married Barbara, a Roman Catholic, one of the daughters of the gallant Alexander Macdonell of Keppoch, who fell at Culloden. It is rather invidiously recorded of the lady, whom, by the way, General Wolfe notes as having danced with at Inverness, that she did not attend public worship or family prayer. From the letter it would appear that Mr Macdonald was at Dunean. He writes—"Dear madam,—That the favour and friendship of a worthy family should never be forgot, has always been the maxim with me. The many happy days I enjoyed while I was with you at Dunean, and the agreeable intercourse which subsisted betwixt your respectable family and my concerns during that time, I maintain a warm and lively sense of." Again, "I am happy to hear that both your sons are in such a flourishing way in the East Indies, and in particular to have such credit by my pupil, your eldest son, promoted, I understand, to the rank of Colonel, and your second son a Captain. These, madam, are great comforts allotted you by Divine Providence in the room of him you have been deprived of, and I doubt not but you have a becoming sense of the favourable dispensation. I am glad also to have accounts of the welfare of your daughters and their families. My wife, their acquaintance, joins me in offer of respectful compliments to you and them. Since I had the pleasure to see you, I have got a throng young family, who are well at present, I thank God ; and both my sisters whom you saw are in a good way—the one married to a merchant at Dundee, and the other, in company with a Perthshire young lady, keeps the best boarding school in Glasgow." As one means of encouraging Highland music I, with some diffidence, will now

make a suggestion. You hear a great deal now-a-days of competitive examinations, without which no situation almost, however humble, is attainable ; and my suggestion is that every mother in the north, when selecting a nurse-maid, besides good health and character, shall require her to pass creditably and, if possible, with honours in the singing of such Gaelic airs as "Hi ra ri hu rail O" and "Cadail gu lo." You will agree with me that while the examination would be by no means difficult, its effect upon the rising generation would be very considerable and beneficial. Again, at concerts, the selection is too often limited to a few old favourites and some modern airs of no interest. For instance, why do we never hear that fine and easily sung air,

"Tha tigh'nn fodham, fodham, fodham,  
Tha tigh'nn fodham eirigh."

while you will hear, say, "The Standard on the Braes of Mar," of which the words are a perfect marvel of historic inaccuracy. As I am in a critical mood, let me be allowed to protest against the vulgarising of many of our beautiful and plaintive airs, such as "Gum a slan a chi mi," into quadrille and quadrille time, as also readapting and altering the text of others, such as that grand pibroch, "The Mackintosh Lament" (composed by Macintyre of Badenoch, formerly of Rannoch, in joint commemoration of Farquhar vic Donchie, 12th of Mackintosh, who died in 1514, and Macintyre's patron, William vic Lachlan, 13th of Mackintosh, who was murdered at Inverness, in the month of May, 1515), into a lament for one Hugh Mackintosh, said to be thrown from his horse and killed. Finally, as to the future, upon this we have no misgivings, and I have no doubt that when the Society comes to celebrate its jubilee, at which I trust many who are present will live to take part, your Society will be able to show even greater results than in our past. Firmly established in this, the Capital of the Highlands, the Society will maintain its honourable and prosperous course; glad to see the exertions of friends and brethren in the south, and looking across the ocean to that great dominion within whose boundless area so many of our people have found homes, still more glad in beholding the Highland spirit and traditions there so deeply cherished. Of such men as Mr Maclean Sinclair, of Nova Scotia; his late neighbour, Dr Blair; and Professor Maclean, of Cincinnati, we are all proud. I have read no book for some time with greater pleasure than the

accomplished Macdonell of Greenfield's "Sketches of Glengarry in Canada," published this year in Montreal, and his description of the gallant and good deeds of the Aberchalders, Greenfields, Leeks, Scotos, Drynachans, Arinatics, and others of the true Glengarry stock, who, for a century and a half in the new world, have upheld their ancient reputation, and do now with undiminished force maintain it in Diplomacy, at the Bar, in the Senate, and in the Field. In conclusion, let me impress the usefulness, if not the necessity, of studying the rich Irish Celtic literature of the past, into whose heights and depths Sir H. C. Macandrew, Mr Alexander Macbain, and others have so penetrated as to leave simple men like myself in mute, if not astonished admiration. Let us tender warm sympathy and encouragement to the exertions of the learned, and alas few Irish Celts, who now so worthily uphold their ancient language and learning. Uniting with them in brotherhood, we say—

"Shoulder to shoulder, united Gael,  
From Scotland's hills, and Innisfail,  
Shall still uphold their ancient speech  
Whate'er the jealous fox may teach."

Rev. Mr Macrury, Snizort, delivered the usual Gaelic address, speaking as follows :—Fhir na Cathrach, a mhnathan uaisle agus a dhaoinne uaisle gu leir,—Cha robh mise riamh aig a leithid so de chuideachd, agus mar a tha e furasda gu leor dhuibh a thuigsinn, tha mi 'g am fhaireachadh fhein mar nach d'fhairich mi mi-fhein riamh roimhe. A nis, o 'n a tha agam ris na nithean a th' air m' inntinn aig an am so innseadh dhuibh gu saor, soilleir, feumaidh mi staid m' fhaireachduinnean innseadh dhuibh anns a' cheud dol a mach. Tha mi 'g am fhaireachadh fhein ann an tomhas coltach ri mar a bha 'n t-Eirionnach 'ga fhaireachadh fhein an uair a fhuair a bhean aige bas. "Cia mar a tha thu 'g a d' fhaireachadh fhein an diugh, a Sheaghain," arsa Brian? "Chuala mi gu 'n d' fhair a bhean agad bas." "Tha mi 'g am fhaireachadh fhein," arsa Seaghan 's e' fregairt, "mar nach d' fhairich mi mi-fhein riamh roimhe—tha mi araon gle thoilichte agus gle mhi-thoilichte : Tha mi gle thoilichte a chionn gu'n d' fhuair a' bhean bas ; ach tha mi gle mhi-thoilichte a chionn nach d' fhuair i bas o chionn fada." Tha mise gle thoilichte a chionn gu bheil mi ann an so air an fheasgair so, agus tha mi duilich nach do thachair dhomh a bhith aig coinneamh dhe 'n t-seorsa so riamh roimhe. Ach feumaidh mi aideachadh gur ann agam fhein a bha 'choire.

Fhuair mi cuireadh uair is uair gu tighinn do 'n bhaile so aig am a' cho-chruinneachaidh bhliadhnail; ach bha draghannan an t-saoghail agus nithean eile 'gam chumail air m' ais. Tha mi gabhail a' chrothrom so, ma ta, air moran taing a thoirt do 'n Chomunn-riaghlaidh agus do 'n Runchleireach air son na h-ard-urram a chur iad orm ann an bhith 'g earbsadh rium labhairt ris a' cho-chruinneachadh mhor, mhaiseach so ann an seana chanain nan Gaidheal. An uair a dh'aontaich mi tighinn, thuirt mi ris an Runchleireach, nan tugadh an Comunn-riaghlaidh bonn labhairt dhomh, gu feuchainn ri labhairt air a' bhonn sin; ach dh' fhag iad mi gu saorsa mo thoile fhein, agus tha eagal orm gu 'm bi aithreachas orra. Ach faodaidh mi radh le firinn gu feuch mi ri labhairt air dhoigh nach toir oilbheum do neach sam bith aig am bheil speis do chanain aosda nan Gaidheal. Faodaidh e bhith gu 'm bi ar cairdean aig nach 'eil a' Ghailig a' gabhail beagan fadachd mu 'n cuir mi crìoch air na bheil a mhiann orm a radh; ach an uair ainneamh a theid oraid Ghailig a liubhairt do 'n Chomunn Ghailig ann an Ceanna-bhaile na Gaidhealtachd, cha bu mhisde a' chuis ged a bhiodh foighidinn air a chleachdadh eadhon ri oraid a bhiodh ropach, riamalach, mar a tha eagal orm a bhios an oraid a tha mi nis a' labhairt. Is ann mu 'n Chomunn so, ma ta, a tha 'mhiann orm labhairt, agus their mi (1) beagan mu 'n obair mhath a rinn an Comunn ma tha, agus (2) mu 'n obair a dh' fhaodas an Comunn a dheanamh 'na dheigh so. Tha 'n Comunn a nis air tighinn gu aois—tha e bhliadhna ar fhichead a dh' aois. An uair a thig na mic a 's sine aig uachdarain agus aig daoine a tha ann an ard-inbhe agus an ard-urram anns an t-saoghal gu aon bliadhna ar fhichead, bidh greadhnachas agus fleadhachas gu leoir air a dheanamh mu 'n timchioll. Bheirear iomradh air mar a bha iad 'g an glussad fhein o am an leanabais gu an tig iad gu aois lan dhaoine. Ma bha 'n caitheamh beatha o'n oige maiseach, bidh a h-uile duil gu lean iad air a bhith mar sin, agus a' sior dhol ni 's fherr, gu latha deireanach an saoghail. A nis, ged nach eil mise mor-eolach air eachdraidh a' Chomuinn anns gach ni o thoiseach gu deireadh, tha e soillier dhomh gu robh, agus gu bheil, soirbheachadh mor aig a' Chomunn. Tha seachd deug de leabhraichean maiseach, loma-lan fiosrachaidh agus foghlum air an cur a mach leis a Chomunn, agus mu 'n tig bliadhna eile bidh fear no dha eile ris an aireamh. Bha lamh aig iomadh neach anns an obair mhath so; mur bitheadh, cha gabhadh i deanamh idir. Tha so a' teagasg dhuinn ma bhios clanna nan Gaidheal ri guailleann a cheile mar bu choir dhaibh a bhith, gu 'n teid aca air moran math a dheanamh. Tha e nis

wàillir d'inninn gur e ann peann a's cumhachdaiche na 'n claidheamh,  
 agus o 'n a ghabh aireamh mor dìne na Gàidheil tlachd ann a  
 bhith 'g cohair leis a' pheann, agus o 'n a dhearbth iad gu 'm b'  
 aithne dhaibh feum a dheanamh leis. Cha 'n eil teagamh nach  
 fheadh an eucbdan leis a' pheann, a bhith cheart cho ainmeil 's a  
 bha 'n eucbdan leis 'a chaidheamh. Tha barrachd mor de thoradh  
 ri fhaicinn an deigh cochair a' Chomunn o chionn bliadhna ar  
 fàichead na na seachd leabhraichean an deug air an d' thug mi  
 iomradh. Anns an am 's an deach an Comunn a chur air a chois  
 tha aireamh mor de na Goldheil air an robh naire aideachadh,  
 gu robh Gailig aca. Bha mar an ceudna aireamh mhòr anns an  
 duthaich a bha meas gu 'm bu pheacadh mor do neach sam bith  
 oran no sgeulachd a bhith air chuimhne aige. Ach an uair a  
 chuireadh an Comunn so air a chois 's a thoisich daoine uaisle ri  
 sgrìobhaidhean Gailig agus Beurla a chur a dh' ionnsuidh a  
 Chomunn, thoisich daoine eile air an robh naire air son gu robh  
 Gailig aca, ri 'toirt fa near gu robh daoine turail, tuigseach gu leor  
 anns an duthaich aig an robh meas air a Ghailig. Thug iad sin fa  
 near gu robh moran dhe na Goill agus dhe na Gearmealtich ni b'  
 colaiche air a' Ghailig na bha iad fhein. Tha cuid de dhaoine ann  
 nach 'eil idir a' toirt fa near gu faodar moran gliocais fhoghlum o  
 bheachdan faoine agus amaideach an t-sluaigh a bha ann o shean.  
 Tha iad so ag radh nach 'eil e a chum feuma sam bith dhuinn a  
 bhith 'cumail nan sgeulachdan 's nan giosragan 's nam beachdan  
 's nan oran a bh' aig ar sinnsear air chuimhne. Ach tha moran  
 gliocais air fhilleadh a steach anns gach ni a tha air chuimhne  
 againn mu dhoighean agus mu chleachdaidhean nan Gàidheal.  
 Nam biodh uine gu leor agam gu iomradh a thoirt air, rachadh  
 agam air so a dheanamh soilleir gu leor do gach ann a thuigeas a'  
 Ghailig. Ach goirid 's mar a tha 'n uine bheir mi iomradh air ni  
 no dha a chuireas solus air a' phuinc so. Anns an am a dh'  
 fhalbh bha moran a' creidsinn nam biodh neach a' dol air cheann  
 gnothaich 's gum fagadh e ni sam bith an dichuimhn, 's gum  
 tilleadh e air ais ga iarraidh, nach fhaigheadh e a ghnòthaich a  
 dheanamh an latha sin. Bha moran a' toirt lan-chreideas do'n  
 bheachd so, ach bha cuid eile dhe 'n t-sluaigh nach robh a' toirt  
 geill sam bith dha. Ach ciod e an teagasg a tha air fhilleadh a  
 steach ann? Tha so, gu'm bu choir do gach aon a bhiodh a' dol  
 air thurus no air cheann gnothaich an aire thabhairt nach fhadh  
 e ni sam bith an dichuimhn an am dha bhith falbh. A rithist,  
 bha moran air an teagasg a bhith 'creidsinn, nan sealladh, iad nan  
 deigh an am dhaibh a bhith 'siubhal troimh 'n duthaich air an

oidhche, gu faicheadh iad slungb an da shaoghail ag imeachd as an deigh. Anns an am ud cha robh rathaidean mora troimh 'n duthaich mar a th'ann a nis, agus nam biodh daoine oga, amaid-each ag amharc 'nan deigh an am dhaibh a bhith falbh na h-oidhche bhiodh iad ann an cunnart tuiteam agus iad fhein a ghoirteachadh. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh sam bith nach ann a chum daoine oga 'theagasg a chaidh na beachdan so agus moran bheachdan eile dhe 'n cheart sheorsa a chur an ire dhaibh o thoiseach. Bha agus tha an doigh teagaisg so cumanta ann am measg gach sluagh. Ach ma rinn Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis moran math roimhe so faodaidh e moran tuilleadh math a dheanamh 'na dheigh so. Tha na finneachan Gaidhealach a' togail an cinn as ur anns na bliadhnachan so. The gach finne 'nam buill de'n Chomunn, agus theid aca so air an co-luchdcinnidh a bhrosnachadh gu eud agus gu deadh oibre ann a bhith 'nochdad gu bheil meas aca air canain aosda nan Gaidheal. Bu choir gu 'm biodh a' Ghailig air a leughadh agus air a labhairt leis gach neach do 'n aithne i. Cha 'n ann mar so a tha chuis idir. Tha moran aig am bheil a' Ghailig a' cur cul rithe do bhrigh gu bheil iad a 'toirt orra fhein a chreidsinn gu 'm biodh moran soirbheachaidh aca nach 'eil aca nan do dhichuimhnich iad a h-uile facal Gailig a chuala iad riamh. Bu choir dhaibh so a thoirt fa near gu bheil na Gaidheil aig am bheil lan an cinn de 'n Ghailig a' faotainn air an aghaidh anns an t-saoghal a cheart cho math ri daoine eile, agus moran ni 's fhearr. Cha dean a' Ghailig bochd sinn, agus cha mho a ni a' Bheurla beairteach sinn mur 'eil a' ghne cheart annainn fhein. Am measg nan nithean anns am bu choir do 'n Chomunn Ghailig, a reir mo bharrail-sa, lamh a chur gun dail sam bith, tha aon ni sonraichte, agus is e sin, gach oidhirp laghail a thabhairt a chum 'toirt air a' chleir, a tha 'leughadh agus a' searmonachadh na Gailig anns an duthaich, a' Ghailig air a' chuid a's lugha a leughadh gun mhearachd, agus feuchainn ri bhith smaoiniachadh ann an Gailig an uair a bhios iad a' labhairt ris an t-sluagh ann an Gailig. Ged a tha car de naire orm iomradh a thoirt air, feumaidh mi radh gu bheil aireamh mhòr dhe 'n chleir nach 'eil a' gabhail suim sam bith de so. Theid iad do 'n chubaid air latha na Sabaid gun a' chaibidil a leughadh idir, agus an uair a bhios iad a' labhairt is gann a thuigeas cuid dhe'n t-sluagh ciod a bhias iad a ciallachadh. So agaibh, ma ta, cuid dhe na briathran a labhair ministear aig an robh droch Ghailig. Tha e 'furasda gu leor dhuinn a thuigsinn nach b' urrainn gu'm biodh sluagh sam bith toilichte le Gailig

dhe'n t-seorsa sin. Bha cinn an t-searmoin sgriobhte aige ann am Beurla, agus bha e 'gan eadar-theangachadh mar a bha e 'dol air 'aghaidh: "Mo chairdean, anns a' cheud aite, tha so a' tachairt *gu dìreach*, agus, mo chairdean, tha e' tachairt anns an dara aite, *gu mi-dìreach*." Tha dearbhadh againn gu bheil briathran a cheart cho beag seadh riutha so air an labhairt gach Sabaid ann an aite 's an aite air feadh na Gaidhealtachd. Cha bu choir do'n chuis a bith mar so idir. Bu choir gu'm biodh gach ministear og air a chur fo dheuchainn a chum gu faighteadh mach co dhiubh b' aithne no nach b' aithne dha a' Ghailig a leughadh, agus a labhairt gu cothromach agus gu ceart. Nan cuireadh an Comunn Gailig agus na Fìneachan Gaidhealach a tha nis a' togail an cinn, an casan a dh' aon taobh, rachadh aca air na nithean so a chur air bhonn ceart ann an uine ghoirid. Tha dochas agam gu feuch iad ri so a dheanamh, agus gu'n soirbhich leotha. Buaidh is piseach leis a' Chomunn an latha 'chi 's nach fhaic.

The musical programme was entirely of a Highland or of a distinctively Scottish character. Probably the favourite of the evening was Mrs Munro, Strathpeffer, who sang "Cam' ye by Athol," "Annie Laurie," and "Willie's gane to Melville Castle" with all her well known charm of voice and manner. Miss Kate Fraser was also extremely successful in her rendering of "The Maclean's Gathering" and "Mackintosh's Lament." Miss M. B. Mackenzie earned very cordial approval by her tasteful style of singing "My Brave Highland Boy," and especially "Farewell to Fiunary"; and Mr D. Miller was heartily applauded for his particularly sweet rendering of "Mary of Argyle" and "The Macgregors' Gathering." Mr Alexander Campbell contributed two Gaelic selections, "An Gleann 'san robh mi og" (The Glen of my Boyhood) and "Maigdean Muile" (Maiden of Mull). As on former occasions, Miss Macarthur, Ettridge, charmed the audience by the breadth and power of her interpretations of Scottish Highland airs on the piano, this class of music being obviously a favourite with the brilliant executant of this evening. Mrs Mackenzie of Ord and Mr Davis, as pianist and violinist, respectively played with their usual success. Miss Cosy Fraser presided at the piano. The pipe music was supplied by Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, piper to the Society, who played the company on to the platform, and, along with Brigade-Major R. Fraser, rendered a stirring selection as the audience were dispersing.

*4th OCTOBER, 1893.*

On this date a special meeting of the Society was held, when the following gentlemen were elected members, viz. :—Life member, Mr L. Maclean, Castle Packets, Cape Town, Africa; honorary member, Mr C. D. Stewart of Brin; ordinary members, Mr James T. Shaw, Gordonbush, Brora; Mr John Macleod, Public School, Drumsmittal; Mr John M. Campbell, solicitor, Oban; Mr Donald Urquhart, Public School, Staffin; Mr Peter Maclean, merchant, Dunvegan; Mr Donald Logan, Public School, Broadford; Mr John Dewar, M.B., C.M., Portree; Rev. James Macdonald, Free Church Manse, Dornoch; Mr Cameron Swan, Broomley, Kent,

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*8th NOVEMBER, 1893.*

At the meeting held on this date the following were elected members, viz. :—Life Members—The Right Hon. Lord Lovat, Beaufort Castle, and Miss Amy Frances Yule, Tarradale House, Muir of Ord. Ordinary Members—Mr Lawrence J. Skene, solicitor, Portree; Rev. Allan Cameron, Free East Church, Inverness; Mr Francis Duncan Mackay, Bank of British Columbia, London; and Dr Forsyth, Abernethy. Thereafter the Rev. Thos. Sinton read a paper on “Stray Verses of Gaelic Poetry,” with notes. Mr Sinton’s paper was as follows :—

#### STRAY VERSES OF GAELIC POETRY.

What a multitude of these stray verses have come down to us! What a multitude of such have been irrecoverably lost during the last fifty years! Many had been collected by antiquarians of the Monkbarne’s type; but, owing to the want of an institution, like the Gaelic Society of Inverness, they are no more available than those which were never jotted into a note-book. These, too, are mostly lost. Among those that survive, I believe that the historian and novelist of the future, no less than the archæologist and folk-lore scholar, will find matters of interest, very real and vivid glimpses of men and manners passed away. As regards the loss to which I have referred above, I speak with personal feeling, inas-



much as I took down hundreds of verses in my boyhood, which, in the course of subsequent fittings, have completely vanished. Under the kindly and persistent compulsion of our learned friend, Mr Macbain of the Raining's School, I was able, however, to lay hands upon a considerable number, which have appeared in the pages of the *Celtic Magazine* and *Highland Monthly*, and which, with your permission, I would be glad to edit for the Society upon a future occasion. This evening I purpose giving a selection of poems, great and small, which, with one exception, so far as I can observe, have never been published. And now, without further preface, I shall proceed to display my wares.

John Stewart, known as *Iain Mòr Choinneachain*, was the third son of Patrick Stewart of Ballechin, by his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Alexander Lindsay of Evelick. I have often heard the traditionary account of the way in which he obtained possession of Kynachan. Old Kynachan, when in very advanced years, used to have his chair brought out to the green, in front of his house, and placed under a certain tree, where he liked to repose for the greater part of the day. Young John of Ballechin often visited at Kynachan, and obtained great favour in the sight of his aged kinsman, by the solicitude with which, from time to time, he shifted the laird's chair, so as to keep him constantly under the shade of the aforesaid tree. Ian Mòr Choinneachain was a redoubted Jacobite. In 1715 he was associated with Brigadier Mackintosh in the defence of Leith Citadel; and, in this connection, I may quote a passage from Rae's History of the Rebellion:— "His Grace (Argyle) having summoned the rebels to lay down their arms, and surrender, upon pain of high treason, declaring withal, that if they obliged him to bring cannon to force them, and they killed any of his men in resisting, he would give them no quarter. He received a resolute answer from a Highland Laird, called Kinackin, who told the Duke that, as to surrendering, they laughed at it; and, as to bringing cannon and assaulting them, they were ready for him; that they would neither take nor give any quarter with him; and if he thought he was able to force them, he might try his hand." The Duke, who was only 200 paces off during this colloquy, having taken counsel among his officers, thought it best to retire. Iain married Janet May, a relative of Smythe of Methven, by whom he had, along with several other children, a daughter, Clemintina, who married Stewart of Portnellen, and a son, David, afterwards of Kynachan. David made a romantic marriage with "Bonnie

Jeannie Mercer," who belonged to an old Perth family. In 1745 he joined the Prince's army, and, as an ardent and intrepid Jacobite, makes some figure in song and legend. He had a large connection among well-known families of similar political sentiments with his own. Stewart of Ballechin, Stewart of Ardsheal, Stewart of Ballachulish, Stewart of Bonskeid, Menzies of Woodend, Mercer of Aldie, Macdonald of Glencoe, Cameron of Callart, Rattray of Tullichuran, and others, were among his near relatives. Being severely wounded at Culloden, he, along with Menzies of Woodend and a score of others, took refuge in a barn which was burned to the ground by the English soldiery, and so he died. He left a young family, consisting of a son, John, who did not survive his minority, and two daughters. Jessie, the elder of these, married Robert Stewart of Garth, and was mother of General David Stewart of Garth. Euphemia, the younger, fell in love with Mungo Reid, whose father, Hugh, tenant of Balnarn, was also killed at Culloden. Her friends frowned upon the match, but the two lovers were not to be thwarted in the fulfilment of their wishes. They eloped to Edinburgh and were married there. In celebration of the event these words were set to a merry air, and are still sung, often by people who know nothing of the circumstances which occasioned them :—

Soraidh leat, a Mhunga Roid !  
 A Mhunga Roid ! a Mhunga Roid !  
 Soraidh leat, a Mhunga Roid !  
 Null gu Dùn-Eidinn.

Cha 'n e do bheatha Coinneachan,  
 Cha 'n e do bheatha Coinneachan,  
 Cha 'n e do bheatha Coinneachan,  
 Bho 'n ghoid thu leat a' bhaintighearn.

Mungo Reid and his wife settled in the farm of Pitkerril, along with which they had one or two other small holdings. Of their eight children six died in youth. Two boys and a girl succumbed to fever at the shealings on Shiechallion, whether they had gone with their mother. An elegy composed upon this sorrowful visitation possess a particular interest from the fact that a translation of it was given by Mrs Grant of Laggan—*non ignara mali*—in her "Letters from the Mountains." Some of the verses are very beautiful, and they are throughout expressive of a mother's grief :—

'S i so 'n aimsir a leòn mi,  
 'S a dh' fhad dubhach ri 'm bheò mi,  
 Dh' fhalbh m' aighear 's mo shòlas,  
 Theich mo ghrian 's thàinig ceò orm,  
 Thuit mi 'n oidhche dhuibh bhronaich g' am chlaoidh.

Thàinig osag neo-chaoimhneil,  
 Thug i dhìom mo mheòir ghaolach,  
 Dh' fhad i lom mi air aonach,  
 'S tric mo dheòir bhuam a' taomadh,  
 Bho 'n tha m' annsachd 's a' c'haol-tigh gun chli.

O ! eucail gun chaoimhneas,  
 'S ole a bhui thu ri 'm chloinn-sa,  
 Gun aon lèigh ri fhaotuinne,  
 Na gun lus anns an aonach,  
 Dheanadh furtachd na feum dhaibh 's an tim.

C' àit am faic mi bhuur aogas,  
 Fiurain bhoidheach, ghlan, ghaolach,  
 Dh' fhàs flathail deadh-bheusach,  
 Làn tuigse agus ceille,  
 'S truagh an latha 'g 'ur treigsinn cho òg.

'S tric bhuur lomhaigh ag ciuntinn,  
 Air sùil mo throm-inntinn,  
 Auns an oidhch' bidh mi cluinntinn,  
 Guth bhuur beòil tighinn 'g am iónnsaidh,  
 Ach cha toir sibh dhomh cainnt 's mi fo bhron.

'S tric m' osnaich ag éirigh,  
 Mar ri deàrsadh na gréine,  
 Is ann an sileadh na h-oidhche,  
 'S tric mo dheòir bhuam a' taomadh,  
 'S beag mo chadal, dh' fhalbh m' aogas is m' fheòil.

Cò chì mi ag caoineadh,  
 'S their gum beil sud gun aobhar,  
 Dh' fhalbh mo dhà mhacan ghaolach,  
 Dh' fhalbh mo nighean bu chaoine,  
 Och nan och ! gur mòr aobhar mo bhròin.

Cò a ghleusas an fhiodhall,  
O na chaidil thu Iain,  
Am bi i tosdach gun uidheam,  
No 'n dùisgear ceòl le 'm buidheann,  
'S a chaidh nach mothaich i buille do mheòir.

Ciod e 'n stà dhomh bhi 'g innseadh,  
Liuthad buaidh bha ribh sinnte,  
'S nach dean sibh chaidh pilltinn,  
A thoirt solais do 'm inntinn,  
Ged a tha mi gu tinn le trom-bhròn.

Pillidh 'ghrian anns na speuran,  
Fàsaidh duilleach air gheugaibh,  
Dùisgidh feur air na sleibhtean,  
Ach cha dùisgear mo chloinn-sa,  
'S trom an cadal tha daonnan 'n an còir.

Am fear a shiùbhlas do chèin-tir,  
Bithidh dùil aig a chaomhaich,  
Gu-n till e 'n deigh saothair,  
Ach na shuibhlas do 'n chaol-tigh,  
Cha till iad a chaidh anns an fheoil.

An t-uisg a thuiteas air sleibhtean,  
Dh' ionnsuidh 'chuain théid na steudaibh,  
Ri latha grein' ni e éirigh,  
Togaidh neoil e 's na speuran,  
Ach cha togar a chreubhag gun deò.

Ged a ghuilinn gach bliadhna,  
Ag osnaich gach ial diubh,  
Cha'n fhaigh mi 'chaidh m'iarrrtas,  
Chaidh 'n glasedh gu h-iosal,  
Ann an ionad na dì-chuimhn fo'n fhòid.

C'aite nis bheil 'ur duchaidh,  
A thriur chloinne bu mhaisich ?  
'N do chum am bàs sibh fo ghlasaibh,  
No 'n d'fhag sibh 'sheòmraichean glasa,  
Anns na chuir e sibh 'chadal ro og.

Tamh cha d'rinn sibh 'na thalla,  
 Bha sibh uile gun smalan,  
 Chaidh bhur giulan do'n chala,  
 'S nach 'eil curam, no gearan,  
 Theich an oidhebe 's thàin an sòlas d' ur coir.

Bheir sud sòlas do 'm inntinn,  
 Ged robh mi brònach air timibh,  
 Cha bhi mo shùilean a' siorshruth',  
 Stadaidh m' osnaich a' direadh,  
 Thig ial ann latha na dìle is mò.

Cha mhair sneachda a' gheamhraidh,  
 Na sheasamh daonnan 's na gleanntaibh,  
 Cuiridh 'ghrian e 'na dheann-ruith,  
 Eiridh luibhean an t-samhraidh,  
 'S theid trusgan ùr air gach crann a chaidh leòn.

Cha bhi neòil dhubha, dhuaichnidh,  
 Tighinn an còmhnaidh mu'n cuairt duinn,  
 Eiridh 'ghrian 's theid am fuadach,  
 Is gheibh sinn sòlas bhitheas buan duinn,  
 'S gach aobhar tuiridh is truaigh' theid air chùl.

Mo mhìle beannachd do 'm ghaolaich,  
 'S òg a dh'fhàg iad an saoghal,  
 Ach 's geàrr gu 'm faic mi an caoin-chruth,  
 Mar dheàrsadh grèine nach caochail,  
 Far nach dealaich an t-Eug sinn ni 's mò.

Before passing from the Coinneachan family, it may be mentioned that an ode composed in honour of General David Stewart will be found in the excellent contribution by Mr Paul Cameron to vol. xvii. of the Gaelic Society's Transactions; and in the same collection a song by David Campbell, who was a grandson of the aforesaid Mungo Reid and Phemie Stewart.

I may also be allowed to give here an elegy by the present writer upon the death of the late Dr Irvine, nephew to General Stewart. It appeared as follows in the *Northern Chronicle* :—

CUMFA DO'N LIGHICHE URRAMACH UILLEAM STIUBHART IRBHINN,  
A chaochail am Baile-Chloichridh air an t-seachdain a dh' fhalbh.

Tha na beanntan fo phramh—  
Ceo an Fhoghair a' snamh mu'n speur,  
So an aimsir tha dearbh'  
Gun tig crionadh air blath an t-sleibh.  
Ach ni eil' tha cho fìor—  
Is leir fhaicim gur cinnt' an sgeul—  
Gur e dualchas na feol'  
Bhi air seargadh 'na ghloir mar fheur.

An do thriall thu, fhir mhoir ?  
Dh' fhagadh Atholl fo bhron mu'd dheigh ;  
'S ann bha d'fhuireach o thus,  
'Sì bu ionmhuinn le d'shuil fo'n ghrein.  
Ach an diugh tha i ciurr',  
Chionn nach fhaicear a chaoidh an leigh  
Bheireadh aoibhneas do chaich,  
Ged a chosnadh e cradh dha-fhein.

Shar-ghaisgich gun uail,  
Bu tric chuir thu gu ruaig an t-eug,  
O Dhun-chailinn so shios  
Gu Braigh-Raineach nam fiar-allt reidh.  
Cha robh bothan 'san du'ich  
Far nach d'rainig air uair do cheum ;  
'S ann an Caisteal an Diuic  
Fhuair thu 'n t-urram, fhir b'uaisle beus.

Thar Dhrum-uachdar nan carn  
Bhitheadh d'astar neo-mhall ri feum ;  
Ged bu gheamhrant' an oidhch',  
Chuireadh failt ort roimh' shoills' air Spe.  
Dh' eireadh inntinn le fonn,  
Ged b' euslainteach, trom, a gleus,  
'N uair a chite do ghnuis  
Air a lasadh le suird is speis.

Bha thu comharraicht' riamh  
Ann an teomachd co-fhillt' ri ceill ;  
Agus thusalachd chaomh  
Dheanadh iochd air fear faoin 's an fheith.

Bha thu fiughantach, fial,  
 Flathail, ceannsgalach, rianal, treun ;  
 Bu mhor diubhail an t-sluaigh  
 Bha 'g ad ghiulain gu 'n uaigh an de.

Tha leann-dubh agus gruaim  
 Air do chairdean fo chruas am beum ;  
 Cha do sheas ann am broig,  
 Fear bu duineil ri 'sheors' gu leir.  
 Bha thu sud, mar bu dual  
 Dha 'n fhuil fhinealt' shruth nuas o chein,  
 An Tigh Ghairt bu mhor cliu—  
 Sliochd nan sonn leis nach b' fhiu ratreut.

Ghabh thu tlachd anns gach àm  
 A' bhi cuimhneach' nan laithean 'threig ;  
 A' bhi 'g aithris an gnìomh,  
 Mar bha Oisean an deigh nam Feinn,  
 Gun do ghlac thu mo lamh  
 'N Cille-Chonnain 's am Blar nan geug,  
 'S tu bhi caramh fo 'n fhoid  
 Cuid de choimpirean d' oige le deur.

Chuir thu 'n comhrag le stri,  
 'S bha thu dileas gu crìch na reis ;  
 O 'n Leigh Gradhach da rìr',  
 Fhuair thu cuireadh gu tìr gun neul.  
 Ach ged bhuannaich thu 'n crun,  
 Tha na ciadan le turadh geur,  
 Togail chlach air do chuimhn',  
 Dhoctair Irbhinn ! 's cha dhiult mi te.

Let us now turn to the reminiscences of the days of cattle-lifting, when the good-wives of Badenoch sometimes awaked to find that, in the course of the night, their folds had been despoiled by the enterprising raiders from Lochaber.

Hóró, dìridh sinn,  
 Teurnaidh sinn, dìridh sinn,  
 Hóró, dìridh sinn,  
 Teurnaidh sinn 'Chruaidhlinn.

Gur ann e Loch-Abair  
 A thàin an fheadhainn bhradach,  
 Nach d'fhàg iad mart againn,  
 A dhìreadh a' ghualainn.

Why have Gaelic nursery rhymes been so neglected ? Here is one in which the discerning reader will find a moral :—

Nam bu leam fhìn thu,  
Bhriagainn thu,  
Nam bu leam fhìn thu,  
Bhriagainn thu,  
Dhianainn mo dhìchioll,  
Is gheibhte mìrean,  
Ach bho nach leam fhìn thu,  
Bìaca' tu.

With regard to one country rhyme, I have been able to give a full account of its history, but who can tell what were the circumstances that occasioned the following ?

Seall a mach am faic thu tighinn,  
Rùn mo chridh' am baran donn ;  
Seall a mach am faic thu tighinn,  
Rùn mo chridh am baran donn.  
  
Rùn mo chridhe, gradh mo chridhe,  
Rùn mo chridh am baran donn ;  
'S coma leam co thig no thainig,  
Bho nach d'thig am baran donn.

The air is, of course, very beautiful, as is that of another verse of a similar kind which occurs to me :—

Mac an t-saoir, bho Thaobh Loch Ailein,  
Ochan i iri ! thainig e ;  
Ochan ho ri ! ho ro gud i,  
'S aighearach mi thainig e.

Here is another which is sung to the great pastoral melody often known as "Crodh Chailein" :—

Cinntàil' a' chrodh chean-fhionn,  
Cinntàil' a' chrodh mhòir,  
Cinntàil' a' chrodh chean-fhionn,  
Cinntàile nam bo.  
  
Gur fada leam tha thu,  
Chinntàile nam bo,  
Gur fada leam tha thu,  
Chinntàil' a' chrodh mhòir.



At Ralia was a school which supplied the district on both sides Spey, extending from Allt Lraidh to the head of Glen Banchor, and from Little Nuide to Glen Truim and Preas-Mucrach. It was conducted by an old man, who taught the young idea how to shoot in a turf hut. Six score scholars attended, each being charged two shillings per quarter. The father of my informant was a miller, and paid fees for his family in meal. Many, however, paid nothing. A few of the boys used to be sent out now and again to the wood to gather sticks for fuel. When children appeared in the morning very dirty and unkempt, the schoolmaster would ridicule them, spit upon their heads, and send them home. One family having attained an undesirable notoriety in this respect, a witty urchin indulged in the following *jeu d'esprit* at their expense. The heroic cast into which this is thrown is very amusing, considering the occasion.

Tha teaghlach òg a sha mi-chliùiteach,  
 'S duilich leam, s an dù'ich ri ràite ;  
 Gum beil iad de Chlann Mhuirich,  
 Choisinn urram ann 'sna blàraibh ;  
 Bha iad treun bhualadh bhuillean,  
 Anns gach cunnart is buaidh-làrach,  
 Leis an t-sròl-bhrataich uain' tha 'n Cluainidh,  
 Nach do ghabh an ruaig roimh namhaid.

In former days, when a large company of people were gathered together at shearing, casting peats, or the like, one of the number would frequently beguile the time pleasantly by improvising lively or ironical verses, after the manner of the Italian peasantry. Thus with Domhnall Phail, the Badenoch, or, more properly, the Rannoch bard, who one afternoon, when the Balachroan servants were coiling hay, kept everybody cheerful by his humour and songs. He then composed the lilt given below in celebration of a young damsel who had come to assist at the harvest. Forgotten probably by everybody else, she treasured the verses in her memory, and sang them to me three score years afterwards with evident pride.

I rì ì so raithill o,  
 Raithill o, raithill o ;  
 I rì ì so raithill o,  
 Mo nighean donn is boidhche.

'S i mo chaileags' caileag Noid,  
Far am bi i cha bhi sprochd ;  
'S fhearr leam i na té le stoc,  
Cha-n eil i crosd no beumach.

Tha mo chaileags' laghach ciùin,  
Bios i agam air mo glùn ;  
'S math mo bharail is mo dhùil,  
Nach dean mo rùn mo threigsinn.

Ged 's fhad bho 'n thainig mi 'n taobh tuath,  
Dearbh cha 'n fhac mi ann mo luaidh,  
Gus an d' thainig 'chaileag shuairc,  
Nall thar bruaichean Spé oirnn.

'S fearr leam thu na Peigi bhan,  
Ged is ainmeil i aig cach ;  
Cha d' thoir mise dh' i mo ghradh,  
Ged 's mòr tha 'n dràs an déidh oirr.

Here is another piece of quite the same description, lilted by  
some light-hearted mortal—

Thogainn fonn air an nì 'n duibh,  
Haothaill ho ! haothaill hog u !  
Thogainn fonn, &c.

'S trice bha mi leat 'sa bhàthaich,  
Is sneachda bàn fo shailean a' chruidh.

'S trice bha mi leat 'san luachair,  
'Na mo bhuaichail cuallach a chruidh.

Ach mar fhaigh mi thu ri d' iarraidh,  
Theid mi 'm bliadhna mach air a' mhuir.

Ach mar fhaigh mi thu ri phòsadh,  
Theid an fhòid a chuir air mo mhuin,

Nì'n dubh, nì'n dubh, nì'n dubh bhòidheche,  
B'e mo rùn do phosadh an diugh.

As I write this verse has turned up, and as it is not without  
merit, let us have it here—

'Shasunnaich a' bhrollich bhoidheche,  
Chunna mi do long 'ga seòladh ;

*Gaelic Society of Inverness.*

Cha b'ann do 'n Fhrainge no do 'n Olaind,  
Ach do Leosa nan tonn gorma.

I note part of the Badenoch version of "Bainne aig na caoraich uile," chiefly on account of the word *cata*, *sheep-fold*, which I never heard of elsewhere out of a dictionary.

Bainne aig na caoraich uile,  
Bainne aig na caoraich uile,  
Bainne aig na caoraich uile,  
'S galan aig a' chaora' chruim.

Caora chrom bha air an leacainn,  
Thog i ceann 's bhreab i 'casan  
'S chuireadh i le fead a sròine,  
Madadh romach air a dhruim.

A' chaora chrom 's a' chaora chambhach,  
Bheireadh i da uan mu Shamhuinn,  
H-uile fear cho mòr ri gamhuinn,  
'S iad cho sleamhuinn ris an Ìm.

Tur chaidh mise Dhail-na-bheirte,  
Shaoil leam fhein gum fasainn beartach,  
Thainig meirleach gu na cata,  
'S thug e leis a' chaora chruim.

Follows a version of a well-known song, different and, I think, better than that which I have seen published. It is stated somewhere that it is sung to the same air as one of Burns' songs, but this is not my experience. It has a tune of its own in Badenoch.

Leig dhìot an cadal, a chuilean mo rùin,  
Dean moch-eirigh maidne, 's gur fheàirde do chliù,  
Is gheibh thu fear-fearainn is òigear ùr,  
'S gum b' fheàrr dhuit sud agad na cadal an cùil.

*An Luinneag.*

O, 's e an cadal a mheall mi riamh,  
Aig truimead mo chridhe 's e tighinn cho dian,  
'S ged gheibhinns' fear-fearainn a mharbhadh am fiadh,  
Gum b' fheàrr leam an cadal na na chunna' mi riamh.

Leig dhìot an cadal 's tu 'd phàisdean òg,  
Faiceam do bhreacan, do phlaid, is do chlà,  
Air fèill is air faidhir ri aighear 's ri ceòl,  
'S gum b' fheàrr dhuit sud agad na cadal am' fròig.  
O, 's e an cadal, &c.

Ged gheibhinns' an t-òigear is boidhch' tha 'san tìr,  
Is grinne a sheasas an clachan no 'n cill,  
Aig ro-mheud a chuideim cha taoghal mo chion,  
Cha d' thugainn mo chadalan seachad do 'chionu.

Ach 's ann an America tha sinn an dràs'd  
An iomall na coille nach teirig gu brach,  
'N uair dh' fhalbhas an dùlachd 's a thionndaidh 's am blàs,  
Bidh cnothan is ùbhlan gu h-ùrail à fàs.

Ach 's truagh nach mise bha 'n Geusdò nam bó,  
Far an d' fhuair mi m' àrach 'n am phàisdean gle òg,  
Far am faicte na buachaillean 'cuallach mu'n chrò,  
Na nìonagan guanach 's an gruaidhean mar ròs.

List we to the lyric sighs of a love-lorn Romeo and a Juliet—  
merely premising that they refer to third parties, and have no  
relationship with each other :—

ESAN.

Beir an t-soraidh so bhuam,  
Dh' fhios na caileig air chuairt,  
Dha 'n d' thug mi mo luaidh ro mhòr.

Tha i mòr ann an ceill,  
Tha i pailt ann am beus,  
Tha i cuimir bho' braghad gu bròig.

Tha i caoimhneal 's i ciùin,  
'S glan sealladh a sùl,  
Gun d' fhuair i dhe' m rùn na leòr.

Tha do bhràghad gheal fèin,  
Mar am blàth air a' gheig,  
Bhuait b' fheàrr na bho Venus pòg.

Ann an àbhachd 's an ceill,  
Cha 'n eil d' àicheadh fo 'n ghréin,  
'S tu b' fheàrr leam dhom fhéin tha beò.

Cùl clannach nan dual,  
 'S e càradh mu 'n cuairt,  
 'S tu is glaine th' air uachdar feòir.  
 'S gur cùbhraidh 's gur geur,  
 Cruinn dlù-gheal do dheud,  
 Mar an siùcar pronn reidh, do phòg.

Mar a' mhil ann mo bheul,  
 Tha mo bhioradh na déigh,  
 'S gum beil mire am chré na tòir.

Dh' fhàg do shùgradh 's do mhiann,  
 Téine dúsg ann mo chhl,  
 Nach caisg dulachd air mheud an reòt.

'S bho nach urradh mi ann,  
 'S tuille 's tìm dhomh bhi 'm thàmh,  
 Bha mi mi-mhodhail 'theann ri ceòl.

'S tha buaidh eile do dhéigh,  
 Nach d' innis mi féin,  
 Gur diomain an t-éideadh 'n fheòl.

## Ise.

'S beag a thuigeas tu 'ghaoil,  
 Gum bi mo chadal cho faoin,  
 'Nuair a chluinneas mi 'ghaoth ag éirigh.

'Nuair a chì mi 'mhuir mhòr,  
 'S i bhi taomadh gu *shore*,  
 Bi mi sileadh nan deòir gu deurach.

Fhir is cuimire feòl,  
 'S math thig *dress* air a dhòrn,  
 'S truagh nach mis 'bha air stòl 'gad réiteach.

Gur guirme do shùl,  
 Na 'n guirmean e bùth,  
 Far an caidil thu, rùin ! gu 'n éirich.

Gur deirge do ghruaidh,  
 Na 'n t-suidheag 'sa 'bhruaich,  
 'S tha mi umad air bhuaireadh céille.

Ach bho'n tha mi gun stoc,  
 Gur e nì mi bhi 'm thosd,  
 Ged a chluinninn an nochd do reiteach'.

Gur e nì mi bhi 'm thàmh,  
Bho'n 'se buidhinn is fearr,  
Ged a bhithinn gu brach fo euslan.

Tha m' athair air chall,  
'S cha 'n eil mo mhathair ach fann,  
Gun mo chrodh air a'ghleann ag geumnaich.

Gun mo chaoraich air chrò,  
Na mo ghearran air lòn,  
Na mo chairdean an còir a chéile.

I shall conclude this long contribution with a hunting-song which was taken down by my good friend, the late Mr Macintyre of Boleskine, from the recitation of Lieutenant Ross, who died at Fort-Augustus about a quarter of a century ago. Lieutenant Ross served in the 92nd Regiment, under his cousin, Colonel John Cameron of Fassiefern. He was a son of the famous Dr Ross, minister of Kilmonivaig. Two of his brothers attained high rank in the army.

Gur binn an fhuaim ad a dhuisg e m'shuain mi,  
Tha m'inntinn luaineach, nis nach dual domh tamh ;  
Air fear an nuallaich a dhreas Cruachan,  
'Sa choill so shuas oirn, le 'bhùirich ard.

Bha mi 'gad thialladh ro 'fhraoch is fheurach,  
Air feadh nan geugan 's mo bheul ri làr ;  
'S'n uair chuir mi suas thu, gun d'thug thu fuam as'd,  
Bha esam buailte le luaidh gheoir.

Is e mac na deirg' thug a' chaismeachd gharb dhomh,  
E fein 's a leanaba—iad taobh ri taobh.

Chaidh mi gle sheòlta an eudainn Stroine,  
'S bha curam mòr orm as a ghaoith ;  
Thug e sùil orm, is chaog mi'n t-sùil ris,  
Is thug mi ionnsuidh air as a chaol.

Moch 'sa mhaduinn chaidh mi air astar.  
Dh'ios na leaba 'sna ghabh e tamh ;  
Thug esan eise —'s bha 'n ceatharnach gasda,  
'N cùl a chasan far 'n do ghabh e snamh.

Is ni mi 'n fhirinn—si 's còir dhomh innse—  
Gun d'chaochail m'inntinn, m'fhuil is m'feoil ;  
Mi air mo chasan an aird 'san iosal,  
Is mo ghalla mhiolchoin air iall 'nam dhorn.

*Gaelic Society of Inverness.*

Bha mi gun bhàta, gun saor, gun chòmhradh,  
 Gun bhuille snamhaidh, gun duin' a'm' chòir ;  
 Is e clann nan gràisg a chuir 'sa chàs mi,  
 'S mur bi' clann Phàil bha mi 'm faillinn mhòir.

Chunnaicear bàta is dithis laidir,  
 Dh' ionns' an àite 'san robh e gun chàil ;  
 Bha Mac-an-t-saoir ann 's an Doctair sgaomach,  
 'S bha mise glaothaich, " Cuir taod mu chràichd."

Bha 'n cluasan dùinte 's cha chual iad dùrda,  
 Is mise tuchadh le glaothaich ard ;  
 'S ann air a' chladach bha coltach Sàbaid,  
 N 'am biodh agams' bata bha 'chlaiginn gearrt'.

Thug fear le grada air iorram strada,  
 Gu sealgair tapaidh a spadadh blàth ;  
 Thu'irst mise, " Stad ort, is cum air ais e,  
 Is na dean spadadh gun aobhar dha."

Mo chuid a steach—is cuir a mach,  
 Falbh dhachaidh, is gabh mu thàmh ;  
 Ged 'fhuair sibh marbh e air uachdar fairge,  
 Cha b'e 'ur n-airm a rinn an gnìomh.

Is a liuthad sgornan 's an robh meall mor dhe,  
 'S a bha gle dheonach a leigeal sìos ;  
 Nach tugadh dhomhsa a' ghloine bhronach,  
 'S an tigh-osda, ged bhiodh ormsa 'mhiann.

Cha-n eil stroine an taobh so Mhorair,  
 Nach robh thu eolach a null 'sa nall ;  
 B'e Loch-beoraig an t-aite sonruicht',  
 A'm biodh do sheorsa—'us moran diubh.

B'e Slios-garbh sin an t-aite falaich,  
 'S am biodh an earb 'sa 'mheann-choill dluth ;  
 Bhiodh dàmh na croice am beul gach stròine,  
 'S cha-n fhaightear còir air le' shròin 's le 'shùil.

C'àit am faiceas air uachdar leachdainn,  
 Bu bhoidhche dreach leat na mac an fheidh ;  
 Le 'bhian-dearg daithte, le bhàr 's le chabar,  
 Le 'fhalbhan faicilleach 'an gleann leis fhein.

Bha 'chluas gu caismeachd 's a shùil gu faicinn,  
Bha 'cheann 's a chasan cho grad gu teum ;  
Cha robh air Alba do dhuine talmhaidh,  
A chumadh falbh riut mu'n àm so 'n dé.

After painful stalking for many hours, the bard had wounded a stag. Night having set in, he was unable to follow up the chase until next morning. No sooner did he then get within ear-shot of the wary creature, than it bounded into the loch, and swam far out of reach. Meanwhile a boat appeared, whose occupants coolly took possession of the stag and rowed away, regardless of the claims that were shouted from the shore. All that remained for the exasperated sportsman now was to go home and seek much needed rest in bed. His chagrin was not a little intensified during the next few days, when he heard of pieces of the venison being sent to various persons, while he himself, who had the best right to it, had neither mouthful nor thanks.

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15th NOVEMBER, 1893.

The paper for the evening was contributed by Mr Neil Macleod, Edinburgh, Bard to the Society. Mr Macleod's paper was as follows :—

“ MIANN A' BHAIRD AOSDA.”

Cha 'n 'eil eachdraidh a' cur mòran soluis dhuinn air beatha 'bhàird so, cha 'n 'eil fios cinnteach againn air 'ainm no air a shloinneadh. Cha 'n 'eil dearbhadh againn air cuin a bha e beò, no c'ait' an robh e còmhnuidh. Ach tha aon nà a tha sinn làn chinnteach as d'a thaobh, agus 's e sin, gu'm bheil dreach agus blas na h-aoise air an dàn maiseach a dh' fhàg e againn mar dhileab. Chaidh iomadh eadar-theangachadh a dheanamh air “ Miann a' bhàird aosda.” Tha h-aon dhiubh le boirionnach foghlumte agus tuigseach, bana Ghranndach an Lagain. Chaidh eadar-theangachadh finealt' agus snasmhor a' dheanamh air bho chionn beagan bhliadhnaichean air ais leis an Urramach an t-Ollamh Macmhaoilean ann an Grianraig.

Ach dileas agus comasach 's mar a tha na h-eadar-theangaichean sin, cha 'n 'eil a h-aon dhiubh a' toirt a mach làn bhrìgh agus maise an dàn so mar a chaidh a chur ri chèile an toiseach ann an cainnt aosda agus bhlasda nan Gaidheal.



Tha trì nithe araidh a fhuair àit àrd agus sonraichte ann am bardachd nan seann Ghàidheal. Agus 's iad sin, maise obair nàduir, gaol, agus gaisgeadh, agus tha na trì nithe sin 'g an taisbeanadh fhein gle shoilleir ann am "Miann a' bhàird aosda."

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

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

"Gu socair sin 's an fheur mo thaobh,  
Air bruaich nan dìthean 's nan gaoth tlàth,  
'S mo chas 'g a' slobadh 's a' bhraon mhaoth,  
'S e lùbadh tharais caoin tro 'n bhlàr."

Tha e soileir ri fhaicinn gu'n robh an t-aon ghné miann agus ionndrainn a plogadh ann an cridheachan chlann nan daoine air feadh gach linn agus ginealach de'n t-saoghal. Gheibh sinn rìgh Daibhidh, bàrd mor nan Eabhruidheach, bho chionn mhiltean bliadhna' air ais, a' cur an céill a mhiann fhéin ann am briathran gle choltach ri cainnt a "bhàird aosda." Ge do dh' éirich Daibhidh bho bhì 'n a bhuachaille chaorach, gu bhì 'n a rìgh mor agus cumhachdach, air a chuartachadh leis gach sògh agus urram a b' urrainn an saoghal a thoirt dha; tha thogradh agus a dhùrachd a dol air ais gu laithean òige, agus gus na h-ionadan sin a b' àbhaist sìth agus sòlas a thoirt dha 'n uair a bha e ri buachailleachd caoirich athar.

Tha làn earbs' aig Daibhidh ann an Ard bhuachail' anma gu'n toir E dha 'mhiann. Agus ann a' neart an dòchais sin the e brisdeadh a mach le òran maiseach fhéin :—

"Bheir E fa' near gu'n laidhinn sìos  
Air cluainibh glas le sìth ;

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

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

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

Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh na bàird a faotainn tomhas àraidh de shòlas balbh ann an co-chomunn nan uisgeachan. Agus ann a bhi 'g éisdeachd ri crònan trom tiamhaidh nan allt, a tha ann an tomhas mòr gle choltach ri beatha nam bàrd féin ; a bhiodh iomadh uair gu bruaileanach, dorcha, trioblaideach, agus aig amaibh eile a' siubhal gu sèimh ciùin, ceòlmhor. Agus mar a thachair do na h-uillt, bu tric leis na bàird a bhi gu h-aonaranach, agus gu 'n fhios do 'n t-saoghal a' taomadh a mach an caoidh agus an gearan ann an diombaireachd am fairaichidhean fhéin.

Far an do mhiannaich am, “bàrd aosda,” a bhi, cha robh ni truailidh ri bhi 'na phaillinn :—

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

Anns an dàn so tha 'm bàrd a toirt dhuinn ath-shealladh air a bheatha gu h-iomlan. Tha e toiseachadh le laithean sona na h-òige, 'n uair a bha aigidhean glan gun truailleadh ; a chridhe maoth agus neo-lochdach. 'N uair a bha e comasach air làn thoilinntinn a ghabhail ann am mais' agus òirdhearceas a' chruinne-ché. Blàthan na machrach a' dealradh mu 'n cuairt air 'n an glòir, An spréidh le 'n al ag ion-altradh air gach cluain agus

blàr. Mactalla, le 'ghuth fada fann, a' freagairt "òrain ghràidh clann bheag nam preas." Na h-uain òga agus na minn bheaga, 'n uair a bhiodh iad sgìth dhe 'n eluich agus de' mireag a' cadal gu seimh na uchd :—

"Freagradh gach cnoc, agus gach sliabh,  
Le binn fhuaim geur nan aighean mear,  
'N sin cluinnidh mise mìle geum,  
A' ruith mu 'n cuairt dhomh 'n iar 's an ear."  
"Mu 'n cuairt biodh lu-chleas nan laogh,  
Ri taobh nan sruth, no air an leirg,  
'S na minnain bheag de 'n còmhrag sgìth,  
'N am achlais a cadal gun cheilg."

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

"Biodh ceum an t-sealgair ri mo chluais !  
Le sranna gath, 'us chon feadh sléibh,  
'N sin deàrrsaidh an oige air mo ghruaidh,  
'N uair dh' éireas toirm air sealg an fhéidh.  
" 'N sin chi mi, ar leam an gadhàr,  
A leanadh mi annoch 'us moch ;  
Na sléibh 'hu mhiannach leam a thaghall,  
'S na creagan a' freagairt do'n dos.  
" Chi mi Beinn-ard is àillidh fiabh,  
Ceann-feadhna thar mhìle beann,  
Bha aislig nan damh 'n a ciabh,  
'S i leabaidh nan neul a ceann."

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

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

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

Dhùisg sin ann an tomhas mor a bhàigh agus a cho-fhaireachadh ris gach dùil eil a chitheadh e air am fàgail gu brònach, aonar-anach, mar a bha e fhéin :—

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

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

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

“ Bheil deòir do rosg, O ! thusa ribhinn,  
Is mine maise 's a's gile làmh,  
Sòlas gun chrich do 'n ghruidh mhaoth,  
A chaoidh nach gluais bho 'n leabaidh chaoil.”

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

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

O ! m' anam faic an ribhinn òg,  
Fo sgeith an daraich rìgh nam flath,  
A lamh shneachd' measg a ciabhan òir,  
'S a meall-shùil chiùin air òg a gràidh.

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

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

Bha e 'n a chomharradh nasal agus rioghail air na seann Ghaidheil an t-àit' àrd agus urramach a bha iad a toirt do mhnathan.

Cha robh samhla, dealbh, no cruth, 'bu mhaisaiche na chéile nach cuireadh iad ann a' cleachdadh ann a bhi luaidh air cliù nam ban. Tha sgeul' anabharrach briagh againn ann am bàrdachd na Féinne, air bana phrionnsa òg mhaiseach, nighean do rìgh Erin, a bha air la àraidh a' gabhail cuairt a mach le 'cuid mhaighdean, 'n uair a thainig prionnsa borb laidir orra gun fhios dhaibh; agus ghoid e leis an òigh mhaiseach so.

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

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

Is sheas sinn uile air an raoin,  
 Na fathan cacin 'us mi féin;  
 'S a' bhean a thainig thar lear,  
 Bha sinn gu leir roimpe sèimh.”

Tha e coltach gu 'n d' aithnich a bhana-phrionnsa òg so Fionn fath an t-sloigh, agus tha mi creidsinn nach robh sin duilich dhi, agus labhair i ris mar so :—

“ Mo chomhraich ort ma 's tu Fionn,  
 'S e labhair rium am maise mnà;  
 'S i do ghnùis do 'n ànrach a ghrian,  
 'S i do sgiath ceann-uirge na bàigh.”

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

“ A gheug na maise fo' dhriùchd a' bhròin,  
'S e labhair gu feil mi féin,  
Ma 's urra gorm lannan do dhion,  
Bidh ar cridh' nach tiom do 'n réir.”

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

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

‘Tha do chuir buirbe agus treubhantas a fear tòrachd eagal 's am bith air Fionn, ach fhreagair e i mar a bhuineadh dha chliù, gu fiallaidh, gaisgeil, agus rioghail :—

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

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

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

Ach gu bhì tilleadh ris a' “bhàrd aosda.” Tha nise gach sealg, 'us gaol, 'us cath, aig an ceann, agus tha fios aig a' bhàrd gu 'm bheil a' chrìoch a' tarruinn dlùth, agus tha e 'g innse dha chàirdean far an dean iad an càrradh deireanach air :—

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

A dh' aindeoin gach trioblaid a thainig air a' bhàrd tha e coltach nach do dhealaich e riamh ri sgiath a shinnsir. Cha b' e mhain gu 'n robh an seann Ghaidheal a' faicinn mar fhiachaibh air a chliù agus onair fhéin a sheasamh ri am a' chath agus a' chruadail, ach bha cliù agus claidheamh a shinnsir aige ri 'n cumail glan.

Cha robh neach ann am measg nan seann Ghàidheal air a chunntas cho tàireil ris a' ghealtair. Bha suidheachadh a' ghealtair dioblaidh agus tàireil anns an t-saoghal-so, agus ann am beachd nan seann Ghàidheal cha robh gu' bhi feitheamh air ach ionad na truaighe anns an t-saoghal a tha ri teachd. Tha cunntas againn anns a' bhàrdachd aig Mòrdubh, air la àraidh a chaidh sliochd na h-Alba mach gu cath a thoirt do na Lochlunnich. Tha e coltach gu 'n robh duin' òg ann an armait' na h-Alba anns an robh taom de 'n ghealtair, agus thòisich e air gabhail an eagail, agns a radh ri càch gu 'm milleadh na Lochlunnaich iad agus gu 'm b' fheàrr dhaibh teicheadh. Bha seann ghaisgeach treun do 'm ainm Ciabh Ghlas, faisg air a chuala labhairt air an dòigh sin e, agus chrònaich e 'n droch shaighdear sin leis na briathran a leanas :—

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

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

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

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

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

Ge b' e ionad anns an robh talla Oisein, 'us Dhaoil, eilean-fhlaitheis, no 'n Ar-bheinn air an robh fiath an t-slòigh a' gabhail còmhnuidh, bha 'm bàrd a meas gu 'n robh làn chòir aig air a bhi leo sin. Tha e coltach gu 'n robh a' bheachd cheudna aig Oisein, 'n nair a bha e fein agus an Cleireach a labhairt mu nithe spioradail—"Cò" ars' Oisein, "a bhiodh airidh air flaitheis Dé mur a biodh e aig uaislibh na Feinne."

Mar a thuir mi roimhe, tha e coltach nach robh aobhar dòchais air fhàgail aig gealtearan, agus daoine suarach ach ionad na truaighe. Agus cha b' e idir teas agus losgadh an ionaid sin a bha cur eagal air na seann Ghaidheal, ach fuachd agus fluicheachd. Tha bàrd àraidh nach robh 'g a dheanamh fhéin cho cinnteach a eilean fhlaitheis 's a bha 'm "bàrd aosda," a toirt a bheachd fhéin air an ionad sin:—

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

Tha bàrd eile tha e coltach, aig an robh beagan amharuis gur' dòcha gu'm b' e an t-ionad sin a chuibrionn fhéin air deireadh na cuise, ag innse cho beag tlachd 's a bha aige aghaidh a chur air a leithid a dh' aite:—

"A thàir nam pian gun bhiadh gun bhàigh,  
A dhol a' d' dhàil b' e sud mo dhéisdinn."

Ach ann an co-dhùnadh, ceadaichidh sibh dhomh a radh gu'm bheil moran de eòlas luachmhor a dh' fhaodamid fhoghlum bho eachdraidh ar sinnsir. Tha moran ann an cainnt agus ann an eachdraidh ar sinnsir a tha airidh air a chumail air chuibhne. Agus bu chòir dhuine mar Ghàidheil, agus mar Chomunn Gailig ar dichioll a dheanamh ann a bhi 'g aiseag cliù agus cainnt ar sinnsir gun mhasladh, gun truailleadh, mar a fhuair sinn iad, sios do'n gheinealach a tha teachd 'n ar déigh.



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

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*5th DECEMBER, 1894.*

At this meeting the Secretary read a paper, contributed by Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond, entitled, "Minor Highland Families, No. VII.—The Mackintoshes of Kellachie, styled Sliochd Alain." Mr Mackintosh's paper was as follows:—

MINOR HIGHLAND FAMILIES, No. VII.

THE MACKINTOSHES OF KELLACHIE, STYLED  
SLIOCHD ALAIN.

The Latin history of the Mackintoshes, written in 1679, gives details of the personal appearance and character of the various chiefs from a remote period, no doubt honestly believed in, though handed down and transmitted by tradition only. Of Malcolm the tenth chief, commonly called Malcolm beg, it is said that he "was of a high and towering spirit, but of middle stature, thick and square, able to endure all extremities of weather, scarcity, or want of rest; fortunate in war, and in every way well accomplished; only, by the fault of the times in which he lived, he was not polished with letters." Malcolm married Mora nin-Ranald, one of the daughters of Reginald or Ranald, the first Macdonald of Moydart and Clanranald, and by her had four sons—Duncan, who succeeded; Lachlan—commonly called Lachlan Badenoch—whose posterity, on the failure of Duncan's male descendants, ultimately succeeded to the chiefship; Allan, of whom Kellachie; and Malcolm, father of Dougall—known as Dougall Mor vic Gillichallum after referred to; also five daughters, who all married well. Malcolm died at the Isle of Moy about 1457, at a very advanced age.

I. Of ALLAN MACKINTOSH, above mentioned, it is recorded that he married first "Janet Fraser, third daughter of Hugh Fraser, third of that name—Lord Lovat,—by whom he had five sons,

viz., Lachlan, William Mor, John, Alexander, and Hucheon" [this Hucheon married Marion, daughter of William, last Thane of Calder (C.F.M.)]; "also three daughters—Reinald, married to Allister vic Aonas; Effie, to John vic Allister-Keir of Rothiemurchus; and Mary, married to the Laird of Lude-Robertson. After his first wife's death, he married the daughter of Forbes of Pitsligo, who bore to him William Oig and Allan reoch; and of these seven sons that family of Mackintoshes called Sliochd Allan are sprung." Mr Anderson, in his history of the Frasers, styles Allan "of Torcastle," where he may have at one time resided, but the Mackintosh history says that he dwelt for the first and most part at Ballichernach in Stratherrick, and which was probably assigned to him by Lovat, his father-in-law. In the bond of friendship twixt Lord Forbes, Duncan Mackintosh, chief and captain of Clan Chattan; and Hucheon Rose, Baron of Kilravock, dated at Forbes, 9th August, 1467, Lachlan and Allan, Mackintosh's brethren, are parties. Allan was present at the severe fight of Culloden in 1451, with Gillespie Macdonald, natural brother to John, last Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, which proved so fatal to that branch of Clan Chattan known as Clan Tarrel. Allan, who is mentioned in November, 1480, in an arbitration twixt Calder and Kilravock, died in 1481, and was succeeded by

II. LACHLAN MACKINTOSH, of whom little is recorded, save that he married and was father of the notorious John Roy Mackintosh. The estate of Kellachie was not acquired until 1616, as after-mentioned, and though the family may have possessed wadset and defeasible rights from an early period, their principal residence appears to have been within the lordship of Petty. This is evidenced by the curious condition in the original charter of Kellachie by James, Earl of Moray, dated 16th June, 1616, to Lachlan Mackintosh, 7th of the family, whereby Lachlan is held as "renouncing and quitclaiming all right and possession which he could ask, claim, or pretend to whatsoever lands or possessions which he, his father, grandfather, or great-grandfather had within the bounds of Petty or Bracklie before the date of the charter, to which lands and possessions Lachlan and his foresaids should in no wise enter or claim the same, neither directly nor indirectly, in any time coming, without the advice and consent of the Earl and his heirs." Kellachie has been written in at least half-a-dozen forms, and I have made choice as herein, because it is that given in the earliest reference I have seen, and was used by Sir James Mackintosh. The lands of Kellachie and Corrievorrie are found

referred to as early as 1456—Kellachie then paying to the Crown a rent of 12s 6d and Corrievorrie 33s 4d Scots, *vice* the Earl of Moray.

III. JOHN ROY MACKINTOSH, son of Lachlan, of evil repute in the history of the Clan, displeased that his cousin once removed, William Mackintosh, 13th of Mackintosh, would not give him the lands of Meikle Geddes and Rate, resolved to get rid of his chief. Finding that William had come to Inverness with few attendants, John Roy, with a party of the Frasers, his relations, by his grandmother, stole to Mackintosh's chamber in Bridge Street, where he lay asleep, without any of his attendants near him at the time, and put him to death. This occurred in the month of May, 1515. The murderers instantly withdrew to the Braes of Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness, but were by-and-bye pursued by Dougall Morvic Gillichallum before-mentioned, with an active party, who proceeded direct to Caithness, thence followed them to Strathnaver, Assynt, and Lochalsh. From Lochalsh to Abertarff, Strathspey, and Strathdee, and from thence to Glenesk, "where the murderers, weary of travel and toil, and unexpectedly surprised, were all to the number of 13 persons slain on the spot, their heads cut off and set up in public places," to the terror of all malefactors. Upon John Roy's death the succession reverted to his uncle,

IV. WILLIAM, called "Mor," to distinguish him from his younger brother William Og. I have not observed the name of either William's wife or that of his father, Lachlan, but he had two sons, John and Donald, commonly called Williamsons, whose names are frequently found. John, the eldest son, must have died before his father. In the Bond of Friendship, dated at Inverness, 30th April, 1526, twixt Calder, the Captain of Clan Chattan, Foulis, Sleat, and Kilravock, John William's son, and Donald William, Allan's son, his brother, are witnesses. They are also mentioned in the Assurance by the Captain of Clan Chattan to Lochiel of date 22nd October, 1527. By Bond of Manrent, dated Calder, 28th August, 1534, John William Allanson and Donald William, his brother-german, bind themselves to serve Sir John Campbell of Calder—a very underhanded proceeding—their service to Mackintosh not being excepted. William was succeeded by his second son,

V. DONALD, commonly called Donald Williamson, styled "of Cullernie." He married about 1553 Catherine Rose, 4th daughter of Kilravock, widow of John Fraser of Farraline, killed at Blar-na-leine, 15th July, 1544. Donald took an active part for his infant chief in the deplorable position into which

the family fell through the remorseless hatred of the Earl of Huntly, who first compassed the death of William, Lachlan's father, got all his estates forfeited, and thereafter gifted to him. At Inverness, on 2nd April, 1561, Donald is served nearest agnate to Lachlan, his chief, and so reduced was the family at the time, and so dangerous the power of Huntly, that only one landed gentleman appeared on the jury. The assize was composed of Alexander Dallas of Budzet, Martin Wans, Thomas Gollan, James Skinner, Thomas Wans, the younger; John Grant—all burgesses of Inverness; Dougall Macpherson, in Essich; Duncan Macpherson, in Moy; William Macqueen, in Midcoull; Alexander Macqueen, in Balliniskae; William vic-Coil-roy, in Collernie; William Reoch, in Tomatin; Robert vic-Ay, in Tordarroch; Gillichallum vic-Iain-Keir, in Corrievorrie; and Hucheon Roy vic-Farquhar vic-Coil, in Daviot. Some of these may have been Mackintoshes, but all honour to the Macphersons, Macqueens, Shaws, and Macbeans, who rallied round the chief's interest at a critical period. The jury found that Donald was nearest agnate of William (cousins in the 2nd and 3rd degree), that he had come to the age of 25 years, that he was prudent in the management of his affairs, and able to take care of the administration of the affairs of another, that he was not the next in succession if it should happen Lachlan to decease, and that Lachlan had a sister older than himself. Upon 2nd March, 1563, Donald is appointed, by James, Earl of Moray, bailie over the lordships of Petty and Stratherne. By Catherine Rose, Donald Williamson had two sons, John and Angus. The former dying before his father, the succession opened to the younger son,

VI. ANGUS WILLIAMS' SON, known as Angus "the brazen faced," who, according to the Farr MS., "was a faithful follower of his chief, and on several occasions headed the Clan Chattan in their conflicts with other clans." The Kilravock history refers to him as "a very worthy and daring man." This Angus was certainly, so far as regards the Highlands, the most distinguished of his race. He lived chiefly at Petty, in Termet, having, however, several designations during his long life. He married first the daughter of Mark Dunbar of Durris, with issue—Lachlan, 7th of Kellachie; secondly, Agnes, daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie of Suddie, with issue—three sons, two of whom were named John and Alexander, also one daughter. These particulars I give on the authority of the Farr MS.; but I find that in 1609 Angus' wife was named Marjory Falconer, who may have been his third wife, and a daughter of Halketoun. In that year Angus and

Marjory Falconer his spousers got the first lands I find him possessed of, on indefeasible title. These were the lands of Meikle and Little Aultirleys and Bracknishe, in the parish of Pettie and lordship of Spynie—now a part of Culloden Estate. They formerly pertained to John Winchester, and were at one time held of the Chaplain of the Chaplainry of the Holy Rood. The Reddendo is 8 merks annually to the Crown under the annexation of Church Property Acts, 26s 8d Scots to the Bishop of Moray, personal presence at the three head pleas of the Chaplainry of Holy Rood, as also personal attendance at the Bishops Courts of Justiciary. Angus is said to have been proprietor of Aldourie, but I have not observed a written title thereto, until the time of his younger son Alexander. The name of Angus is found taking an important part in the affairs of his chief, Lachlan Mor, and his successors during the period betwixt 1580 and 1610; always faithful except in the case of his and his son's Bond to the Marquis of Huntly in the year 1600. Angus is dead nigh 300 years, yet stories regarding him were not uncommon sixty years ago in Strathdearn, Strathnairn, and Petty. I select a few. On one occasion in a brawl, Angus happened to kill a man of some consequence, son of Macranald of Leys, whose relatives harassed and troubled him to a dangerous extent. He procured an interview with James VI., and by his witty conversation put the King in excellent humour. He then presented a petition craving the King's pardon and remission for whipping off a man's bonnet. The King, surprised at such a modest request, signed the pardon, and handed it to Angus, who then said he supposed it would make no difference that there was "a head within the bonnet." James was so much amused that he agreed the pardon should include the head. Again, Angus and the Earl of Moray were great allies, insomuch that the former, presuming thereon, by-and-bye would pay no rent—a position it would seem of considerable antiquity. Arrears accumulated until the Earl told Angus seriously he must pay up. Angus declined, and said he would rather fight than pay. The Earl affected to treat the threat seriously, and after communing, the day of battle was fixed. The Earl, knowing that Angus could command a good following, came prepared with a strong force well armed. After waiting a while, at length Angus was seen galloping up fully armed, but alone. The Earl was much displeased at being treated in this manner, and upbraided Angus severely, to which Angus replied that there he was quite ready in terms of the understanding "to fight his lordship." The Earl did not see it exactly in the light that he alone was to be combatant,

for he was well aware that he was no match for Angus—widely known as an accomplished swordsman. A truce was patched up. Angus agreed to pay his rent in future, all arrears being wiped off by the Earl, who said the offer to fight him, his superior, was such a piece of effrontery that though hitherto called “Angus Termet,” after this he was to be known as “Aonghas an Eudainn Umha” (Angus the brazen-faced), by which name he was known in all time coming. Again, Strachan, the last laird of Culloden of that name, Angus’s near neighbour, was of a boastful character and fond of good living. Upon one occasion it was known he was feeding a prime bullock for family use. Angus happened to have a few gentlemen at dinner, including Culloden, and the principal dish was beef—by all declared to be excellent—by none more than the host, who declared there was not its equal in the country. To this Culloden demurred, saying if they would all dine with him a fortnight later he was satisfied he could shew still finer. As the date of the dinner drew near, Culloden ordered the bullock to be killed, but was much taken aback on being told that the bullock had been stolen out of the byre some ten days before, but the cattleman did not like to mention this as he had hoped to recover it—having ordered minute search throughout the country. Culloden asked if he suspected anyone, and the answer was that it could not be any other than Angus Williamson. It then flashed across Culloden’s mind that it was of his own bullock he had partaken at Angus’s house, and not only was he thus wronged, but his boasting would be ridiculed. The best thing to be done, he considered, was to let the gentlemen meet, give such fare as could be had, and then boldly tax Angus to his face with the theft. The dinner took place, the fare was indifferent, and Culloden, watching Angus’ complacent manner, could hardly forbear to break out at once. At last out came the charge, the guests were very angry, when Angus calmly said that Culloden was known as a boaster; but it was never thought that to excuse his own meanness and parsimony as a host, he would charge a neighbour with dishonesty. “Come out to the byre, gentlemen,” he said, “and, unless I am much mistaken, we will there find the fat bullock, we have heard so much of, in fine condition, too,”—and there sure enough it was, to Culloden’s extreme confusion, who then and there made the most ample apology, while the guests departed fully convinced of his meanness. The truth, as may easily be gathered, was that Angus, to put a stop to Culloden’s boasting, had the bullock secretly taken away, and at the proper moment as secretly returned. It is also said that Angus, being short of seed, and

hearing that Redcastle had sent some bere to the Mill of Petty to be ground, had it removed during the night and sown before breakfast. It turned out a good crop, and the same night, twelve months after, a similar quantity in one sack and a smaller in another was found in the mill marked for Redcastle. The story spread abroad that Redcastle's corn had for some good reason been stolen by the Fairies, who, honestly, as befitting their known probity, restored it with interest. Angus' son, Alexander, feued the Glack of Drumdivan from the town of Inverness, and the two divisions of Holme from Moray and Calder. He parted with these lands to his cousin, Alexander Mackintosh of Tornagrain, ancestor of the present family of Holme, and settled thereafter at Aldourie, only comprehending at that time the eastern portion of the estate, viz.—Lopan, Balblair, and Aldourie proper—extending from Lochness to Loch Duntelchaig. A portrait of Angus is mentioned as existing in 1780, and I refer to it later on. Angus was succeeded by his eldest son,

VII. LACHLAN, in whose time the family attained its highest territorial position. As has been shewn, his father was proprietor of Alturlies, his brother Alexander of Aldourie, and he himself acquired Dalmigavie in 1614 on feu from Calder, and Kellachie and Corrieorie from the Earl of Moray by charter dated 16th June, 1616. Upon the death of Alexander of Aldourie, who had feued Farr from the Earl of Moray, who died without issue, Lachlan's son William inherited all his uncle's estate. According to the Farr MS., Lachlan married Agnes, daughter of Lachlan Mackintosh of Corribrough, 7th son of Lachlan Mor Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and had several children. The earliest deed in my possession connected with the family is a renunciation by Lachlan of his rights to certain lands, dated at Culloden, 12th May, 1624, to which he appends his name thus—"Lauchlane MacIntoshe off Kaillachie." He and his father are parties to the great Bond of Union among the haill kin of Clan Chattan of 1609. He was succeeded about 1629 by his eldest son,

VIII. WILLIAM, a man well known in his day as William Vic Lachlan, captain of the Watch from the Lochaber march to the river of Spey, and, in conjunction with the famous bowman, John Beg Macandrew of Delnathatnich, the terror of all cattle lifters. It was towards the close of this William's time, between 1660 and 1670, that the last Lochaber "Creach," on a considerable scale, took place. Even at this period the business had fallen down chiefly to the "broken" and homeless men known as "Fir Cuile." The unfortunate Macdonald of Auch-luachrach

in the Brae, taunted by the father of his sweetheart, that before his consent would be given to the marriage he must show his prowess in the old way, unwillingly set out with twelve picked men and took a large spoil from the lands of Kilravock. They were hotly pursued, and the chase taken up by Kellachie and Macandrew. The Lochaber men halted for the night in a summer bothy on the banks of the river Croclach in the Braes of Strathearn. One of them—the Gillie Maol Dubh—observing some drops of blood on the shoulder blade of the mutton he was eating, declared it meant serious danger and advised instant flight; but his companions ridiculed the idea, and he departed alone. As it was, the hut was surrounded, and every man as he emerged was transfixed and slain.

William's possessions, besides Aldourie and Farr, were very considerable. In Strathearn, south of Findhorn, he had Dalmigavie, Easter Banchar, and Wester Strathnoon; and to the north of the river, the whole country from Coignafearn to Tomatin, with the exception of Invermazeran. He married, according to the Farr MS., Marjory, daughter of John Farquharson, counted 7th of Invercauld, and had four sons and seven daughters—(1) Donald, who succeeded; (2) John, first of Dalmigavie; (3) Alexander, first of Farr; (4) Robert, of Banchar; (1) Margaret, married, firstly, Robert Grant of Elchies, secondly, Grant of Lurg; (2) Agnes, married, firstly in 1643, Alex. Macgillivray, younger of Dunmaglass, secondly, W. Forbes of Skellater; (3) Grace, married John Grant of Rothiemurchus; (4) Elspeth, married to Lachlan Mackintosh of Aberarder; (5) Beatrice, married Mackintosh of Corrybrough more; (6) Helen, married Hugh Fraser of Balnain; and (7) Marjory, married to Grant of Miltown. William died prior to 1671, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

IX. DONALD, who in 1655 married Jean, eldest daughter of Alexander Dunbar of Grange, with issue, two sons and four daughters—(1) Angus, who succeeded; (2) Thomas, who in 1672 had Morrilmore assigned to him as a portion, but joining the Darien expedition, died in America. (1) Marjory, who married George Paterson of Seafeld, son of the Bishop of Ross; (2) Jean, married William Macbean of Kinchyle; (3) Anna married Alexander Shaw of Tordarroch, and Catherine married to John Barbour Bailie of Inverness, who acquired Aldourie from his father-in-law. Donald, who seems to have possessed the half of Culclachie in Strathnairn, did not make up titles until 1706, although his son Angus was infeft in 1685 on his marriage. Donald was succeeded by his eldest son,



X. ANGUS, who in 1685 married Lucia, eldest daughter of Sir Alexander Mackenzie of Coul, with issue, three sons and five daughters—(1) Lachlan ; (2) Alexander, who succeeded his elder brother ; (3) James of Woodend, who succeeded Alexander. (1) Jean, married, 11th July, 1716, Alexander Fraser of Balnain ; (2) Janet, married Captain William Macgillivray of Dunmaglass ; (3) Catherine, married Duncan Mackintosh of Achindown ; (4) Lucy, married Hugh Fraser of Batavia ; (5) Annie, married A. Stewart. I find also that on 27th August, 1770, Alexander of Kellachie refers to the recent death of "his sister Peggy."

Angus was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Mulroy. He lived chiefly at Ardersier, and was in high favour with Sir Hugh Campbell of Calder and his son, Sir Archibald Campbell of Clunes, who long managed the Calder estates. He was captain in the Mackintosh Regiment in the rising of 1715, taken prisoner at Preston, and removed to Newgate. Sir Hugh Campbell thus writes to his grandson, the heir apparent of Calder, on his behalf, of date 6th January, 1716 :—"I write this only to bring Angus Mackintosh of Kellachie to your acquaintance. He is our near cousin, and our tenant of a whole parish of land. It was unknown to me that he went that journey, but his children and other worse councillors prevailed with him to go with a number of his kindred where he went. He is a valetudinary man, and unfit to be a soldier, as you will see by his right hand, which is not able to hold a sword, but his head is long enough, so upon all accounts I earnestly desire you do him all the good offices of friendship that is in your power, as I would do myself if I were where you are. A close imprisonment will certainly destroy him, considering the circumstances of his age and health. In short, let him not want for money, which will be thankfully repaid, for I will take care to remit it to London by bill. . . . I desire you will do all in your power for Kellachie, and, if possible, to procure his liberty, which can never prejudice the Government. Were I there, I would bind for it, and I am sure you may do so without any hazard."

Young Calder may have given money, but did not procure Angus his liberty, for it appears by the records that on 30th May, 1716, William, Duncan and Angus Mackintoshes trials were ordered for 4th June. The above Duncan, captain in the Mackintosh Regiment, third brother of Brigadier Mackintosh, was my great-great-grandfather. Angus Kellachie fully justified Sir Hugh's description of him as "having a long head," though valetudinary with his right hand disabled, for it is noted that on

Sunday night (3rd June), "Mr Angus Mackintosh and James Maciver made their escape out of the masters' side in women's apparel. 'Tis said the clothing was brought in by the washer-woman, who is since taken into custody by a messenger." Angus found his way north, and does not seem to have been disturbed, dying peacefully at his house of Ardersier. He is found with his son Lachlan granting bond in January, 1720, at his house of Ardersier, and died there 25th December, 1720. Upon 22nd May, 1723, sasine is given to Lachlan on precept of clave constat by Charles, Earl of Moray, to him as heir to his father.

XI. LACHLAN, who according to the Farr MS. died at Perth, aged 26. This is erroneous, for he must have been major in 1720, when he was party to the heritable bond before mentioned, and on 17th February, 1732, he granted wadset to Robert Mackintosh in Milton of Brachlie of the lands of Easter Banchar and Wester Strathroon. Dying either unmarried or without issue, Lachlan was succeeded by his next brother,

XII. ALEXANDER, who, not anticipating succession to the estates, had gone to London to seek fortune. He carried on business in Lombard Street as a woollen draper for many years in a steady, methodical way. The first letter I have of his refers to mournings in consequence of the death of his mother, Lady Mackenzie, in February, 1742. He corresponds with north-country merchants, and occasionally visited the Highlands, London continuing his permanent residence. That his sympathies were with Lady Mackintosh and the clan in 1745 may be inferred, but aware of the risks run by his father 30 years before, writing from London on 9th November, 1745, he says:—"God have mercy on us all, for such times were never seen, but I shall take all the care I can not to involve poor Kellachie in the present misfortunes." His brother-in-law, Duncan Mackintosh of Achindown, was lieutenant in the Clan Chattan Regiment, and severely wounded at Culloden. In an interesting letter from Duncan's son John, dated New Providence, Bahamas, on 20th August, 1787, he refers to a letter from his mother of old date, he had received two months previously, intimating his father's death. In ordering £25 to be regularly remitted to his mother yearly, he gives some account of his own position:—"Since I came to America I have never been in very affluent circumstances. I was a considerable sufferer, and indeed lost my all in the general wreck caused by the revolution in America. The last four years of the war I bore a commission in the King's service, and I now enjoy rank and half pay of captain, which puts me above want. I am just now entering into

the planting line, which is becoming very considerable in this country, and I hope in a few years to be in such circumstances as to render essential service to my beloved mother and her family." Alexander married his cousin, Elizabeth Barbour of Aldourie, without issue. He cleared off the incumbrances on the estate, and died in the autumn of 1772, apparently when on a visit to the north, the funeral expenses amounting to £48 5s 1d. His widow, who life-rented the estates, died at Inverness in the year 1790, aged 90 years and upwards. Her letters are admirable, and establish that she possessed considerable talent. The succession on Alexander's death opened to his youngest brother,

XIII. JAMES MACKINTOSH, commonly called "Woodend," a small portion of Kellachie assigned to him in his youth. He was married in January, 1727, to Marjory Mackintosh, daughter of John Mackintosh of Midcoul, grand-daughter of John Mackintosh, first of Dalmigavie. In 1729 he is staying at Kinchyle. From middle life he resided constantly in Petty, and for some years filled the office of chamberlain to the Earl of Moray, and held a good position and honourable name in the north. He had three sons and four daughters—(1) Angus, who succeeded; (2) John, who succeeded his brother; (3) James, died in America, unmarried. (1) Lucy, married Archibald Macgillivray of Daviot; (2) Anne, married her cousin, William Macbean of Kinchyle, described in 1780 as captain 10th Foot, residing at Teary; (3) Jean, died unmarried; (4) Margaret, married Duncan Campbell of Fornightly, factor for Lethen, whose daughter, Anne, married Colonel D. Macpherson of the 78th, of the Ardersier family. James Mackintosh died at Milton of Petty in May, 1778, and his widow at same place in December, 1779. Upon James' death the succession opened to his eldest son,

XIV. ANGUS, a gallant soldier, sometime captain in the 73rd Highlanders. He was an officer in Keith's Highlanders in 1759, and served during the seven years' war in Germany. He lost his right eye at the battle of Crimpen, 15th October, 1760. Thereafter he settled at home for some time. In April, 1769, Dunmaglass and he became cautioners in a law burrows that John Macgillivray, the beadle of Dalarossie, will not in future be molested by John Macgillivray vic Niel, the captain's servant, living at Ardochie. Prior to his going to America in 1778, he led an active life at home, having a lease of the whole estate of Kellachie from his uncle, Alexander, and being also tenant of Connage. He was much respected by his brother officers; dying from fatigue and exposure at Beaufort, Port Royal, South Carolina, on 24th August,

1779. His military prospects were excellent, as I observe that his cousin, Captain John Mackintosh of the 42nd, of Corrybroughmore, in a letter from Stoneypoint, dated 29th August, to a friend at Inverness, unaware of Angus' death, says :—"I had a letter from our cousin Angus, the 15th July, from Savannah. All our friends are well. Angus is to purchase Cluny Macpherson's majority. I expect every day to see him appointed in orders, as I hear the commander-in-chief approves of it." Captain Angus was thus laird little more than a year. Being unmarried, he was succeeded by his next brother,

XV. JOHN, captain in the army, in which he served for upwards of twenty years, in the 88th, 68th, and 73rd Regiments. His services are concisely recorded in the memorial to the Commander-in-Chief in 1780, of which the following is a copy :—"My Lord Amherst, General and Commander-in-Chief of all His Majesty's forces,—The memorial of Captain John Mackintosh, of His Majesty's Second Battalion 73rd Regiment of Foot, humbly sheweth—That your memorialist has served twenty-two years ; that he raised a number of men, and served, as lieutenant, first in Germany, where he was severely wounded, having his leg broke by a musquet ball at the battle of Fellinghausen ; that, being reduced to half-pay at the peace, he took the earliest opportunity, after recovery from so severe a wound, to purchase again into full pay, and paid the difference to Lieutenant Patrick of the 68th Regiment, which regiment (then in the West Indies), being appointed a lieutenant on 4th January, 1765, he immediately joined, and remained there six years. Having been upwards of eighteen years in that rank (nine of which he was eldest lieutenant of the 68th), he received His Majesty's gracious permission to raise men for a company, which having done, he was appointed captain in the 2nd Battalion of the 73rd Regiment, on the 25th September, 1778. Since that time your memorialist has continued to do duty without intermission, further than was occasioned by an infirm state of health contracted from his services abroad. This your memorialist feels with concern he is no longer able to discharge, and his anxiety is heightened with the thoughts that his children in Scotland require his care, and might be left destitute by his death. To his own services your memorialist hopes he will derive some additional consideration from those of his brother, Captain Angus Mackintosh of the 71st Regiment, twenty years a faithful servant of His Majesty, and who lost his life in Georgia. Your memorialist humbly prays your lordship will be pleased to take these circumstances into consideration, and to move his Majesty

to grant him leave to sell his commission, at the regulated price ; which is most humbly submitted." He married Marjory, daughter of Alexander Macgillivray, of South Carolina, and Anne Fraser of Balnain, whose widow and daughters lived at Clune of Aldourie. The couple experienced hard times, and Mrs Mackintosh's letters to her husband abroad are most pathetic in regard to the difficulties she had to undergo to educate her son James properly after leaving Fortrose. At an early age his talents became conspicuous, and I much regret his first letter from Fortrose Academy, at one time in my possession, has been mislaid, though, I hope, not absolutely lost. Captain John had little money, and what he had was treated thriftlessly. Judging by the following letter, which I give as a specimen, from Captain Maxwell, brother to the Duchess of Gordon, he appears to have been much liked by his brother-officers and superiors :—

"Gordon Castle, 15th November, 1784.

"My dear Mackintosh,—Serjeant Macbean delivered me this day your letter. Had his character not been known to me, your recommendation would have been sufficient to ensure him my countenance. I am sorry that at present I see no method of serving him. Had he been in London soon after the reduction it might have been practicable to have got him the pension, but that is now over. If my Indian expedition takes place, or anything suitable casts up, I shall serve him as far as lies in my power, and shall write you as soon as anything offers or is determined on. It was with much regret I passed through Inverness without having it in my power to spend some time with you and my other friends in that neighbourhood. I intended until these few days to have seen you on my way to Ross-shire ; but that jaunt I am forced to give up, the bad season having frightened my sister from remaining on this side of Edinburgh longer than this next week. The Duke and Duchess would have been very happy to have seen you here, and I need not tell you it would have given me real pleasure, for I can with truth assure you that there is no person wishes you more sincerely health and happiness, or would be more ready to serve you than, dear John, your most sincere friend,

(Signed) HAMILTON MAXWELL."

He had two sons and one daughter—(1) James, who succeeded ; (2) John, sometime captain 72nd, afterwards paymaster of the 6th West Indian Regiment, who died at Honduras, unmarried, in 1800 ; Anne, married Mr Cochrane, and died without issue ; Mrs Mackintosh died at Gibraltar in 1781, and it was rumoured that

Captain John had contracted a second marriage on his return to England with one Mrs Sarah Penton. He died at Inverness in the year 1788. There are not many tenants at present on the Kellachie estate, although broken up into five portions. This state of matters may be contrasted with the occupation in 1778:—

*East of Findhorn.*—Achmore—Donald Mackintosh; Uik—Donald Mackintosh; Mains of Banchar—James Davidson, John Macbeth, Alexander Mackintosh; Dell of Banchar—Alexander Mackintosh; Gortan-an-Eorn—David Macglashan; Wester Strathroon—John Davidson, John Smith, Ewen Mackintosh; The Miln—James Mackintosh; total in 1778, 11; in 1893, 1! *West of Findhorn.*—Daltomich—Alexander Mackintosh, Duncan Macbean, Ewen Macdonald; Garbole—Finlay Smith, John Macgillivray, William Mackintosh; Kellachie—John Stuart, John Macgillivray; Leiter Gruisich—William Mackintosh; Luibreach—John Mackintosh; Brechrimore—Paul Macphail, Alexander Mackintosh, John Mackintosh, Farquhar Macgillivray; Mill and Milnton—John Reid, Allan Macdougall, James Mackintosh; Inchack—Finlay Bain Mackintosh; Breckribeg—Evan Maclean, John Macphail; Corrievorie—Angus Macbean; Crofts of Corrievorie—William Macbean; Ardochie—Donald Macdougall; Auchintoul—Donald Mackintosh, James Mackintosh, William Mackintosh, Donald Mackintosh and his mother; Woodend—John Macpherson, James Mackintosh; Dell of Moril—William Mackintosh, John Mackintosh; Mid Moril—Alexander Mackintosh, Donald Macbean; Easter Moril—Donald Macpherson, Benjamin Macbean, Alexander Mackintosh vic William Roy, Alexander Macbean. Total in 1778, West of Findhorn, 39; grand total, 50 tenants, say 250 souls. The rental in 1776 was £184 4s 0<sup>3</sup>d; in 1893-4, adding a portion for Daltomich, about £1800.

Captain John Mackintosh was succeeded by his eldest son,

XVI. JAMES, afterwards Sir James Mackintosh. Sir James' life is so well known, and so fully exhibited in the valuable memoirs by his son, that it would be quite out of place here to give any detailed account, and the few observations I make are therefore confined to his connection with the Highlands. I have said his grandmother, Anne Fraser of Balnain, widow of Alexander Macgillivray, of South Carolina, lived at Clune with her daughters. A fire having taken place, Mrs John Mackintosh, then with her mother, was hastily removed to the house of Aldourie, where she gave birth to her eldest son James, on the 24th October, 1765. James received his early education at Fortrose (1775-1780), and

was then sent to Aberdeen, where he passed four winters. In the memoirs, Sir James himself refers to Major Mercer of Aldie as head of the *litterati* of Aberdeen, through whom he might obtain a lecture or professorship, and requested his father, in 1783, to write to the Major on his behalf, adding "whether the letter was ever sent, I know not" (see Life, p. 20). The letter was sent, and I have the satisfaction of giving Major Mercer's answer, dated Aberdeen, 7th December, 1783 :—

"My dear Sir,—I did not receive your kind letter until very lately, owing to my having been at my daughter's house in the country for many weeks past. A letter from an old friend and companion, so justly dear to me as you are, could not fail to give me the highest pleasure, and recalling to my memory the many happy hours which I have passed with you and your most excellent brother, whose worth I well knew, and whose death I most sincerely lamented. It would have been unpardonable in you had you neglected to make me acquainted with your son. I shall ever regret that for two winters I have been ignorant of his residence in my neighbourhood, but I cannot blame you on that account, as you were then in Gibraltar, so could not possibly know the place of my abode. By what I have already seen of Mr Mackintosh, I can safely congratulate you upon such a son. He is, indeed, a very extraordinary young man. In his literary studies he is highly accomplished, and what is equally surprising, and perhaps of equal importance in life, the propriety and elegance of his manners are such as to attract the notice of every person who is but for a moment in his company. Without being possessed of the second-sight, which is peculiar to you Highland gentlemen, I will venture to foretell that he will prove a comfort and honour to your old age. And to be sure, it does make me laugh when I mention the old age of John Mackintosh, the father, whom I knew a stripling at the opening of the campaign of 1760. To see a son of yours so far advanced in life makes me stare with both my eyes, although, upon a moment's reflection, my wonder ceases, and I recollect that there are two small children who are entitled to call me by the name of grandfather. Although you and I have been long separated, I have still been enquiring after you, and last summer you were often the subject of conversation between me and my friend Bob Arbuthnot, who served in the same regiment with you, and who entertains a most sincere regard and affection for you. I hope that you and I shall yet meet. In the meantime, I shall be happy to hear from you at a leisure moment, and you

may be assured that I shall take every opportunity to cultivate the acquaintance of your son, both upon your account and his own. I beg that you will make my most affectionate compliments to Major Chisholm. Your son tells me that there is a nephew of his at the Old Town College, and he has promised to bring us together.—I am, with the warmest regard, my dear friend, your most obedient and most faithful humble servant,

(Signed "JAMES MERCER

"Aberdeen, 7th Dec., 1783."

When studying medicine at Edinburgh, Sir James spent his vacations in the north, and in the autumn of 1785, Mackintosh, in one of the periodic visits he had to make in force to Brae Lochaber, until the final removal of the "big major" of Kippoeh to Ireland, asked James to accompany him, as shewn by the following extract from his father's letter to a friend at Inverness, written from Dell of Moril on 11th August:—"My dear Sir,—Mackintosh having requested James to attend him to Lochaber, I am to request the favour that you will be good enough to let him have some pounds in case of accident to answer his purposes for the time." Such gentlemen as were thus called upon, appeared with their servants well armed, and Sir James delighted in late life to recall this expedition, and the danger he ran of being engaged in a second Mulroy! I have mentioned that the widow of Alexander Mackintosh the 13th, who life-rented the estate, died in the year 1790; so the three lairds—James, Angus, and John—derived no benefit. Things were therefore pinched enough, and Sir James was considerably in debt before Lady Kellachie's death. The letters of the time are painful, and it is clear that after his removal to London he was most thoughtless, running through £1000 drawn from the north in a single year; and the lucrative wadset of Daltomich being redeemed in 1791 by Lord Moray, further added to embarrassments. The revolutionary Earl of Lauderdale, known as "Citizen Maitland," lent him large sums, which involved a trust deed in 1796, and ended in a sale of the estates in 1801 to Provost Phineas Mackintosh of Drummond for the sum of £8500 stg.

Thus, unhappily, terminated the connection territorially of the Kellachie family with the north. Sir James, as is well known, represented for a time the County of Nairn in Parliament. In India he was most attentive in pushing on Highlanders, and his hospitality there and in his English and London homes is



proverbial. The late Mr Alexander Mackintosh of Great Ormond Street, London, nephew of Provost John Mackintosh of Aberarder, and uncle of the late Colonel Grant "of the Nile," has often told me stories of the famous people, such as Canning, the Grants, and others he used to meet at Sir James' house, with whose family he was connected by marriage. Lady Kellachie made a holograph addition to her settlements, dated Inverness, 3rd November, 1780, leaving to Captain John Mackintosh of the 78th Regiment, her husband's nephew, "the picture of Angus Williamson, which hangs in my parlour." The Captain having predeceased her, this bequest fell, yet I have reason to believe it came into Sir James' possession, for in a letter from him, dated London, 15th December, 1791—much mutilated, wanting his books to be sent south—the words "also the picture of ——" occur. It is to be feared that this curious relic disappeared when Sir James went to India, for his granddaughter and heiress of line, Miss Eva Mackintosh, in reply to a recent enquiry on the part of one of the clan resident in Forfar, had never heard of it. Sir James passed as M.D. in Edinburgh in 1787, removed to London, 1788, and married 28th February same year—being then 24 years old—Miss Catherine Stuart. At first he practised as a physician, and then turned his attention to the bar, where he soon acquired a lucrative practice and distinguished himself in the field of literature. Mrs Mackintosh died 8th April, 1797, leaving three daughters, and the following year, 10th April, Sir James married Catherine, 2nd daughter of John Allan of Cresselly, Pembroke, who predeceased her husband, dying 6th May, 1830. Sir James went to Bombay in 1804, returned in 1811, and died in London, 30th May, 1832, leaving, with several daughters, a son,

XVII. ROBERT JAMES MACKINTOSH, a man of refined taste and studious habits, who edited the Life and Memoirs of his father, in two volumes, published in London in 1835. He married an American lady, leaving, with two sons, who died without issue, a daughter, now the heiress of line of Kellachie, viz.,

XVIII. Miss EVA MACKINTOSH of 7 Queensgate, London, an accomplished lady, warmly attached to, and cherishing the traditions of her ancient house.

The male descendants of William 8th hereof having failed, as also those of William's second brother John, first of Dalmigavie, in the person of John of Dalmigavie, who died early in this century; the heir male of Kellachie is Mr Frank H. P. Mackintosh of Farr, lineal male descendant of Alexander (3rd brother of

William 8th), and first of Farr. A selection from Sir James Mackintosh's early letters may be given at some future time, and while the severance of the Kellachie family from their estates and the north is much regretted, the lustre conferred by Sir James Mackintosh will continue as long as the English language endures.

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*13th DECEMBER, 1893.*

The paper for this week was contributed by Mr A. Polson, Dunbeath, on "Highland Brochs." Mr Polson's paper was as follows:—

#### HIGHLAND BROCHS.

In our Highland counties the immense number of pre-historic remains which are still in existence have, during the past two centuries, been, to residents and tourists alike, quite a striking feature of the country. Pennant, Pococke, Lowe, Martin, and others, have noticed and described some of them. Pococke even went the length of making a drawing of Dun Dornadilla, in Sutherlandshire, which he passed on his northward journey, and which is now the best preserved broch on the mainland.

It is probable that so many of these pre-historic buildings still remain in the Highlands, because here the land improver has been less busy, and, when he did set to work, suitable stones for dykes, drains, houses, &c., could be easily got without the taking of those in the numerous ruins which were often on somewhat inaccessible sites. Of much later construction than the brochs are all the numerous castles, which, though now in ruins, show from their grimness of situation and construction, that they were built when "might was right," yet the number of brochs, or, as they are known in some localities, "Duns," "Picts' Houses," "Tullochs," are far in excess of the number of the more recently built castles.

Dr Joseph Anderson, of the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh, who has taken an immense amount of intelligent interest in them, and in his Rhind Lectures has treated of them so interestingly, puts the number of them as follows:—

Shetland .....	75
Orkney .....	70
Caithness .....	79
Sutherland .....	60
Ross, Mainland.....	10
„ Lewis.....	28
Inverness, Mainland .....	6
„ Harris .....	10
„ Skye .....	30
„ Raasay.....	1
Perthshire .....	1
Forfarshire .....	1
Stirlingshire .....	1
Berwickshire .....	1
Total .....	373

It will be seen from this list that this class of ruin is confined almost entirely to the north side of the Caledonian valley, and, so far at least as Caithness is concerned, the number given is an under, rather than an over, estimate. The lists for Sutherlandshire and Ross-shire have been compiled by the Rev. Dr Joass, who knows so much of the archæology of the North. The lists for the other Highland counties are not by any means complete, but, if the matter were likely to awaken the interest of local investigators on the Western Mainland of Ross, on the Mainland of Argyll, and throughout Inverness, the list of brochs already known might be published and, of course, made more complete ere any more of them disappear. And, as showing that they do disappear, it may be mentioned the Dun Alisaig, about ten miles west of Tain, on the south bank of the Dornoch Firth, of which Ulbaldine in his “Descrittione de Regno di Scotia (1588)” says:—

“There are in Ross, also, two churches, not of great size, the structure of which is built upwards in the form of two bells, but they are also open from above, perhaps as a proof of the eccentricity of those who built them in this fashion; or perhaps they were built to the god of the boundaries (the god Terminus) as they are ancient enough to have been so.” Maitland, Pococke, and Cordiner have each described it, but now not a vestige remains, and the ordinary inhabitants are not able even to point out the site.

Before being opened these brochs are round grassy knolls—*tullochs*—with a circumference of about 120 yards and a height of from 10 to 15 feet, and by the superstitious they are regarded with suspicion, and they would rather avoid them on dark

nights; in fact, they entertain exactly the same feelings towards them as they do towards churchyards. There is some reason for this. Though it is only in a very few cases that these brochs have, within living memory, or even by tradition been used as burial places, yet when the antiquarian investigator goes to work some of the first things found are human skeletons, which, from their situation, are doubtless burials which must have been made long after the building had become a grassy mound. Probably roads were few and ecclesiastical sites were distant, and some notion of its being hallowed ground might have existed. As the rubbish is being taken away, and every shovelful ought carefully to be examined by some one who knows articles of antiquarian value, there will stand, if the ruin be a broch, a circular wall of from ten to twenty feet in thickness with only one entrance, with indeed no opening of any kind from the outside except this doorway, which pierces the wall like a tunnel and measures at the outside about five feet in height and two and a half feet in width. At from four to eight feet from the outside there is a check for a door, formed by a flagstone being placed edgewise in the floor and an abutment formed in the masonry at the sides. A few inches further back are the bar holes, one on each side, and a little further back than these on one or both sides is an opening smaller even than the external entrance, leading into a "guard chamber," which on the ground plan is oval—the length being about nine or ten feet, and the breadth three or four. Beginning at variable heights from the floor, the stones are built so as to slope inwards all round by the face of each stone projecting a little beyond that below it, until at last the opposite sides are so near that one or two strong flat stones cover the whole. Further in than the entrance to the guard-chamber there is sometimes a check for a second door. The large stones which cover this long, straight, tunnel-like doorway, are also a few inches apart, and above them is a vacant space in which men might be stationed, so that under ordinary circumstances it would be an extremely difficult matter to effect an entrance against the will of those in possession. When one gets to the inside, he is in a circular, well-like court, about thirty feet in diameter, open to the sky, and with entrances to two or three chambers, which, like the guard-house, are built into the surrounding wall in the same manner as the guard-chamber—the method common to all dry-built structures of Pagan and Christian times. In these chambers there are ambry-like recesses, but there is no fire-place and no chimney. They are small, dungeon-like rooms, lighted only by

window-like openings above the entrance. The largest of them yet found was one at Dunbeath, which measured 12 ft. 6 in. long; 6 ft. 6 in. broad; and 13 ft. from the floor to the highest part of the converging roof. The entrance to the staircase is above the level of the floor, and, in the case of the broch at Mousa, in Shetland, which is now the most complete in existence, the stair goes regularly upwards, keeping the curve of the wall at the same time. At a height of about ten or eleven feet, the hitherto solid wall (except for chambers) ends, and a gallery is formed within this circular wall, and goes right round within the wall, until it is stopped by the back of the ascending stair, so that one had to step across the opening necessary for the ascent—about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet—to obtain access to each gallery. The floors of the galleries are formed of rough, undressed slabs of stone, about six inches thick, and with their ends reaching into the wall at each side. The slabs forming the roof of the first gallery form the floor of the next, and so on. How many galleries there may have been in the most complete of them can only be guessed—probably there were five or six. The stones used in the building gradually got smaller and smaller towards the top of the building. It is likely the top was finished off with a round of flat stones. What the total height was we cannot now tell, only the height of the incomplete broch of Mousa is 45 feet. Dun Carloway, in Lewis, was 40 feet high at the end of last century, and Dun Dornadilla is from 25 feet to 30 feet. The galleries were lighted by windows above the doorways, which also admitted air, and the largest of which measured about  $2\frac{3}{4}$  feet broad and 1 foot high, and were placed vertically one over another, with merely the thickness of a lintel between them. They also diminish in size from the lowest to the highest, but in the top galleries there do not seem to have been any windows at all. Many of the brochs examined differ in size, in thickness of wall, in having one, two, or no guard chamber at the entrance; and the one at *Carn Liadh*, Dunrobin, has no chambers in the walls, but, as if to make up for this, there were two dungeon-like rooms underneath the floor, and there was a space almost as large as a chamber at the foot of the staircase. To outward appearance then, these brochs were round structures built somewhat in the form of a lighthouse, but of unhewn stone, not coursed, and with no binding material, and with only one exit. They were, indeed, so built as to offer the most stubborn resistance to the ancient means and modes of attack, and the broch of Mousa had to stand such a siege in the ninth century. Torfaeus relates that Erland carried off the mother of Harold, Earl of Orkney, who was famed for her beauty, to the

Broch of Mousa, where he was unsuccessfully besieged by the earl, who, after a time, came to terms with him, finding the fort impregnable.

The relics found are of quite as much interest as the structures themselves, as they seem to shed some light on the lives of the broch-builders. The articles found consist of stone mortars and querns—fifty of which were found in the broch at Kintrædwell, Brora—numerous pestles, pounders, or knocking-stones. Some burnt grain also was found in the Dunbeath Broch, so it is plain that the inhabitants must have had considerable quantities of grain to prepare for their food, and this implies that the land in the neighbourhood was cultivated; and it is now quite noticeable that these brochs are placed most thickly in the midst of fertile plains or straths, and comparatively few in mountain fastnesses or in places where land would be difficult to cultivate. At Dunrobin there was found a stone sinker, rounded, oblong, conical at the top and flat at the bottom, with the top perforated by a hole for a cord. This would shew that the inhabitants were fishers, and this inference is confirmed by the numerous fish bones and shells found, which shew that they could enjoy cod, haddock, oysters, mussels, cockles, periwinkles, and could, perhaps, partake of whale, grampus, porpoise, and dogfish, for the remains of these delicacies of the ancient times appear. In nearly all brochs there are also found stone whorls for spindle, whetstones, long-handled combs similar to those still used in hand-loom weaving in various parts of the world, and smoothing implements of bone. From this we must infer that the broch-builders did some weaving, so that the arts of peace were even then practised, probably by the women, while the men were on their hunting expeditions, and that they were hunters is shewn by the bones of reindeer, red deer, oxen, sheep, goats, and pigs regularly found. Most of the bones are broken, evidently to get the marrow, which then, as now, is believed by many to be the most nutritious part of the animal. The remains of the reindeer in Caithness and Sutherland brochs is interesting, as doubt was cast on the accuracy of the writer of *Orkneyinga Saga* of 1158, because he stated that every summer the Earls of Orkney—Harold and Rognald—were wont to go over to Caithness and up the forests to hunt the reindeer and the red deer—but, after many days, the brochs have confirmed the accuracy of the ancient historian. In that at Kintrædwell there was found near the bottom of the well, near the centre of the court, the stone drinking cup of the establishment, with the stone handle unbroken, also bracelets and rings of lignite, which could

have been made from the beds in the immediate neighbourhood. In some brochs crucibles have been found, with particles of the metal adhering, and at Dunbeath a part of the wall showed that intense heat, such as would be necessary for smelting, must have been frequently used. If Dr Joass is right concerning the two hammer-marked plates of brass which he found at Carnliadh, then they must have imported brass in that state, and have made their implements themselves. Fragments of rude pottery have also been found.

All these remains plainly go to show that long ere the dawn of Highland history, in the times when we are apt to imagine that "wild in the wood the noble savage ran," there existed a people who could laboriously build ingeniously-made strongholds, which, for all the purposes of a safe refuge from the incursions of any but a regularly trained army, could scarcely be improved on. That the occupants of large areas co-operated is shown by the fact that it is only in a few cases that one broch is not visible from another. Martin, who wrote in 1703, says of Skye—"There are many forts erected on the coast of this isle. . . . They are round in form, and they have a passage all round within the wall; the door of them is low, and many of the stones are of such bulk that no number of the present inhabitants could raise them without an engine. All these forts stand upon eminences, and are so disposed that there is not one of them which is not in view of some other. . . . The forts are commonly named after the place where they are, Dun Derig, Dun Skeriness, Dun Daird, etc. The relics show that they used swords and spears, knives, rings, bracelets, etc., and from the crucibles and moulds and fires, we must infer that they made them themselves.

After the necessity for the first use of these buildings passed away, they were used for other purposes. This is shown by the building up of a wall of much less substantial build against the inner face of the circular wall proper for a height of from eight to ten feet, and then, on the top of this, which formed a scarcement, it is probable that wood might have been placed, and the whole covered in and divided into compartments, the partition walls of which would support the roof. The foundations of these partition and scarcement walls are found to be placed upon a floor consisting of several feet of broch rubbish. Afterwards they were still better adapted for the purposes of tenancy by the building of the out-houses, which are now generally found clustered around the entrance, to which there is generally a direct opening from the out-houses. But the necessity for these secondary uses passed away;

and then it would not, in our humid climate, need a very long period to make a green knoll of the whole uncemented building, which, as has been said, was in some cases used as a burial place, and were afterwards even neglected for that purpose, and became what they now are.

“When were these brochs built?” is certainly a very interesting question, but it is just a little difficult to answer satisfactorily. Mr Laing, F.S.A., who was much interested in antiquarian research in the Highlands, was willing to give them a very high antiquity, but Dr Anderson, on the grounds of their architecture, geographical range, contents, etc., places the period of the brochs not earlier than the fifth and not later than the ninth century. We find that the Romans, who took good care to know all the existing means of defence in any country which they occupied, or intended to occupy, never make any reference to these brochs. We know that in the fifth century the great kingdom of the Picts extended from the Firths of Forth and Clyde over the whole north and east of Scotland, embracing within its compass all the east-flowing rivers. The Northern Picts had their capital at Craig Phadraig, near Inverness. In 498 the Scots who came from Ireland formed their first permanent settlement on the western shores of Britain. It seems that Angus, the most powerful of the Pictish kings, after establishing his sway over the Southern Picts, extended it over the Northern Picts, and overran and put an end to the kingdom of the Scots in Argyle (741). He died in 761. After this the Scots disappear from history for the greater part of a century, and when they re-appear they do so as forming part of a kingdom co-extensive with that of Angus, but ruled over by a Dalriad Scot, Kenneth Macalpin (843). It is probable that it was during this stormy and uncertain period, when waves of hostile invaders or plundering refugees swept over the face of the country, that the peaceful inhabitants had to devise these burglar-proof safes for their varied animate and inanimate possessions.

The Celtic *Dun* and the Scandinavian *borg* both mean fortress, and were applied to what we now agree to call *brochs*; and there is some evidence to show that it was the Norsemen that adapted them to the secondary uses to which we have alluded.

Of course this short paper gives a mere cursory glance at the large subject of even this fraction of Highland archæology, but it may, perhaps, be sufficient to show that the ancient broch-builders ought to stand high in our estimation for the character which their industry and social organisation show them to have been possessed of.



18th DECEMBER, 1893.

At this meeting Mr Lachlan Macbean, editor, *Fifeshire Advertiser*, read a paper on "Celtic Element in Lowland Scottish Song." Mr Macbean's paper was as follows:—

#### THE CELTIC ELEMENT IN SCOTTISH SONGS.

The object of this paper is to call attention to traces of Celtic influence in the poetry of Lowland Scotland. Highlanders do not speak broad Scotch, and perhaps do not admire Scottish songs as they ought. Indeed, there is among some Highlanders a certain contempt for the language and literature of the Lowlands—possibly a relic of the old times, when the only use of the Lowlanders was to rear cattle to be carried off to the Highlands; but whatever its origin, the feeling might be allowed to die. No one has a better right to cherish broad and generous sympathies than the Scottish Celt. His history, his customs, his language, and his folklore connect him in the most intimate and interesting way with every branch of the Aryan race, and nothing human can be foreign to him. It is, therefore, unworthy of us to keep up the old pagan style of thinking and speaking of our near neighbours as *Goill*, merely because they had not the good fortune to be born in the Highlands, and I know of nothing so likely to promote a more kindly habit of thought as a study of the songs of the Scottish Lowlands. It is true that they are not so ancient and can never be so dear to us as our Highland *orain*, but they have a wonderful charm and merit of their own, and I hope to show that they are near of kin to the songs of the Highlands.

#### INFLUENCE ON EARLY SCOTTISH POETRY.

There are few studies more interesting than to trace the influence of nation on nation and race on race in the domains of literature and art. Even within the narrow bounds of our own country there has been much mutual play of such influences, had we sufficient data to distinguish them. My attention has been attracted to the subject by a statement made by an Edinburgh University lecturer on Scottish poetry, who in dealing with the early history of that poetry, remarked that he could find therein no trace of Celtic influence, adding that in those days there was no Celtic literature to exercise any influence. This positive statement induced me to inquire into the case as regards early Scottish poetry, and what I found is this—Scottish poetry had its origin in or about the 13th century. There was no Scottish

nation bearing any resemblance to that which we know until Kenneth Macalpine and his Gaelic warriors conquered the Picts in the 9th century. From that period up to the 15th century the name of Scottish language was applied only to the Gaelic, and it was not until about the end of the 15th century that the present Lowland dialect ceased to be called "Inglis" and began to be called Scots. The earliest poetry now extant, claimed as belonging to that language, is the legend of Sir Tristrem, said to have been composed by Thomas the Rhymer in the end of 13th century. In the 14th century, several romances of the same kind were composed, and Barbour wrote his poem of the Bruce; Wyntoun, James I., and Dunbar wrote in the 15th century, and Gawain Douglas in the 16th.

Was there then no Celtic poetry in those centuries? In the year 1512, the Dean of Lismore began to write down the Gaelic poems and ballads that were popular in his day, and a large number of these he, as well as the reciters, ascribed to Ossian. The collection comprises thousands of lines, and it is reasonable to suppose that much of this mass of Gaelic poetry was well known in Scotland before the writing of the earliest line of Scoto-Saxon poetry which we now possess. But we have MSS., of much earlier date than that which I have mentioned, which contain examples of Gaelic hymns and songs, and it is known that the Scoto-Celtic kings had Gaelic poets-laureate, one of whom composed the Albanic Duan. It is, therefore, not a very extravagant inference that there really was some Gaelic poetical literature at the era when the Saxon poetry of Scotland originated.

Nor is it doubtful that the Gaelic poems were known to the new writers of "Inglis." Gawain Douglas, inscribing a poem to James IV., tells how he saw in the Palace of Honour the heroes of Ossian's ballads—

"Greit Gow-mac-morne and Fyn ma Coul, and how  
They suld be goddis in Ireland as they say."

As to the supposition that early Scottish poetry shows no trace of Celtic influence, we must remember that, at the period in question, all Europe was ringing with the Celtic romances now known as the Arthurian cycle, and it would be strange indeed if, in the south of Scotland, on the very borders of the district where these Celtic legends arose, poets should be found unsusceptible to their influence. Why, the very titles and subjects of the first Saxon poems of Scotland show a very marked Celtic influence, for they include such names as Sir Tristrem, Sir Gawayne, the Awntyrs of

Arthur, Golagros and Gawaine, and the Romans of Launcelot. It is true that, so far, we have British and not purely Gaelic influence, but then the early Saxon colony in Scotland came into contact with the Cymric more than with the Gaelic Celts. When the nation became consolidated, the place of the Gaelic—or, as it was oftener called, the Irish tongue—as the ancient language of Scotland was recognised. About the year 1490, Kennedy wrote to Dunbar—

“Thow lufis nane Irische, elf, I understand,  
But it suld be all true Scots mennis lede,  
It was the gude language of this land  
And Scotsa it causit to multiply and sprede.”

Furthermore, when a Saxon minstrelsy, that could make any claim to be called Scottish, began to arise, the circumstances were such that it could hardly fail to acquire some slight Celtic and even Gaelic flavour. The Teutonic population formed the merest fraction of the Scottish nation, and when the Saxon tongue was adopted by the Court and the Lowland portion of the Celtic people, it was certain to undergo some modification. The differences between the Scottish and English dialects are certainly not due entirely or even chiefly to the fact that Scotch is spoken by a nation which formerly spoke Gaelic, for in that case the Highlanders of the present day would speak Scotch in preference to English. But still we find even in the language of the earliest Scottish poetry very distinct traces of Celtic influence. The pronunciation of the language was affected. The English *w* and the rather unpleasant sound of *wh* have no equivalent in Gaelic. They are represented by *f*, or in some districts by the hard *c*. Thus the English word *wine* is in Gaelic *fion*, and the ancient town which the Saxons called *Whitherne* was called by the Celts *Futerne*. Well, you will find that in some districts of Scotland the people to this day use *f* where an Englishman uses *wh*. In *Aberdeenshire*, the word *where* is pronounced *far*, like the Gaelic word which also means *where*. But in most cases the Gaelic equivalent of *wh* is hard *c*. For example, the words *who*, *what*, *when*, are in Gaelic *cò*, *cìod*, *c'uin*. Now, how did the first Scottish speakers and singers of Saxon pronounce them? Where an Englishman wrote *wh* they wrote *quh*, making the words mentioned *quho*, *quhat*, *quhen*, almost exactly the Gaelic pronunciation *co*, *cìod*, *c'uin*. In reading the oldest Scottish poetry, there is nothing so striking and, at first sight, so perplexing as the number of words that begin with *qu*.

It must be clear then that in those far off days in which Lowland Scottish minstrelsy had its very fount and origin, it showed the effects of Celtic influence in its subjects and its language.

Now the main question before us is this—Taking the great body of Lowland-Scottish songs, can we trace therein any Celtic element; and if we can, what is its extent?

Gaelic Influence on Language of Scottish Song.

A great merit of the Scottish language for lyrical purposes has been its wonderful resources of quaint and pithy words that can give expression to shades of meaning which cannot be conveyed in English, and a very considerable number of these words have been taken from Gaelic. Let me instance a few such words. Ferguson, the predecessor of Burns, wants an expressive word to describe *grumbling*, and so he uses the Gaelic word *drannid* with good effect—

But worth gets poortith, an' black burning shame,  
To draunt and drivel out a life at hame.

Ramsay uses the word in the same sense :—

But diinna wi' your greeting grieve me,  
Nor wi' your draunts and droning deave me.

From grumbling, however, the word came to mean any whining mode of speech, as in the good Scots proverb—

He that speaks with a draunt,  
And sells with a cant,  
Is right like a snake in the skin of a saunt.

Our Gaelic word *ablack*—guttural and loose-jointed as it sounds—is a very appropriate designation for a yokel, and is, therefore, used in Scottish song—

Up the kirk-yaird he fast did jee,  
I wat he wasna hooly ;  
An' a' the ablocks gloured to see  
A bonny kind o' tulyie.

A very good, but little understood, word of frequent occurrence in the songs is *fa'*. It is used in the sense of obtaining possession, and occurs in both ancient and modern songs. Bannatyne writes—

My hart, tak nowdir pane nor wa,  
For Meg, for Merjory, nor yet Mawis ;  
Bot be thou glaid and lett hir ga,  
For ne'er a crum of the scho *fawis*.

And another old ballad runs thus—

A sonsy rede swythe rede to me,  
How Marstig's daughter I may fa'  
My luve and lemman true to be.

It would be rash to assert dogmatically that *fa'* is Gaelic, but in both in sound and sense it bears a strong likeness to the Gaelic *faigh*, to get, and this helps us to understand Burns's stanza—

A Prince may mak' a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, an' a' that,  
But an honest man's aboon his might  
Guid faith ! he mauna *fa'* that.

Another expressive word is *skale*. A kirk *skales* when the congregation is dismissed ; a report is *skaled* when it is spread ; and a dress is *skaled* when the seams give way. The word appears in Scottish poetry as early as 1420. Wyntoun sings—

But the Kyng richt manlyly  
Swne *skaled* all that company.

*Skale* is the Gaelic *sgaoil*, and in another place Wyntoun gives the Gaelic preterite form instead of the Saxon *skaled* :—

Bot a storme swa gret them skayle  
That they war drywyn all away.

Ross, in his "Helenore," uses it to describe, what no Saxon word does so well, the ripping of a seam :—

To her left shoulder, too, her keek was worn,  
Her gartens tint, her shoon a' skelt and torn.

A very good example of the way in which Scottish poets "lifted" a Highland word when they required it is found in the Gaelic *reith* (*re*), a season, which is itself derived from *rè*, the moon. Fergusson sings :—

Little more than half a reith,  
Than, gin we a' be spared frae death,  
We'll gladly pree  
Fresh noggins o' your reaming graith.

A large proportion of the expressive Gaelic words used in Scottish songs are adjectives, and some of them have a curious history. Highlanders can hardly have missed observing how several Gaelic adjectives go in pairs—those beginning with *s* being for good qualities, and those beginning with *d* for evil qualities. Thus we

have *saoi*, virtuous, and *dao*, vicious; *socair*, easy, and *docair*, difficult; *soirbh*, gentle, *doirbh*, rough. *Sona* is happy, and *dona* is unhappy; *sonas*, a virtuous happiness, and *donas*, a miserable viciousness. Both these words have been adopted in Scottish song. *Sonas* appears as *sons* in what is said to be the oldest scrap of Scottish song extant—

“Quhen Alysandyr, oure Kyng, wes dede,  
That Scotland led in luwe and le,  
Away was sons of ale and brede,  
Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and gle.

Here *sons* is undoubtedly the Gaelic *sonas*, pleasure. Dunbar uses the word to describe the blessedness of life in heaven and in Edinburgh—

“To sonce and seil, solace and joy,  
God and Sanct Jeil heir you convoy.”

In the later Scotch songs we find an adjective formed from this word—*sonsy*. Lowland poets sing of *sonsy* lasses, and a Scotch proverb gives a good Scotch meaning to the Gaelic *sonas*—“Better be *sonsy* than be soon up.”

The converse of *sonas* is *donas*, which appears in the songs as *donsy*. In its proper meaning of evil it occurs in Davidson's “Seasons”—

“There cam a batch o' webster lads  
Wha gied them monie a donsie blad.”

And again—

“Come, muse, thou *donsy* limmer, who dost laugh  
At bungling poets.”

Many of the terms used in the songs for different parts of dress are purely Celtic—the plaid, the brogues, the sporran, and the gown. Even the Gaelic *brat*, cloth (whence *bratach*, a banner) appears in the songs, as in Burns' wish for members of Parliament—

God bless your honour a' your days  
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claes.

So also in regard to different parts of the body. A clumsy hand is a *maig*, and a clumsy foot a *spoig*, while a contemptuous Gaelic word for the mouth, the *gob*, appears in James I.'s poem, “Peebles to the Play”—

And quhair thair gobbis were ungaird  
They gat upour the gammis.

*Gairdean*, the Gaelic for an arm, appears in the poetry of Bishop Douglas—

Thus sayd he and anone with ane swak  
His gardy up has bendit fer abak.

It is used to better purpose by Ross—

In ahint he claspit her hard and fast  
With baith his gardies round about her waist.

The hands as well as the arms get a Gaelic name in the songs—They are called the *looves*, a word which does not seem to have existed in Anglo-Saxon, but which seems cognate to the Gaelic *lamh*. Sometimes the word is used for the palm, as in the verse regarding the Lad that was born in Kyle—

The gossip keekit in his *loof*,  
Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,  
This waly boy will be nae coof—  
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

But oftener it is used in the proper sense of hand, as in the song of the maid that longed to come of age—

They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,  
Though I mysel' ha'e plenty, Tam,  
But heirst thou, laddie? there's my loof—  
I'm thine at ane an' twenty, Tam.

Another class of Gaelic words remind us of the time when Highland talent wandered about the Lowlands engaged in keeping alive the sacred flame of poesy, or in the humbler task of mending pots and pans. From the itinerant Highland minstrel the Lowland poet caught such words as—*port*, a tune; *laoidh*, a lay; *bard*, a poet; and *cruit* or crowd, a harp. Even *rann*, the Gaelic for a verse, appears in the earliest Scottish songs, with the half contemptuous meaning we associate with versifying. In the "Houlate" we read—

Sa come the Ruke with a rerde and a rane roch,  
A bard out of Ireland with 'Banochadee'!

And Douglas, in describing the poetasters of his day, says—

The railyeare rekkinis na wourdis but ratlis furth ranys.

Even away back in the time of Wyntoun, the Lowland poets had caught the word. He writes :—

Mater nane I worthy fand  
That tyl yhoure herying were pleasand,  
Intyl this tretys for to wryte,  
Swa suld I dulle hale yhoure delyte,  
And ye suld call it but a rane.

So much for art ; and now for the artisan, or, as he was called in Gaelic, the *ceard*. The word, as a designation for a travelling tinsmith, is common enough in the songs :—

Hech, sirs, what cairds and tinklers  
And ne'er-do-weel horse-coupers,  
And spae-wifes fenying to be dumb,  
Wi' a' sic like land loupers.

Ross asks :—

“What means that coat ye carry on your back ?  
Ye maun, I ween, unto the kairds belang,  
Seeking, perhaps, to do somebody wrang,  
And meet your crew upon the dead of night,  
And brak some hoose or gee the fouk a fright ?”  
“Hegh, hey !” quo Byddy, “this is unco hard,  
That whan fouk travel they are ca'ed a kaird.”

Many other expressive Gaelic words, such as *dein* (dian) intense, *crine* (crion), to shrink and wither, meet us in the songs, but those mentioned will suffice to show that in this particular the Scottish songs have been enriched from Gaelic sources. But we find in the songs not only Gaelic words, but many Gaelic idioms. For example, the Gaelic word *seach* means both *by* and *than*, and in Scotch we find *by* used where an Englishman would say *than*, as “I am young by thee.” The word *and* is used in Gaelic in a peculiar sense as equivalent to “seeing that,” and in Lowland songs it is used in the same way, thus :—

How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary, fu' o' care ?

An even more remarkable instance is the habit of placing *t* before the word one. In Gaelic we have a clear grammatical rule by which we require *t* between the article and words that begin with a vowel. For *the one* we say *an t-aon*. This is rendered in Scotch *the t-ane* :—“Then said the t'ane unto the t'other.”



## GAELIC MUSIC.

Having said so much on the language of the Lowland songs, our inquiry now leads us to their music. One of their chief charms lies in the beauty and power of their tunes. These melodies bear no resemblance to those of the popular songs of England, but a very marked family likeness to those of the Highlands, and of Ireland. We know, too, from the songs themselves, and from various old statutes and notes in State papers, that in the olden days Highland harpers wandered through Scotland, and that the kings had generally one or more of these musicians attached to the court. Major, the historian (about 1520), wrote that James I., in playing on the harp, "excelled the Irish or Highland Scots, who are esteemed the best performers on that instrument." Moreover, Burns, Tannahill, and other modern poets have stated that they naturalised many Gaelic airs in the Lowlands, and this process has probably gone on for centuries. These Gaelic melodies have had the happiest influence in moulding both the inner sentiment and the outward form of the songs. As Burns himself explains—

The elements o' sang  
In formless jumble, right an' wrang,  
Wild floated in his brain,

until the "forming strain" or melody came to shape it into song. Here, then, is a very distinctly Celtic element in the songs of the Scottish Lowlands, for the music is at least half the song; and, moreover, the adoption of Gaelic tunes compelled the Lowland poets to imitate the Gaelic rhymes and rhythm. English rhyme consists of one, or less frequently of two syllables, but Gaelic rhyme more usually of two and three syllables. Saxon speech does not contain many rhyming words of three syllables, and, therefore, to match the Gaelic tune, the lines had to be eked out with meaningless ee's and o's, as "My ain kind dearie, O!" "Green gowd the rashes, O!"

## CELTIC CHARACTER OF THE LOWLAND MUSE.

In these hasty remarks on the language, music, and metrical forms, we have been, as it were, describing the exterior of the palace of Scottish song, noting the elegance of its architecture and the traces of Celtic art in its ornamentation. But we want to know something of the character of the muse that dwells therein. Is she purely Saxon, or, as some gravely affirm, is she Icelandic or

Norwegian? Surely a Saxon or Scandinavian muse, viewing such a dwelling as we have pictured, might well exclaim—

O this is no my ain hoose,  
I ken by the bigging o't ;  
It canna be my ain hoose  
Wi' thrissles on the rigging o't.

In old times a great deal was said of the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, a phrase which was sometimes used in the law books, as if the Scots were not altogether accountable for their actions. Wherever the Scots of the present day got their pawkiness and canniness and plodding easy-going solidity of character, we may safely say that the dash of fervedness, the enthusiasm, and *elan* in their blood has been inherited from Celtic ancestors. It might be invidious for us to compare or contrast in any way the racial qualities of Celts and Teutons, but seeing that the question before us refers to the presence or absence of Celtic sentiment in Scottish songs, we may quote two or three Saxon authors on the Celtic character. Says Principal Shairp—"Quickness to see, quickness to feel, lively perceptions, deep, overpowering, all-absorbing emotions, these, the exact opposite of the Saxon temperament, tough, heavy, phlegmatic, are nowhere more conspicuous than in the Scottish Gael and in their early poetry." Professor Morley in his work on English Writers says—"The main current of English literature cannot be disconnected from the lively Celtic wit in which it had one of its sources. But for early pregnant and continuous contact with the race that in its half-barbaric days invented 'Ossian's dialogue with St Patrick,' Germanic England would not have produced Shakespeare." A still more emphatic definition of the Celtic element is given by Matthew Arnold—"Sentiment, the word which marks where the Celtic races touch and are one—sentimental, if the Celtic nature is to be characterised by a single term, is the best to take; an organisation quick to feel impressions, and feeling them very strongly." Now, if these high Saxon authorities have given a correct definition of the Celtic genius and temperament, we can see how far it corresponds with Burns' portrait of the Scottish muse—

A hair-brained *sentimental* trace  
Was strongly marked in her face ;  
A wildly-witty, rustic grace,  
Shone full upon her.  
Her eyes even turned on empty space,  
Beamed keen with humour.

These are the very qualities, you see, which Morley, Shairp, and Arnold claim to be characteristic of the Celt, and Burns seems to agree with them, for his muse shows her race by her dress—

Down flowed her robe, a *tartan* sheen.

If we now proceed to examine the main currents of sentiment that flow in Scottish song, we shall find that Celtic intensity and elevation and turns of thought mark them all. We shall also find in following these currents of sentiment that their channels are occasionally marked out by frequent Gaelic words, borne down from the craggy uplands in which they had their source.

SONGS OF NATURE AND SCENERY.

It happens that the fullest, strongest, and most characteristic current in Scottish song is, at the same time, that whose course is most thickly strewn with these Gaelic boulders. It is love for nature and a keen appreciation for the beauties of scenery. No poet of any country ever excelled Robert Burns in his intense sympathy for nature :—

O, Nature ! a' thy shows and forms  
To feeling, pensive hearts ha'e charms,  
Whether the summer kindly warms  
    Wi' life and light,  
Or winter howls in gusty storms  
    The lang, dark night.

The war'ly race may drudge and drive,  
Hog-shouter, jundie, stretch and strive,  
Let me fair Nature's face describe  
    And I wi' pleasure  
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive  
    Bum o'er their treasure.

Do those words of the high priest of Scottish song not breathe the very spirit of the Celt? No clansman could have more pithily expressed his contempt for the vulgar competition and sordid drudgeries of commerce, and no Gaelic bard could more lovingly breathe his devotion to nature. It has been argued that people who live among noble scenery can never appreciate its beauty, and that the grandeur of Highland glens has been discovered only in recent years by visitors from the south. As against this, we might reason that it is only people

who are accustomed to beautiful scenery that can have the training of eye to discern what natural beauty is. But let us see what are the facts. One of the most learned Englishmen that ever lived—the great Dr Johnson—visited the Highlands a hundred years ago, and this is what he wrote :—

“The hills are almost totally covered with a dark heath, and even that appears checked in its growth. What is not heath is nakedness—a little diversified now and then by a stream rushing down the steep. An eye accustomed to flowery pastures and waving harvests is astonished and repelled by this wide extent of hopeless sterility.”

What a contrast there is between the pompous stupidity of this southern philosopher and the intense affection for the mountains sung by his contemporary, Duncan Bàn Macintyre! Away back as far as Highland poetry can be traced, it is found that the fair landscape, the open width of heaven, the strength and majesty of the mountains, and the music of the valley's evening voices, have ever been dear to the Gaelic heart. Listen nearly to the song of Deirdre, which is probably two thousand years old, and of which we have an MS. written in the 15th century—

Glen Massan, O, Glen Massan !  
High its herbs and fair its boughs,  
Solitary was the place of our repose  
On grassy Invermassan.

Glen Etive, O, Glen Etive !  
There was my earliest home ;  
Lovely are its woods at dawn,  
When the sun struck on Glen Etive.

It is suggestive to find that, among the very first of Gaelic words adopted into Lowland Scottish poetry, were those that related to natural scenery. In the romance of “Golagros and Gawaine” we read—

The king faris with his folk, our firthis and felles,  
Feil dais or he fand of flynd or of fyre,  
Bot deip dalis, bedene, *dounis*, and dellis,  
Montains and moresse, with mony rank myre,  
Birken bewis about *boggis* and wellis,  
Withouten beilding of blis, of bern or of byre,  
Bot *torris*, and tene wais, teirfull quha tellis.

Here the Gaelic words *dùn*, *bog*, and *tòrr*, are easily recognised.

Yet though a few Gaelic words for scenery were thus early introduced into Scottish poetry, it is only in comparatively modern Scottish songs that we find the characteristic Highland scenery. In the earlier songs the scenery was exotic—groves of cypress and myrtle and other products of the East. Allan Ramsay was the first to cast aside this artificial staging, and Walter Scott, in southern Scotland, learned to address Caledonia as above all things the “land of brown heath and shaggy wood, land of the mountain and the flood.”

This change was in entire accordance with the Celtic susceptibility to natural beauty; it gave to Scottish songs a distinctly Highland back ground, and, in order to express it properly, Gaelic words were increasingly used. For example, there is the word *linne*, a pool in a stream. Douglas, in the old poem of the “Cherrie and the Slae,” made use of it—

I saw a river rin  
Outour a steipie rock of stane  
Syne lychtit in a linn.

But it was Burns who first made it familiar to Lowland ears as in the verse—

Duncan sighed baith out and in  
Grat his e'en baith bleart and blin,  
Spak o' loupin' o'er a linn,  
Ha, ha! the woin' o't.

In his beautiful poem of Helenore, Ross has a well painted bit of Highland landscape in which the same word is used—

Above she spies,  
And lo! beneath a bonnie burnie lies  
Out through the mist atweesh her and the sun  
That glanced and shined in ilka pool and lyn,  
A hail half-mile she had at least to gang  
Through birns and pikes and scrabs and heather lang.

In songs that relate to scenery one comes across many Gaelic words such as—*Strath, glen, ben, bog, corrie, cairn, crag, and lock.*

The countless hollows that diversify the Scottish landscape are called in Gaelic *glaic*, which literally means the hollow of the hand. Thus in the Border minstrelsy we have—



When words he found, that elritch sound  
Was like the norlan' blast,  
Frae yon deep *glack*, at Catla's back,  
That skeek the dark brown waste.

And another old ballad says—

The wolf wowed hideous on the hill,  
Yowlin frae *glack* to brae.

The Gaelic *ard*, height, is also used to designate the points of the compass, and is employed in the same way in Scottish song. Douglas sings of "every *art*," and Burns "O' a' the *airts*."

Closely connected with the keen feeling for nature is the power of personifying natural influences which is so strong both in Highland and Lowland song. Hence, according to Shairp, the natural magic, or shall we say the superstition and the relics of Druidism in these songs. James I. devoted his poems of "Peebles to the Play" to a description of the celebration of the old Gaelic festival of Beltane, or the fire of Bel. The sister festival of Halloween is described in Burns' and other modern poetry, and throughout the Scottish songs we catch the strange weird strains of the old Celtic supernatural world that peopled our loveliest woods and darkest glens with forms of dread.

LOVE SONGS.

The love songs, which some would have placed first as the most familiar and characteristic of Scottish songs, show not a little of the "hairbrained sentimental trace" of the national muse, being headstrong, passionate, and completely defiant of worldly prudence—

The *worldly* race may riches chase,  
And riches still may fly them O,  
And though at last they hold them fast,  
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them O ;  
But gie me a canny 'oor at e'en,  
My arms about my dearie O,  
And worldly cares and worldly men  
May all gang tapsalteerie O.

There sang the typical Scottish lover, and the Scottish lady can adopt an equally hairbrained sentimental strain—

I winna marry ony man  
But Sandy o'er the lea ;  
I winna hae the dominie,  
Though mony gifts has he ;

*Gaelic Society of Inverness.*

But I will hae my Sandy lad,  
 My Sandy o'er the lea,  
 For he's aye kiss kissing,  
 And he winna let me be.

In the love songs, as in those in praise of nature, the older poets were fond of introducing classic models, bearing such names as Phyllis and Dulcinea, Philander and Chloe. But when artificiality was banished, the fashion ran on Highland names—Greek nymphs and youths being superseded by Flora and Donald, whose loves were shaded, not by myrtle groves, but by birken trees in a glen without a name.

## SONGS OF HOME.

After the love songs come those of home and family, which are numerous and beautiful. Has this current any source in the deep sentimental feelings we associate with Celtic genius? Principal Shairp thinks so, and certainly many of the peculiarities of Celtic family feeling are visible enough in the Scottish home songs. Nothing is more characteristic of Highland ways of thinking than the view that a man must have the nature of the stock from which he grew, and this conception shows itself early in Lowland poetry. Kennedy writes to Dunbar :—

My linage and forbears aye war lele ;  
 It cumis of kynde to thee to be a tratoure.

Of course the Gaelic word *clann*, for children, or children of the tribe, appears in Scotch just as it does in English songs, but one should not have expected to find in them the peculiar Gaelic title for a chief—the head of the kindred. It occurs in the ancient poem just quoted :—

“Belzebub, thy full brothir, will clame  
 To be thyne air, and Cayphas they sectour ;  
 Pluto, thy Hede of Kyn and protectour.”

The grandchildren also take a Gaelic title. Thus of Wallace it is said that :—

“The second ‘o’ he was a gud Wallace.”

*Ogha* is, of course, the Gaelic for a grandchild, and thus appears in Irish surnames, when Highlanders are content with *Mac*, son. Ramsay uses this word for a grand-daughter :—

Auld Bestie, in her red coat braw,  
Came wi' her ain oe Nanny.

Burns goes a step further and introduces the *iar-ogha*, or grandson, thus :—

May health and grace wi' mutual rays  
Shine on the evening of his days,  
Till his wee curlie John's iar-oe  
The last sad mournful rites bestow.

Turning from the persons of the family to the house itself, we find equally abundant traces of Celticism in the terms employed. Thus we have *bothy*, a little house, from the Gaelic *bothan*; *caber*, a rafter; *ingle*, a fire; *grieschoch*, hearth-embers; *quaich*, from the Gaelic *cuaich*; *bannock*, from *bonnach*; *knob*, from *cnap*. And in beverages—*bree*, the Gaelic for juice; *brochan*, gruel; *sowens*, from *sughan*, juice; *bleddich*, from the Gaelic *blathach*, buttermilk; and last, but not least, *usquebar*, from *uisge-beatha*, water of life. Some of these words, no doubt, get new shades of meaning in the Lowland songs. The Gaelic *aingeal* means an ember, but in the Scottish songs the *ingle* is the housefire, and the *ingle-nook*, the fireside corner. In the oldest songs it retained the Gaelic meaning. For example, Douglas wrote—

Some others brocht the fontains watter fare,  
And sum the haly ingil with them bare.

The *cabair* may mean any pole or spar, and is well known to English speakers from the game of "tossing the caber," but it is often used for the rafters, and Burns so employs it in describing a social scene—

He ended, and the kebars sheuk  
Aboon the chorus roar,  
While frighted rattons backward look,  
And seek the benmost bore.

The Gaelic *brigh* is well known in the songs from its use for *barley bree*, and for the puddin'-bree in the song of the "Barrin' o' the door."

#### PATRIOTIC SONGS.

Next to the songs of home are those of country. Most of the Scottish patriotic songs date about or after the Jacobite rebellions, and they bear vividly impressed on them the leading part taken



by the northern clans in those risings. Lowland Jacobite songs bristle with Gaelic names and Gaelic sentiment, and Highland *esprit* and hair-brained enthusiasm—

The Gordon is gude in a hurry,  
 And Campbell is steel to the bane,  
 And Grant and Mackenzie, and Murray,  
 And Cameron will hurkle to nane ;  
 The Stuart is sturdy and wannel,  
 And sae is Macleod and Mackay ;  
 And I their gude brither, Macdonald,  
 Shall never be last in the fray.  
 Brogues an' brochan an' a',  
 Brochan an' brogues an' a',  
 And up wi' the bonnie blue bonnets,  
 The kilt an' the feather an' a'.

The effect of these songs was to associate the kilt and the feather and a' with Scottish war, and the gallantry displayed by the Scottish regiments, which were virtually Highland regiments, helped to perpetuate the notion. Burns sang of Scotland—

If ance they pit her til't  
 Her *tartan petticoat* she'll kilt,  
 And rin her whittle to the hilt  
 I' the first she meets.

#### HUMOUR AND PATHOS.

The humorous songs of Scotland are another class in which there is a strong Celtic element. Morley says that "Until there came some fusion with the Celts, the English were not only as serious as the Dutch but quite as deficient in the sense of fun." It is certain that the quality of the humour in Lowland songs is exactly the same as we have in Highland songs, and one might almost say that any humorous Lowland song could be mated with one precisely alike in Gaelic. Time will not permit of quotations, and still less can we stay to examine the songs of grief which form so large a portion of the poetry of both Highlands and Lowlands. It is worthy of note that it is the same race that gave Scotland her merry Strathspeys and her melancholy laments, showing that there is not a string allied to mirth but has its chord in melancholy.

Even the *coronach*, that embodiment of Highland sorrow, appears in Scottish poetry as early as the time of Dunbar. In the description of the slaughter at Harlaw we read—

Gret pitie was to heir and see  
The voys and dulesum hermonic,  
That evir that dreiry day did daw  
Cryand the *corynoch* on hie,  
"Alas! alas! for the Harlaw!"

CONCLUSION.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to insist further on the presence of a powerful Gaelic strain in our Scottish songs. We find in them not only Gaelic words but Gaelic pronunciation of Saxon words, not only the Gaelic softness which abhors hard consonants but Gaelic idioms in the structure of sentences, Gaelic rhyme-forms as well as Gaelic music. And passing from the outer form to the soul and sentiment of the song we find traces of Celticism in the purity and ardour of the love song, in the intense feeling of the songs of home, in the love of nature and the tinge of superstition in others, in the dash of the patriotic songs, the abandon and rapid rhythm of the songs of mirth, and not least in the laments which echo so faithfully the melancholy minor of the Celt.

May we not add that the Celticism of Scottish song has been from the first an increasing element? There is more of it in Lindsay in the 16th century than in James I. in the 15th. In Ramsay in the 18th century there is vastly more of it than in any previous poet, and he was the first to associate the Highland plaid and targe with the typical Scot. But the Celticism of Scottish song attained its greatest fulness in the greatest poet of Scotland. Lowlander as he was, Burns was full of Highland sentiment. He used more Gaelic words and wrote songs to more Gaelic melodies than any Lowland poet that preceded him. His poem of the "Twa Dogs" is divided into "Duans" like the longer poems of the Gaelic bards, and one of the dogs he names *Luath*

After some dog in Highland song  
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

This was *Luath*, the *swift*, the dog of Cuchullin. It is worthy of remark, too, that Burns knew the pronunciation and spelling of *Luath*. He gives the Gaelic spelling and makes it rhyme with *you ha'*.

It is thus obvious that while in the earliest periods of Lowland poetry there were distinct traces of Celtic influence, it was in the later period, when Scottish song attained its greatest power, that it showed this influence most. The Gaelic element in

thought and language has been a growing thing, and its effect has been to add a growing charm, a piquancy and a grace to these songs. May we not even say that it is largely to their Celtic flavour that our national songs owe their matchless beauty and power? And is there not some satisfaction to Highlanders in the reflection that if Gaelic must pass away, its influence on Scottish song as well as on English literature must remain until these languages in their turn are lost in oblivion?

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16th JANUARY, 1894.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL DINNER.

The twenty-second annual dinner of the Society took place in the Palace Hotel this evening, under the presidency of Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh of Lochardil, Chief of the Society. The dinner was one of the most successful ever held under the auspices of the Society. There was a large and representative attendance. The Chairman was supported by Provost Ross, Sir Henry Macandrew, Mr E. H. Macmillan, manager, Caledonian Bank, Brigade Surgeon-Major Grant, Captain Malcolm, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, Mr Duncan Campbell of the *Northern Chronicle*, Mr William Mackay, solicitor, and Mr Duncan Mackintosh, Secretary of the Society, &c. The croupiers were Mr John L. Robertson, H.M. Inspector of Schools, and Mr Alexander Mackenzie of the *Scottish Highlander*. The company were played to the dinner tables by the Society's piper, Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, piper to the Duke of Richmond, who also played a variety of tunes with characteristic ability during the progress of the dinner.

After dinner the Secretary read a long list of apologies for absence from members of the Society, and submitted 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 fifty-five new members joined the Society, viz.:—three life members, four honorary members, and forty-eight ordinary members, and several volumes have been added to the library. Volume 18 of the Society's Transactions will soon be in the hands of the members, and will be one of the largest and most interesting

of the Society's volumes. The syllabus for session 1893-94, which is now in the hands of those present, shows that there is no abatement in the activity of members in the special field which the Society endeavours to cultivate. The Treasurer reports as follows, viz. :—Balance from last year, £43 2s 8d ; income during year, £146 6s 4d ; total revenue, £189 9s ; expenditure during year, £103 18s 10d ; leaving a balance on hand of £85 13s 7d. The Council, however, wish to state that the expense of the volume (Vol. 18) now in the press has to be paid out of this balance. The yearly expenditure is greatly increasing, and the Council 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 especially interested has greatly extended since the foundation of the Society, and able scholars are willing to contribute to the Transactions, but 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."

Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, who was cordially received, proposed the health of Her Majesty the Queen. He said it required no words from him, in a meeting of Highlanders, to ask them to drink that toast with enthusiasm. Her Majesty had always shown the greatest feeling of attachment towards Scotland and the Highlands, which did not by any means seem cooler as she advanced in years. He begged to propose the Queen.

Mr Fraser-Mackintosh then gave the toast of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal Family. The Prince of Wales performed his various and onerous duties with satisfaction to the country for many years. The Princess of Wales had endeared herself to them ever since she had set foot upon British soil, and they all sympathised with her in the irretrievable loss she had sustained in the death of her eldest son, which had affected her health. He trusted time and circumstances would enable her to regain her former good health. In regard to the other members of the Royal Family, he desired to say a few words in reference to the heir apparent to the Throne, the Duke of York and the Earl of Inverness. They had some peculiar claims upon the Duke as Earl of Inverness. He thought he was not out of place in saying there that he hoped the authorities of Inverness would, by and bye, see some favourable opportunity of inviting both the Earl of Inverness and the Countess of Inverness to visit them. He wished to mention one little matter connected

with the titles of the Duke of York and Earl of Inverness, which did not come under his own observation until very recently. The titles of the Duke of York and Earl of Inverness were now conjoined in one person. About one hundred years ago they were separate titles. There was then the well-known Cardinal Duke of York. There was also the late Duke of Sussex, who afterwards became Earl of Inverness. It was a curious thing that an interview took place between the descendant of the Stuarts and a descendant of the Hanover family. The then Earl of Inverness, Prince Augustus, who lived in Rome, desired, notwithstanding what had occurred, to have a meeting with the Cardinal. The Cardinal, for various reasons, stated that he would rather not have this meeting, though he expressed himself kindly to the young man. He was not to be defeated. He knew that the Cardinal was to walk in a certain direction in the grounds of the Vatican; he put himself in his way, and introduced himself to him. The Duke of York gave his blessing to the Earl of Sussex. He thought this fact was a little interesting to them. He gave the toast of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the other members of the Royal Family.

Mr Fraser-Mackintosh proposed the toast of the Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces. Although not strictly belonging to the army service, he might be allowed to make a sympathetic reference, which, he was sure, they would all join with him, to the gallant attempt made by a few men, under a countryman of their own, Major Wilson, in South Africa. The fortunes of war were against that noble young fellow and the gallant band under him; and they could only say they died the death of the soldier.

Captain Malcolm, in responding for the Army and Navy, took the opportunity of thanking the people of the Highlands, and especially the Chairman, for their exertions on behalf of his regiment; through those exertions, the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders still existed. The last time he had the honour of speaking before this Society the Regiment had just come through an ordeal of the same sort in 1887—they had just managed to defeat the Government, who had tried to convert the Camerons into a regiment of Scots Guards; and he took occasion to remark that they would require assistance some other time. Twice since then had it been attempted, in various ways, on divers pretences, to abolish the regiment; but thanks to the support received throughout the country, and especially in the Highlands, it still existed, and was this year celebrating its centenary.

Lieut.-Colonel George Campbell replied for the Volunteers, and, in the course of some spirited remarks, read the following battalion order to the Inverness Volunteers, dated 1806, when their commandant was the Lovat of the day. Compared with modern military phraseology, its terms are quaint :—

*Aig 'n Ard-Ait-Comhuil, Inbhirnis.*

ORDUGH FEACHD-RHOINN.

Tha na Saor-shaighd-fheara atā fuidh uachd'ranachd Mhic-Shimidh, 'n lorg dhoibh tiom an fhaoghar uile fhaodainn chum an oibre fein—Air do'm barr 's do 'n Saoigh, do 'm Buntadht 's do 'n Caoll bhi air an cuir fuidh lan-dion o'n gheamheadh—gu bhi le cridheachan taingéal aig tabhart buidheachas do Dhia arson na h uile thro-cairibh a bhuilicheadh orra, agus gu roshunntach aig tiondadh a smaonduibh a chum nan dleasnais-sin atā dh'fheich orra do'n tir.

Air Dialuan s' tha tithinn, reir an fharachaidh a thugadh aig na h Eaglaisabh uile, tha e air ordughadh gu'm bi Feachd-rian aig tosaich, aig na h uile dhe 'n Gna-Aite-Comhuil, air na laithibh 's air na h uarabh cleachd mar a chean suidhichd. Theid an t Adjutant, an t Ard-Shearsdan, agus na Gna-Shearsdana air an cuairtibh, chum iad fein a dheanabh comasach air a chuir os-nairde, gu'm beil Spiorad buan-dhichiolach agus duineal aig druighadh troimh 'n iomlan, agus gu'm bheil mor-phiseach orr' ann am feachd-chleasachd, ann an deas-ghluasaid, agus ann an deagh-sheasmhachd fuidh 'n airm, sin amhain a nidh iad lan-iomchuidh aig gach am arson suil an Coirneal, agus aghaibh namhaide an tire.

Gu Gleadh Dia 'n Rìgh.

Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, who was most cordially received, there-after proposed the toast of the evening, "Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness"—(cheers). It is just twenty-two years, he proceeded, since I had the honour of addressing the first dinner of this Society, and when I consider the enthusiasm which prevailed among the founders of the Society, and look round the tables here and find so few of those who were them members, I feel rather disheartened ; on the other hand, when I consider the progress made by the Society, and see now growing up amongst us so many younger members, and others who have come to reside in Inverness, who maintain the same warm feelings, and have the same objects in view, I feel glad indeed, that after a long interval, I have the privilege of addressing you again. Anyone who looks back and examines the records of this Society, who looks at the almost

ponderous volumes issued from time to time, and examines those volumes with the interest they undoubtedly possess, will see that, to a great extent, the objects of the founders of the Society have been well carried out. If you look at the programme on the table to-night, you will see what the work of this Society is for the current winter; and I think that every one who looks at the matter dispassionately will admit that good work has been done in the past, and that the Society has every prospect of doing so in the future. I may say that the Society is looked up to as almost the parent of the numerous Gaelic Societies found in the cities of the south; in Glasgow, for example, I know that feeling prevails, and I hope it may long continue. It is difficult on an occasion like the present to say much that is new. It cannot be stated for one moment that the objects of the Society have been altogether fulfilled, but in course of time I hope that will be accomplished. I was much interested in a lecture recently delivered by Mr Macbain of Kirkcaldy, and I was particularly pleased to find him using words to this effect:—"The influence of Celticism in Scottish song has been increasing during each century; the effect of the Gaelic element has been to add charm, piquancy, and grace; Celtic fervour has given to the national songs their matchless beauty and power," and he concludes in these words—"if Gaelic passes away, its influence on Scottish song and English literature will still remain." These are very much the views I entertained when I was asked to become a founder of this Society, of which I have been an active supporter since. What are we doing now? It is not beyond the memory of many of us here when the Gaelic language was looked down upon; when domestic servants coming from the country were almost ashamed to use Gaelic in the town of Inverness, because it was thought almost a degradation to talk it. Now, Gaelic is not only well spoken of, but those high in the land are trying to get round its difficulties, and take a pride in the accomplishment. We are not mere provincials here; we are members of a great and united Empire—an Empire we wish to see enlarged, and not a single acre of its territory diminished. While holding these feelings, and wishing to cherish all that has been good in the past history of the Highlands, we do not despise the progress that has been made elsewhere; our motto is that of the Volunteers, defence not defiance. We wish to maintain what is peculiarly our own, and transmit it to posterity. When speaking at our gathering in July last, I thought it incumbent to refer to an unfounded charge made in a publication issued in 1893, to the effect that, as a rule, the Celt was a failure. I am compelled

on the present occasion, as a clansman in especial, to repel odious charges against an individual. Highlanders in especial cherish and honour the names of their illustrious dead. You are all familiar with the old and kindly saying—"De mortuis nil nisi bonum," or, as might be more properly said, "Nil nisi verum." Our immortal dramatist puts into the mouth of one of his well-known characters:—

Who steals my purse, steals trash,  
But he who filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

In life a man rates his honour and good name above everything, and surely after his death to invent lies and promulgate them in print is neither more nor less than a robbery of the dead, no longer able to defend themselves. I regret to say that this has been done in a book called *Catriona*, published a few months ago, stated to have reached a sale of 15,000 copies, written by one understood to be of Lowland Scottish extraction, a man not unknown to the world of letters, whose modesty is certainly not hidden under a bushel, seeing he has expressed himself to the effect that he would so have liked "to buffet our national poet Burns by the ears." I am far from saying that death, as regards illustrious persons, preclude criticism of their lives, if it be gone into with a view of eliciting truth, but if invented for the sordid purpose of making money, it deserves the highest censure. And this writer, whom I may term "the superior person of Appia," has had the audacity to introduce by name one of our best known and most distinguished Highland chiefs, General Simon Fraser of Lovat, and depict him in the year 1752 as of an odious, mercenary, and murderous character, and his appearance and speech held up to ridicule. From a perusal of the book anyone unacquainted with the truth could come to no other conclusion than that General Fraser, in the above year, was a middle-aged man, versed in legal chicanery, as experienced and unscrupulous in intrigue and the ways of the world, as *Macchiaveli*, to whom bribery, abduction, and assassination was nothing in the carrying out of his schemes. The sole foundation for these monstrous charges rests upon the connection of General Fraser with the trial of James Stuart of Acharn, in September, 1752, for being accessory to the murder of Colin Campbell of Glenure, on 14th May, 1752. General Fraser (no doubt to have his attainder rescinded and his estates restored) is



represented as one of the King's advocates-depute, the willing tool of the Crown, the Lord-Advocate, and the Duke of Argyle, and as advocate-depute, prior to the trial, for months formulating the bribing of an important witness for Acharn, inciting to his assassination, and successfully carrying out his abduction. The real circumstances of this Ardsheal trial are well known, and sufficiently interesting without the intervention of a malevolent romancer. No one justifies the treatment of the accused before trial, its taking place at Inveraray, being presided over by the Duke of Argyle, in his capacity of Hereditary Lord Justice General, with eleven of the jury named Campbell, and I have myself denounced it more than thirty years ago. Shortly, what were the facts? The murder, as I said, was committed on 14th May, 1752, Glenure being waited for in a retired spot, shot in the back, and mortally wounded, on his returning from Fort-William. The business he was engaged in, viz., taking steps for the eviction of certain tenants and crofters on the estates of Lochiel and Ardsheal was legal. I should rather characterise it as nefarious, but whatever may be men's opinion on the point, the shooting of Glenure was murder. The unfortunate prisoner himself, while denying knowledge or participation, describes it as such—as did his counsel, and all concerned. After conviction, Acharn calls it “a horrid and barbarous murder.” The proceedings were of a mixed nature, not often now used in criminal trials, being conjointly at the instance of the Crown and the widow and two infant daughters of the deceased, and it was incidentally mentioned that Mrs Campbell was at the time of trial pregnant. Whatever motives may have influenced the Crown and the Duke of Argyle against the Jacobite Acharn—and let it be admitted, these may have been political and personal—and that the prisoner's death had been determined upon; *quoad* the widow and children, it was nothing to them but the murder of husband and father. What was General Fraser's connection with the case so malevolently represented in the book complained of? He was then in his 26th year, had passed as advocate on 25th July, 1752, less than two months before the trial, had thus no experience, and in all probability, either attended this Inveraray circuit on “spec,” as it may be called, as is the practice of counsel just called, or he may have been acquainted with, and therefore selected by the widow, daughter of Mackay of Big House. Of course he was not advocate-depute, and in his speech expressly states that he appeared for the widow and children, conjunct prosecutors. It does not appear he examined a single witness, or took any part in the proceedings

except to deliver one speech. To those familiar with the licence assumed by counsel, this speech, though severe, was no more than incumbent on counsel in the position of General Fraser representing the widow and children. Mr Solicitor-General Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, was far more severe in Lord Lovat's trial, though an old friend; yet his conduct has not been censured. Thus merely to work out his plot in completing his villain, this writer has not scrupled to vilify a noble character. I hold General Fraser well entitled to be placed in this category, seeing that he endured great adversity with dignity, and distinguished success with modesty. In a very affecting letter of his dated Oporto, 16th August, 1770, he speaks of his career between 1746 and 1756 "as the period when his prospects in life were at their worst." General Fraser was born in 1726, and was at the College of St. Andrews on the breaking out of the '45. He well fulfilled his part for Prince Charles, although his own inclinations pointed in the other direction at the time. His real views may be inferred from the circumstance of his declining service, in France, when subsequently offered to him, and when other chiefs and prominent Scotsmen were glad to do so. He was attainted in 1746, on surrender imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle from November of that year to 15th August, 1747, and then liberated conditionally to reside in Glasgow during the Royal pleasure. A free pardon passed in April, 1750, but what were his prospects? He had no estate, for the Lovat estates, after a trial in regard to the validity of the entail of 1742, were in May 1752 annexed to the Crown and the attainder stands to this day. The natural bent of his mind was towards a military life, but this field was then closed against him. Something had to be done, and as the profession of a barrister appeared to exhibit a means of subsistence, it was adopted. It was un congenial and therefore unsuccessful. In the charming letters of Sir Walter Scott, just published, it is curious to observe that he of all men who has so graphically depicted law and lawyers in many phases, expressed himself in the year 1806, when he received a clerkship of Session, that it enabled him to retire from the Bar, which he had always thought and felt to be an irksome and even hateful profession. General Fraser's time was coming, and when it was resolved to raise Highland Regiments and successfully utilize for the defence of the Empire a martial people then discontented and unemployed, his offer to raise a regiment was accepted. He had no money. All the Inverness-shire Frasers were in the same position. Only two of his clan, Strichin and Inverallochy, were able to give assistance. One did not and the other did in a

small way. General Fraser threw himself upon his people, and nobly they responded in their scores and hundreds of capable soldiers, success crowning General Fraser's efforts at home, and victory following abroad. In 1761 the County of Inverness returned him to Parliament, but still his attainder was unrescinded, his estates unrestored, and his principal subsistence was derived from his military position in Portugal, necessitating his constant presence there and absence from his Parliamentary duties. In 1773 the Duke of Gordon determined to have the representation of the County of Inverness in his own hands, and to return his brother, the notorious Lord George Gordon, then in the navy. An alliance was struck up with the Grants, described by a leading man in Inverness in a letter to a relative in India as "unnatural." In the month of March the Gordons spent nearly a week in Inverness feasting and entertaining in a lavish degree. Balls with 100 ladies, dinners with 80 gentlemen present, were given, at which the Duchess, then in the heyday of youth and beauty, exerted her well-known powers of fascination—and more formidable still, the Gordons voting power, in ordinary £400 Scots qualifications, and old extents, were split to the uttermost, so that 24 new Barons, nominal and fictitious, Lords and Lairds, Factors and Doers, were created—a motley squad headed by Jamie Gordon, the well-known "watchmaker of Portsoy." General Fraser was equal to the occasion. The Fraser blood was up; he could not forget that one of his predecessors had declined to sink the honourable name of Lovat, though offered two steps in the peerage, the oldest title in Scotland—viz., one of the original Seven Celtic Earls of Malcolm-Cean Mor. Determined to maintain his seat, and sacrificing his position in Portugal, he hurried home and rallied round him several of the real and independent freeholders. The Gordons became uneasy, and let out that while sorry to oppose General Fraser, yet they thought they were entitled to a seat for Lord George Gordon. Within twelve months of the first rumour of serious opposition, General Fraser was not only able to influence Government to provide Lord George with a seat elsewhere, but also succeeded in 1774 in having his estates restored. I may mention that in 1776 the old Highland regiment was augmented to 1200 men, and General Fraser got a regiment consisting of two battalions of 1000 men each, having the following among his officers:—Mackintosh, Macleod, Lochiel, Chisholm younger, Cluny, and Culrain. After this he was left in peaceful possession of the county. Acting towards his tenants with humanity and kindness, he died in 1782, universally respected

and regretted. Parting from the writer I revert for a moment to the Ardzhéal trial. As I said, it was mentioned at the trial that Mrs Campbell of Glenure was pregnant, being afterwards delivered of a daughter. As there was no son of the marriage, the three daughters became co-heiresses of Colin Campbell of Glenure, and to perpetuate his name the posthumous child was christened "Colin." In 1772 Miss Colin married Mr James Baillie, second son of Hugh Baillie of Dochfour, and for some time they lived at Easter Moniak. He resumed business on an extensive scale in London, living in England about 1792. A portrait of Mr and Mrs James Baillie, with their family, by Gainsborough, is in the National Gallery. The name Colin has since been kept up in each successive generation, and only the other day I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Miss Colin Baillie, fifth in descent, an interesting young lady aged seven years. Her father, Mr Alex. Baillie, who presently resides in Dorset, is the eldest son of Mr Alexander Baillie, senior representative of the Dochfour family, and since the death of the late Dunain, heir male and head of all the Baillies in Scotland and Ireland. He told me he regretted much his family have been so long dissociated from the north. I am speaking here as a clansman, and although I am now commonly called Mackintosh, nothing will ever keep me from being as proud of the Frasers as ever. In conclusion, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh referred to the literary activity in Highland matters, although he regretted that they had no magazine of any extent of their own, since the praiseworthy attempts of Mr Mackenzie and Mr Campbell had failed. There were, however, works forthcoming that would add lustre to the names of their authors, and of these he mentioned Mr Alexander Mackenzie's "History of the Mackenzies," Provost Macpherson, of Kingussie's, volume, and the "History of the Macdonalds," a *magnum opus*, he added, undertaken by Rev. Mr Macdonald, Kiltarlity, and Rev. Mr Macdonald of Killearnan, and which would, to do the subject justice, he said, require twenty volumes, as it really embraced the history of Scotland.

Dr F. M. Mackenzie, in giving "The Language and the Literature of the Gael," said—The first feeling that arises in me in proposing this toast is that of incongruity. Why should I, a Highlander, who remember the time when I knew no language but Gaelic, propose this toast in a foreign tongue, to members of a Gaelic Society in the Capital of a Gaelic country? Is it because the members of this Society are so ignorant of Gaelic that they could not understand me?—or is it a relic of the barbarous time when we dared not speak our mother tongue for

Mr Kenneth Macdonald, Town-Clerk, was to have proposed "Highland Education," but in consequence of indisposition, he was unable to be present, and in his absence Provost Ross took charge of the toast, Mr Macdonald supplying the speech in writing. Mr Macdonald wrote as follows:—Soon after the passing of the English Education Act in 1870, if we may accept the authority of the writer of that charming series of sketches, "The Stickit Minister and some Common Men," the Cabinet Minister who piloted the Bill through the House of Commons in walking over a Scottish moor came upon a shepherd's house miles away from any town or village. In course of conversation with the goodwife, he expressed regret that such bright little fellows as her children should grow up in that lonely spot without education. "Edicated," said the wife, and going to the door and calling the children, and bringing them before her visitor, she produced a Bible, from which each read in turn, and the writer goes on—"From reading they went into spelling, and the great Bible names were tried in vain. The Minister of Education was glad that he was examiner and not a member of the class. Hebrew and polysyllables and Greek proper names fell thick and fast to the accurate aim of the boys, to whom this was slight play. History followed geography, even grammar, maps were exhibited, and the rising astonishment of the Minister of Education kept pace with the quiet complacent pride of the Herd's wife of Curlywee. The examination found its climax in the recitation of the Shorter Catechism. Jamie was able to say the whole Effectual Calling in six ticks of the clock, the result sounding to the uninitiated like the birr of intricate clockwork rapidly running down." There was no school within miles, but in the summer time a student from a Scottish University was got to spend his vacation in the neighbourhood, and to teach the families of the small farmers, shepherds, and cottars, with each of whom he lived for a short time in turn, receiving when he left a small payment from each. In this way the education of the families was provided for with the most satisfactory results. What was true of this moorland was equally true, in slightly different degrees, of the whole of Scotland. The burgh school and the parish school, supplemented, when necessary, by individual or collective effort—for the Scottish peasant and burgher knew the value of education—provided at least a sound elementary education for Scottish youth. The Education Act of 1872 was not such a great step in advance, therefore, in Scotland as the corresponding Act of 1870 was in England. There have not been wanting, indeed, expressions of opinion that

although the effect of the Act was to collect the waifs and strays of population into elementary schools, and teach them a little that they would not otherwise have learned; it had the result of distinctly lessening the sum total of education in the country. For three centuries education has been a matter of public concern in Scotland. In the parishes it was looked to, and well looked to, by the minister and Kirk Session, and in burghs by the Town Council. In looking over some papers for my friend, the Chairman, a few days ago, I came across a letter written by the Town-Clerk, by order of the Magistrates of Inverness, on 13th September, 1742, to Mr Robert Barbour, writing master, Edinburgh, in which the writer said that Mr Barbour's character having been reported that day in Council, he was ordered by the Magistrates to write him and acquaint him that they wanted him to this place "for the education of youths in writing, arithmetic, book keeping, navigation, and other parts of mathematics, they paying the ordinary fees that were in use to be paid there, unless they shall be otherwise regulated by the Magistrates and Council, from whom you will receive a salary of £10, and £2 in name of rent for a schoolroom, per annum." Twelve days afterwards the Town-Clerk wrote to Mr Barbour again, saying that he was desired by the Magistrates to acquaint him that "there was a vacancy here of a dancing master, and that if you know of any with you at Edinburgh fit for teaching here, and that would take the chance of coming along with you, the Magistrates will give him their countenance, and the sole privilege of teaching. There is no salary allowed by the town, but I have seen them make very good bread in this place, and if you can prevail with a proper person to come here it will be an advantage to the town and you, and be an inducement to youth to come from several parts of the country when they know they can be instructed in your branch of business and likewise in dancing." What the result of these letters was does not concern us. The outstanding fact is that 150 years ago it was made matter of public concern in a little Highland town, far removed from centres of population and learning, not only to instruct their own youth in the elements of a sound education, but to provide inducements for the youth of the surrounding country to come in and be educated. How much further than this have we reached to-day? Have we made in 150 years the progress we ought to have made in organising our educational machinery? I must leave the answer to educational experts, but as an outsider to whom the educational problem is an intensely interesting one, I may be allowed to say that a great

deal more might be done than is being done with the resources now at our disposal. The organisation of elementary education may be taken as complete. A great step in advance was made in the Highlands when, through the exertions of this Society and our Chairman of to-night, the teaching of Gaelic was recognised and encouraged, but we are still only on the threshold of that important development of education which the parish school provided for bright and intelligent boys before the day of School Board. Mr Macdonald concluded by referring to the progress recently made in the matters of secondary and technical education, coupling the toast with the name of Mr John L. Robertson, H.M. Inspector of Schools.

Mr Robertson, H.M. Inspector of Schools, in the course of his reply, said—Of the remedial influences at work throughout the Highlands, education may justly claim to be an important factor in the general development. Elementary education is now firmly established on a basis of sound and progressive influence. The cost to the Treasury, both in the matter of normal annual grants and the special subsidies, in which only the so-called Highland counties participate, is much larger than is usually believed, and this expenditure, added to the local contribution, in the shape of school assessments, makes elementary education one of the leading financial interests in every parish and county. Of late, as you are aware, technical and secondary education have been forced on public attention. In respect to the former, there is as yet a good deal of groping after genuine aims and methods, and there must, in consequence, be not a little leakage of funds and irregular management. But the prospect is very hopeful, and it is very satisfactory indeed to find all over the country a growing desire to provide, at the very outset, competent instruction in such practical subjects as are intimately connected with domestic life. As for secondary education, the recent activity has largely been directed to the re-organisation of this celebrated feature in Scottish education. In the Highland counties, where the existing means of secondary education have been so unevenly distributed throughout the districts, and often so inadequate in schools which made a name for themselves as nurseries for the Universities, the County Committees have had rather an onerous task in allotting equitably the new grants placed at their disposal. The funds are as yet small and the competitive claims many, but there is reason to believe that, with the lapse of a few years, very gratifying progress will result from the care and attention the County Committees have given to the equipment and encouragement of advanced education.

Sir Henry C. Macandrew said the toast which had been put into his hands was one which was traditional at meetings of this Society ; but he would take the liberty of suggesting to those who were responsible for getting up the programme that they might materially decrease the list of toasts ; that instead of waiting until ten o'clock for the Chairman's speech, they should have it over much sooner, and devote more time to songs and social enjoyment. The toast allotted to him was the Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the Highlands. There was no doubt that the commercial interests of the country at present were not in a prosperous condition. The spirit of unrest was abroad, the spirit of change and revolution ; and the spirit shown in the devoting of their energies to parochial and party politics had a great influence on the depression that existed. When the Imperial spirit was low, trade fell with it ; when the Imperial spirit was high, then trade improved with it. He hoped yet to see their Chief again sitting in Parliament. He hoped to see men like him occupying every seat, not only in the Highlands, but all over the country—men like him who were devoted to their local districts, ready to fight for those districts and the people in them, and who were able to look abroad and to see that, unless as members of a great empire, they were a very small people indeed. With their increasing population it was essential that the limits of that empire should be extended, and that every spot on the habitable globe available should be seized for the development of their race, being well assured that wherever the British flag flies, and wherever there was an acre, the Highlander would have a rood, and a Scotchman another. Highland interests had not recently been fortunate. They had had twelve or fifteen years of descent. In his business experience he could look back to the time when everything was ascending. Every farm that was let brought a higher rent ; every bit of ground capable of growing corn was eagerly brought into cultivation. He had, however, lived to see the reverse of that state of matters—land going back out of cultivation, the value of agricultural property shrinking to one-half what it was fifteen years ago. He thought, however, they had perhaps reached the limit, though that was not the opinion of some agriculturists. His own experience recently among agriculturists, in collecting rents, was that things were adjusting themselves, and that there was a more cheerful spirit abroad. Rents were more willingly paid. All his agricultural friends, and especially his crofter



friends, met him with a broader smile and a heartier shake of the hand than for the last number of years. He hoped the end had not yet come, and that in their great Empire the commercial and agricultural interests would once again flourish and the area increase.

Mr Macmillan, in replying for the Commercial interests, spoke of the great change which had taken place in Inverness, from a commercial point of view, during the past twelve or fourteen years. They had a great extension in buildings, particularly in tweed mills, distilleries, and other departments; and altogether the commercial prosperity of the town had greatly improved. No doubt this was due to the important extensions of their system now being carried on by the Highland Railway Company. Speaking as a banker, he thought the agricultural and commercial interests were indissolubly connected, and he thought the liberal and enlightened policy of the Scottish banks had proved of the greatest possible advantage in advancing the interests of the country. He alluded to the establishment of the Chamber of Commerce in Inverness, remarking that they had been able to do some good and substantial work.

Mr J. H. Macdonald, Charleston, in responding for Agriculture, remarked that the grain crop of 1893 in the North of Scotland, although somewhat short in straw, had, as yet, thrashed out fairly well. The severe drought in the south naturally led farmers to expect better prices, especially for hay, but they were doomed to disappointment, for the year closed with hay at about £5 per ton, the prices of the other farm produce being about £1 10s per ton for potatoes, £1 5s per quarter for barley, £1 4s for wheat, and 18s for oats. The live stock trade had been in much the same condition as the corresponding year. As to the remedies for the present depressed state of matters, they must look to the Government in the first instance. The Agricultural Holdings Act had proved a decided failure. Though he could point to many landlords in the Highlands who had given reductions of rent to their tenants, still they must give better housing for their workmen and their stock; they must also give entire freedom of cropping, consistent with good husbandry. Farmers must also do everything in their own power; and Highland farmers were quite alive to that fact. They had in the North of Scotland some of the finest cattle, sheep, and horses to be found in the world, and only last month a gentleman in the neighbouring county of Ross carried the championship of Smithfield with a polled heifer appropriately called "Pride of the Highlands."

Mr Alexander Mackenzie, *Scottish Highlander*, proposed the health of the Chief of the Society—Mr Fraser-Mackintosh—one of the best Highlanders, he said, who ever lived. Their Chief had come all the way from Bournemouth, in the extreme south of England, to discharge his duty. He hoped the excellent example set by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh would be followed by future chiefs more than it had been done in the past, because it was really after all a position of which any Highlander might be proud. He ventured to say, after looking over the whole history of the Highlands as far as his experience and thoughts carried him, he knew of no man in the history of the Highland race who, in his various positions, had secured so many solid advantages upon his fellow countrymen as Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh had done. He said this from a purely historic conscience and not in any sense as a politician. He challenged any man living who looked over the history of his own country to point his finger to any single man who had been instrumental in securing so many substantial blessings in almost every walk of life—social and literary—as their Chief had done. He gave the toast of the Chairman's health, and called for Highland honours, a compliment which was heartily accorded.

Mr Fraser-Mackintosh in reply said he need not say that he had in the course of his career experienced very often great kindness from his countrymen and his health had frequently been very heartily drunk, but to-night he felt almost overpowered by the cordiality with which he had been received. When he was proposed to be elected as Chief of the Society he felt it to be a great honour indeed, and although it was a good deal of trouble to come from one end of the Kingdom to the other, it was at all times a great pleasure to him to meet with his fellow-countrymen and discuss subjects to them of kindred interest. Then all the worries, annoyances, and disheartenings of life were instantly put away, and, in view of the pleasure it afforded him, he would come not only from the end of Britain but from the end of the world to meet with and receive the approbation of his countrymen.

There were a number of other toasts given, Gaelic and English songs were sung, and the meeting closed by the whole company singing "Auld Lang Syne."

7th FEBRUARY, 1894.

At this meeting Mr Alex. Lobban, H.M. Inspector of Schools ; Mr E. N. B. Mackenzie, yr. of Kilcoy ; and Mr A. R. Mackintosh, Calcutta, were elected members of the Society. The paper for the evening was contributed by Rev. John MacRury, entitled—"An Teine Mor." Mr MacRury's paper was as follows :—

AN TEINE MOR—(WILL O' THE WISP).

Is e so an t-ainm a th' aig muinntir Bheinn-a-bhaoghla agus dhà Uidhist air an t-solus a bhiodh cuid dhe 'n t-sluagh a' faicinn rè na h-oidheche ann an àiteachan uaigneach, iosal air feadh na dùthchadh. Anns an Eilean Sgiathanach, is e, "An Teine Biorach," a theireadh iad ris. Ma bha gus nach robh an solus iongantach so ri 'fhaicinn air feadh na Gaidhealtachd gu léir cha 'n urrainn domh a ràdh.

Cha 'n 'eil teagamh sam bith nach robh iomadh neach a' faicinn "An Teine Mhòir." Faodaidh cuid a bhith 'g ràdh nach robh a leithid de ni riamh ann ; ach feumaidh mi fhein a ràdh, nach urrainn domh gun a bhith 'creidsinn gu robh mòran de 'n t-sluagh, araon sean is òg, a' faicinn an t-soluis ris an canadh iad, "An Teine Mòr." Fad fhicheadan bliadhna bha an solus so ri 'fhaicinn aig amannan àraidh de 'n bhliadhna. A réir barail àrd-luchd-fòghluim, is e meall de 'n ni ris an abrar "fosforus," a bh' ann. Cha do ghabh mise os làimh ach cunntas a thoirt seachd air an t-solus a bha daoine a' faicinn, agus air a' bharail a bh' aca mu thimchioll ciod a b' aobhar do 'n t-solus, agus air an aobhar sin cha ghabh mi gnothach ri barail àrd-luchd-fòghlum. Theid àrd-luchd-fòghlum, air uairibh, a cheart cho fada cearr ri daoine eile, no ni 's fhaide. Air mo shon fhein dheth, ged a dh' éisdeas mi ris na their iad, agus ged a bheir mi geill do chuid de na beachdan a tha iad ag àrach mu thimchioll mòran nithean, cha 'n urrainn domh geill a thoirt de 'n cuid bheachdan gu leir.

Cha robh an solus ris an abradh iad, "An Teine Mor," ri 'fhaicinn, mar bu trice, ach o meadhon an fhoghair gu meadhon an eòrraich. Cha 'n fhacas riamh e ach an uair a bhiodh an oidheche dorcha agus ceò is uisge ann. Tha' chùis coltach nach b' urrainn

da cur suas le solus na gealaich, no le fuachd an reothaidh, no le sìde tioram sam bith. Cha mhò na sin a sheasadh e ri stoirm. Ach neò-ar-thaing nach deanadh e siubhal gu leòr an oidhche a bhiodh blàth, dorcha, agus a bhiodh uisge mìn, trom, dlùth, a' sìleadh. Anns an àm mu'm bheil mi a' sgrìobhadh cha robh làinntir ri 'fhaighainn ach ann an taigh ro ainneamh. An uair a bhiodh daoine a' falbh air chéilidh, no a' dol air cheann turuis o bhaile gu baile, nam biodh an oidhche dorcha bheireadh iad leotha àithinne no dhà ann am beul a' chlobha, no air gobh corrain, mur biodh bior-àithinne a b' fhearr aca, a chum solus a dheanamh dhaibh air an t-slighe. Ach nam biodh "An Teine Mòr" air a chuairt an oidhche sin, bu ghlé thoigh leis a bhith gu math dlùth do'n àithinne theine. Bidh cuimhne agam ri m' bheò air oidhche àraidh anns a' gheamhradh o chionn deich bliadhna fichead. An uair a bha sinn 'n ar suidhe mu'n cuairt de'n teine, leum dithis ghillean òga, tapaidh a steach do'n t-seòmar agus an anail an àird a' chléibh aca. Bha an sùilean gu sgionnadh as an cinn leis an eagal. Shaoil sinn gur ann a bha taigh a' dol 'na theine, no gu'n do thachair ni eiginn neo-ghàthaichte anns a' choimhearsnachd. Ciod a bh' ann ach so : bha na gillean a' falbh air chéilidh, agus àithinne teine aca. Sùil gu'n d' thug fear dhiubh thar a ghuaile chunnaic e "An Teine Mòr" a' falbh nan cuideachd. Ghlaodh e ri' chompanach gu robh "An Teine Mòr" air an culaobh. Ghrad thilg iad uatha an t-àithinne teine, agus thug iad ri bruthach i. Cha do stad iad riamh gus an d' ràinig iad an taigh againne, agus iad an impis a dh'hol an cochull an cridhe leis an eagal. Cha 'n 'eil ùine agamsa aig an àm so air cunntas mhion a thoirt seachad air na chuala mi 'nam òige mu'n "Teine Mhòr." Bhiodh e gu math tric a' tachairt ri' daoine air bogaichean 's aig feur-lochain, agus mu'n cuairt air na h-òbain 's air na tràighean a tha cho lionmhor ann am Beinn-a-bhaoghla 's an dà Uidhist. Nam biodh fear 'na ònar ag iomradh eathair anns an oidhche dhuibh, dhuirche, thigeadh "An Teine Mòr" gu bog, balbh 'na rathad, agus shuidheadh e gu socrach air sgruig-dheiridh an eathair. Ach cha bu luaithe a bhuaileadh sròn an eathair tìr na bheireadh "An Teine Mòr" e fhein as. Chiteadh e a seòladh os cionn na mara, agus tarsuinn nan òb 's nan lochan 's e cur soills' as an uisge, agus an sin rachadh e as an t-sealladh timchioll gob rudha, no dhireadh e suas ris a' mhonadh. Ged nach d' rinn e cron air neach riamh, gidheadh bha eagal an cridhe aig gach neach roimhe, do bhrìgh gu robh iad a' creidsinn nach b' ann o ni math sam bith a dh' éirich e. Bheir mi a nis cunntas cho gearr 's is urrainn domh air an dòigh anns an robh, araon Gaidheil na h-Alba agus sluagh na

h-Eirionn a' creidsinn gu 'n d' thàinig "An Teine Mòr" gu bhith air an talamh.

Cha robh na Gàidheil riamh air dheireadh air sluagh sam bith eile ann a bhith 'toirt cunntas air na h-aobhair air son gu robh nithean iongantach ri 'm faicinn air an talamh. Mar bu trice cha robh na beachdan a bh' aca mu nithean iongantach an t-saoghail dad ni bu ghlice, no ni b' amaidiche na nà beachdan a bh' aig sluagh eile an t-saoghail. Tha 'chùis coltach gu robh iad fhein glé riarichte le 'n cuid bheachdan, agus air an aobhar sin fàgaidh sinn beachdan nan seann daoine còire far an d' fhuair sinn iad, agus mar a fhuair sinn iad. Ged a tha sinne gu math glic 'n ar barail fhein, is docha gu bheil cuid de ar beachdan a cheart cho amaideach 's a bha am beachdan-san.

O chionn corr is dà cheud bliadhna bha an àireamh bu mhò de shluagh na Gàidhealtach air am beathachadh agus air an còmhhdachadh le toradh na dùthcha do 'm buineadh iad. Cha robh na marsantan ach glé thearc anns an àm, agus air an aobhar sin, dh' fheumadh an sluagh cur suas leis na nithean a gheibheadh iad anus a dùthaich. Bhiodh iad aig an àm ud a' dath le dathan na dùthchadh. Dheanadh iad dath uaine agus dath buidhe cho briagha 's a b' urrainn duine' fhaicinn, le barr an fhraoich. Ann an àiteachan òga 's a' mhòintich gheibheadh iad talamh ris an abradh iad "dubhach." Is cuimhne leam feadhainn de na sluichd as am biodh iad a' cladhach na dubhcha 'fhaicinn. Is minic a chuala mi mu 'n cho-thlamadh a bha seana bhean àraidh a' deanamh uair dha 'n robh 'n saoghal. So na dathan a bh' ann :—"Dubh na dubhcha, ciar na caorach, is glas aotrom, is glas trom."

Tha e air aithris gu robh sluagh nan Eileanan an Iar déidheil air dathan dearga. An uair a bhiodh na marsantan-paca 's an àm a dh' fhalbh a' siubhal air feadh na Gàidhealtachd bu ghnàth leotha bhith reic dhathan dearga, mar a tha "càrnaid" agus "màdar." Bha aon ni ri' fhaicinn anns an dùthaich a dheanadh dath dearg, agus b' e sin, "rùdh." Is e freumhan feoir a th' anns an "rùdh." Cha 'n fhaighear e ach ann am bruthaichean tiorra gaineamhaich. Bhiodh mnathan a' dol a bhuain an "ruidh" anns an oidhche air eagal gu faigheadh am maor, no h-aon sam bith eile de 'n luchd-riaghlaidh fios air. Tha e coltach gu robh an t-uachdaran fada an aghaidh a bith buain an "ruidh," do bhrìgh gu robh mòran de 'n mhachaire thioram air a chladhach an àm a bhith 'ga bhuain, agus gu robh mòran de ghaineamhaich thioraim nam bruthaichean air a siapadh air feadh a' mhachaire an uair a thigeadh tiormachd en earràich.

Bha tuathanach ann am Beinn-a-bhaoghla ris an abradh iad gu cumanta, "Callum Sagart." B' ann de Chloinn 'ic Carmaic a bha Callum Sagart a thaobh cinnidh. Bu mhath a b' aithne dhomhsa ogha dha—Iain mac Aonghais 'ic Callum Shagairt. Cha chuala mi an t-aobhar air son an d' thugadh "Callum Sagart" mar fhar-ainm air. Ach ma thachair gu robh e air mhuinntireas aig sagart, bhiodh e nàdurra gu 'n canadh iad, "Callum an t-Sagairt," ris. An sin thigeadh an t-ainm gu bhith mar a chuala mi e. Tha e coltach gu robh Callum Sagart 'na dhuine cho modhail 's cho iomchuidh 's a gheibhteadh anns an dùthaich gu léir. Ach a réir mar a chuala mi, is ann aige a bha an aon bhean bu rubiosa a bh' ann an Uidhist. Is e baobh a bh' innte. Tha e air a ràdh, ma gheibh baobh a guidhe nach fhaigh a h-anam tròcair. A réir choltais gu 'n d' fhuair bean Challum Shagairt a guidhe aon uair co dhiubh. Bha nighean aig Callum Sagart a bha, mar a thachair a dh' iomadh té roimpe 's an déigh, an geall air dathan annasach a b' anns an aodach aice. Chuir i roimpe gu rachadh i bhain rùidh gu snàth no clòimh a dhath. Cha 'n fhaodadh i a dhol g' a bhain air an latha air eagal gu 'n tugteadh suas do 'n mhaor i, agus a chum a' chùis a chumail cho falachaidh 's a ghabhadh deanamh chuir i roimpe gu rachadh i g' a bhain air oidhche Luain-Domhnaich, is e sin ri ràdh, an deigh dà uair dheug oidhche Dhomhnaich. Bha a màthair anabarrach fada an aghaidh dhi a dhol a bhain an "rùidh," ach cha d' thugadh an nighean cluas no geill a dh' aon fhacal a theireadh a màthair rithe. Ma bha a màthair 'na baoibh tha e coltach gu robh an nighean a cheart cho rag ris a' mhac-mhollachd. O 'n a chuir i roimpe falbh a bhain an "rùidh" dh' fhalbhadh i ged a rachadh am muir h-ear thar a' mhuir h-iar. An uair a chunnaic a màthair i a' dol a mach air an dorus, thuir i, "Tha thu nis a' falbh agus mollachd do mhathar air do cheann. Nam bu d' thig an la a chithear aghaidh do bhonn." Tha 'chùis coltach gu 'n d' fhuair a mathair a guidhe, oir cha d' fhuaras beò no marbh nighean Challum Shagairt riamh, aon chuid air muir no air tìr. Ach an uair a thugadh dùil thairis nach robh i 'tighinn dhachaidh, dh' fhalbh na càirdean agus na coimhearsnaich g' a marbh-iarraidh, agus fhuair iad pàirt de' h-aodach air a' mhachair far an robh i 'buain an rùidh.

An ceann beagan ùine an déigh dha so tachairt, chunnacas an solus ris an abrar, "An Teine Mòr." A réir choltais gu 'n do chreid gach neach a chuala mar a thachair, gu 'n d' fhuair bean Challum Shagairt a guidhe, agus gu'm b'e nighean Challum Shagairt "An Teine Mòr." Faodar ainmeachadh gu robh mòran de 'n mhuinntir a bha 'faicinn "An Teine Mhòir." ag radh

gu robh iad 'g a shamhlachadh ri teine ann an cliabh. Bha so a' toirt orra fhein agus air mòran a bharrachd orra a bhith 'creidsinn gur h-ann an com nighean Challum Shagairt a bha 'n teine. Bha iad mar an ceudna a' creidsinn gu robh i gu bhith siubhal air an talamh gu latha 'bhreitheanais, aron a chionn gu robh i fhein cho dhorrasach, agus a chionn gu 'n d' rinn a mathair droch ghuidhe dhi.

O'n a bha gach neach aig an àm ud a' creidsinn gur baobh a bh' ann am bean Challum Shagairt, agus gur h-ann a chionn gu'n d' fhuair i a guidhe a bha h-inghean a' falbh 'na meall teine air feadh na dùthcha, bha grain an uile aca oirre. Tuigidh sinn so o'n cheathramh òrain a leanas :—

“'N am biodh Callum Sagart marbh,  
Dh' fhalbhamaid le crùisgean ;  
Nam biodh Callum Sagart marbh,  
'S e' chuireadh an sogan oirinn ;  
Nam biodh Callum Sagart marbh  
Dh' fhalbhamaid le crùisgean.

Dh' fhalbhamaid dhachaidh le'r fuigheall,  
Dh' ionnsuidh na cailliche duibhe,  
'Bhean a's miosa th' ann an Uidhist ;  
'S buidhe leam nach leam i.”

Cha 'n 'eil air chuimhne agam de'n òran ach so, ged a tha fios agam gu'n cuala mi tuilleadh dhe o chionn corr is dà fhichead bliadhna.

A reir mar a chuala mise an uair a bha mi òg, bha “ An Teine Mòr ” 'ri fhaicinn mar an ceudna ann an Eirinn 's an àm a dh' fhalbh. B' ann mar a leanas a bha iad a' toirt cunntas air mar a thòisich e.

O chionn fada 'n t-saoghail bha gobha 'fuireach ann an gleannan uaigneach a th' ann an aon de choig choigibh na h-Eirionn. An ceann àireamh bhliadhnachan an deigh dha pòsadh bha teaghlach trom, lag aige. God a bha e 'na ghobha cho math 's a bh' anns an dùthaich ri' latha 's ri' linn, agus cho dichionnach gu obair ri fear sam bith, bha barrachd 's a dhiol aige ri' dheanamh mu'n cumadh e a bhean 's a chlann ann am biadh agus ann an aodach. Cha bhiodh éis sam bith air fhein no air a theaghlach nam faigheadh e pailteas obrach ri dheanamh agus paigheadh air a shon. Ach gu mi-fhortanach cha robh an obair, mar bu trice, ach gann, agus cha robh e 'factainn ach fìor bheagan pàighidh air son na bha e' deanamh a dh' obair. Bliadhna dhe na bliadhnachan

thàinig chùisean cho cruaidh air 's gu robh eagal air gu faigheadh a chlànn am bàs air le cion a' bhìdh. Rud nach b' iognadh chuir so 'intinn glé mhòr troimh a chéile. Ach cha robh an dragh-intinn so a' cur ni sam bith 'na rathad a dheanadh feum dha. Thuirt e uair is uair ris fhein, gu'n gabhadh e cuideachadh ged a b' ann o'n "droch fhear" fhein a gheibheadh e e.

Air feasgar anamoch àraidh 's an gobha ag obair anns a' cheardaich thàinig coigreach a steach do 'n cheardaich agus chuir e fàilte air a' ghobh a. Thòisich iad ri còmhradh mu chaochladh nithean. Mu dheireadh thuirt an coigreach ris a' ghobha, "Cha chreid mi fhein nach 'eil do dhiol agad fhein ri dheanamh do bhean agus do chlànn a chumail ann am biadh agus ann an aodach 's na bliadhnaichean cruaidhe a tha 'n so."

"Ma ta tha sin agam, an uair is pailte an obair agus is fhearr am pàigheadh. Ach air a' bhliadhna so tha 'n saoghal air thuar a dhol a' m' aghaidh buileach glan," ars' an gobha.

"Ciod a bheireadh tu do dh' fhear a bheireadh dhuit na mhiannaicheadh do chridhe de dh' òr de dh' airgid," ars' an coigreach.

"Bheireadh rud sam bith a dh' iarradh e orm, agus a b' urrainn domh a thoirt dha," ars' an gobha.

"Ma gheallas tu dhomhsa gu falbh thu comhladh rium bliadhna o màireach, bheir mi dhuit de dh' òr 's de dh' airgid na chumas tu fhein agus do theaghlach cho math air bhur dòigh ri bhur beo ri àrd-rìgh na h-Eirionn. So mar a ni mi riut; a h-uile uair a chuireas tu do lamh 'na do phòcaid dheis, bidh i loma-làn òir, agus a h-uile uair a chuireas tu do lamh 'na do phòcaid chhlì, bidh i làn airgid. Ged a bhiodh tu a' sior thoirt an òir agus an airgid as do phòcaidean, bidh iad làn a h-uile uair a chuireas tu do lamhan annta. Ach thoir do cheart aire nach cuir thu air ais 'na do phòcaidean aon bhonn a bheir thu asda, ar neo ma chuireas, bidh iad falamh an latha sin," ars' an coigreach.

"Ach bu mhath leam fios fhaotainn cia mar a dh' éireas dhomh fhein ma dh' fhalbhas mi comhladh riut. Ged a tha 'n tairgse gu math, agus tha i sin, tha e cruaidh leam dealachadh ri mo mhnaoi 's ri m' chloinn," ars' gobha.

"Bidh tu," ars' an coigreach, "air an aon charadh rium fhein; agus ma bhios do bhean deonach falbh leamsa uair eiginn 'na dheigh so, faodaidh i sin a dheanamh. Ach cha bhi cuid no gnothach agam ri do chuid cloinne gus am bi iad cho sean 's gu faod iad falbh air an urradh fhein. Ma tha thusa glic gabhaidh tu an tairgse a tha mise a' toirt dhut. Cha 'n ann a h-uile latha gheibh thu 'leithid. Faodaidh tu mu 'n d' thig ceann na bliadhna



pailteas a dh'òr 's a dh'airgiod a chur ma seach air son do mhna 's do chloinne."

Chòrd an tairgse anabarrach math ris a' ghobha, agus thuirt e ris fhein gu 'n gabhadh e i, agus gu 'n gabhadh e an urra ris an àm ri teachd. "Cha 'n 'eil fhios cò bhios beò bliadhna o 'n dingh. An uair a thig e air mo thòir cuiridh mi Dia eadar mi 's e," ars' an gobha ris fhein.

'S e a thàinig as a' chuis gu 'n do gheall an gobha gu falbhadh e comhladh ris an ceann na bliadhna nan tugadh e dha an t-òr 's an t-airgiod mar a gheall e.

Bha abhsgadh aig a' ghobha fad na h-ùine a bha 'n coigreach a' bruidhinn ris, nach robh ann ach an "droch-fhear;" agus tiotadh mu 'n d' fhalbh e as a' cheardaich thàinig lasag as an tealach, agus thug an gobha an aire gu robh na casan a bh' air coltach ri ladhran muice. An uair a chaidh e mach air doras na ceardach chaidh e as an t-sealladh ann am priobadh na sùl.

"Is e an 'droch-fhear' a bh' ann gun teagamh sam bith," ars' an gobha. "Tha mi 'n sàs aige; ach ma chumas e a ghealladh riumsa gu cionn latha 's a bliadhna ni mi m' fhortan, agus faodaidh gu 'n teid agam air a char a thoirt as an uair a thig e."

Smaoinich an gobha gu 'm bu chòir dha falbh dhachaidh. Bha 'chòta an crochadh air stob 's a' cheardaich, agus an uair a thug e lamh air gus a chur uime fhuair e e ni bu truime na b' abhaist dha bhith. Ciod a b' iongantach leis na pòcaidean a' chòta bhith luma-làn òir is airgid. Bha car de sgàig air roimh 'n òr 's roimh 'n airgiod a chionn gur ann o 'n "droch-fhear" a fhuair e iad; ach thuirt e ris fhein gu 'm bu cho math dha feum a dheanamh dhiubh o 'n a fhuair e iad.

Cha robh fios aige ciod air an t-saoghal an dòigh air am b' fhearr dha am fortan a thàinig 'na rathad innseadh do 'n mhnaoi. Bha eagal air nach biodh i réidh ris nan innseadh e dhi facal air an fhacal mar a bha eadar e fhein agus an "droch-fhear." Bha e làn-chinnteach nach biodh i idir toilichte a chionn gu 'n do gheall e falbh 's a fàgail ann an ceann an teaghlaich aig ceann na bliadhna. An uair a bha e greis mhath a' dol fo 'smaointean mu 'n chùis, is e bhuaill anns a' cheann aige, gu 'n abradh e ris a mhnaoi an uair a rachadh e dhachaidh, gu 'n d' thàinig coigreach do 'n cheardaich, agus gu 'n d' innis e dha gu robh mòran ulaidh an tiodhlacadh fo ùrlar na ceardach, agus an uair a chladhaich e fo 'n ùrlar, gu 'n d' fhuair e mar a thuirt an coigreach ris.

An uair a chaidh e dhachaidh bha ioghnadh air a mhnaoi ciod a bha 'ga chumail cho fad 's a' cheardaich, agus bha i glé ghreanach, frithir ris fhein agus ris a' chloinn. Cha ruig so a leas

a' bheag a dh' iognadh a chur air neach sam bith ; oir cha robh na bhiadhadh an t-isean circe de bhiadh an taobh a staigh de 'n dorus aice an oidhche ud.

"Biodh misneach mhath agad, a bhean," ars' an gobha, "cha bhi do thaigh oidhche ri do bheò cho falamh 's a tha e an nochd."

"Cha 'n 'eil fhios," ars' ise 's i 'freagairt gu cas, frionasach, "cia mar a bhios sin. Tha mise agus na pàisdean truagha air thuar a bith bàs co dhiubh, agus cha 'n e do chuid-sa dheth dad si fhearr."

"Dean thusa foighidin gus an innis mise mo naigheachd dhut, agus theid mi 'n urras gu'm bi thu toilichte gu leor," ars' an gobha : "ach cha 'n fhaod mi facal innseadh dhut ann an éisdeachd na cloinne, no ann an éisdeachd neach sam bith eile."

An uair a chuireadh a' chlann a laidhe thòisich an gobha ri innseadh mu'n ulaidh. "Bha mi," ars' esan, "ag obair anns a' cheardaich ann am beul anamoch na h-oidhche, agus thàinig duine àrd, dubh, a steach, agus sheas e aig cùl an doruis. Chuir e fàilt' orm, agus chuir mi fàilt' air. Thòisich sinn as a sin ri còmhraidh mu chaochladh nithean. Mu dheireadh thàinig sinn gu bhith' còmhraidh mu shuidheachadh an t-sluaigh air feadh na dùthchadh. "Cha chreid mi fhein," ars' esan, "nach 'eil thu fhein 's do theaghlach 'g a ruith glé chruaidh 's an àm so."

"Tha sinn gu dearbh," arsa mise : "nam faighinn mar a dheanainn a dh' obair agus duais riaghailteach air son mo shaoithreach, cha bhiodh éis bìdh no aodaich orm fhein no air mo theaghlach. Ach ciod is urrainn mo leithid-sa a dheanamh, ged a tha ceaird agam, an uair nach fhaigh mi obair, no pàigheadh air a son ged a gheibhinn i."

"Ma ta," ars' esan 's e 'gam fhreagairt, "is beag a ruigeas tusa leas a bhith 'ga ruith cho cruaidh agus pailteas òir is airgid an tiodhlacadh fo ùrlar na ceardach. Cladhaich fo'n innean, agus gheibh thu am pailteas ann. A h-uile uair a bhios éis ort thoir leat dhachaidh luma-làn do phòcaidean. Na biodh caomhnadh sam bith agad air. Cha teirig na th' ann dhut ri do bheò." Agus mar dhearbhadh gu robh e ag innseadh na firinn, thug an gobha làn a dha chròige de'n òr 's de'n airgid as a phòcaidean, agus thug e do'n mhnaoi e.

Cha robh fios aig a mhnaoi ciod a theireadh i. Cha 'n fhaca i uibhir a dh' òr 's a dh' airgid còmhladh mu choinneamh a dà shùl riamh roimhe. Thug i taing do'n fhreasdal a chuir a leithid de phailteas 'na lamhan.

Cha robh éis air a' ghobha no air a theaghlach, oir bha pailteas airgid is òir 'na phòcaidean a h-uile latha. Rud nach b' iognadh,

chuir e gu leòr ma seach. Is gann a bha aite aige a chumadh na bh' aige a dh' òr 's a dh' airgid.

Ach cha robh e fhein no 'bhean a' deanamh ana-caitheamh sam bith air am maoin, air eagal gu'n gabhadh na coimhearsnaich amhrus nach b' ann air dhòigh cheirt a fhuair iad i. A dh' aindeoin cho faicleach 's gu robh iad bha e air aithris am measg an t-sluaigh gu robh an gobha ann an co-bhainn ris an "droch-fhear." Cha robh teagamh aig neach sam bith nach robh òr is airgid tuilleadh is pailt mu laimh a' ghobha. Thog e taighean ùra, bha crodh is eich is caoraich aige, bha airgid gu math pailt 'na phòcaid aig gach àm ; ach cha b' urrainn duine beò a dheanamh a mach cia mar a bha e tighinn cho math air aghart.

Bha 'n gobha gu nàdurra 'na dhuine fialaidh. An latha bu chruaidhe a bha 'n saoghal riamh air, bheireadh e biadh is leaba do dhuine bochd sam bith a thigeadh thun an taighe aige. Neor-thaing nach robh e fialaidh an uair a bha pailteas airgid an comhnuidh 'na phòcaid. Thachair dha air feasgar araidh a bhith 'tighinn dhachaidh bhar a thuruis a ceann eile na dùthchadh. An uair a bha e 'dlùthachadh ris an taigh thachair seann duine liath ris. Chuir e failte chridheil air an t-seann duine, agus dh' iarr e air a dhol thun an taighe maille ris. Ghabh an seann duine an cuireadh a fhuair e. Thug an gobha agus a bhean aoidheachd dha an oidhche sin a cheart cho cridheil 's cho caoimhneil 's ged a b' e fear a b' uaisle a bh' anns an dùthaich. An la-iar-na-mhaireach an uair a bha 'n seann duine a' falbh chaidh an gobha maille ris gus a chur thairis air an allt. An uair a bha 'n gobha 'dealachadh ris, thuir an seann duine, "Air son cho caoimhneil 's a bha thu rium o'n a thachair thu orm an dé, bheir mi dhuit tri nithean sam bith a dh' iarras tu orm. Thoir an aire gu'n iarr thu nithean a ni feum dhut."

Bha 'n gobha car greise a' dol fo' smaointean 's gun fhios aige ro mhath ciod a dh' iarradh e. Mu dheireadh thuir e: "Is e mo cheud iarrtus, Ge b' e uair a thogras mi, gu'n lean lamhan fir sam bith a bheireas air an òrd mhòr ri cas an uird, agus gu'n lean an t-òrd ris an innean, agus gu'n lean an t-innean ris an urlar. Is e mo dhara iarrtus, Ge b'e uair a thogras mi, gu'n lean fear sam bith a shuidheas air a' chathair a th' anns an t-seòmar ris a chathair, agus gu'n lean a' chathair ris an urlar. Agus is e mo threas iarrtus, Bonn airgid sam bith a chuireas mi 'nam' sporran nach tig e as gu bràth gus an toir mi fhein as le mo laimh e."

"Ud, ud," ars' an seann duine, "is bochd mar a dh' iarr thu. C'uime nach d' iarr thu nèamh." Ghabh an seann duine roimhe air a thurus agus thill an gobha dhachaidh.

Air a' cheart latha a dh' ainmich e thàinig an "droch-fhearr" a dh' iarraidh a' ghobha. Bha 'n gobha an là ud ag obair gu trang anns a' cheardaich. An uair a thàinig an "droch-fhearr" ghabh e dìreach do'n cheardaich.

"So, so," ars' esan ris a' ghobha, "grad fhaigh deiseil 's gu'm biodh tu 'falbh comhladh rium."

"Foighidin bheag, a dhuine," ars' an gobha, "gus an cuir mi crìoch air an obair a th' agam ri dheanamh. Bha e riamh mar chleachdadh agam seasamh ri m' fhacal, agus crìoch a chur air obair sam bith a ghabhainn os laimh a dheanamh. Ach ma tha cabhag ort is fhearr dhut làmh-chuideachaidh a thoirt dhomh. Beir air an òrd mhòr agus thoir buille no dhà air an iarunn so."

Rug an "droch-fhearr" air an òrd mhòr, agus mu'n d' thug e trì buillean air an iarunn, lean a làmhan ri cas an ùird, lean an t-òrd ris an innean, agus lean an t-innean ris an ùrlar.

"Tha mi an sàs agad," ars' an "droch-fhearr."

"Tha thu, agus mu 'm faigh thu as, feumaidh tu a bhith glé umhail dhomhsa, ars' an gobha.

"Leig as mi agus bheir mi dàil latha is bliadhna dhut, agus am pailteas a dh' òr 's a dh' airgiod mar a bh' agad o chionn bliadhna," ars' an "droch-fhearr."

"Air a' chumhnanta sin leigidh mi as thu, agus grad bi falbh as mo shealladh," ars' an gobha.

Chuir an gobha agus a theaghlach a' bliadhna ud seachad ann an sògh 's ann an sunnd 's ann cridhealas. Bha gach cùis a' dol leotha mar am miann, agus mar sin bu ghann a dh' fhairich iad a bhliadhna a' dol seachad.

Air an latha ainmichte thàinig an "droch-fhearr" mar a thubhairt e. "Fhuair e an gobha ag obair gu farumach anns a' cheardaich agus 'fhallus' ga dhalladh. Ghlaodh e air taobh a muigh an dorus ris a' ghobha, agus thuirt e, "Thig a mach a sin agus bi falbh comhladh riumsa gun tuilleadh dàlach?"

Chaidh an gobha 'mach agus thuirt e ris, "Cha'n iarr mise de dhàil an diugh ach fhad 's a bhios mi 'toirt dhìom na feusaig agus a' cur deise ghlan umam. Uair sam bith a tha mi 'falbh o'n taigh, tha e mar chleachdadh agam mi fhein a nigheadh 's a ghlanadh, agus deise ghrinn ghlan a chur uman. Is suarach an toileachadh dhomh ged a gheibhinn uiread so dhe mo thoil fhein an diugh."

"Cha dealaich mi riut a muigh no mach," ars' an "droch-fhearr."

"Cha 'n 'eil mi 'g iarraidh sin ort. Faodaidh tu suidhe làimh rium anns an t-seòmar fhad 'sa bhios mi ga 'm dheanamh fhein deiseil," ars' an gobha.

Dh' aontaich an "droch-fhear" so a dheanamh. Lean e an gobha steach do'n taigh, agus do'n t-seòmar anns an robh an gobha agus e fhein a nigheadh. Dh' iarr an gobha air suidhe air a' chathair a bh' anns an t-seòmar. Rinn e so. Thòisich an gobha air toirt na feusaig dheth fhein, agus air deise ghlan a chur uime. An uair a bha e deas thuirt e ris an "droch-fhear," "Tha mise nis deiseil. Is fhearr dhuinn a bhith falbh."

An uair a thug an "droch-fhearr" gluasad as gu éirigh bhar na cathrach cha b' urrainn e éirigh ; oir lean e ris a' chathair agus lean a' chathair ris en ùrlar.

"Tha mi ann an sàs agad a rithist," ars' an "droch-fhear."

"Tha thu, agus cha 'n fhaigh thu as a sin mur geall thu dhomhsa nach tig thu gu ceann latha 's bliadhna. Feumaidh tu mar an ceudna am pailteas a dh' òr 's a dh' airgiod a thoirt dhomh mar a b' àbhaist dhut," ars' an gobha. Dh' aontaich an "droch-fhear" gu'n deanadh e mar a dh' iarr an gobha. Leig an gobha cead a chois e dha agus dh' fhalbh e.

Chaidh a' bhliadhna leis a' ghobha cho math 's a chaidh gach bliadhna eile. Cha robh eis no deireas ni sam bith air fhein no air a theaghlach. Ach mar a b' fhearr a bha cùisean a' dol leis is ann bu ghiorra a bha e' faireachadh na h-ùine. Mu dheireadh thàinig ceann na bliadhna. Thàinig an "droch-fhear" air a latha fhein mar bu ghnàth leis. Cha rachadh e aon chuid a steach do'n cheardaich no idir do thaigh a' ghobha. Bha greann an uilc air. Labhair e gu fiata ris a' ghobha, agus thuirt ris. "A nis, cha 'n 'eil a null no a nall agad an diugh. Feumaidh tu falbh còmhladh riumsa anns an t-seasamh bonn. Cha dean do chuid chuilbheartan feum ni's fhaide. Tog ort mar a tha thu 's biomaid a' grad fhalbh."

"Tha mi 'faicinn nach 'eil feum a bhith 'cur 'nad' aghaidh ni's fhaide. Biomaid a' grad fhalbh, ma ta," ars' an gobha.

Thog iad orra agus dh' fhalbh iad gun tuilleadh dàlach. Cha robh còmhradh sam bith eatorra car beagan ùine. Mu dheireadh thuirt an gobha as a ghuth-tàimh, "Tha iad ag ràdh gu'n teid agadsa air thu fhein a chur ann an riochd sam bith a thogras tu."

"Tha sin fior gu leor," ars' an "droch-fhear."

"Cha chreid mi e gus am faic mi e. Ach ma's urrainn duit, cuir thu fhein ann an riochd bonn airgid, agus an uair sin creididh mise gu'n teid agad air a dheanamh mar a tha iad ag ràdh," ars' an gobha.

Mu'n gann a leig an gobha am facal as a bheul bha 'n "droch-fhear" 'no bhonn airgid air a bheulaobh. Cho luath 's a bh' aige rug an gobha air a' bhonn airgid agus sparr e gu teann cruaidh anns an sporran e, agus chuir e 'na phòcaid e. "Tha thu an sàs

agam a nis air sgròib, agus theid mi 'n urras gu 'm bi latha no dhà mu 'm faigh thu do chead fhein," ars' an gobha. Thionndaidh e air a shàil agus thill e dhachaidh. Ach ma thill cha b' ann gu sìth no gu sàmhchair. Bha am fear a bh' anns an sporran air iomairt ghabhail a' chuthaich ag iarraidh as a gheimheil anns an robh e. Bhiodh e air uairean a' sgreadail 's a' sgreuchail mar gu m biodh muc ann, agus air uairean eile bhiodh e a g'at cho mòr anns an sporran 's gu robh eagal air a' ghobha gu sracadh e e. Cha robh fhios aige air an t-saoghal ciod a dheanadh e ris. Ach bha aon ni a bha soilleir gu leòr dha, agus b' e sin, gu feumadh e an sporran 's na bha 'na bhroinn a chur as an t-sealladh air aon dòigh no dòigh eile. Bha e' dol fo 'smaointean mar a b' fhearr a b' urrainn da feuch ciod bu chòir dha a dheanamh. Is e 'bhuail 's a cheann aige mu dheireadh, gu 'm pronnadh e an sporran 's na bha 'na bhroinn cho min 's a ghabhadh deanamh leis na h-ùird air an innean. Chuir e fos air dithis ghillean làidir, tapaidh a b' aithne dha, agus thug e orra teannadh ris an sporran 's na bha bhroinn a bhualadh air an innean. Ach ma bha am fear a bh' anns an sporran a' sgreuchail roimhe sin, cha bu lugha bha de sgreuchail air an uair a thòisich na fir ri' bhualadh air an innean "Gabhaibh dha, gabhaibh dha, 'illean; cumaibh fodhaibh e ma dh' fhaodas sibh," theireadh an gobha. Pronn 's mar a bha e, thug am fear a bh' anns an sporran e fhein as cho luma-luath 's a chràmh an sporran le buillean nan òrd. Chaidh e as an t-sealladh 'na shradagan teine a mach air an luidhear, agus cha 'n fhaca an gobha a dhubh no 'dhath riamh tuilleadh air an talamh.

Ma fhuair an gobha an latha ud cuibhteas 's an "droch-fhear," ghrad thòisich gnothaichean an t-saoghail ri dhol 'na aghaidh. Thòisich an cròdh 's na h-eich 's na caoraich ri faighinn bhàis air. Nam biodh caora air a bàthadh ann an tuilifein 's a' mhòintich, dh' fhaoidteadh a bhith cinnteach gu'm bu leis a' ghobha i; agus nam biodh sùil-chruthaich no bogach ann an àite sam bith faisge air a' ghleann, dh' fhaoidteadh a bhith cinnteach gu faighteadh a dhà no trì de spréidh a' ghobha marbh annta. Rachadh na h eich aige ann an aimhean far nach éireadh beud do dh' eich nan coimhearsnach. Ged a dheanadh e curaehd mar a dheanadh daoine eile, cha bhiodh tail no toradh a b' fhiach anns a' bharr a bhiodh aige air an t-samhuinn. A dh' aon fhacal, cha robh ni cruthaichte a bhuneadh dha nach robh a' leaghadh air falbh mar an sneachda fo bhlàths na gréine.

Fad nam bliadhnachan a bha òr is airgiod aige cho pailt ris na clachan beaga, bha e 'sior chur cuid mhath dheth ma seach, air ghaol gu 'm biodh pailteas aig a mhnaoi 's aig a theaghlach an déigh dha fhein an saoghal 'fhàgail. Lion e àireamh mhòr

chisteachan leis an òr 's leis an airgiod, agus chuir e mòran dheth ann an sluichd fo'n talamh; ach an uair a dh' fhosgladh na cisteachan agus na sluichd, cha robh anna ach torradan beag de bhuachar each!

Cha bn luaithe a thàinig e gu bochdain crannachuir agus gu éis na thòisich a theaghlach ri dol thun na 'dunach. Bha iad ro theith air an togail, agus cha d' fhòghlum iad mar bu chòir dhaibh iad fhein a chothachadh anns an t-saoghal. Bha iad gu léir, leasg, lunnadh, làn anamiannan agus dhroch bheusan. Sgap iad an sid 's an so air feadh na dùthchadh, agus cha d' rinn iad fiach frìne de chuideachadh le 'n athair no le am màthair riamh.

Bha 'n gobha agus a bhean mu'n d' fhàg iad an saoghal, cho bochd dhe 'n t-saoghal, agus cho breoite ri dithis air an cualas riamh iomradh. An uair a dh' eug a bhean cha robh aig a' ghobha ach a bith 'falbh o dhorus gu dorus 'n a chrìpleach truagh ag iarraidh na déirce. Cha robh de 'n aodach air ach gann na bheireadh a' phoit bhar an teine. Mar bu shine 's mar bu truaighe a bha e 'fàs is ann bu mhiosa a bha a nàdur a' dol. Cha robh beannachd Dhé no dhaoine air a cheann, agus o 'n a bha e gun charaid, gun ghaoltach, gun duine leis am bu truagh e, is gann a bha duine anns an àite a bheireadh, le toil, fasgadh na h-oidhche dha. Mu dheireadh fhuaradh a chorp marbh ann an seann tobhtaigh. O 'n a bha fios aig muinntir an àite gu robh e ann an co-bhainn ris an "droch-fhear," cha d' thug iad a dh' urram dha gu 'n do chuir iad ciste is anart m' a chorp an uair a chuir iad fo 'n talamh e. Cha mhò na sin a chunnacas iomchuidh àite a thoirt dha chorp anns a' chladh. Thilgeadh ann an slochd e an àite eiginn iomallach faisge air bruaich na h-aimhne.

An uair a dh' fhàg e an saoghal chaidh e ball-gacha-direach a dh' ionnsuidh an droch àite; oir bha fhios aige nach fhaodadh e' aghaidh a thoirt air nèamh. An uair a ràinig e an dorus, cò a choinnich e ach a sheana charaid, an "droch-fhear." "Thàinig tu mu dheireadh le do làn thoil fhein," ars' esan.

"N an d' fhuair mi mo thoil fhein cha d' thàinig mi fhathast. Ole 's mar a bha mo shuidheachadh o 'n là a chunnaic mi thusa mu dheireadh, tha mi cinnteach nach bi mo shuidheachadh dad ni 's fhèarr fo do riaghladh-sa," ars' an gobha.

"Cha ghabh mise a steach an sò idir thu. Cha 'n 'eil do-leithid eile an taobh a staigh de chrìochan mo rioghachd. Tha mise a' fadadh teine nach mùchar a chaoidh ann ad' bhrollach, agus tha mi 'g òrduchadh dhut tilleadh air ais a dh' ionnsuidh na talmhainn, agus a bhith 'g imeachd slios is suas air an talamh gu latha bhreitheanais. Cha bhi fois oidhche no tàmh latha agad. Bidh do thriall air an talamh air feadh a h-uile àite a's fuiche 's

is ìsle 's is ùdluidhe 's is uamhalta na chéile. Agus bidh tu 'na do chulaidh-ghràin dhut fhein agus 'na do chulaidh-eagail do gach creutair beò a chi thu."

A réir beachd nan Eirionnach, so mar a thàinig an "Teine Mòr" (Will o' the Wisp) gu bhith air fhaicinn air an talamh.

Tha mi 'smaointean nach biodh e as an rathad dhomh beagan a ràdh mu thimchioll an dà ur-sgeoil so mu'n crìochnaich. Tha mòran 's an dùthaich a tha deas gu bhith 'faotainn beum do gach sgeul de 'n t-seòrsa. Their iad nach 'eil e a chum feuma sam bith a bhith 'cumail naicheachdan de 'n t-seòrsa so air chuimhne, do bhrìgh nach 'eil duine sam bith anns am bheil gliocas agus tùr a bheir creideas no geill dhaibh. Cha 'n 'eil mise a' toirt creideis no geill dhaibh ni 's mò na duine eile; ach air a shon sin, tha mi 'meas gur airidh iad air a bhith araon air an cumail air chuimhne, agus air an aithris, do bhrìgh gu bheil tomhas mòr de dh' fhiosrachadh agus de ghliocas air fhilleadh a steach annta.

Is fheairde gach neach leis an aill fiosrachadh 'fhaotainn fios a bhith aige air na beachdan a bha cumanta ann an measg an t-sluaigh 's an àm a dh' fhalbh. Is e so aon de na dòighean air am faighear a mach seann eachdraidh nan Gaidheal. Am fear a tha aineolach air na seann naigheachdan, air na seann òrain, agus air na sean-fhacail, tha e ann an tomhas mòr aineolach air seann eachdraidh a dhùthchadh. An Gaidheal a tha aineolach air seann eachdraidh a dhùthchadh is gann is urrainnear fìor Ghaidheal a ràdh ris.

A réir mo bharail-sa tha mòran gliocais air' fhilleadh a steach anns an dà sgeul so mu 'n "Teine Mhòr." Anns a' cheud aon tha cunntas againn air nighinn a bha rag, reasgach, agus eas-unhail do phàrantan, agus air màthair a bha cho beag de ghràdh nàduir 's gu 'n d' rinn i droch ghuidhe d' a h-ighinn. Cha 'n 'eil e 'na iognadh sam bith ged a chaidh an nighean a dhith, agus ged a tha 'màthair fo dhroch ainm gus an latha 'n diugh.

Tha 'n sgeul mu 'n ghobha 'bha 'n Eirinn gu soilleir a' teagasg dhuinn, nach urrainn crìoch mhath a bhith air duine sam bith nach toir oidhirp air tighinn tromh 'n t-saoghal le dìchioll, le fìrinn agus le onair. Is iomadh dòigh anns am faod duine beairteas a dheanamh, agus inbhe àrd is mòr-urram fhaotainn dha fhein 's dha' theaghlach; ach an duine a gheibh na nithean so le dhol ann an co-bhainn ris an olc, faodar a bhith cinnteach nach bi sìth no sonas aigè air a' cheann mu dheireadh.

IAIN.



14th FEBRUARY, 1894.

At the meeting of the Society on this date, the Rev. James Macdonald, M.A., B.D., Free Church Manse, Dornoch, read a paper on "Celtic Idealism."

21st FEBRUARY, 1894.

At the meeting of the Society held on this date, Mr William Mackay, honorary secretary, read a paper contributed by Mr John Mackay, J.P., Hereford, entitled, "Sutherland Place Names—Parishes of Golspie and Rogart." Mr Mackay's paper was as follows:—

#### SUTHERLAND PLACE NAMES.

##### PARISH OF GOLSPIE.

This parish, small in extent as compared with others in the county, has an area of only 21,125 acres, of which 768 are foreshore and 240 water. Its aspect is mountainous, and Dunrobin Glen, through which runs the Golspie River, divides it into two parts. The whole of its arable land lies along the sea coast, amounting to about 2200 acres, divided into seven large farms besides the Dunrobin policies. There are two small sheep farms and one deer forest. The arable land varies from light sandy soil to clayey loam, flanked inland by high mountains facing southward, and attaining to altitudes ranging from 1226 to 1706 feet. These mountains are composed of gneiss rocks dipping south-east overlaid unconformably by the middle division of the old red sandstone, varying in colour. The lakes in the parish are insignificant, mere mountain tarns, seldom or ever fished. The rivers are also only mountain streams, none exceeding five miles in length, the largest being Golspie Burn, which issues from Loch-na-Corn, 1155 feet above sea level, passes through Dunrobin Glen, and falls into the sea at the east end of Golspie village. The banks of this river for the space of a mile from the sea are very interesting to the geologist, and the lover of the beautiful and picturesque in rock, waterfall, and wood, the varying tints of the latter in autumn being a scene rarely seen.

In the Old Statistical Account of Golspie two caves are described—one, in the north-east district, called Uamh mhic-Ghill-

Andrais (Gillander's Cave), the other in the hill above Dunrobin, Uamh Thorcuil (Torquil's Cave), evidently, from his name, a Norseman. These caves are in the red sandstone, and of natural formation. There is another in the sea cliff east of Dunrobin, probably an artificial one, reputed to have been the abode of a hermit, who abjured contact with the barbarity of his day.

The antiquities of this parish consist of Caledonian stone circles, hut circles, tumuli, ruins of Pictish towers, an Erd house, a richly carved stone with cross, and the remains of an ancient chapel.

The great feature in the parish is Dunrobin Castle, the palatial seat of the Sutherland family, commonly supposed to be so named from its founder, Robert, an Earl of Sutherland. This is a matter of mere conjecture, no doubt its origin was a "Dun" surrounded by a fosse, and repaired and enlarged several times. It is now an immense pile, the more ancient portion of it is seaward, but the greater part of its modern additions dates from 1845 to 1850. It thus forms two conjoint structures of solid masonry 100 feet square and 80 feet high. The entrance tower is 28 feet square and 135 feet high.

There were other "Duns" and forts in the parish, notably Golspie Tower, surrounded by a fosse, alternately in the possession of the Sutherlands, Mackays, and Gordons. Kirkton (Kilmallie or Bal-na-h-Eaglais) and Aberscross, the seat of the redoubtable Murrays (Moray men) who came into Sutherland with Hugh Freskyin in 1198 and ever proved true to their "salt." Who can now blame them? though their "fidelity to trust" was forgotten and disregarded, and the place that once knew them so well knows them no more. Scarcely a vestige now remains of their Aberscross residence, yet the green fields around it show where these chieftains and retainers had lived, doughty men of war by bow, sword, and shield, dire foes of the Mackays and the Gordon race of intruders.

Various implements of war and other articles in brass, bronze, iron, and wood have been turned up in the parish, many of which are now in Dunrobin Museum.

Between the village of Golspie and the Little Ferry a conflict took place in 1746 between Prince Charlie's men and 200 of the Sutherland Militia, commanded by Lieut. John Mackay, a few days before "Culloden's fatal field." The "Rebels," as the natives termed them, were attacked in rear and flank by Lieut. Mackay's small force from behind sand hills, and after some firing on both sides the Lieutenant sent one of his officers to inform the "Rebels" that they were surrounded, and, to prevent a useless effusion of

blood, they had better surrender. This was agreed to, and arms laid down. When it was seen by how few they were attacked many of the "Rebels" broke their swords and threw them away, which were found many years after in forming the road from Golspie to the Little Ferry.

The ancient name of the parish was "Kilmallie," from an ancient place of worship, founded by or dedicated to a Culdee Monk. In 1619 Sir R. Gordon, while tutor or trustee for his young nephew, John Gordon, 15th Earl of Sutherland, "by consent of the Bishop and the parishioners," polite gentleman he was, when he had ulterior purposes of his own to serve, changed the parish place of worship from Cilmalie to Golspie, where there had previously been a chapel only, dedicated to St Andrew, on the plea that "it was more central and 'nier' to the house of Dunrobin." From that year the parish came to be called Golspie. but the ancient cemetery of Cilmalie remains to mark "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet and parish sleep."

#### MOUNTAIN NAMES.

Ben-na-corn.—G. local pro. Beinn-horn, that is, Beinn-a-chòrn ; gen. of corn, a drinking horn or cup, so named from the lake on its south side, 42 furlongs long by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  wide. This mountain is 1706 feet above sea level, while the Meall odhar, on the west side of the lake, is 1326 feet, and another, on its south side, is 1250 feet. Hence Beinn-na-corn signifies the mountain of the drinking cup-like lake.

Ben-vraggie.—G. Vraggie, may mean bhraigh-na-gaoithe—the mountain of the windy top, or bhreacaich, spotted or chequered, the spotted mountain, 1256 feet high. On its summit stands a colossal monument of the 1st Duke of Sutherland, who died in 1833, which seems to stand there calmly surveying the vast improvements effected by him in his day, regardless of the misery involved in their accomplishment. A sudden revolution from the patriarchalism of Sutherland to the political economy of the Whig School.

Craig-an-airgid.—G. The rock of silver. Sir R. Gordon states that a provost of Aberdeen, in 1620, discovered a silver mine in Sutherland, took some of the ore with him to London to be assayed, and, while on his return from that great city, died on the way, so that the secret of the locality of the mine remains concealed, "till God in His providence wills its discovery." Possibly the good provost was attracted to this hill by its appellation, with

the idea that there might be some foundation for it. This hill is 700 feet high, eastward of the Mound Station, and facing the railway.

Craig-an-iarainn.—G. The iron rock, 300 feet high, immediately eastward of the last, and above Kirkton. There is no tradition of iron having been found in it, or near it, but the geological formation in the immediate neighbourhood favours the appellation.

Ben-lundie.—G. Beinn-nan-làn-daimph—mountain of the full-grown stags, 1464 feet high.

Coire-na-gamhna.—G. The corrie of the yearling deer, 1000 feet high, within half-a-mile of the last, which seems to corroborate that "lundie" means làn-daimph.

Cagar-feosaig.—G. Cagar, whisper, and feosaig, Sutherland pro. of feusaig, beard, doubtful appellation for a mountain. 1336 feet high. No doubt, the wind whispers strongly over its heathery sides and summit.

Craig-mhor.—G. The big rock, facing the Mound and Lochfleet, 600 feet high, with a precipitous face.

Meall-odhar.—G. Meall, lumpy, odhar, dun—the dun lumpy mountain, 1326 feet high; Ir. meall, W. moel and mwl, Arm. moel, Lat. mol-es.

## LAKES.

Loch-a-vicar.—G. The vicar's lake; it lies immediately above Kirkton. The Vicar of Kirkton or Kilmalie had the sole right of its fishing. Or. Par. Sco.

Loch-na-corn.—G. Literally the lake of the drinking horn or cup; so named from its cup-like aspect, low down amongst its surrounding mountains; Ir. corn, W. corn, Fr. corne, Arm. corn, Arab. kurn, Heb. cornw, Lat. cornu, a bowl, or drinking vessel.

Loch-na-caorach.—G. Caor, caoir; plu. caoran, caoiran, wild ash berries, lake of the wild ash trees.

Loch-farlary.—G. Fuar-làraich, cold habitation or farm, lake of the exposed to cold, habitation. See Place names.

Loch-salachie.—G. Lake of the dirt or mire, in reference to its deep peaty banks and the dark colour of its water.

## RIVERS.

With the exception of Golspie Burn, which is only  $5\frac{1}{4}$  miles in length, the rest are mountain torrents, but here are a few of them:—

Alt-na-sgeith.—G. The vomiting burn, in reference to its rushing down the mountain-side with singular velocity.

Alt-spùtie.—G. Spùt, spout, in reference to its falling over a cliff, near the sea-shore, in the form of a waterfall, and, when in flood, jutting out its waters as from a spout; Ir., spùt, Manx, spooyt, Dutch, spuit.

Alt-creag-a-ghlinne.—G. The burn of the rock in the glen, ghlinne, gen. of gleann, G. and Ir. glyn, W. Corn, and Arm. glionn, Manx.

Alt-coire-na-moine.—G. The burn of the corrie in the morass, G. and Ir. moine, peat, W. mawn, peat.

## PLACE NAMES.

Abercross.—O.G. or Pictish. Aber, confluence of waters; and esc, esk, usk, uisge, water; and aig, dim. terminal; Aberescaig, the confluence of the small water or burn, with the Fleet river and estuary. The native pronunciation is Aberscaig, and sometimes Aberscinn. In 1581, written Abercross; in 1512, Abberschoir; in 1529, Hibberiscor; in 1549, Abircross. This burn is a mountain torrent, frequently dry in summer, gives its name to the large township high up above the Fleet, and divides the township into two divisions, Easter and Wester Abercross, which for centuries were the abode of the doughty Murrays, as previously described, constant defenders of the house of Sutherland, sworn opponents of its foes, a rare race of strong men, warlike and valiant; their descendants are still in Sutherland.

Backies.—G. and N. Signifying projecting hills; G., bacanan; N., bakki. This place is 500 feet above sea level, on tableland, a mile away at the back of Golspie; the hills behind it rise in terraces to a height of 1000 feet, and trend away from an easterly to a northern direction. Torfaeus translates Ekkials-bakki (the Oykel Hills) into "Montes Ochellenses" (the Oykel Mountains).

Badan.—G. Dim. of bad, grove, thicket; badan, little grove.

Balblair.—G. Baile-a-bhlàr, the town in the plain.

Clayside.—N. Kleifa, cliff; and setr, sida, residence, the cliff residence, a mile eastward from Dunrobin. Here was born Sir Hector Munro, the Indian general who fought and won the Battle of Buxar, as important to India as Plassey. As Lieut. Munro, he tried in 1746, and for some years after, to apprehend Cluny of the '45, but the fidelity of the brave Macphersons foiled him in every attempt, though £1000 was the reward offered by the Government of that day for the betrayal or apprehension of the gallant Chief. All honour to the brave clan.

Culmalie.—G. Kil-malie. In 1512, Culmaly; 1532, Kilmale; 1563, Culn.ailie; 1566, Kilmailze Moir and Kilmailze Craigton;

1578, Kilmaillie ; 1581, Culmalie. An important place, frequently mentioned in Sutherland charters. Here, till 1619, was the Parish Church with its cemetery, founded by the Culdee monk, Maloc or Maluag, surrounded by a numerous population till the beginning of this century, when the holdings, large and small, were consolidated into three large agricultural farms.

Drum-muie.—G. In 1563, 1581, Drum-moy ; Drum, ridge, back, top ; and muie, moy, magh, plain, the ridge of the plain—a true description of the place. The ridge rises above the plain, and forms a terrace upon which the ancient habitations were built, and upon which the present house and offices are. There are several Muies or Moys in Sutherland, all of them plains, or level lands. Both Drum and Muie, Moy, or Magh, are common in Highland and Irish topography. Ir., drom, drum ; W., trum ; Gr., drom-os ; Chal. drum.

Dunrobin.—G. In charters 1512 it is Dun-rabyn. The origin of this name is doubtful. The common opinion is that it is named after a Robert, Earl of Sutherland, so says Sir Robert Gordon. Worsae, the Danish historian, calls it "the mote or tower of Robin." In 1196, when Reginald of the Isles, at the command of William the Lion, expelled Harold from Caithness, and took possession of both Sutherland and Caithness, he found an influential Norse nobleman governing Sutherland. He made him ruler of it for King William, and he proved his fidelity to the King of Scots by refusing to countenance Harold's return from the Orkneys after Reginald's departure. The King of Scots confirms the appointment on his expedition into Caithness in 1198, when he finally reduced Harold to submission. In 1220, we find this nobleman, whose name was Rafu, trying to compose differences which arose in Caithness between Bishop Adam and the people. Failing to reconcile them, he returned to Sutherland. The people soon afterwards became so exasperated with the Bishop that they burnt him in his kitchen, with the connivance of the Norse Earl John, son of Harold, an atrocity which drew upon the Caithness folks the ire of Alexander the Second. This Rafu is supposed to have had his seat in a fort or dun then existing on the site of the present Castle, and that it is from him that its present name is derived, Dun-rafu, mutated as years went on to Dun-rabyn, Dun-robin. That Dunrobin is a place of great antiquity there is no doubt. After Rafu, here probably lived Hugh Freskyn, as successor, and Freskyn's successors have inhabited it ever since, making alterations and additions to it from time to time. The first notice of it in charters is in 1401.

In 1567 George Earl of Caithness became guardian of the young Earl of Sutherland, after his parents were poisoned in Helmsdale Castle. The Earl of Caithness, while thus guardian, had possession of Dunrobin, and it is said that this "wicked" Earl burnt all the Sutherland Charters he could lay his hands upon. Possibly this accounts for the want of mention being made of Dunrobin in charters earlier than 1401, and this date has been obtained from the Forse Charters.

Golspie.—N. In 1570, Gospye, Golspe; in 1581, Golspe; in 1682, Golspie. Native pronunciations, Goysbie, Golsbie. The place name is evidently of Norse origin, from geil, gil, a narrow valley or glen, and be, bie, hamlet, geils-bie, the hamlet at the narrow glen, the narrow glen, or the narrow glen township.

✓ Kinloch.—G. Ceann loch, head of the lake.

✓ Kirkton.—Churchtown, Anglicised form of the G. Bal-nah-eaglais.

Mellaig.—G. 1563-66, Mallecht; 1581, Mellak, probably ✓ Meal-ach, abounding in honey. It is a nice, dry, warm ridge, north-east of Dunrobin, upon which were several crofters and cottars.

Morvich.—G. 1512, Morach, Moirrach; 1549, Moryache, Morocht; 1616, Morrocht. Mor-mhaghaich, great extent of flat land. Morangie, in Ross, may be mor-innis, great plain. Mearns, ✓ in the Lowlands, is a contraction of mor-innis. Morrigh, the Gaelic name of Lovat, in Inverness, Morvich in Sutherland, and Morvich in Kintail, have the same signification, flat lands, in fact, a large plain. W. mawrynys.

Mound.—E. Name given to the embankment made in 1810-12 across the estuary of the River Fleet, for the Parliamentary road; ✓ called by the natives "rathad-mor-an-righ," the road being made by Government. A.-S. mund; W. mwnt; Lat. mons, a heap, a hill, now applied to an artificial elevation of earth.

Port-beg.—G. The little port or ferry, in contradistinction to the Meikle Ferry, which is three times its width. See Dornoch.

Rhives.—G. Native name, rhi-achadh-an, signifying small fields on a declivity. Rhives is situated on the southern slopes of Ben Vraggie; 1563, Ruives; 1581, Ruiffs.

✓ Uppat.—Pro. Oopait or oopaid. N. upp, high, and att, quarter or part, in reference to its situation above the Dall of Brora and the meadows along the Brora river.

✓ Unes.—N. ù-nes, not a promontory; ù is a Norse negative corresponding to the English not or non. Unes refers to the land between Golspie and the little ferry. The form of this land is

more a peninsula than a promontory. As the estuary of the Fleet passes through the narrow strait of the ferry it widens out and nearly encompasses the part the Norsemen named Unes. A Countess of Sutherland was drowned when crossing the ferry of Unes in the 15th century, so says Sir R. Gordon's history.

## PARISH OF ROGART.

This parish has an area of 67,174 acres, of which 907 are water. Its aspect is hilly, scarcely mountainous, though on its northern boundary adjoining Farr, there are altitudes attaining to upwards of 1500 feet. Standing on Cnoc-ard-an-tional, 876 feet, on its eastern boundary, or on the Meall-mor, the highest peak of the Droighneach, 900 feet, on the south, the observer would perceive, on a clear day, as far as the eye could reach, a surface, extremely rugged, abounding with heathery peaks, and cut up in a variety of ways by hollows intersecting one another, all trending to the valley of the Fleet or the Brora. These are the two principal valleys and rivers in the parish, which with their tributaries form its two great watersheds and divide it into two parts. Along these two rivers are the best arable and meadow lands, and between them are a series of low hills, flat moors, and heathery morasses, with some green meadows along the riverlets which form the Fleet and swell the Brora; yet, on these low hill flanks there is fairly good arable land, producing oats and barley, potatoes and turnips, and the condition of the smaller tenantry in this parish is superior to many in other parts of the county. The greater portion of the surface is peat moss, everywhere underlaid with tree stumps and roots, and trunks of trees, annually dug up for fuel and light.

The geological features of the parish are uninteresting, if we except Dalmore Rock, a huge irruption of granite, large grained, with a great proportion of mica. Boulders of similar granite are seen on the surface all over the surface of the parish. They are found in hollows, where accumulated soil covers them. Many a legend is attached to the rolled boulders, several of which are of immense size, the putting stones of the Cyclopien giants of the days that were, &c.

In this parish are to be seen the ruins of several Pictish towers, cairns, tumuli, and hut circles, described to me by an elderly native as "laraich tighean na Cinnaich" (the sites of the houses of the Pagans). Above the Railway Station, near Corrie, was a Druidic circle, surrounded by oak trees, but the people, quite



unconscious of what use they were in "Pagan" times, broke up the stones and carried them away for building purposes. A few of them still remain.

Tradition accords with the rude but certain monuments of battles, showing that Rogart in past times was the scene of violent contests and much bloodshed. A ridge of hills crossing the eastern extremity of the parish, and extending from the Fleet on the south to Brora in the north, are covered with tumuli, appearing to have been thrown up over the slain where they fell. One of these, opened some years ago by men building fence walls round the glebe, was found to have in its centre a stone coffin, containing mouldered bones and the blade of a dirk, ornamented with gold, and marked with lines diagonally crossing each other. The weapon must have belonged to a leader or commander. Playing within a hut circle some 60 years ago, the writer turned up a bronze pall staff, and, in an adjoining moss, a beautiful claymore hilt, inlaid with scarlet cloth. During the construction of the railway works through Strath Fleet, eleven silver brooches were found, with other implements of war. The place was no doubt the scene of a clan fight. On the upper end of Strath Fleet, Montrose, in 1650, encamped for a night, previous to the fatal surprise of Carbisdale on the Oykel.

The church was dedicated to St Colin, and on his festival a fair used to be held in the parish.

#### MOUNTAIN NAMES.

Cnoc-na-craobh.—G. The hill of the tree, from the fact of a rowan tree growing out of a fissure of a rocky precipice in its side. 500 feet.

Cnoc-ard-an-tional.—G. The high hill of the gathering; on this hill bonfires and beacons used to be set up. 876 feet.

Cnoc-an-liath-bhaid.—G. Hill of the grey tuft; W. lluyd, grey.

Cnoc loch Ian bhuidhe.—G. Hill of the lake of Yellow John.

Creag-na-croiche.—G. Hill of the gallows, where the Earls of Sutherland or the baron-bailie were wont to hang malefactors caught in the parish.

Creagan-glas.—G. The grey rock. 1028 feet. Glas, grey, Ir. glas, grey, W. glas, blue, Arm. Corn. glas, blue, green, grey, Arm. march glas, grey horse, Ir. and G. each glas, grey horse.

Droigneach.—G. Thorny, brambly; in reference to many bramble bushes growing on its flanks. W. draen thorn; Corn. dren.

Meall-mor.—G. Meall, a rounded eminence, a hill; mor-big, the big hill. 900 feet. Ir. meall; W. moel and mwl.

Meall-an-fhuarain.—G. the hill of the spring or well. 1656 feet.

Meall-na-h-oillte.—G. The hill of terror.

Meall-na-gaoithe.—G. The windy hill. 960 feet.

Meall a phiobair.—G. The piper's hill. 1230 feet.

Meall-clais-na-fiadh.—G. The hill of the deer hollow. 1000 feet.

Sithean achadh bad nan eoin.—G. Sithean, grassy knoll; the grassy or green knoll of the field of the birds.

Stoc-bhuidhe.—G. Yellow cliff; Stuc, cliff, pinnacle.

## LAKES.

Loch-buy.—G. Loch and buidhe, yellow. W. llych, lake; M. luch; Ir. loch; Arm. Lagen; Fr. lac; Lat. lac-us; Gr. lakk-os; Span. lago; Bisc. lac.

Loch-na-gaoithe.—G. The lake of the wind, the windy lake.

Loch-beannach.—G. Lake surrounded with hills, or, according to shape and aspect, it might be a lake having two arms like horns. Beann, beann-ach, are interesting words, noun and adjective. Ir, beann; W. ban, peak, ban-an-brycheiniog, Brecon bracons; Lat. pinna, summit, pinnacle, hence the Apennines, Dens Pen ninus, Dia na beann (Livy).

Loch-creagach.—G. The rocky lake, or lake with rocky sides. W. creig, rock; creigiau, rocky.

Loch-preas-na-sgithiche.—G. Lake of the black thorn bushes; sgitheach, black thorn.

Loch-tigh-na-creig.—G. Lake of the house at the rock.

Loch-a-ghuibhais.—G. Lake of the fir wood; no fir wood near it now, yet the name remains as a memorial of the ancient Caledonian forests.

Lochan-na-claidhean.—G. The lake of the swords; by tradition a party of Mackays made a raid on the Murrays of Aberscross. The Murrays were on the alert, and surrounded the Mackays at this lake, and asked the Mackays, to prevent the effusion of blood, to give up their arms. The Mackays refused, but seeing resistance hopeless, threw their swords into the lake, hence the name.

## RIVERS.

Allt-a-ghleannan.—G. Gleannan; dim. of gleann, a glen; allt, a mountain stream. W. allt, precipiece; Lat. alt-us, high or deep; O.G. alld, a running stream; Ir. gleann; W. glyn; Corn. glyn; Arm. glin.

Allt-na-con-uisge.—G. Con-uisge, water dogs, otters, the stream of the otters.

Allt-na-luibe.—G. Luibe, gen. pl. of lub, a bend ; the stream of the bends, otherwise the winding stream.

Allt-gobhlach.—G. Gobhlach, forked, the forked stream, in reference to its many branches at its source.

Alltnabreac.—G. Breac, trout, the stream of trouts.

Alltslugaite.—G. Slugaite, quicksand, deep mire ; W. yslwch ; the stream of the quagmires.

Amhuinn-a-ghoileach.—G. The bubbling river.

Amhuinn-charnaig.—G. The rocky river, in reference to its rocky bed and sides.

Garbhallt.—G. Rough stream, turbulent in flood. This is an instance of the emphasis the Celt meant to convey when he placed the adjective before the substantive to give it a superlative degree in meaning. Garonne (France), Garbh-amhuinn, rough river.

Fleet.—Norse, from fljot, estuary, or flöd, flooding. This river from the Little Ferry to near Pittentrail was, before the "Mound" had been constructed, subject to flooding by every spring tide, overflowing the marshy low fields of Aberscross, Morvich, and Kinauld. The construction of the "Mound" with opening and shutting sluices enabled these low marshy fields to be drained and cultivated. Another origin of the name has been suggested from the name of a Norse magnate, who long held sway in Strathfleet, Liot. If the natives whom he ruled called the Strath by his name, it would be Strath-liot or Liod, but the phonetic sound of *f* is wanting, which we have in "fljot" or flöd, the *ö* long, and it seldom occurs that a personal name is given to a river, hence we must fall back upon "fljot" or "flöd," the more probable origin of the term. There are several Fleets in Middlesex and Kent, but these Fleets are derived from another Scandinavian word signifying fleet, quick.

Amhuinn-na-h-innis-mhor.—G. Innis-mor, large plain, the river of the large plain ; W. ynys, island ; Cor. ennis ; Arm. enezan, island ; Scot. inch, contraction of the Gaelic inuis, island, or pasture land.

#### PLACE NAMES.

Achnagarrin.—G. Achadh-na-garrain, garrain, copsewood, the field of the copsewood.

Ach-na-teanga.—G. Teanga, tongue, the tongue-shaped field, in reference to its aspect, being between two streams and terminating at their junction.

Ach-tom-linie.—G. Tom-na-linne, the field of the knoll at pool or dam; Ir. tom; W. tom; Arm. tumbe; Lat. tumu-li; Gr. tomb-os; Ir. linn; W. llyu; Arm. lin; Gr. limna; Scot. linn, from Gaelic.

Achvoan.—G. Achadh-a-bhothan, the field of the bothy. ✓

Achcork.—G. Achadh-a-chorc, the oat field. ✓

Ach-na-huamh.—G. Achadh-na-h-uamh, the field of the cave.

Achvraile.—G. Achadh bhraighe-bhaile, the field above the township. ✓

Ardachu.—G. Ard-achadh, the high field. ✓

Achoil.—G. Achadh-a-choille, the field near the wood. ✓

An Carn.—G. The heap of stones; this was an old watch tower.

Achellach.—G. Achadh-na-cailleach, field of the old woman or nun.

An-sithean.—G. Grassy eminence, haunted by fairies.

Bad-a-chrasgaidh.—G. Bad and crag, thicket at a way across hills.

Balchlaggin.—G. Baile-a-chlaigean, hamlet at the skull, in reference to the shape of the hill end at which it is situated. ✓

Am Bàrd.—G. Applied in Sutherland to a small fenced enclosure, cultivated, a fenced cultivated enclosure.

Bardachan.—G. Applied to a series of small cultivated enclosures. ✓

Balmhuillin.—G. Baile-a-mhuillinn, hamlet of the mill.

Bànscol.—G. Bàn, waste, unproductive, and sgaoil, extend, enlarge, an extensive unproductive area, quite descriptive of this place. ✓

Blairmore.—G. Blàr-mor, here blar means a big uncultivated, marshy field. Now, by draining and trenching, "a blàr" no more, but productive fields, an instance that the ancient name, descriptive enough 60 years ago, no longer applies.

Blàr-coille gharbh.—G. Blàr, here means a plain, coille, wood, and garbh, thick, the plain of the thick wood, or rather big wood. Many a tree trunk and tree root have been dug up in this "blàr."

Blarich.—G. Blàr-bhaithichte, the plain adjoining marshes or marshy lands, descriptive of the place. ✓

Breac-chu.—G. Breac-achadh, the spotted or speckled field.

Brae-grudie.—G. and N. Brae, braighe, upper part, N. grudie.

Broilleach.—G. Breast, front, land that swells forward to the front above the adjacent surface, in the form of the breast; very applicable to this place.

Cnoc-an.—G. Small knoll ; it is so here, on the left bank of the Brora river, with extensive meadows on each side of it—east, south, west ; hills to the north-east.

Cnoc-arthur.—G. Native pro. cnoc-airtneal, the hill of weariness, in reference to its steepness in ascending it.

Cnoc-an-dulan.—G. The hill of challenge, upon which the Mackays posted themselves after burning the village of “Cnoc-artal,” and defied the Sutherlands to attack them. They did, were repelled, and the Mackays secured the “creach ;” so says tradition.

Cnoc-an-iochdar.—G. The lower eminence.

Cnoc-an-uachdar.—G. The higher eminence.

✓ Corrish.—G. Abbreviation of Coire-an-innis, the corrie at or near the plain.

Creagach-na-caorach.—G. Creag-achadh-na-caoraich, the rock near the field of the sheep.

Creagan-na-caorach.—G. The small rock of the sheep where they delighted to pasture, being a small eminence in an extensive morass.

Clais-na-creamhe.—G. Hollow of the wild garlick.

Creagan-nan-curra.—G. The rock of the herons, to which they were wont to fly when disturbed in looking for fish in the marshes and lake adjoining.

✓ Cluaranich.—G. A place abounding in thistles.

Coille-chruinneachadh.—G. Wood of the gathering, probably the “rendezvous” of the parish folks to repel the Mackay raids ; anyway, there is a history in its name.

✓ Culbuie.—G. Cùl-buidhe, the yellow back ; W. cul, narrow, lean, Fr. cul, at the back, Lat. culus, back, culeus, sack carried on the back.

Cul-dig.—G. Dìg, a small fence with a dyke, N. diki, Scot. dyke.

✓ Cul-drain.—G. Drain, draighean, thorns, brambles, the back of the thorns or brambles, W. and Arm. dreen, Bas Bret. drain, Corn. dren.

Craggie-mor and beg.—G. Rocky place, abounding in rocks.

Dalna-mein.—G. Dal, meadow by a river, and mein, ore, the meadow of the ore, W. mwyn and mwn.

Dalmore.—G. The big or extensive meadow.

Dalnabreac.—G. The meadow of the trout, a pool being near, the trout were landed on it.

Dalnafeosag.—G. feusag, beard, in this case applied in derision, the grass being always very short on the meadow.

Dalnessie.—G. dal-an-easaich, or dal-an-easa, the meadow at the water falls.

Dalreavich.—G. dal riabhach, brindled meadow; G. dail, N. dalr, W. dol, a meadow, dal, what spreads out, Eng. dell, dale, Ger. thall.

Davoch-beg.—G. dabhach, a measure of land, a lot.

Drum-airgid.—G. druim, back, ridge of a hill, and airgid, silver, the silver ridge. On this ridge are the remains of two round towers, one large, the other close to, smaller; bronze palstaff-head was found in it in 1838.

Drumbuy.—G. druim, ridge, and buidhe, yellow, the yellow ridge, so designated from the great quantity of yellow flowers seen on it in summer.

Eden.—G. Eudan or Aodan, face, front. This place is situated at the foot of a high hill, and very conspicuous.

Farlury.—G. fuar-làraich, cold habitation.

Gruidie.—N. grjot, full of stones. This is a hill side largely covered with boulders, though up to 1812 there were from 15 to 20 families living in it. It is on the north bank of the Brora river, nicely situated, facing south.

Grumbie.—G. crom-aidh, bends, very distinctive of the natural aspect of the place.

Inchomnie.—G. innis-a-chomanaich, the field of the Com-munion; or, of the consorting

Inch-oraig.—G. innis-na-sheamhraig, field of the trefoil or shamrock.

Inch Cape.—G. innis-na-ceap, field of the blocks, where horses used to be shackled and blocked at night.

Lettie.—G. leth-taobh, half side, in reference to a stream dividing lands belonging to one hamlet.

Leathad.—G. a declivity, hillside.

Langwell.—Pro. langal. This place name appears in several Highland counties, Caithness, Sutherland, and Ross, in the parish of Rogart it is the name of a district. The district being inland, the probability is the Norsemen had not invaded it nor taken possession, if they had, they would have called it Langa-dalr, langdale, or longdale, which, on its south-west side, is quite applicable.

Muie.—G. 1548, Mowy; 1560, Moy; now Muie. It means Māgh, a plain. It occurs in the Highlands and Ireland as Magh and Moy, meaning the same, a plain.

Mullin-na-fuadha.—G. Mullinn-na-fuath, mill of the spectre. This mill was in a lonely spot. Probably people were frightened in passing it in a dark night, hence the name.

Morness.—G. Mor-innis, big plain. 1562, Morines; 1616, Morines. This is a fairly large plain. The word frequently appears in Highland topography, variously spelled. The Mearns may be a contraction of Mor-innis, large plain.

Pittentrail.—O.G. Pit, pet, is supposed to be Pictish, meaning a field or hamlet. In 1363, it is named Pittintraile; 1515, Petintraill; 1550, Pentraill; 1616, Pentraill. The name by which this place is known to the natives is Baile-an-traill, the homestead of the bondman or slave. The ancient mode of pronunciation given in the oldest charter, 1363, seems to confirm the meaning of the word traill to be bondman. Pit, pet, in Pictish seems to be equivalent to the more modern baile, a homestead, a hamlet. Here is another—

Pitfure.—O.G. Named by the natives Baile-a-phiuthair, homestead of the "sister." It has been said that "fure" should be "four" or "fuair," signifying, cold. It is on the contrary a warm, sheltered spot, surrounded by hills on three sides, only exposed to the south and south-west, in a recess, much more sheltered than Pittentrail a mile away.

Rhichalmie.—G. Rhi, ruigh, slope, acclivity, declivity; W. rhiw, slope; and calma, hero or champion, the slope or hillside of the hero. "Fionn le chalmuibh," Ossian, in Tem. 8th, 309.

Rhilinn.—G. Ruigh and linne, a pool or pond, the slope or declivity to the pool; W. llyn; Arm. lin.

Rhi-lochan.—G. The declivity to the small lake.

Rhian-doggie.—G. Doggie, Anglicism for dachaidh, a dwelling place, declivity to the dwelling place.

Rhian-odhair.—G. The small yellowish declivity.

Rhian.—G. Small declivity.

Rogart.—The parish name in an Anglicised form. The native Gaelic name is "Raoid." Sir R. Gordon, in 1600, wrote it as Rhewird, as near to the native pronunciation as he possibly could do. From this we may infer that Raoid, Rhewird, is Rhi-ard, high acclivity or high slope, and there being so many other Rhis in the parish gives a probability to this being correct.

In the earliest Sutherland Charters, 1223-1245, mentioned in the Orig. Par. Scotiæ, Rogart is written Roth-Gorthe, a word that cannot be defined by modern Gaelic, but when we have recourse to a language more allied to the Pictish than Gaelic, we find Rhoth means a circular hollow, and gorthe or gorthir means high lands, hence the meaning of this word would be the circular hollow flanked by the high lands, perfectly descriptive of the township of Rogart. The E.C. Church is situated high up on one of the flanks

of these slopes, looking down on the circular basin below, named Lòn-mor. On Bleau's map this church is called Roth-gorthe. Either name, Rhi-ard or Roth-gorthe, signifies the same aspect from different points of view. It has been supposed that Roth-gorthe was derived from the name of a Caldee monk, Rotha, contemporary with Malrubha of Applecross, his cell, or missionary place of worship being at Rovie, near Rogart Station, and that Rovie itself derived its appellation from "Rotha." In ancient Gaelic music we have "Rotha's Lament," as well as a hymn tune, "Malrubha a Ghlinnichin." Both Rotha-gorthe in the Pictish, as it must be, and Rhi-ard in modern Gaelic are accurate descriptions of the aspect of the parish. This being so, the inference would be that a difference existed in the dialects of the language as spoken in the seventh century from that of the sixteenth century, or, in other terms, from the Caledonian Pictish and from the tongue of the Caledonian Scots after their amalgamation. The Culdee monk's missionaries, being for the most part Scots, would of necessity introduce a change in the language of the natives.

Rovie.—G. Ro, roth, rotha, monk's name, and bhathaich, contracted into vich, vie, marshy fields. Here was an ancient place of worship and sepulture, disused for several centuries. Rotha's marshy fields.

Rossall.—O.G. Ros, promontory, and ail, rock, the rock promontory, south side of the River Fleet, near Blarich. ✓

Shenval.—G. Sean-bhaile, the old town or hamlet. ✓

Shenlone.—G. Sean-lon, the old meadow. ✓

Skiag.—G. Sgiathach, the streaked place, streaked with bushes and grassy rills. ✓

Tanachy.—G. Tana and achadh, the lean field. ✓

Tigh-na Creag.—G. House at the rock. ✓

Toskary.—G. Tosg, tusk, airidh, sheiling, the sheiling where wild boars' tusks were found. ✓

Tressady.—G. Trus, girdle, fhada, oblique case of fada, long, in reference to the length of wall encircling a long belt of natural wood here.

Torran du —G. The black knoll. Here in the early years of the 16th century a furious conflict took place between the Sutherland Gordons and the Mackays. Sir Robert stated that the Mackays were defeated with great slaughter. This is doubtful, for the Mackays succeeded in taking home the spoil, the Gordons not daring to pursue and capture it. The Mackays detested the Gordons, and used every effort to expel them from the country and reinstate Alexander Sutherland, the brother of Elizabeth, wife



of Lord Adam Gordon. He was the rightful heir ; married a sister of the Mackay chief, who warmly espoused his cause, and eventually, by the aid of the Sutherland men, forced the Gordons to fly to Strathbogie, and Alexander recovered Dunrobin and the estates, but a few months thereafter the Gordon returned with some force, caught Alexander unawares and slew him, fixing his head at the highest pinnacle of Dunrobin, and resumed possession. These events created bitter feuds and reprisals between the Mackays and the Gordon Earls of Sutherland for many years. In the end the Mackays were the winners, for on the death of "Huistean Du nan Tuagh," father of Donald, 1st Lord Reay, in 1614, their territory extended from the Forse river, in Caithness, to Stromeferry, besides various possessions in Golspie, Rogart, Dornoch, Criech, and Lairg.

Torran-darrach.—G. The oakwood knoll.

Tulloch.—G. Tulach, eminence, ridge.

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22nd FEBRUARY, 1894.

At this meeting Mr R. Macleod, clothier, Castle Street, was elected a member of the Society. Thereafter Mr Macpherson, solicitor, Kingussie, read a paper entitled, "Gleanings from the Cluny Charter Chest." Mr Macpherson's paper was as follows :—

GLEANINGS FROM THE CHARTER CHEST AT CLUNY  
CASTLE.

SELECTIONS FROM THE LOVAT LETTERS TO  
CLUNY OF THE '45.

In recently making a somewhat hurried examination of the contents of the Cluny Charter Chest, I found that a considerable number of original letters of historical importance, addressed to the Cluny Chiefs of the time, had, contrary to the general impression, been fortunately preserved from the flames when the Castle was, by the express orders of "the bloody Duke of Cumberland," ruthlessly burnt down soon after the Battle of Culloden. Among these letters are several of great interest connected with the various Risings in the Highlands, on behalf of the ill-fated Stuarts, from Viscount Dundee, the Earls of Dunfermline, Mar, Marischall, Perth, and Rothes, the Master of Stair, Lord Lovat,

the Master of Lovat, and others, extending from 1689 to 1756. The communications from that accomplished letter-writer and astute diplomatist, Simon Lord Lovat, to Cluny of the '45—his son in law—extend from the beginning of 1740 to the end of 1745, and have not hitherto been published. As supplementing the Lovat correspondence given by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh in Vol. XI. of our Transactions, by Lochiel in Vol. XII., and by Mr William Mackay, the honorary secretary, in Vol. XIII., and illustrating still further the character and many-sidedness of one of the most extraordinary men of those turbulent times, it occurred to me that selections from the Lovat letters might prove of interest to the members of the Society, and I have, accordingly, obtained Cluny's permission to have these published in the Transactions. Selections from the numerous other historical letters in the Cluny Charter Chest may be given next session.

The Lovat letters now given are generally addressed "The Honble. The Laird of Cluny, at his house in Cluny." The first of the series beginning "Honble. and Dear Cousins" is addressed to both the elder and younger Cluny of the time. The elder Cluny, who had taken an active part in the Rising of 1715, had, when the correspondence took place (1740-45), attained a ripe old age, and was "venerated and respected throughout the whole country." Breaking down with grief and disappointment on hearing the tidings of the sad disaster

"On bleak Culloden's bloody moor,"

the aged Chief, in June, 1746, "sunk under the weight of the many misfortunes" which then overtook the Cluny family. The active command of the clan had some years previously devolved upon the younger Cluny, to whom all the letters from Lord Lovat and his son, except the first, are exclusively addressed, and who, subsequently, took such a distinguished part in the '45. Besides three letters from the Master of Lovat to Cluny, the series embrace two letters to Lord Lovat, one from the Duke of Gordon of the time, the other from General Guest, and the whole may, I think, be left to speak for themselves, with little comment, beyond a few explanatory notes:—

*I. From Lord Lovat, 13th February, 1740.*

Honble. and Dear Cousins,

I hope this will find you both in perfect health. I beg leave to assure you of my most constant and most affectionate respects.

Since I gave in my Company to the Earl of Crawford's Regiment, which I am sure was as good as any of the six, I am very much vexed and harrassed for having sent me twelve or fourteen bairdless Lads that were not full sise in place of so many of the old Gentlemen of my own name that served in my Compy. these fifteen years past, and that have now wives and children, and I have got orders from Genll. Clayton to send in twelve full-sized men, that is men of 5 feet 7 inches, which is not a great sise, and if I have not these twelve men sent on before the 22nd of this month, I am threaten'd to have a complaint made against me to the King. This has made me to take the freedom to write to severall of my friends and Relations to entreat of them to assist Me in this present Difficulty.

I have writt to Locheil and Glengarry. I have Likewise writt to my Cousins Drynach, Moror, Scottas, and Barrasdle, Begging of them to send me all the men they can, and I oblige myself to send them back when they please to call for them, for I have made that bargain with Major Grant, that whenever I bring him a man that is of full sise he will give me any man of mine that is in the Regiment that I please to call for.

I have, Dear Cousins, very great Confidence in your friendship. You know that I was allways ready to serve you, and I do not despair of doing you greater service yet than ever I did. Therefore I earnestly Intreat as you have any regard for my honour and Interest you may send me, as soon as possible, two or three men at 5 ft. 7 inches or above, and I will give you my word of honour that when you desire to get them back, that I will send them to you if I should be obliged to pay ten guineas for each of their Discharges.

I hope you will not fail me at this Juncture, and whenever you think that I can be of use to you or to any of yours, you may most freely command me, and you will always find me with a sincere attachment and Respect, Honble. and Dear Cousins, your most affectionate, most obedt., and most ffaithl. and Humb. Servt.,

LOVAT.

Beaufort, 13th febr., 1740.

*P.S.*—If it is not possible for you to send me any men again the 22nd of this month, I earnestly intreat that you may send them afterwards as soon as ever you can, for I will endeavour to make my brother-in-Law, Major Grant, delay the Report for 8 days or a fortnight longer, that I may have time to give in the number they will require of me.

*II. From Lord Lovat, 26th March, 1740.*

Dear Cousin,

I received the honour of your Letter, and I am very glad to know that you and the family are well, and I sincerely assure you and them of my affectionate humble service.

I give you a thousand thanks for your endeavours to serve me, but I am sorry to tell you that my brother in Law, Major Grant, absolutely refused the three men that I sent in yesterday. Your two men and another pretty fellow of my own Country that was 5 ft. 7 inches and a half, and a strong sturdy man. He pretended that the tallest of your men was sickly and not fit for service, and that the other was undersise, and that the man that I sent from this Country I sold, which is false. I did not expect such a hardship from Major Grant, there is no help for it. Every dog has his day, so after keeping your men four days, and laying out above ten shillings out of my pocket for them, I send them now back to yourself with my strict Commands to take on with your brother, and as I have attested them myself, there is none other that can Claim right to them. I send other two Macphersons to you that were Casten, and thrown back upon me as undersise men, so that those four will make very good recruits for your brother, if you could get me one man woud be sufficient sise and without blemish It woud oblige me much. I shall be sure to send any man that I can find of 5 foot 5 to Your Brother, ffor I have the greatest inclinations In the World to serve You and him and all Your family. I entreat You to give my humble service to Mr Macpherson of Benchar, and tell him that I will be allways ready to serve him, not only against that raskally padlar, but on any other occasion that offers as far as I am able, for You know that I am to you and to all the Macphersons alive a most faithful friend and servant. I have great reason to have the pett at You for You never come to see me and stay two or three nights with me as all my other relations do. I hope You will remember our relation and friendship together, and not be so long without Coming to see me, and believe that I am with unalterable attachment and respect, My Dear Cluny, Your most affectionate Cousin, most obedient and most faithful Humb. Servt.,

LOVAT.

Beaufort, 26th of March, 1740.

*III. From the Duke of Gordon to Lord Lovat, October 12th, 1742.*

My Lord,

I am much ashamed that I have not answered your Lop.'s former Letter. But I hope you will have the goodness to excuse it when I let you know how much hurried with business I have been of late, in order to prepare to set out for Edinburgh again the End of this month together with my having been twice from home.

The last Letter from your Lop. I received from your son in Law, Clunie, who I daresay is very happy in having the honour of being married to your Lop.'s Daughter, Besides his good fortune of being espoused to a Lady of so much real Worth and accomplishments as everybody knows she is endowed with, which must conduce greatly to the mutual Joy and Love of both parties.

I am much convinced of Clunie's good wishes to me and to my family and of his great detest of the bad practices of stealing of Cattle, &c., so much at present in fashion over all the Highlands of Scotland, and of his sincerity as far as lyes in his power to curb and stop it, and to bring those to punishment who deserve. In short I wish all the Lairds in the highlands were as willing to make examples of those who deserve it as he is.

My Lady Dutchess joins wt. me in her compnts. to the Lady Clunie, and heartily wishes her much joy, as we both join in to Your Lop. and the master.

I shall allways be glad of living in great frdship wit. Your Lop. and family, and I am, My Lord, Your Lop.'s most obedient and most Humble Servant,

GORDON.

Gordon Castle, October 12th, 1742.

*IV. From Lord Lovat, 6th November, 1742.*

My dear Evan,<sup>1</sup>

I received with vast pleasure the honour of your Letter by the last post that gave me account of your health, which I wish the continuance of as I do my own. I have been in very good health since I saw you till the day before yesterday that I went out with Doctor fraser of Achmagairn. The day being extreemly cold and rainy, I got a great hoarsness and a gentle looseness. However, as I am going to take a vomite this morning by the Doctor's advice, I hope it will set me to rights again, and that my

<sup>1</sup> Cluny was married to Lord Lovat's eldest daughter in August, 1742, and this explains the more familiar and affectionate strain of Lord Lovat's subsequent letters.

cold will have no bad consequence. But I am not so much concerned at this as I am at the unhappy accident that happened to my dear Child Archy. There was a bottle of brandy at the fire in your Lady's room, with some of the Jesuite's bark in it, and there being a great fire put on, the bottle unluckly broke, and the brandy got up into a flame, which came on your Lady's apron and her Woman's and on Mrs Ann Relick's Daur's., and yet was not burnt. But as my dear little Child Archie was gathering nuts on the floor, it being hallow Even, the flame came over him all, and Relick, who was standing by, covered the Child's face with his Coat, but his Buttocks and thighs are very ill burnt. I immediately sent for Dr Fraser of Achnagairn to his assistance, and he came next morning, and is still with him. He had a very sharp fever for 48 hours, so that the Doctor was feared as well as I. I thank God his fever is abated, but he suffers great torment; however, I hope he is out of danger, except the vast pain that he suffers make him relapse into a fever. There is nobody that knows the child but is in vast concern about him, for I truly think that in my life I never saw a prettier boy in any country for wit, smartness and manliness and a fine face and person, so I hope God will preserve him for my comfort and for the good of his family and kindred—for if he lives he will make a very pretty fellow.

I am sorry that you are so much vexed and plagued by your workmen. But that is a trouble that cannot last long. Evan Baillie being here a part of this week, I told him the last favour that I granted you. He approved mightily of it, and said that my generosity and friendship in it behooved not only to Tye yourself down to be both gratefull and dutifull, But must also attach all the thinking men of your Clan to me, for they must be very narrow hearted silly persons that do not look upon that affair as one of the greatest testimonies of Love and affection that could be given. I have likeways wrote to Gortuleg about it, and I know that he will approve much of it, as it is for your interest and your families.

I am heartily glad that you have got it<sup>1</sup> brought such a length as you mention, and I do not doubt but you will get it completed. But it will certainly cost you a great dale of trouble yet.

I thank God the Lady Clunie keeps health very well, but you may be sure that she and I long to see you here when you break the neck of your affairs at home, for I am much more than I can express with a singular esteem and unalterable attachment, My

<sup>1</sup> This sentence apparently refers to Cluny Castle then in course of being rebuilt.

dear Cluny, your most obedient and most faithfull humble servant  
and affectionate father,

LOVAT.

Beaufort, 6th November, 1742.

I send you enclosed a Coppy of a Letter that I have wrote to Killyhuntly,<sup>1</sup> and I have wrote a Letter to the Barrack Master on that subject.

*V. From Lord Lovat, Feby. 25th, 1743.*

My dear Cluny,

I received with vast pleasure the honour of your letter, and it gives me great joy to know that you and all my good friends of your Clan are in perfect health. I sincerely wish the long continuance of it, and I assure you and them of my affectionate duty, best Respects and good wishes.

I am sorry for the bad weather you have met with, but I am glad that you are of so good a constitution and so strong that no weather can hurt you. I wish you may be so for fifty years to come. It is natural now that the weather should turn better; Thursday was the best day we have had since November, and Lady Cluny and I went out and walked an hour in the agreeable bush of Downie. I thank God she is in very good health but a little drowsy and unweildy by the weight of a Macpherson.

My dear Evan, your news as to Semple's Regiment and the Independent Companys is without foundation, for I have a letter from Sir Robert Munro by this Post assuring me that all thoughts of Marching Semple's Regiment to London is laid aside for this season, and the raising of new Independent Companys a perfect Chimera, for Apine would as soon be made Earl of Athole and Capoch Earl of Ross as they would get Independent Companys in this Government. I entreat you give my service to Malcolm M'Pherson<sup>2</sup> and to his Brother, and tell them that as the Regiment does not march this year I will have time enough to get Malcolm his discharge if he inclines it, but I believe it will be for his interest to keep it till the Regiment is going to March. I never meddle with Religion. But I don't think that the Roman Catholick Religion's standing or falling depends on the Apostacy of your two Cousins, but I don't think that Cameron will follow the base Example of Macdonald. I am very sorry for your Aunt's.

<sup>1</sup> James Macpherson of Killihuntly in Badenoch.

<sup>2</sup> Apparently this Malcolm Macpherson remained in the ranks, and was one of the leaders of the retreat of a portion of Sempill's Regiment from London, who was subsequently shot within the precincts of the Tower of London. Vide pages 201-2.

melancholy. It is no wonder that she should be grieved at an action of her son's that she believes is Damnation to him ; perhaps her prayers may retrieve him, for I believe they are very sincere.

I refer to my Secretary, who was present, to give you an account of the War at Kirkhill. Gortuleg has been dangerously ill this fortnight, and this day I have writ a long and full account of his illness to Doctor Clerk with two Guineas for his Consultation. I bless God I'm in perfect health, and I take the cold bath every day.

I entreat to hear from you by every post, and I am, while I live, with unalterable attachment and respect, My dear Evan, your most affect. father and most obdt., humble servt.,

LOVAT.

Bt., Feby. 25th, 1743.

*VI. From the Master of Lovat, Feby. 25th, 1743.*

My Dear Cluny,

The last post brought me by your letter the agreeable accounts of your being in good health at Badenoch and of your Father and all our friends in Badenoch being well. And I can assure you that no Macpherson alive wishes the Continuance of your welfare more than I do, and if ever it lies within the narrow Compass of my power to give you any proof of this I will let you see that these are not Compliments of course.

I am sorry that you are left to your shifts as to a Housekeeper, but I should think Marigge has not so much spoiled your looks or given the Badenoch Girls such a Disgust at you as to make you at a loss to find out choice of half a dozen Housekeepers, especially as Lady Cluny is forty miles from you. But if there are none in Badenoch obsequious enough to serve you in that office I shall endeavour to prevail with Lady Cluny to suffer me to chose one for you in this Country, and I believe you would take your hazard of an Aird girl without a Master Taster.

I suppose my sister will write you by this post, she is in perfect good health of Body and mind.

Muirtown is here just now and takes care that she do nothing that can make the Invisible Chief of the Macphersons degenerate from his gigantick strong ancestors. I beg you make my compliments in the kindest manner to your father and all friends in Badenoch.

Mr Donald and the Secretary of State join me in this and in their compliments to you.



I am, with great truth, My Dr. Captain of Clan Chattan, your most affectionate Brother and most faithful Humble. Servant,

SIMON FRASER.

Beaufort, Feby. 25th, 1743.

*VII. From the Master of Lovat, 26th March, 1743.*

My Dear Clunie,

I Received the pleasure of your letter only tuesday last, tho' I find by the date of it that it should have come to hand the week before ; but I suppose it was the fault of our Glyd post. I am glad that your father and you and all friends in Badenoch are well. Long may you all be so.

We have at present no news here worth notice. They tell odd Storys of an aparition That appears in Stratherick in the form of a highland Pyper. He plays martiall Tunes to Them all night over. There is a young Lad in the Country that has severall Conferences with him, and among other odd things, The aparition told him that the proprietor of that Land and Country would, ere the year was at an end, have the Command of ten thousand men.

That there would be the most plentiful Crop (that) ever was seen, but very few hands to shear it. According to your faith so be it unto you.

Semple's Regiment marchd. from Invs. on Monday last for London. They are to be reviewed at Mussleborough by Genl. Guest, and it is the opinion of severalls that they will be shipt. at Leith for Flanders. There are some Deserters already, and in all probabilitie there will be many more.

Your Lady is in very good health. . . . .

All your friends in this Family beg to be remembered to you in the kindest manner.

I shall long to hear from you, but much more to see you, and I ever am, My Dear Captain, &c., your most obedt., faithfull, humble servant and most affectionate Brother,

SIMON FRASER.

Bt., 26th March, 1743.

Excuse bad writing, as I am going just now to papa, and, consequently, in some hurry.

*VIII. From Lord Lovat, 22nd April, 1743.*

My Dear Laird of Clunie,

I received with great pleasure the honour of your etter, and it gives me Joy to know that you are in perfect health, and that your father and all your family are well, and I can fully

assure you that no man alive wishes you, in every respect, better than I do.

It is next to a miracle that I keep my health so well in the most horrible and terrible weather that we continue still to have, which is a proof that I bless God my constitution is not broke. I am sorry that I cannot give you but very dismall news from this place as to the weather and effects of it. We had but a week of fair weather since Michlemess Day but continual frost and snow, so that the cattle eat up all the straw and hay that was in the Highlands several weeks agoe, which obliged people to give them the corn that they should sow ; but that did not keep them alive, for a vast many died, and the seed not sown, and since last night there fell a terrible storm of snow, for this morning the snow was half a foot deep in my Garden and Green, and it still continues to fall, and if we have snow or frost for three days more I am very much perswaded that most of the Cattle in the Highlands will perish, and the crop will be in great danger. In short, It is Judgement-like weather, I pray God preserve the people from Misery and famine. I am informed by my friends from London that there are no independent Companys or Highland Regiments to be, and Sir Robert Munro writes to me that my Lord Semple's Regiment is to come back again to Scotland after it is Reviewed, so there is an end of those projects for this year.

I am very sorry for the Death of your two Brothers ; but if I can be of use to any of them that are alive, you may be sure that I'll be as ready to serve them as if they were my own Brothers. I shall write to Generall Guest in favours of Lachlen as soon as I think he can do him service. I bless God Lady Clunie keeps as good health as ever I saw her have, for she has not been an hour indisposed since you went from this. But I truly think, my Dear Clunie, that you have been a very unkind husband to her, for you are now away above two months within a day's journey of her, tho' you know that she has not many months to reckon, and that you might be here in a day, and stay two or three nights, and be back again in another day at the building of your house. This is the more singular that you are known to be one of the strongest and cleverest men of your country. I wish other people may not take more notice of it than I do, for there are essential certain Duty's that no man should neglect for any business, and you know that Inverness and ten miles about it is as malicious and Censuring a Country as is in Scotland. Therefore, My Dear Evan, I wish you would come and see your wife, if you should stay but two nights with her. This is a freedom that I am in duty obliged

to use with you as having the honour to be your parent, so I hope you will forgive it, since you must believe that I am, with a very uncommon Zeal and attachment, My dear Laird of Clunie, Your most obedient and faithfull, humble and most affectionate ffather,

LOVAT.

Beaufort, 22nd April, 1743.

*P.S.*—I beg you may do me the honour to make my kind compliments to your honest father, Killihuntly and Benchar,<sup>1</sup> and to all the rest of my ffriends and your kindreed, In which Lady Clunie and my two sons join me. When you do us the honour to come here, you should cross by Bona, which saves you a day's journey by shunning to go by Inverness.

Let us hope that Lovat's very uncomplimentary description of "Inverness and ten miles about it" as being "as malicious and censuring a country as is in Scotland" does not now apply.

*IX. From the Master of Lovat, April, 1743.*

My dear Clunie,

I Received the honour of your Letter by last post, and I am glad that you and all your Concerns in Badenoch are well. Long may you all be so.

Papa has got a list of all the Deserters in Semple's Regiment, and they are much about the Number you mention. It's strongly talked here that they are to come home after being Reviewed. *B' fhear gum l' fhuir a Bhrèug a bhinnnd.*

I am glad that you have such good accounts of Sandy. I believe it more than what his Tutor says of him.

Lady Clunie is well, and growing Ever and Ever more.

No news Either Deaths, Mariages, or Miscariages.

We all long to see you, and to tell the truth you're not very discreet to be so long away from your Wife within a Day's Journey of her.

I am just going to supper, therefore conclude by assuring you that I am unalterably yours,

SIMON FRASER.

Bt., Aprile, 1743.

Mr Donald presents his compliments as does our principle scribe.

Simon Fraser, the Master of Lovat, was born in 1726, and when he wrote these letters he was barely seventeen years old. As coming from a youth of that age, some of the allusions in his

<sup>1</sup> Two Macphersons; the one of Killihuntly and the other of Banchor, both in Badenoch.

letters are certainly remarkable, but regard must, of course, be had to his surroundings, and to the very lax moral code and style of expression which appear to have prevailed so much at the time throughout the country.

*X. General Guest to Lord Lovat, 12th May, 1743.*

My dear Lord,

I have the favour of your Lop.'s Commands of the 6th. I hope mine of the last post has had the good fortune to kiss your hands. Poor Mrs Guest as also myself and servants has had our share of this Epidemical distemper, but thank God we are all upon the recovery, and Mrs Guest joins with me in presenting your Lop. and family with our most humble duty and best respects.

Lieut. Coll. Whitford, who is Lieut. Coll. to Cochran, sets out for London on Monday, to whom I have strougly recommended Mr Lauchlan M'Pherson, and he has promised to do the same for me to Col. Cochran. I beg you will present his brother with my most humble service. Your Lop. must have more certain news from London than I can send you. Lord Stair has his old Regiment of Dragoons again, and the Master of the Horse is gone over with His Majesty's Equipage (and) 100 Carriages, 600 Horses, and 500 Servants, but this you have, no doubt. It will give me great pleasure to hear you obtain your Kinsman's Discharge from Ireland, and I believe a Letter to Lord Molesworth would be a ready way as any, for I have done all in my power without the least success. Your Lop. will see by the Prints his Majesty went over at the time he gave out and left the Lord Semple's Regiment to be Review'd by Genl. Wade, who writes me he is to see them on Finchley Common near Higatte the 13th or 14th of this month before their Embarkation, where he says they will be attended by at least 40,000 of Spectators from the highest to the lowest.

I thank you My Dear Lord for ordering the 250 boles to Mr Duncan Grant. I will write to him to use your Lop. kindly and Reasonable. In the states which he can well afford as I pay him the full freight, and I allways pay Insurances to Bernara, and I give your Lop. my word he will disoblige me if he doth Disoblige you, of which I beg to know at the proper time.—I am, My Dearest Lord, Your Lop.'s most obedt. faithfl. servant.

Edr., the 12th May, 1743.

To-morrow or Saturday is the Review of the Highland Regiment. No swords, bad cloaths, and no accoutrements, I fear.

*XI. From Lord Lovat, 21st May, 1743.*

My dear Laird of Clunie,

I received with great pleasure the honour of your letter of the 14th of this month by the last post. I am exceeding glad to know that you and your honest ffather are in perfect health, and I wish with all my heart the long continuance of it. The Lady Clunie I bless God keeps her health wonderfully, and her time seems to be approaching fast. She has got the alarm last night by Duncan Fraser's wife at Inverness, who was safely delivered of a fine boy Thursday night. I'm vastly desirous to have Mrs Wallace out here, and she has engaged to do so as soon as Mrs Newton at Invers is delivered, who looks for it every day. My sons are likeways in good health, and they all join with me in assuring you and your ffather and all your concerns of our most affectionate respects and best Wishes.

I send you enclosed a copy of the Letter that I received by the last post from my Dear Worthy friend Generall Guest. You will see how mindfull he has been of your Brother Lauchlan, in whose favours I had writt. him the post before and sent him his own letter. I hope the Generall's recommending your Brother to Collonell Cochran and to his Lieutent Collonell Whitford will do him service. And I will keep the Genl. in mind of him 'since I can use any freedom with him. I know not what to say of the conduct of your Kinsman concerning ffoyer's affair. I think they are most unnatural and unclannish to you and most ungrateful to me. It is the first favour that ever was asked of them in my name, and I must say that I think I have a very good right to much greater favours at their hands on severall accounts than their voting for a Colr. of Cess. However I'm not sure if we shall have occasion for their votes for my Cousin ffoyers at this time, as my Lord President has engaged himself to be for Dalrachny. But that cannot be finally settled till the Laird of M'Leod comes here, who I believe may now be on his way from London. I have writ him very smartly, I'm afraid rudely on this subject, and how soon I see him we will come to a resolution whether to make an appearance for ffoyers this year or not. But in the meantime I beg you may be using your Interest with any of your Kinsmen that you can prevaile with to be for ffoyers in case we may have use for them.

I'm obliged to go Munday morning to Inverness upon two damnable Acts of Comms. which will detain me there the most of the week.

I shall long to hear from you, and I'm with unalterable attachment and respect, My Dear Clunie, your most affectionate father,  
Most obedient and most faithful Humb. Servt., Lovat.  
Bt., 21st May, 1743.

*XII. From Lord Lovat, 4th June, 1743.*

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was then termed), refers to a memorable and well-known incident in the history of the famous *Black Watch*, of song and story, four years after it was formed in 1739. That Regiment having assembled at Perth in the Spring of 1743, it was secretly decided by the military authorities to employ it for foreign service. This decision, it is abundantly evident, was right in the teeth of

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## NOTE.

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WITH reference to the allusion in Lord Lovat's letter to Clunie, of 4th June, 1743 (No. XII. of the series), as to "the unhappy desertion" of the *Black Watch*, it would appear from the original proceedings of the General Courts-Martial, preserved in the Judge-Advocate-General's Office in London, that the number of deserters was—3 corporals, 1 piper, and 112 privates—in all, 116. In place of "most of the deserters" being Macphersons, as stated by General Guest to Lord Lovat, only 17, including the two corporals—Samuel and Malcolm Macpherson—belonged to that clan. The 103 deserters whose sentence of death was not carried out are stated to have been afterwards drafted to different colonies abroad. "Of the 104 privates tried, 84 were unable to speak English, and had to be examined through interpreters. All the prisoners stated that they were Protestants, and 10 of them stated that they were of the 'Whig religion,' whilst 7 said they belonged to their minister's religion."—*Vide Narrative of the Mutiny in the Black Watch in 1743, compiled by His Grace the Duke of Athole, K.T., 1898.*

A. M.

in the meantime I beg you may be using your interest with any of your Kinsmen that you can prevail with to be for ffoyers in case we may have use for them.

I'm obliged to go Munday morning to Inverness upon two damnable Acts of Comms. which will detain me there the most of the week.

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Lovat.  
Bt., 21st May, 1743.

*XII. From Lord Lovat, 4th June, 1743.*

My Dear Laird of Cluny,

I received the honour of your Letter by the last post, and I am mighty glad to know that you are in good health, and I sincerely assure you and your honest ffather of my most affectionate respects, in which my son joins me. I thank God the Lady Cluny looks better, and is in better health than ever I saw her in since she was a child, but I believe she is pretty near her time, and you are to consider whether you should be here or not. You may be sure that I will take all the care of her I can. It grieves me to the heart that the unhappy desertion of Semple's Regiment brings such great Disaster and Disgrace upon our Country, and the more that Genll. Guest writes to me that the most of the Deserters are Macphersons. I hope in God that will not hold. I pray God preserve the poor fellows from being Killd. or murderd. in England. I have been at Inverness for 10 days and ten nights hearing the examination of Witnesses in two Villainous Acts of Commissions occasioned by my ungrateful Kinsmen, Struy and Phopachy, and I kept an open table every day that I was there of fifteen or sixteen covers, and had all the best people in Invs. to dine with me, and notwithstanding of the Epidemicall distemper that ragd almost in every house in Town, I bless God I escaped, but I have been much indisposed since I came home. However, I hope to get the better of it. I beg to hear from you with all the accounts you have of the Deserters, and believe that I am more than I can express wt. unalterable attachment and respect, My Dr. Laird of Cluny, your most affect ffather and most faithful humble Servt.,  
Lovat.

B., 4th June, 1743.

What Lord Lovat describes in the foregoing letter as "the unhappy desertion" of Lord Sempill's Highland Regiment (as it was then termed), refers to a memorable and well-known incident in the history of the famous *Black Watch*, of song and story, four years after it was formed in 1739. That Regiment having assembled at Perth in the Spring of 1743, it was secretly decided by the military authorities to employ it for foreign service. This decision, it is abundantly evident, was right in the teeth of



the understanding on which the Highlanders composing the Regiment—many of them gentlemen of good family and substance—had joined it, namely, that the sphere of their services should not extend beyond their native country. They were decoyed to London on the pretence that the King himself desired to review them, but on their arrival in the Metropolis they found that “the German Lairdie” had left the same day for Hanover. Such a gross breach of faith on the part of the Government was, as might have been anticipated, indignantly resented by the high-spirited Highlanders, and led to the unfortunate results which followed. Against the remonstrances of Lord President Forbes and others, the Regiment was ordered to join the British Army, then serving in Flanders. The retreat, in consequence, of a considerable portion of the Regiment, conducted in the most orderly manner, and with no little military skill and strategy, by Corporal Samuel Macpherson, of the family of Breakachy, in Badenoch, who had attained his 29th year only, has been well termed a romance of military history, a graphic account of which, as well as a portrait of Macpherson, is given in *Chambers' Book of Days*. The gallant corporal—worthy as he was of a better fate—his kinsman, Corporal Malcolm Macpherson, of the family of Drumnard, also in Badenoch, and a private, named Farquhar Shaw, from Rothiemurchus, were subsequently tried by Court Martial, and, by the stern exigencies of military discipline, condemned to be shot on the parade, within the precincts of the Tower of London. Their execution, in such circumstances, was considered by their countrymen quite unjustifiable, and rankled so deeply in the breasts of their kindred that, it is said, the Macphersons, two years later, were all the more eager to join the Standard of Prince Charlie, with the view of avenging the death of their unfortunate clansmen. Kenneth, a younger brother of Samuel Macpherson, by his father's second marriage, attained to the rank of General in the service of the East India Company, and died at an advanced age in 1815—seventy-two years after Samuel's tragic fate. Another gallant soldier, the last lineal descendant of the same family, was General Barclay Macpherson, C.B., K.H., a great grandson of Simon, Lord Lovat, and a grandson of Cluny of the '45, who, after a distinguished military career, died at Stirling on 30th Decr., 1858, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, his remains being interred in the family burying-ground in the Old Churchyard of Kingussie.

*XIII. From Lord Lovat, 6th June, 1743.*

My dear Laird of Cluny,

I run you this express to acquaint you that my dear Child, your wife, has been in labour since yesterday, so I leave you to Judge what the world must think of you to have stayed away the last six weeks of her pregnancy without seeing of her when you were within a day's Journey.

I make my Compliments to your honest father and you and my other friends, and I am, with all due respect,

My dear Laird of Clunie, your most obedient and most humble servant,  
LOVAT.

Beaufort, 6th June, 1743.

Eight in the morning.

As illustrating the readiness with which Lovat, for the accomplishment of any special object on which he might have, for the time, set his heart, could change his tactics, it is amusing to contrast the querulous tone of the immediately preceding letter and the allusions in previous ones, with his letter of date 11th May 1745, on page 206. In the last letter Cluny is urged, whatever the condition of his wife might be, "to come down to Inverness Friday next to vote for Gortuleg," being assured that "the mid-wife and my daughter can do as well with your Ladie as if you were present, and perhaps better."

*XIV. From Lord Lovat, July 15th, 1743.*

My dear Laird of Cluny,

I hope this will find you and my Dear Jenne your wife and my pretty Lovely child your daughter in perfect health, and I sincerely assure you and the Lady Cluny of my most affectionate duty and Respects.

I am much out of order the day I came from home, but I bless God I have been pretty well since I came to this house, and never more kindly Received and entertained in my Lyfe than by the Laird and Lady M'Intosh.

They drunk your health and your Ladie's every day since I came here, and give you their most humble service, as does Gortuleg, Even Baillie, and my son and Dunmaglass. I long much to be with you, and I am determined, God willing, to be at home to-morrow night. I am eternally with a sincere esteem,

attachment, and Respect, My Dear Laird of Cluny, your most affectionate and Dutiful ffather and most obedient humble servant,

LOVAT.

Moyhall, July 15th, 1743.

My love to Archy.

*XV. From Lord Lovat, 3rd August, 1743.*

My dear Clunie,

I received with great pleasure the honour of your letter by the last post at Tarbet House, and I'm exceedingly glad to know that you arrived safe in Badenoch, and that your honest ffather and my good friends Invereshie, Killihuntly, and Breckachie<sup>1</sup> are in perfect health. I beg you may assure them all and the rest of my good friends the Macphersons of my most affectionate respects and best wishes and my sons. I am mighty glad to hear that Gortuleg and his wife are so well recovered of their late sickness. I hope they are gone to Stratheherrick before this time.

I had a most agrceable Journey throw East Ross. I made visites to all the most considerable Gentlemen of my friends in that Shyre except Dilealmy and Calrossie, that were both in the Highlands with their families. They all received my son and me with the utmost civilities and marks of friendship, and shewed us all the honors in their power. We were made Burgeses of Tain, and the Clerk, who is a very pretty fellow, put a handsome panegirick in my Act which is not usual. All the families that I visited inquired very kindly for you, and drunk your health and your wife's, and begd to have their compliments made to you both.

The Earl and Countess of Cromerty are to do me the honr. to come and see me in this little hut next week, and I likeways expect my Lord and Lady Seaforth and the Earl and Countess of Murray, who are presently at Braan. I bless God my health stood out exceeding well all the time of my Journey, and I arrived Thursday night at home, so that these visits took me up full nyne days.

I had no accounts from Rosehaugh since the servant returned that went with Mrs Grant ; however I hope in God they are all well.

I shall be glad to hear of the progress you are making in finishing of your house and what length you are come in it.

<sup>1</sup> Three well-known Macphersons of the families of Invereshie, Killihuntly and Breakachy respectively, all in Badenoch.

I am with a sincere Esteem, attachment, and respect, My Dear Clunie, your most faithful humble servant and most affectionate ffather,  
LOVAT.

Bt., 3 Augt., 1743.

*XVI. From Lord Lovat, 20th March, 1744.*

My Dear Laird of Cluny,

I hope this will find you and my dear Daughter your Lady and my grand Child in perfect health, and your honest ffather and all your family, and I assure you and them of my most affectionate respects.

My recovery goes on very slowly, and I believe I will recover no strength till I can go abroad. I saw a letter with Gortuleg that plainly leaves any man in Badenoch that has any friendship for me without excuse if he does not vote for Gortuleg, because the Duke of Gordon plainly declared that he would not be angry at any man that would vote for him, so, my dear Cluny, as you wish me well, I hope you will exercise your authority as Chief, and your friendship as a Relation among all your kindred to vote for Gortuleg. You know that I will take this as done to myself, and that I will remember if I can have occasion those who refuse you and me to vote for him.

I have likeways spoke as of myself to Gortuleg as to his Behaviour in the Country of Badenoch, and he positively declares to me that he is ready to prove before any person that he could not behave more justly and kindly and friendly to the country of Stratherrick than he has done to Badenoch, therefore I hope they will lay aside their groundless prejudices, and if Gortuleg do any essential thing to hurt them, I beg you'll let me know it, and I shall take him to task for it, ffor there is such a near connection betwixt my Cousin Gortuleg and me in all our Concerns that I am sure he never will refuse to do anything thats reasonable at my request. So, My Dear Cluny, as you love to live with me as a son should live with a ffather, and as I have engaged Gortuleg to live with you as he woud do with me if I was in Badenoch, I earnestly beg that you may make the same faithful returns to him and to me upon that subject, in which, I am sure, you will find your account. I shall long to hear from you, and I am with a most sincere attachment and respect,

My Dear Laird of Cluny, your most afft. ffather most obedient and most faithful Humble servant,  
LOVAT.

Bt., 20 March, 1744.

*XVII. From Lord Lovat 11th May, 1745.*

My dear Laird of Clunie,

I received the honour of your letter by my glide post, and I am Exceeding Glad to know that my Dear Child, the Lady Clunie, is in so good health. I pray God send her a safe Delivery and me good accounts of her.

I hope, My Dear Clunie, that her Condition, whatever it may be, will not hinder you to Come Down to Inverness friday first to vote for Gortuleg. I would not wish for a hundred Guineas that you was absent, tho' you should not stay above four hours in Town. And the Midwife and my Daughter can do as well with your Ladie as if you were present, and perhaps better. So my dear Clunie, as you love my honor and Interest, and that I should stand by you in time of need, faile not to be at Inverness friday morning, or at this house thursday night.

As to the money that you have so much at heart, I will do all I can to borrow it for you, but out of my own Estate I Don't Expect to raise £20 this year that should yield me £2000. However, you may be sure I will do everything in my power to serve your Credite for as long as you are in your duty to me. You may depend upon it that I will use you as a Child of my family, but you know all over the world that Love is paid by love, and that friendship cannot stand on one side. So, My Dear Clunie, your Quarrell must be my Quarrell and my Quarrell your Quarrell, otherwise there is no reall friendship; And this troublesome affair of Elections is the only way we can prove our friendship in a publick manner in this Country.

I hope M'Leod will be with you to-morrow or Munday, and I wish with all my heart you may come down with him, but in any Event if you are not here or at Inverness upon Thursday night or friday morning I never will Depend on your friendship, and I would be very sorrie the world should see that. I therefore make no doubt but I will have the honour and pleasure to see you Thursday night or Friday morning. And I am, with every sincere attachment and Respect, My Dear Laird of Cluny, your most affectionate and Dutiful Father,

LOVAT.

Beaufort, 11th May, 1745.

*P.S.*—The Laird of Grant came to dine with the Lords at Inverness the day I dined with them, and there passed several small Repartees betwixt him and me, I think not to my Disadvantage. When I went to my quarters in order to take my chariot and come home I was much surprised to see him come in upon me; when he sat Down he desired all those in the room to

go out, that he had something to speak to me. Then he kept me for a whole hour, without my speaking ten words, with a continued Rapsody of professions of friendship for me and for my family. As I knew the man, what he said on that head had no great Impression on me. At last I told him since he professed so much friendship for me and my family I wished he would give me a little proof of it. I told him that I kept in his friend Delachy, Collector of supply, for 20 years agt the Inclinations of most of the shire, and that I asked that little proof of his friendship to allow my kinsman Gortuleg to Enjoy that office for some years without molestation. He swore God damn him if he woud, but that he would stand against Gortuleg and against all those that woud stand by him while he breathed.

I told him that I knew now wherein his friendship consisted. That it was in Declaring open war against all ffrasers, and, since it was so, that I accepted of his Declaration of War, and that I would Defend myself with all my friends the best way I could, and so we parted.

He upbraided M'Leod that he had done nothing for you. I told him that M'Leod was not in the Court party as he was, otherwise he would do more effectually for his friends than ever he did, but that I did not dispair to see M'Leod in better condition to do for his ffrinds than ever he would be. ADIEU.

Lord Lovat's short homily in the preceding letter on the essence of love and friendship is quite delicious.

*XVIII. From John Fraser, 31st May, 1745.*

Honble. Sir,

It gave me great joy to understand by your last Letter to my Lord Lovat that the Ladie Cluny Continued to be in a fair way of Recovery. I wish her a speedy and Complete state of health with all my heart, and you and her joy upon the birth of a young Lady.

As my Lord has been indisposed for two or three days past, and is not fitt or capable to undergo much fatigue, his Lop. has Desired to give you a true account of what passed betwixt Lord Seafort and his Lop. after they left Inverness since you was known yourself to all that happened before that time.

Upon Saturday, the 18th of this Moneth, my Lord Lovat and the Laird of Macleod Came from Inverness to Bunchrive, in my

Lord's Chariot, to dine with the president, and as they talkd over what passed the day before at Inverness, The Pr. said that my Lord Lovat had put such an affront upon Seafort, first giving him the lye and then the cane, that, by the laws of honour, nothing but blood or fighting coud attone for it, and that if Seafort could be pleased with any oyr. satisfaction, My Lord Lovat should not at all refuse it. And the president and Macleod Intreated and Importuned to write a Civil Letter to Seafort acknowledging his concern for what had happened. Lord Lovat came home that night, and next day sent Byrefield, with a couple of horses and his Groom, with a letter to Lord Seafort, of which I send you a copy, as also of the Letter that Seafort writt back by Byrefield. My Lord Lovat first sent a Copy of his own Letter and yr. after Lord Seafort's Letter to the President and M'Leod, and they approved very much of both.

Two days yr. after Seafort sent Dochmaluack with Lord Lovat's letter to the president and Major Grant, Governor of Inverness, and they both told Dochmaluack that it was their opinion that my Lord's Letter was full and Complete satisfaction for the affront Seafort Received, and that there should be no more Disturbance about it, but that both the Lords shoud live together like neighbours in the same friendly manner as formerly.

My Lord Lovat has since by M'Leods advice and the presidents sent the man that gave Seafort the strokes on the Streets of Inverness prisoner to Brahan with a Guard of 4 armd men Conducted by two Gentlemen, Leodclune and Simon in Auchnacloick.

Dochmaluack, who was the only Gentleman there at the time, and who is Lord Seafort's Great Tutor, us'd the two gentlemen very Civilly, and said that he was very glad that the affair was taken away for the good of both the kindred, and Lord Seafort sent the man that struck him a crown to drink his health, and relieved him and his Guard without doing them the least harm. So this affair is now fully ended without a drop of blood.

And if no cross accident interfier, I hope both the Peers and their Clans wil! Live together amicably without any variance or bloodshed.

I beg leave to offer my most humble Compliments and best respects to the Lady Cluny and to Miss Fraser, and I am, Honble. Sir, Your most obedt., faithful, and Humble Servant,

JOHN FRASER.

Beaufort, 31st May, 1745.

*XIX. From Lord Lovat, 15th September, 1745.*

My Dear Laird of Clunie,

I received the honour of your letter by your Cousin Invernahaven,<sup>1</sup> whom I think a very sagacious, sensible, pretty fellow, and as strong and able a man as is in the Highlands. I wish to God you had 1000 like him to employ for the service of your Country. I am very glad to know that you are in perfect health after your Confinement with the highland Army. I am sorry I cannot give you the same good acctt. of my health, which continues still extremely bad, and I never passed a worse night than this last night. And ever since these rascally boils broke out upon me I was not one night without a feverish indisposition; however, by God's help, I keep up my spirits as well as I can.

The account that you and my dear Sibbie gives me of my dear daughter Lady Cluny's extraordinary melancholy situation greives me to the heart and soul, and I am likewise heartily sorry for the acctt. that Sibbie gives me of my grandchild, your youngest daughter.

I know her mother to be of such sympathising temper, even to a remoter Relation than her own Child, that at this time she cannot be made quite easy. However, I have writ to her in the strongest manner I could devise, and endeavoured the best I could to comfort her, and I have sent an Express wt. Invernahaven to bring me back an acctt what effect it may have, and how my Dr Grandchild is, and I will be very uneasy till the Express returns.

As to her apprehensions wt. regard to your Resolutions, I hope in God these gloomy apprehensions will soon wear off, for she cannot but observe that there are numbers of the best women in the Kingdom in the same situation wt. herself. I would have sent off Gortuleg immediately wt. Invernahaven, but that I have extraordinary pressing business that must detain him for three or four days (a part of which the bearer shall inform you of), but when the express that I have sent over this day returns, If you shall still find it necessary that Gortuleg should go, I shall then send him without loss of time.

The Laird of M'Leod, who is here with me, my son, and Gortuleg join with me in assuring you and my Dr Lady Cluny and Sibbie and my Dr Grandchildren of our most affectionate Respects.

I beg to hear more frequently from you, and believe that I

<sup>1</sup> Macpherson of Invernahaven, in Badenoch.



ever am, with unalterable attachment and Respect, My Dear Cluny, your most affectionate and most dutiful Father,

LOVAT.

Beaufort, 15th Sept., 1745.

The "extraordinary melancholy situation of Lady Cluny," alluded to by her father, apparently arose from sad forebodings, on her part, as to the issue of the Rising of the '45. Although herself a staunch Jacobite, it is related that the gentle-hearted and devoted wife earnestly tried to persuade Cluny (who had a few weeks previously accepted the command of a Company in Lord Loudon's Highlanders, and had taken the usual oath) from joining the Standard of Prince Charlie, impressing upon him that nothing could end well which began with breaking his oath to Government. But the die had been cast, her gentle persuasions with her high-spirited husband were ineffectual, and what her father described as "her gloomy apprehensions" were sadly enough realised, not only in his own execution, two years later, but also in the fate which, soon after "the day of dool on bleak Culloden moor," overtook his son-in-law and herself in consequence of Cluny's enthusiastic devotion to the Stuart cause.

*XX. From Lord Lovat, 23rd September, 1745.*

My Dear Laird of Cluny,

I received the honour of your letter by your Cousin Drumnuid.<sup>1</sup>

I find that you have vast confidence in him, as much as in yourself, and, I truly think, you never Judged better, for he is a pretty sensible gentleman that Deserves all the Confidence you can putt in him, and I am so much convinced of that, that I putt the same confidence in him that you do, so desire you may believe every word he tells of me as much as if I was speaking to you myself.

I shall send an express to you when any Extraordinary thing happens, till I have the honour to see you, which I hope will be in a very little time. I send you inclosed the Glorious news of this day, which, if it is confirmed, I truly think P. C. master of all Scotland, but he will not be the worse of what Drumnuid will tell you from me. I hope Gortuleg will be with you before you receive this, or very soon thereafter. I have written to both my Daughters as pressingly as I could, which Drumnuid heard me dictate.

<sup>1</sup> Macpherson of Druminard, in Badenoch.

I beg, as you love your own honour and interest, and the good of your family, Do not faile to observe strictly the advice and Instructions that I send you by our friend Drumnuid. If you do, Remember I tell you that you will repent it.

I have the agreeable news to tell you, that I bless God I am better in my health than I have been these two years past, and have more the use of my Limbs. Its a sort of miracle, considering how ill I have been these two or three months past. I hope its to Enable me to serve my Country.

I beg you may believe, my Dear Evan, that, in any situation of life, you will always find me with unalterable attachment and Respect,

My Dr. Laird of Cluny, your most affectionate and Dutiful  
Father, LOVAT.

Beaufort, 23rd September, 1745.

The "glorious news" alluded to by Lovat in the foregoing letter, refers, apparently, to Prince Charlie's capture of and entry into Edinburgh, on 17th September, 1745. The terms of that letter and of the following one—the last of the series—exhibit, in a very striking manner, what Mrs Grant of Laggan characterises as Lord Lovat's "skill in dangerous art." These two letters are of historical importance, as conclusively proving, notwithstanding Lovat's solemn protestations to the contrary at his trial in the House of Lords, that he all along sympathised with, and secretly, if not openly, encouraged and abetted the gallant, but ill-fated attempt, of Prince Charlie to regain the Crown of his ancestors.

*XXI. From Lord Lovat, 16th October, 1745.*

My Dear Laird of Cluny,

I received by the Bearer the honor of your kind letter, for which I return you my sincere thanks. I am exceeding glad that you have marchd. your men according to my Earnest request, since my son could not join you He waiting every day for M<sup>r</sup>Leod and Sir Alexander. I hope you will let the great people above know my Extraordinary zeal in that affair and how I prest you to go Imediately South and not wait for my son and people.

The letter that you sent me from his Grace the Duke of Atholl is most Civill and oblidging, and I earnestly intreat if you see his Grace that you asure him of my most humble Duty and Best Respects, and that he has no freinds or Relation that has a Greater Esteem and affection for his Grace then I have, and I will Instruct my son in a particular manner to have always a great Regard and

attachment for the Duke of Atholl. I Beg you may not fail to let his Grace know this when you see him, and if M'Leod and Sir Alexr. does not do right things God knows It is not my fault, for I have used my endeavours with them as much as if it was to save my life, and I hope they will give the lye to all those that Cry out against them.

I got a letter from My Dr. Lady Cluny and a letter from Sibie last night. I thank God they are all very well at my little house in Edinr, and Wm. fraser and his Lady takes all Care Imaginable that they be well accomodate in my house, and he writes to me that they are all very hearty and merry among themselves. I pray God preserve them and you and send me good accots. of you.

I hope when my son comes up with his Regiment, which I Beleive will be two Battalions, you will live with him as a Brother Ought to do to another, and stand by one another upon all Occasions, and I think you shoud have your Regiment near his that you may be always close to one another, and might assist each other in time of need or in case of accidents. I beg you may seriously consider of this, and it will be to your Interest to grant my request on this subject. I will Earnestly and in a most particular manner Recomend it to my son, and I am sure it will not be his fault if you and your following does not live with him and his like Brothers, for he will Enjoin every man he has to look upon Every Mepherson as his Brother.

I Beg to hear from you as oft as you can, and Beleive that I am without Reserve with unalterable attachment and Respect,

My Dear Laird of Cluny, your most affectionate and Dutifull  
Father,

LOVAT.

Beaufort, October 16th, 1745.

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7th MARCH, 1894.

At this meeting Mr Duncan Campbell, editor, *Northern Chronicle*, read a paper on "The Arthurian Literature."

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14th MARCH, 1894.

A paper contributed by the Rev. Duncan Macinnes, Oban, entitled, "Notes on Gaelic Technical Terms," was read at this meeting. Mr Macinnes' paper was as follows :—

## NOTES ON GAELIC TECHNICAL TERMS.

The following and many other technical terms being on the eve of falling into oblivion, it is desirable that they be preserved and put upon record to prevent their being lost for ever. It is noticeable that, in reading the poets, a knowledge of these terms is essential to correct interpretation. A book compiled on the following lines would be invaluable to the Gaelic student :—

## “BATA,” BOAT.

- Fiodhannan—Timbers in general.  
 Cinn-ruidhe—Timbers going down side of boat, but not meeting.  
 Fiodhraich-tharsuing—All timbers crossing bottom of boat.  
 Tobhtaichean—Rowers' benches.  
 Cinn-thobhta—Knees on upper ends of benches.  
 Achlaisean—Knees attached sideways to ends of benches.  
 Taobh-shlatan—Stringers on which ends of benches rest.  
 Bacan, commonly called aprain—Fulcrums of oars.  
 Putagan or urachdagan—Oar-pins.  
 Fliuch-bhòrd—Plank next to keel.  
 Ruadh bhòrd—Plank next to fliuch-bhòrd.  
 Suidhean—Stem and stern-post.  
 Suidhean—Seams joining divided planks.  
 Tairgnean-sgair—Small nails joining ends of divided planks.  
 Tairgnean-calpa, also called tairgnean-fuail—Nails for sewing planks together.  
 Tairgnean-daraich—Nails of different sizes, the larger ones being used in fixing planks to timbers, and the smaller ones in fixing wet-board to keel, and ends of planks to stem and stern-post.  
 Achlais-thoisich—Bow collar.  
 Achlais-dheiridh—Stern collar.

## OLD “ATH” OR KILN.

The kiln for drying corn was a conical-shaped pit, with the small end downwards, and built round with stones. The opening of this pit was called “Sùil na h-atha,” *i.e.*, eye of the kiln. Over this opening was laid a beam of wood, called “Laom-chrann.” On this beam and on the wall of the kiln were placed sticks close to each other, called “Sticean.” Over those sticks was laid a thick covering of thatch, called “Sreathainn,” on which the corn was laid.

The process by which the straw was prepared was called "Spathaineachadh." "A' Mheilisg," that part of the building round the eye of the kiln that is immediately above the fire-place. "Sòrn," flue or fire-vent of the kiln, placed about eight feet front-wise from the eye, and shaped like a sewer. This "Sòrn" was also called "Leum-srad." About sixty years ago a covering made of hair, and called "brat," was introduced into the island of Luing; and it is believed that it was introduced into Luing as early as into any other part of Argyllshire.

"BEART-FHIGHEADAIREACHD," OR WEAVER'S LOOM.

Acfhuinn—Heddles, upright frames through which thread passes from "Crann-Snàth."

Crann-Snàth—Beam in loom on which thread is wound for weaving.

Crann-Aodaich—Beam in front of loom on which the cloth is wound as it is woven.

Crann-Deilbh—A wooden frame, stuck over with pegs, on which thread is warped before being put into the loom.

Slinn—Sleay or reed, surmounted by a moveable, smooth board, called "Slinn-Chlar." The "Slinn" is formed of four frames of reeds, placed close to each other, the degree of closeness being in proportion to texture of cloth to be woven. Some of them are a yard and a-half wide—these are for weaving tartan; others are a yard and a-quarter wide—these are for weaving blankets and coarse cloth.

Spàl—Shuttle.

Dlùth—Warp, thread running lengthwise in loom.

Inneach—Woof, thread running crosswise by means of shuttle.

Croinn-Chas—A kind of pedals worked by foot.

Greallagan—Treadles, which draw heddles up and down.

Sméideagan—A kind of wooden bar above heddles on which the latter are hung, and are used only in weaving lint.

Crannadh Aodaich—Winding warp about beam of loom.

LION, LINT.

Bha fras an lhn air a chur an toiseach ann an talamh grinn air a dheagh ghiollachd; ach chunnacas ri ùine 'gu 'n cinneadh e na bu reachdmhoire ann an talamh fiadhaire clobhair. 'N uair bhiodh e abuich bha e air a sponadh as a bhun 's air a cheangal

'n a sguaban. Bha e 'n sin air a chur am bogadh ann an lochan no ann am poll moine. An déigh dha 'bhi mu ochd latha deug am bogadh, bha e air a thogail 's air a sgaoileadh air cnoc g' a thiomachadh. 'N uair bhiodh e tioram bha sguaban mòra air an dèanamh dheth, agus bha e air a chur a stigh ann an àite tioram, agus air fhàgail an sin gu geamhradh. Bha e 'n sin air a bhualadh air cloich mhìn le "simid." Bha 'm maide-bualaidh so mu chòig òirlich dheug air fad 's mu cheithir no chòig òirlich air ghairbhead; agus bha 'n làmh air a snaigheadh dheth-fhein. An déigh sin bha e air a sguitseadh le "sgùitsear" fiodha air chumadh chaidheimh cruim. Bha e 'n sin air a tharruing troimh "chlobha"-lin; agus theirteadh ris an obair so "clobhadh an lin." An déigh sin bha e air a tharruing troimh "sheicil gharbh," agus a ris troimh "sheicil mhìn." Bha e 'nis réith 's air a chur suas 'n a thapan, airson a shnìomh. Bha trì "cloban" a' tighinn as an lion mar bhatar 'g a ghiollachd. Bha "chìob" a bha tighinn uaithe 's a' chlobhadh ro gharbh; 's bha pocannan is rubairean air an dèanamh dhith. A' chlob a thigeadh uaithe 's a' cheud sheicleadh bha iad a' dèanamh searadairean garbh dhith. O 'n chìob a thigeadh o 'n dara seicleadh bha iad a' dèanamh anairtean a bu ghrinne. Bha na h- anairtean a bu ghrinne uile air an ramh de 'n "smior."

HIGHLAND THATCHED COTTAGES AS THEY MAY YET BE SEEN IN  
THE HEBRIDES AND OTHER PLACES.

1. Cabar-droma—Ridge-pole.
2. Cabair-oisne—Corner poles. There are four of these, one at each corner of the wall, which is of the same height all round.
3. Corr-thulchann—Poles between corner poles. The former are generally bent, and meet at end of ridge-pole, where they are fastened to one another by a wooden pin called (4) Crann-tarruing.
5. A' Chrùp.—The lower part of the couples, which goes down some distance into the wall.
6. Taobhain—Side rafters. These cross (7) "lànnain" or couples parallel with ridge pole, often extend the whole length of the roof, and are fastened to corner-poles with wooden pins. The couples are connected immediately below the ridge-pole by a piece of wood called "An ad," and further down by a cross-beam called (8) "An spàrr."

9. Foid-fàil—Turf. Sods of turf are laid along the top of the wall.
10. Cabair—Sticks laid across the “taobhain;” the one end of them rests on the ridge-pole, and the other on the wall.
11. Sgrathan—Divots covering roof.
12. Tubhadh—Thatch.
13. Faradh—Loft made of sticks covered with divots.
14. Anainn—Top of wall inside.

The sketches opposite show the various parts by corresponding numbers.

#### HIGHLAND PANNIERS OR “CLEIBH.”

These panniers or creels are of two kinds, one round and used for carrying home peats on the sides of a horse; the other flat on the side next the horse, and round on opposite side. They are both of wicker-work. “Cliabh spidrich,” the latter of these, is used for carrying home peats and for carrying manure to the fields. The bottom of the creels on the side next the horse is attached to the creels by hinges of twisted withes, and open to let out their contents. Under the creels runs a rod, fixed to the body of the creels at one end and made fast with a loop of twisted withes at the other end. When the person in charge wishes to empty the creels, he stands at the breast of the horse, and undoes the moveable loop, when the contents of the creels fall to the ground.

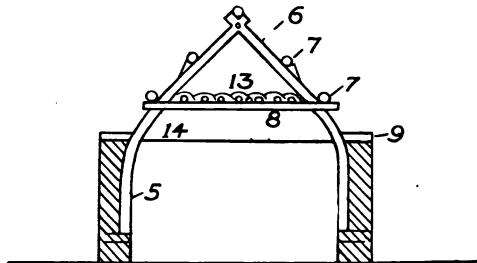
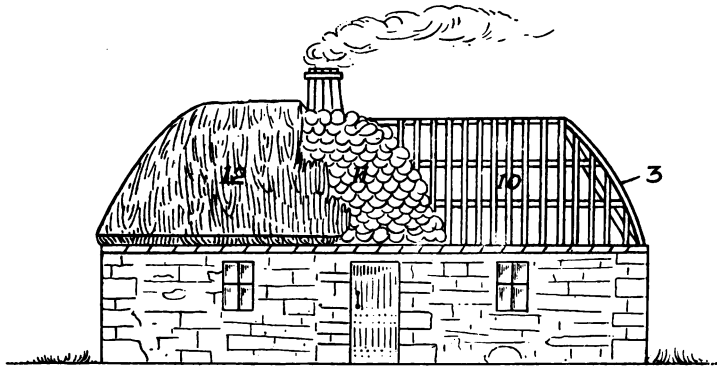
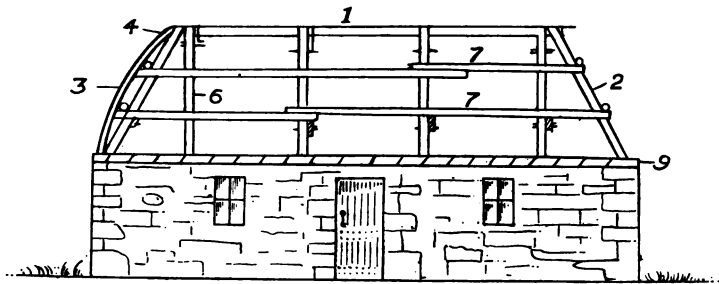
Srathair—Creel - saddle, composed of two flat boards surmounted by a bent ridge of wood called “A’ Chairb.” On the top of the ridge are formed two horns, to which the creels are slung by a rope of twisted withes called “An Iris.”

Gad-tarraich—Belly-band made of twisted willow or birch attached to the sides of the flat boards of saddle.

Gad-uchdaich—A twisted rope of twigs going round breast of horse, and attached to the two front ends of flat boards. The use of this is to keep the saddle from slipping when going up a hill.

An èiseach—A rope of twisted twigs connecting the saddle with the tail of the horse by a piece of wood that goes under the tail, and is called “Maide-ton-eich.”

An t-sumag—A kind of mat made of ropes of a grass called “fionndairneach,” or of straw woven together. This is placed under the saddle. Under this mat is laid a pad of cloth to prevent the back of the horse from being galled.



SECTION.



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ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

21st MARCH, 1894.

At this meeting, Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., rector, Raining's School, read a paper on "The Norse Element in the Topography of the Highlands and Isles." Mr Macbain's paper was as follows:—

THE NORSE ELEMENT IN THE TOPOGRAPHY OF  
THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLES.

The Norsemen appeared upon the coast of Britain in the last quarter of the eighth century. Lindisfarne, the "Iona of England," was sacked by them in 793, a fate which befell Columba's Iona in 802, and in 806 we are told that the "familia Iae occisa est"—the Community (monks) of I was slain by these Gentiles. They came into Irish waters in 795, plundering Lambey Isle, near Dublin. Their incursions were frequent and furious; monasteries were their special objects of attack, for these were filled with the wealth that long years of piety had poured upon them. In the long peace at sea which succeeded the invasions and "diverse wanderings" of the Scots in the fourth and fifth centuries islands were especially sought after by founders of monasteries, and Iona was only one of many such. But the Norsemen changed all that. One of the oldest verses in the Gaelic language, written contemporary with these dreaded invasions, records graphically the wonder inspired by these daring seamen—

Is acher in gáith innocht  
fufuasna fairgge findfholt,  
ni águr reimm mora minn  
dond laechraid lann ualoch lind.

That is—

Bitter is the wind to-night,  
High rages white-maned ocean;  
I fear not the passage of the crested sea  
For the fierce warriors from Norway.

At first the expeditions were merely for plunder, but, after a quarter of a century of this policy, the Norsemen began to make settlements, in Ireland from 820 to 832; and we may be sure the Northern and Western Isles were occupied sooner; though the earliest record in regard to their occupation dates fifty years later. In 852 Olaf the White founded the Danish kingdom of Dublin, which fell with the battle of Clontarf in 1014; and the Isles formed

a sort of stepping-stone to Ireland and the west coast of England for the hardy Norse vikings. In Shetland, as in the Faroes, they were probably the first colonists. Orkney they subdued completely, and swept the Celts out of the Hebrides—at least the Gaelic language. The place-names prove the completeness of the conquest. Thus in Lewis, Norse names are to Gaelic names as 4 to 1, while further south, in Islay, the proportion is reversed to 1 against 2; in Arran, 1 to 8, and in the Isle of Man the proportion is much the same as in Arran.

The Norse called the Western Isles the Sudreys, as opposed to the northern isles of Orkney and Shetland, and with the Sudreys was connected the Isle of Man. The title is still kept up in the designation, "Bishop of Sodor and Man." The first chief we hear of in the Isles is Ketil Flatnef (Flat-nose), whose daughter was married to Olave of Dublin. These Isles—inclusive of Orkney and Shetland—received the discontented population of Norway, expelled by the masterful Harold Fairhair. As a consequence, Harold subjugated them in 870, and compelled the recalcitrant ones to go elsewhere—in fact they went and colonised Iceland for the first time. It is interesting to know from the researches of the late Professor Vigfusson, that the earliest Norse poetry extant must have been composed in the Western Isles. Harold established the Earldom of Orkney, which lasted in the same family for 300 years, but his representatives in the Sudreys and Man were soon made away with. The Isles seem for some time after Ketil's death to have been under the Kings of Dublin, and towards the end of the 10th century we hear definitely of a King of Man and the Isles—Maccus or Macharalt. Godred, King of Man and the Isles, is mentioned in 979, but the Isles soon came under the sway of the powerful Earl Sigurd of Orkney and Caithness, who already held possession of Sutherland, Ross, and Moray—possessions which are also said to have been acquired by Thorstein the Red, grandson of Ketil, a hundred years earlier. Earl Sigurd fell at Clontarf, and his inheritance was divided, but, finally, his son, Thorfinn, regained all his father's power over the mainland and the Isles—and even more, for the Sagas boast that he had nine Earldoms in Scotland. Under him the Norse power reached its zenith; after him it steadily retreated northward, finally at the end of the twelfth century even losing Caithness. Thorfinn ruled at least as far as Inverness, and he is supposed to have held also Burghead. By place-names we cannot follow him south of Beaully, as we shall see. He was Macbeth's contemporary, and the story of the two as told respectively in Saga and Scotch history is so like that one is

forced almost to believe them to be one and the same person. They were, of course, two distinct men, but it would seem they helped one another in grave and other circumstances, even being in Rome the same year (1050).

The Isles fell again under the power of the Kings of Man, until the arrival of Magnus Barefoot, who reconquered all the Orkneys, the Sudreys, and Man, with great completeness, if we believe his court poet, whom we here quote for the sake of the names :—

“ Fire played fiercely to the heavens over Lióðhús (Lewis); he (Magnus) went over Ivist with flame; the yeomen lost life and goods. He harried Skið (Skye) and Tyrvist (Tiree) . . . the Mylsk (people of Mull) ran for fear. Far over the flats of Sandey he warred. There was a smoke over Il (Islay); the king's men fed the flame. Further south, men in Cantyre—Sanutíris—bowed beneath the sword-edge. He made the Manxmen—Manverja—to fall.”

This is Manus of the Fingalian ballads, who fell in Ulster in 1103 on a plundering expedition. The Isles and Man came again under their former dynasty until 1156, when Somerled, lord of Argyle, split the island kingdom by getting possession of the intermediate isles. Somerled was the ancestor of the great cian Macdonald, and no doubt was a Gaelic speaker, though only half Gaelic by descent. His sons and dependants maintained their power in the Isles against the Manx kings; indeed they were called kings as well. Bute and Arran were acquired by marriage from the family of Somerled by the Steward of Scotland, and thus the Scots got a footing in the Isles. Alexander III. resolved on finishing the conquest contemplated by his father, and this coming to the ears of the King of Norway, who was still suzerain of Man and the Sudreys, he set out on the fatal expedition which ended in the disaster of Largs. The Isles were ceded by Norway finally in 1266. They had thus been some 470 years under the sway of the Norse. Need it be wondered at if Lewis shows such a preponderance of Norse names? The Gaelic language seems to have rapidly spread itself through the Isles in the time of the Norse decadence, and at the cession of the Isles. At the present time, to parody the expression “Hiberniores Hibernis ipsis,” we may say that the Norsemen of Lewis at present are Gádeliores Gádelis ipsis—more Gaelic than the Gaels themselves.

So much did the Gaelic population of the mainland feel that the Isles were Norse that the proper Gaelic name of the Hebrides has been *Innse Gall* “The Islands of the Galls or Strangers.” The

word Gall now means a Lowlander or English-speaking person; originally the word was used by the Gael, as by the Romans, to designate the Gauls of France and Britain, who came as strangers in contact with the Gael of Ireland in the earlier centuries of our era. Similarly the name Welsh comes originally from that of the Volcae, a people on the northern border of Gaul, and marching with the Teutons, who named all Celts after these Volcae. So among the Celts an Englishman is a Saxon, because the Saxons were the first Teutons to come into contact with the insular Celts.

Norse words have been so treated in their changes to suit Gaelic phonetics that "its mother would not know them." Prof. Munch thought the Norse had left little permanent mark on the place-names of the Isles, because he did not know the two facts that, first, the names were changed to suit Gaelic phonetics, and second, on the maps they are made to suit Gaelic orthography. Thus terminal *-bhal* or *-val* is often spelt *mheall*, hill, whereas it stands for Norse *fjallr*, hill, and as a matter of fact *meall* could not come last in a Gaelic compound. In Gaelic the generic word comes first, in Norse it comes last. Thus G. *dail*, which is borrowed from the Norse *dalr*, forms a Gaelic compound when the *dail* comes first, but it is a Norse word when *dal* or *dale* comes last. Compare Dalmore with Helmsdale. Norse *setr*, a settlement, holding, appears in Gaelic as *siadair* or *seadair*, and in place-names as *shader*. *Bólstaðr* and *Bústaðr* come to be *bos*, *bost*, or *bus*; and *fjörðr*, genitive *fiarðar*, a firth, becomes terminally *art*, *ard*, *ord*, *ort*; and it may even disport itself as a *port*. Snizort is Sneisfjörðr, Sneis' frith, Cnóideart is for Cnut's or Canute's Frith, etc. Violent initial changes also take place in borrowing these Norse words. Many Norse names begin with *h*, and it is a peculiarity of Gaelic that *h*, as Macalpin humorously remarked in regard to the singularity of Highland character and institutions, though not recognised as a letter in Gaelic, "is used not only in every word but almost in every syllable expressed or understood." It is a parasitic letter, and leans upon some other consonant. Hence Norse words beginning with *h* may be supported by a *t*. Norse *holmr* appears as *tolm*, genitive *tuilm*, an island or inch. According to Captain Thomas this word appears terminally as *am*, *um*, while in the Northern Hebrides it becomes by metathesis *mol*, as in Kis-mol, for Kastel-mol; Cobhsamul or Cosmul, Linmul, &c. Habost, that is, *Há-bólstaðr* or high-town, appears as Tabost; Loch Thamnabhaidh stands for *T-hamna-vágr*, that is, haven-voe, haven-bay; Loch Thealasbhaidh is for *Hellis-vágr*, cave-voe, &c.

ALPHABETIC LIST OF NORSE GENERIC TERMS IN HIGHLAND  
TOPOGRAPHY.

In considering the place-names of the Western Isles, we intend to utilise more or less in full the work of the late Captain Thomas, R.N., who wrote one or two papers on the subject for the Society of Antiquaries, in whose Transactions they lie buried unknown to the Gaelic public. The first paper on the "Extirpation of the Celts in the Hebrides" appeared in 1876, and the other on "Islay Place Names" in 1882, wherein Captain Thomas was helped by the well-known Gaelic scholar, Mr Hector Maclean, Islay. We shall take in alphabetical order the leading Norse words that enter into the composition of Highland place-names.

*A'*, a river [Lat. *aqua*]. This word, which forms the stem of so many place-names in Iceland, is comparatively rare in Lewis and the Isles. *Laxá* in Iceland, and *Laxa* of Shetland, are synonymous with *Laxay* of Lochs in Lewis. It stands for *lax-á*, that is, salmon river, *lax* being the Norse for salmon. Other salmon rivers will be mentioned when we come to *dalr*, a dale. Few of the small rivers in Lewis have distinctive names, but the Creed seems to be an exception, and tells of odoriferous plants and flowers; for *krydd* means spice, and *krydd-jurt* signifies spice-herbs (Thomas). In Arran we have *Rossay* (horse-water), and *Iorsa* and *Ranza* (= *reynis-á*, Rowan-water).

*Bakki* [Eng. *bank*]. It is doubtless due to the fact that in Gaelic phonetics an *n* drops before *k* that this word should have been retained so near its original form as in *Back*, Stornoway; *Hábac*—Highbank (Gaelic form *Tabàc*), in Bernera of Lewis; *Bakka* in Taransay (Taransay-banks), Harris; and *Backd* in Barra. *Baccaskill* occurs in the Orkneys; *Backa* and *Bacca* in Shetland; while *Bakki* is the name of thirty farms in Iceland.

*Ból*, a farm, abode [Eng. *build*]. The Icelandic *Kirkjuból*, "kirk-farm," appears in Sutherlandshire as *Kirkiboll*, and in Tiree as *Kirkapool*. The island of Tiree, indeed, shows a plethora of these *bols*, but in the deceptive form of *poll* or *pool*. There are *Crossapoll* (Cross-town), *Barrapoll* (Barley-town), *Hellipoll* (Helgi, holy), and *Vassipoll*. In Islay there is *Corsopoll*, and in Coll, *Crossipoll* or *Crossapeill* (both Cross-town). In Strath of Skye we have *Harrapool*, which we may place beside the Icelandic *Harrastaðir*, a name which Vigfusson refers to *harri*, lord [Ger. *herr*] and *staðr*, which see below. Sutherland presents us with several: *Eriboll*, from *eyrr*, beach; *Crosspuill* in Durness; *Borrioboll* in Kildonan ("barley-town"); *Duible* in Kildonan, from

*dý*, bog (Mackay); Learable from *leir*, mud, as in Lerwick. The corruption *bo* appears in East Sutherland; Skelbo for Skelboll, "shell-town," is pronounced now Skerra-bol, to dissimilate the too many *l*'s. Skibo is Scytheboll in the 13th century. Ullapool in Ross has been explained as Olave's town.

*Bólstaðr*, a home-stead [*ból-stead*]. It is confused with the kindred word *bústaðr* [root *bú*, be, dwell], and in the Isles it is impossible to say which it is, though the probability is in favour of *bólstaðr*. It appears in various forms terminally only—mostly as *bust* or *bost* in the Isles. In Iceland it is rare, but common in Orkney and Shetland. In the Shetland Directory there have been counted 2 *busta*'s, 4 *bousta*'s, 27 *bister*'s, and 1 *buster*. The latter forms can be proved to be for *bólstaðr*, because the Caithness Scrabster appears in the Sagas as *Skára-bólstaðr* (cf. Icelandic *Skára-staðr*, "sea-mew town"). The Orkney rental of 1595 contains 44 *bustar*'s and 3 *-buster*'s; only a few of which are named after men. In the Lewis rental, *bólstaðr* occurs as *Bosta* in Bernera, Uig; and when used as a generic term it is shortened to *-bost*. Many of these names are easily interpreted; thus, *Melbost*—there are two of them—is for *Mel-bólstaðr*, Links-Farm; *Leurbost*, *Leir-bólstaðr*, mud or clay farm; *Crossbost*, *Kross-bólstaðr*, Cross-Farm; *Calbost* is shortened in the same way as in the Orkneys and Shetland (*Caldale*, *Calback*) from *Caldbost*, *Kald-bólstaðr*, Cold-Farm. *Garbost*, as written by Martin, would be pronounced *Garrabost* by the Gael, and was originally *Geira-bólstaðr*, *Geirr*'s-Farm; *Geirr* is a proper name. The Orkney's give *Garraquoy*; Shetland *Garragarth* or *Gerragarth*; and Iceland, *Geira-bólstaðr*. It is but right to say that *Geira* may mean a "gore" or slice of land.

At *Shawbost*, on the west of Lewis—variously written *Sheabost*, *Shabost*—is a lake, into which the sea sometimes flows; this is the *Sjár*, sea [Eng. *sea*]. *Loch Seaforth* gets its name from the pent-up salt lake, *Saer*, which forms its head; hence *Sæfjörð*, *Sæfirth*, *Seaforth*; and the *oyce* at Kirkwall is called the "Little Sea;" *Shawbost*, then, is *Sjá-bólstaðr*, that is, Sea-lake farm (Thomas).

There are two *Habosts* in Lewis; neither of them are upon high ground; the adjective, therefore, is the same as in so many places called *Holland*, *Hallandi*, *Hall-lendi*, in the Orkneys, and the still more common *Houlland* in Shetland. *Habost* has been *Hall-bólstaðr*; from *Hallr*, a slope, declivity. So Captain Thomas thought. But it is doubtful.

*Swanibost* is the same as *Swanbustar*, in the Orkneys; and is cognate with *Swynasetter* in Shetland, and *Sveinseyri* and *Sveina-*

vain in Iceland. Swanibost stands for *Sveina-bólstaðr*, Svein's-Farm; from *Sveinn*, a proper name.

Besides Nisabost in Harris, there is another in Skye; and Nesbustar in the Orkneys; all of which represent *Nes-bólstaðr*, Ness-Farm, from *nes*, ness. Horgibost, Harris, must be written in Gaelic *Torgabost*; the Norse *hörgr* signifies a heathen place of worship. Captain Thomas thought the word was *haugr*, howe, which in the Orkneys appears as Howbister, and in Shetland as Houby, Huxter, Hogsetter. "In this case," he adds, "as in several others, the name has suffered less change among the Gael than in the northern islands. On this farm is a fine Cromlech, figured in the *Crania Britannica*, hence its name *Hauga-holstaðr*, How-Farm; from *haugr*, how, cairn, sepulchral mound." As a matter of fact, *hörgr* and *haugr* are different words of like meaning.

In Skye we have Kirkibost, "Church-stead;" Husabost, "House-stead;" Unabost, "Choice-town" (cf. the Sutherland Unapool); Skeabost or Sgiath'bost (from *skjár*, window?); Orbost and Eabost. In Mull we have Eorabus, "beach-bost," and Assapool only, but in Islay the local proverb holds that there are twenty-four *busses* in Islay—"ceithir busacha fichead an 'Ile." We may mention Lurabus, "mud-bost," Kinnabus, "chin-bost," Risabus (*hrís*, brushwood), Cornabus (older Cornabolsay, "corn-bost"), Torrabus, "Thori's bost" (cf. Toradale, Thorisdale, etc.), Robolls for *Rauðbólstaðr*, "Red-bost," Carrabus (*kjarr*, copse), Scarrabus (*skári*, young gull), Eorabus (*eyrr*, beach), Grobolls, "Groat's bost," Persebus, "Priest's bost," Nerabolls (*knörr*, ship), etc.

*Borg*, a castle, wall, dome-shaped hill, etc. [Eng. *burgh*]. The gen. case is *borgar*. The word may mean a hill or the fort upon it, but the latter is the proper meaning evidently. In Shetland, *Borg* is still represented by "Burgh" in two places, but the influence of Scottish speech has changed it to "Brough" in eleven others; in the Orkneys also "Brough" prevails. In the Hebrides, when written in English, it is "Borve;" in Harris (twice); in Barra and in Skye. Borve, in Barvas, Lewis, appears as Borg, Bora (error for Borva), Barove; and the Gaelic form is Borgh (in pronunciation the *r* is duplicated, *Bor-rgh*); hence arises the English from Borve. The name is of archæological importance, for in Shetland, the Orkneys, and the Hebrides it almost always indicates the location of a pre-Norse Pictish tower; but there are a few exceptions, at any rate in the Orkneys, viz., Burrow Head, Stronza; Burwick, Sandwick; and the Brough of Birsá. So completely is the original meaning of the word forgotten in the Hebrides, that it is usual to put *Dun* (that is, castle) before it;



thus, Dun Borgh (grammatically Dun Bhuirgh) means Castle-castle. So Dun-vorerick is "Castle of Castlebay. There are at least two islands called Boreray, that is, Borgarey, "Castle's isle," one near Bernera and one beside St Kilda. H. M'Lean derives Nosebridge in Islay (Gaelic Nomhas-brugh, Navisburgh in 1545) from *Hnaus-burg*, "turf-burgh." In Iona we have simple Buirgh.

*Baer*, *boer*, *býr*, gen. *baejar*, *biar*, a village, farm, estate [Eng. *by* as *by-law*, *Grimsby*, *bower*.] This is not so common in the Isles and Northern Scotland as its frequency in England might suggest. Duncansbay is in the Sagas *Dungalsbae*, "Dungal's town," still called locally Dungsby; Canisbay appears in the 13th century as *Canenesbi*, later *Conansbay*, that is, "Conan's town." In Tiree we have Soroby exactly the counterpart of English Sowerby, *Saur-baer*, "mud-town;" in Craignish district, a Soropa appears in 1512; the same name exists in Soroba, near Oban. Islay presents Nereby, which H. Maclean explained as Knör's-by, and there is a Conispy in Islay which he explains as *Konnungsbaer*, "Kingstown," cognate with the Shetlandic *Cunningsburgh*, and, according to Thomas and Maclean, though probably erroneously, *Canisbay* already mentioned. Thomas also adduces Europa Point in Lewis as hence; that is, *Eyranbaer*, "Beach town." The name *Golspie*, *Goldespy* (1330), *Golspi* (1448), now *Goisbidh*, may be for *Gulls-baer*, "Gold-town;" but *Gallival*, older *Galzeboll*, in Kildonan, is probably allied, and, in any case, the derivation of the *Gols-* of *Golspie* is very doubtful.

*Dalr*, a dale. *Dael*, a little dale. There are over 130 names compounded with *Dalr* in the *Landnámabók*, and the "dales" are proportionately numerous in the Orkneys and Shetlands. They are scarcely so frequent as farm names in Lewis. *Swordale* occurs twice in Lewis, and the map of Skye has three dales of that name, and the name appears both in Sutherland and Ross. The *Ny Jarðharbók* has *Swardbæli*. *Swordale* is for *Swardardalr*—*Sward-dale*; from Norse *Svörðr*, sward, green turf. *Swordale* in Lochs contains a coppice of willows and birches which are the last living trees of the native forest, of which the name is commemorated in the adjacent "Birken Isles." *Laxdale* indicates the presence of a salmon river. There are no salmon caught in the Orkneys, nor is *Lax* contained in their name system. Neither are there salmon in Shetland, yet there are *Laxfirths* and *Laxa*, so that either the salmon have deserted the country or the Northmen have given the name of *Lax* to the fine sea trout. *Laxdale*, in Lewis, and *Lacastle*, in Harris, are synonymous with *Laxár-dalr*

in Iceland, Salmon-river-dale ; from *lax*, a salmon. Eoradale is written for Eyrar-dalr—Beach dale, from *eyrr*—a beach. Rodel, spelled Rodle, and Roudill in the same rental, is cognate with Roeness, Shetland, and Rauðanes, Iceland, and must have been Rauði-dalr—Red-dale ; from *rauðr*—red. Ranigdale, a wretched place on the shore of Loch Seaforth, is probably Rannveigar-dalr ; from Rannveig, a proper name. On the west side of Lewis there are Dale-Beg—Little Dale, and Dalemor—Great Dale ; and also North and South Dale. All these are sharp, little valleys, and their original has been Dæl—a little dale. But it has to be remarked that when *dale* precedes, the combination is of Gaelic origin, though the word *dail* is borrowed from the Norse. There are Armadales in Skye and Sutherland, “arm-dale,” Norse *armr* being used for “arm, wing, bay.” Bracadale is possibly “Bracken-dale,” that is, “fern-dale.” There is a Caradail (“copse or Kjarr-dale”) in Skye, and another in Kintyre. In Islay there are several, of which we may mention the name Toradale, which also appears as Taradale in Ross, possibly “turf-dale.” Captain Thomas refers it to Thorisdale, a Norse place-name, from Thori, a man’s name : this name really occurs in Kintyre. Koisdale, from *Kvi*, which see : Cattadale, from *Kött*, cat ; Glenegaidle for Glen-oak-dale, &c. In Arran we have the common name Ormidale or Orm’s dale, the dale of Orm or Worm, more usually elsewhere Ormisdale ; and also Scorrodale, the Icelandic Skorradalr (Magpie-dale ?). It would be tedious to follow the fortunes of *dalr* on the mainland ; Sutherland is full of them, for instance.

*Eið*, as isthmus, neck of land. In 1576 Eidh in Shetland had become Ayth, now Aith, but a much greater change took place with Eidhs-vik, which in 1576 was Aythiswick, but now Easwick and Eswick. *Eið*, in the Orkneys, is often very corrupt. It remains almost intact in Aith, Aithstown ; less conspicuous in Aisdale ; but Haugs-eidh has become Hoxa ; *Eið*-ey—Eday, and Skalpeið is Scapa.

*Eið* has many strange forms in the Hebrides ; *Ie*, *Ey*, *Y*, *Ay*, *Eie*, *Huy*, *Ui*, *Vye*, *Uiy*, *Uie* Eye ; written in Gaelic it is *Uidh* (pron. Oo-ee). *Uiy*, *Eiy*, in Taransay, is simply *Eidh*—isthmus. Branaluie, Stornoway, is better written in the Gaelic form, Braigh na h-Uidhe ; where *Uidh* represents *Eidh*, *Aith*, isthmus. *Braighe* is the Gaelic for upper part, upper end ; and Braigh’ na h-Uidhe means the farm at “the upper (nearer) end of the isthmus.” *Uie*-head occurs again at Vattersay of Barra. The peninsula of Eye is near Stornoway.

*Ey*, an Island. *Ey*, in some form (*a*, *ay*, in Gaelic, *aibh*, *aidh*),

is the termination of the name of nearly every island in the Hebrides that is smaller than a *land* or larger than a *holm*. Captain Thomas notices only those that are named in the rentals. He says—"There are three islands in the outer Hebrides, called Bernera, for Bjarnar-ey, Björn's-isle, from Bjorn, a proper name. It is to be noticed, the names of these islands are pronounced by the people, not as they are written in English, but in their Norse forms (*e.g.*) Be-ornar-ay (*vide* "Princess of Thule"). Besides Scalpa, in Harris, there is another in Skye, and both have snug little harbours; there is also Scalpa, Skálpeið in the Orkneys. Scalpa is for Skalpey, Ship's-isle, from Skálpr, a kind of boat or ship—*shallop*. There are two Shellays, one belonging to Harris, the other to North Uist. Shellay is the Gaelic pronunciation of Sellay, and this is for Sel-ey, Seal's-isle, from *sel*—seal. Ensay is a remarkably fertile island, and well deserves the name of Engis ey, Meadow (grassy)-isle; from *engi*, a meadow. Scarp is again repeated in Barra as Scarpamutt. Scarp, more properly Scarpay, is for Skarp-ey, scarped, or cliffy-isle; from *scarpr*, scarped, Eng. *sharp*. Hermitray is indeterminate. [It is Hermundarey, or Hermund's-isle.] Taransay, St Taran's island. The ruins of his church are still traceable, and a stone cross from it is in the Antiquarian Museum. A curious legend is related by Martin (West-Isles, p. 48); but I suspect he has inverted the names, and written "Tarran" for "Che" (in later copies, "Keith"), and the contrary. There is a St Torannan, Abbot of Bangor, commemorated on the 12th June. There are four islands having the name of Pab-ay, in the Outer Hebrides; another in Skye; two (Papa) in the Orkneys; three (Papa) in Shetland; and one (Papey) in Iceland. The name is very interesting, for it indicates that Culdees, Céli-de, Servi-Dei, were located there before the devastation by the Northmen. Pabay, Pabbay, for Pap-ey, Priest's-isle; from *papi*—priest."

We will look at the names of the Western Isles that are or are sometimes supposed to be Norse. Dean Munro, in his survey of the Isles in 1549, mentions and describes 209 of them. Of these names many are repeated—there are about eight Fladdas (*i.e.* "Flat isle," Norse Flat-ey), and many more are easily understood on the score of derivation; so that we need only refer to the more important islands. The first name that claims attention is that of Lewis. This in Norse times was Ljóðhús, the contemporary Gaelic of which was Leodús. The Norse word may mean "loud house" or "sounding house," as Prof. Munch supposed, and "lay house," the latter meaning either song or people; but these meanings are unsatisfactory, and resort has been had to Gaelic, old and

new. Martin (1703) derives the name from a Gaelic word *leog*, "water lying on the surface of the ground," a word for which he is the first and sole authority. The fact is that we do not know the pronunciation of Martin's word. The modern Gaelic name is spelt *Leódhas*, and pronounced in Gaelic phonetics as *Leó's*. In the present state of our knowledge, it is impossible to say what the name may mean.<sup>1</sup>

The Harris portion of the Long Island is in Gaelic called *Na h-Earradh*. In old documents of three centuries ago the name appears variously as *Har(r)ay*, *Her(r)e*, *Herrie*, and, with a plural form, *Harreis* (1508). Captain Thomas adduces other places so called, such as *Harris* in *Rum*, *Herries* in *Dumfries*, *Harray* (*Orkney*), and *Harrastadhir* in *Iceland*; and he further derives the root word from Norse *hár*, high, with a plural *havir* and a comparative *hærri*, higher, allied to a noun *hæð*, height, whose plural is *hæðir*, which, he thinks, might develop into *hæ-ri*, by a shifting of the *r*, an opinion to which H. Maclean agreed. The name *Harrastadhir* is rather to be referred to Norse *harri*, master, king, and the *Orkney Harray* may be of the same origin or descended from the word *hérað*, district, the *Hérað* mentioned in *Hacon's expedition*, 1263. The meaning which Captain Thomas attached to the name *Harris* was that of "The Heights." In *Islay* there is a district called *Na h-Earradh*, which from its natural position may very well be called "The Heights." Unsatisfactory as the phonetics are, this is the derivation usually accepted, though I am inclined to think that the real word underlying the Gaelic is *hérað*. The final *s* in the English name *Harris* is, of course, the sign of the plural.

An attempt has been made to identify the two *Uists* with the two *Aebudæ* of *Ptolemy*. *Uist* appears as *Ivist* in the old Norse poetry, and it has been possibly modified to sound like the Norse *i-vist*, a habitation. In any case, we cannot be certain that either in *Aebudæ* or in *Uist* we have anything resembling a Celtic spelling of the original word meant. *Uist*, as we now have it, has been handed down on Norse lips. Professor *Munch* believed it to be Norse (*ivist*), and *Capt. Thomas* thought the name was a corruption of *I-fheirste*, "Isle of Fords"—Gaelic *i*, isle, and *fearsad*. But the Gaelic *i*, if it exists, is merely the Norse borrowed. Before passing on, we may notice the most important islets in the *Sound of Harris* and thereabout. *Taransay*, *Scalpay*, *Scarp*, *Pabay*, *Shillay*, or *Shelley*, and *Ensay* have already been discussed. *Tahay* is for *Há-ey*, high *i-le*, the same as the *Hoy* of the *Orkneys*.

<sup>1</sup> *Liodhusa* was the name of a town of *Sweden* destroyed in 1268.

Boreray is for Borgar-ey, that is "Burgh-isle" or "fortress-isle," not, as Captain Thomas suggested, Boru-ey, "bore-isle"—so, Dun-vorrerick is the Dun or Fort of Borgar-vik, that is Fort Bay. Personal names appear often in these island names—Bernera is for Björn's-isle (Bear-isle); Grimisay is for Grimm's-isle; Hermetray is for Hermund's isle, as Gometra, further south, is for Godmund's isle; Gilsay is for Gil's isle, rather than Gilsey, ravine or *gil* isle; Eriskay is doubtless, as Professor Munch said, Eric's isle, by metathesis of the *s*; and Barra is St Barr's isle. The Flannan Islands (na h-Eileanan Flannach) are called after St Flannen. Groay is for the Lady Groa's isle, and Killegray is for Kjallak's or Cellach's isle.

The name Benbecula, though ending in *a*, is not Norse, but a curious perversion of the Gaelic Beinn-a'-bh-faoghla, "Hill of the Ford." Scaravay and Scarba are for Skarf-ey, "cormorant (*skarfr*) isle"; Haskir is the Há-sker, high-skerry, and Heiskir is probably for Heidh-skar, bright-rock; Vallay, Shetland Vaila, is for "field-isle," from *völfr*, field; Lingay is for ling or heath-isle, from Norse *lyng*, heath; Hellisay is from *hellir*, cave, also appearing in Orkney. The names Vatersay and Sandray easily explain themselves, from *water* and *sand* (gen. *vatrs* and *sandar* of Norse); Foula, or Fula, is for "fowl (Norse *fugl*) isle." There are four Islands called Wiay, Dean Munro's (1546) Buya or Bywa, now pronounced as Fuidhaidh, to which we may compare the Icelandic Véey or "house-isle," *vé* being very common in Norse place names. Names like Fuday, Fiaray, and Mingulay (pronounced *Meall'a*), we pass over as inexplicable to us, and come to Skye and its environs.

Raasay and Rona are slumped together in the Norse name applied to them, viz., Rauneyjar, the *raun*-isles, a word which Professor Munch explains as meaning experiment. Despite the absence of initial *h*, we should refer it rather to *hraun*, lava, rough ground, which is characteristic of the several Rōna Islands that exist. The Norse Raunen are bare rocks in the sea. Captain Thomas explained Raasay as "roe isle," from *rá*, roe; but this would give a genitive *rár* not *rás*. The Gaelic is often *Rársá*, and that is the old form, Dean Munro having Raarsay. Possibly *rars* is a double genitive from *rá*, roe. See Raernish, under *nes*, also. A common island name is Soa or Sheep-Isle, from the Norse *Saudhr*, sheep; again Haversay is for *hafrs-ey*, "he-goat isle." Calfa or "Calf-isle" appears more than once. Isay is ice-isle; and Trodday appears to mean pasture isle, from *tröð*, pasture, a name which appears in Trotternish, which Captain Thomas

strangely refers to *trylldr*, enchanted, or Troll-ness, though how this result could phonetically occur one cannot see.

We now come to the parish of Small Isles, which comprises Canna, Rum, Eigg, and Muck. The first name—Canna—has been explained from the Norse *kanna* to mean the “can-shaped isle”; it appears as Kannay in 1549. Rum, pronounced like the English “room,” we should at once regard as Norse *rúm*, room, but it is supposed to be the *Ruimm* (gen.) that appears in the Annals of Ulster under the year 676; and Dr Stokes refers this “lozenge-shaped island” to a root identical with Greek *rhombus*. As the root of this appears to be *vreng*, wrench, the comparison is doubtful. Nor is Captain Thomas’s derivation at all happy; first, as we said, he refers Uist to I-fheirste or Isle of Fords or Sandbanks (Gaelic *fearsad*), and then Rum is taken from I-dhruim, ridge-isle. The supposed Gaelic *i* for isle is, as Dr Stokes says, clearly the Norse word *ey* borrowed; as a matter of fact, it does not exist in Gaelic at all. Eigg is Adamnan’s Egea, and may be referred to an oblique form of Gaelic *eag*, a notch. Muck is good Gaelic; it is “pigs’s isle”: Eilean nam muc. There is also a Horse Isle near.

Further south we meet with Coll, Tiree, and Mull, which are of Gaelic origin. The name Gunna recalls the Norse *gunur*, war, so common in proper names among the Norse. Lismore is Gaelic—the great *lios* or enclosure. The islands variously called Luing and Lunga or Lungay, seem all to be of Gaelic origin, and to contain the Gaelic word for ship (*long*), as base. Lunga and Lungay have certainly submitted to Norse influence. The two isles called Shiuna, and the isle of Shona, seem to be formed from Norse *Sjón*, sight, a root which appears in Norse place names in connection with “scouting” positions. Shuna has also been identified with Adamnan’s Sainea; in that case it is pre-Norse. Kerrera is in the Sagas called Kjarbarey, and possibly means “copse isle.” The Calf of Mull is in Norse *Mýlarkalfr*, Mull’s Calf, and in Gaelic it is Calabh. There is also the Calf of Man.

Passing island names like Treshinish, Erraid, and Seil, we meet with Ulva, that is, *úlf-ey*, or wolf’s isle, Ulf, or Ulfr, being really a person’s name here; Staffa is *Staff-ey*, from *stafr*, a staff, referring to its basaltic pillars, as Professor Munch pointed out; Scarba is for *Skarf-ey*, cormorant isle; Jura is, as the same authority says, for *Dýrey*, that is, Deer’s Island, whence also Duirinish and Durness, Deer’s Ness. Colonsay (Norse, Koln), though looking like Norse, is nevertheless pre-Norse, appearing in Adamnan as Colosus (cf. *coll*, hazel, the Gaelic being Coll’asa). There are some

half-dozen isles called Oronsay, Gaelic Or'asa, without *n*, and Captain Thomas happily explained the name as Orfris-ey, from the Norse *örfriri*, ebbing. As Vigfusson says, Norse "Orfris-ey is the proper name for islands which at low-water are joined to the mainland." And this is true of the Scotch isles so called. Gigha, of which there are two at least, is pronounced Gidhaidh, and appears in the Sagas as Guðey, that is, God-isle. Arran is in the Norse called Hersey or Herey, doubtless an attempt at the Gaelic name Arran. This is an oblique use of the Gaelic *ára*, a kidney, as Dr Cameron pointed out. The Arann isles off Galway are similarly named and explained. The island is kidney-shaped. Bute is in Norse Saga called Bót (Gaelic Bòid), but what the name means it is not easy to say. Sir Herbert Maxwell thinks it represents the Ptolemaic Ebouda. The Cumbræ were called by the Norse Kumreyjar, the isles of Kumr, which name is usually explained as referring to the Kymry or Welsh of Strathclyde.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The recorded pre-Norse names among the Western Isles are few. The name Hebrides is a mis-reading of Hebudes, just as Iona is a mis-reading of Iova. The oldest form of the name Hebudes appears in Mela (1st century A.D.) as Hæmodæ, of which he says there were seven. Pliny accepts Mela's Hæmodæ, and adds 30 Hæbudes, while Ptolemy (2nd century) has only the Aiboudai, that is, Aebudæ, 5 in number. These he separately names Aebuda, one and two, Ricina, Malæos, and Epidium. Of Ptolemy's five islands, Malæos is clearly Mull; Adamnan mentions it also as Malea and the Norse as Myl. Adamnan besides mentions Iona, that is, Hii or I, St Columba's Isle, and he further notices Colosus (Colonsay), Egea (Eigg), Ilea (Islay), Longa (Luing or Lunga?), Sainea (Shuna?), Scia (Skye), Terra Ethica (Tiree), and the unidentified ones, Airthrago, Elena, Hinba, Oidecha (Texa?), and Ommon. Many of these were re-named by the Norsemen, and their locality can only be guessed. Ptolemy doubtless also means Skye by his Skētis, or Skitis, though it is placed eastward of Cape Wrath and his Orcades Isles. That the names of the western islands before the advent of the Norsemen were Celtic is probable; that Celts inhabited them is the fact. The name Orcades is distinctly Celtic; the root is *orc*, pig, allied to the Latin *porcus*, and the English *farrow*, for the Celtic languages have lost initial *p* in every native word. The name Skye, Norse *Skidh*, Adamnan's *Scia* and Ptolemy's *Skētis* or *Skitis* has been usually identified with Gaelic *sgiath* or *sgiadh*, wing. The name of Maleos, now Muile, that is, Mull, may come from a root *mal*, which Dr Whitley Stokes compares with Albanian *mal*, mountain range, border, Lettic *mala*, border, to which we may add Gaelic *mala*, eyebrow. The idea would therefore be "the mountainous island"—"Muile nam mòrbheann." Ptolemy's Epidium has not been identified; but the root is clearly the British or Pictish *epo*, horse, and the Epidii of Kintyre must have been so named, as the Echainns and Eachainns of Gaelic old and new, from their horsemanship. The name Colosus in Adamnan, now Colonsay, Gaelic Coll-aso, may have something to do with *coll*, hazel, as may also the name of Coll. The word Hii, or I, or Iona, is extremely puzzling—Dr Whitley Stokes suggests a connection with Latin *pius*, or Celtic *i-ios*. Tiree is in Adamnan Insula or Terra Ethica, "land of corn," *eth* being his form of old Gaelic *ith*, corn.

*Eyrr*, a beach or gravelly bank. This is the *aer*, *air*, or *ayre* of Orkney and Shetland where to all intents and purposes it is a common noun ("The boat is at the ayre", for instance). It takes a variety of forms in the Hebrides as a prefix: *Eori-*, *Eora-*, *Ear-*, *Ior-*, *Ire-*, *Iure-*, *Hyr-*. In Islay we have Eorabus, "Beach-bost," and in Sutherland Eriboll. Other names compounded with it will be found under *setr*. It is used alone in the case of Ayre Point, south of Raasay, which reminds us of the Point of Ayre in Man. We may even venture to mention the Heads of Air, from which that interesting county may have derived its name.

*Fjörðr*, a firth, bay [Eng. *firth*]. This word *fjörðr*, gen *fjarðar*, takes many forms in the Hebrides—such as "port, fort, forth, furth;" and by aspiration becomes in Gaelic orthography, *fhurt*; hence written phonetically "ort, ord, irt, urd," &c. In the Orkneys and Shetland it is "firth."

"*Resort* [= *Raysort* in sound] on the west, and *Erisort* [Gaelic Earasord] on the east side, divide the mountains from the lower (though anything but level) part of Lewis. I believe them to be the same word. On looking into the history of the word, it is found written 'Eriford, Erisport, Iffurt (error for Isfurt), Herrish—Arisford,' with the Gaelic Loch prefixed. These words plainly represent Herris-firth." Such is Captain Thomas's idea.

Many fjords around our coasts and among the Isles take their names from persons—some great king or viking of the past. Thus Knoydart is Knut's or Cannte's fjord; Sunart, Sweyn's fjord; Enard or Eynort (bis), Einar's fjord; Snizort, Sneis' fjord (though *sneis* may also mean "slice" or "split"), &c. Other names are Skiport, ship fjord; Grunard in Ross and Islay, for *Grunn-fjörðr*, shallow firth, "which," says H. Maclean of the Islay one, "describes it;" Laxford, salmon-firth; Seaforth, sea-firth, a fjord in Lewis, at Eilean Donan, and the old name of Loch na Keal in Mull (Seaforte); Eishort, Ice-fjord; Harport, *Hafra-fjörðr*, "Buck-fjord" (cf. Norwegian *Hafrsfjörðr*); Melford, "bent-grass firth;" Ailort, Eport, Seresort, Inchard (Engis-fjord? *engis*, mead), Moidart, &c.

*Fjall*, a mountain, fell. This is an exceedingly common terminal element in the Long Island. It appears as *-bhal*, *-val*, and even is etymologised into the good Gaelic form *mheall*, a hill. But native *meall* always precedes its particular epithet. The force of *val* being lost, we constantly meet with Gaelic *Beinn* prefixed to the whole word. In Lewis we have Ròinebhall (for root see Rona above); Grinnabhal, Green-fell; Suaineval, Sweyn's fell, or Swain-fell; Stacashall, Stack-fell; Ulevaule (cf. Ullapool, Ulla-



bhaig, Ulladale, &c.); Mealasbhal, from *melr*, bent grass; Griomabhal, Grim fell; Scallabhall, from *skalli*, bald head, &c. Copeval in Harris is explained by Capt. Thomas as for Kupu-fell, the cup-shaped hill. These *val* names abound in Uist and Skye, and to a less extent on the mainland.

*Garðr*, an enclosure, garth. In the "Complayntes" of Shetland, 1576, *garðr* becomes *garth* or *gar*, seldom *goird*, *gord*, *gorde*. In the "Old Rental," of the Orkneys (1503), *gardhr* is represented by *garth*, which in 1593 has generally become *gair*, and is now commonly *ger* or *gar*. In the Hebrides, *garðr* is complicated by *G. gàrradh* (garden), a word borrowed from the English, and also by the native Gaelic word *garadh*, cop e, den, which appears in the names of one or two glens (Glen-Garry). As in the case of *dail*, when Garry is prefixed the name is Gaelic. Names of farms which appear to be Scandinavian are—Croigarry, for Kraer-gardhr, that is Kro'sgarth, from *kró*, a pen; here the place which at first was only a sheep fold, has become settled; Asmigarry, for Asmundar-gardhr, that is, Osmund's garth or farm; there is another Oshmigarry in Skye. The mutations to which this proper name is subject is shown by the Orcadian "Asmundar-vágr," which passes in 1503 to "Osmundwall," and at last appears as "Osnawall." Tims-garry may be Tuma-gardhr, where Tumi is Thomas. Rusigarry, Rushigarry, in Bernera, Harris, has been Hris-gardhr, Bush-girth; from *kris*, a shrub, brushwood. Trums-garry, in North Uist, may be for Trums-gardhr, that is Thrun's, or Slow man's garth. Compare Thrumster in Caithness.

*Gil*, a narrow glen with a stream in it, appears terminally very often. In Skye we have rivers and streams named Varra-gill (Weir-gill), Vikisgill (Wick-gill), Oisgil (Oyce gill), and possibly the place names, Galtrigil (Hog's-gill) and Crisigill (Cross-gill) may belong to the same word. The word Udrigill, which appears so often in connection with points and capes, could easily be explained phonetically, as Ytri-gil or Further-gill, if the physical features of the places always suited. In Arran, we have Scaftigill (Shaft-gill), Catacol (Cat or Ship's gill), and Corriegills, where Gaelic *Corrie* has to explain the lost force of *gil*; and in Islay, as a farm name, Giol. Tralagill, in Assynt, is doubtless Troll's gill.

*Klettr*, a rock, cliff. In the Orkneys, a precipitous, detached holm is called a Clett; while, in Lewis, *clet* is applied to any rough, broken-faced hill. It is one of the most common names for a hill in Lewis. Inaclete is probably cognate with Ingebuster, Orkneys; Ingasten, Shetland; and Einganer, Engamyrr, Iceland; for Engja-klettr, that is, *clet* of the meadow. Enaclete is also for

Engja-klettr, according to Captain Thomas, but it may well be from *Enni*, a precipice, brow: "Beetled-*klett*?" Hacklete is certainly Hár-klettr, high-clet. Breaclet is paralleled by Braebost, Skye; Breaquoy, Orkneys; Breidharhlídh, &c., Iceland; and stands for Breidha-klettr—that is, Broad-clet. Dira-clet, Harris, is cognate with Jura, with Duirinish in Skye, and Deerness, Orkneys. There is no Dyr commemorated in Shetland; for Dyra-klettr is for Deer's-clet; *Dýr* means an animal, a deer. Breas-clet may be Breidh-ás-klettr—Broad-ridge-clet.

*Kross*, a cross. There are ten places with the name, Kross, in Iceland; and three (Corse, Cross, Crose), in the Orkneys; and in Shetland it appears in various forms in combination. Besides Cross, in Barvas, there is Crossbost in Lochs, Lewis. Crossapool, in various forms, has already been noticed in regard to Tiree, Coll, and Islay.

*Kvó*, an enclosure; see under *setr*.

*Mull*, a jutting crag. This as Mull, Moul, is in common use in the northern islands, and is not infrequent in Lewis; but it does not enter into the name of a farm except in Clashmeil, Harris, which may be Klas-múli, and cognate with *Klasbarði*, Iceland. Dr Joyce<sup>1</sup> is wrong in deriving Mull in the Mull of Galloway and Mull of Kintyre, from Gaelic *mael*, a bare promontory; it is from Norse, *múli*, a high, bold headland, and not implying "bareness." Other mulls are the Mull of Deerness and the Mull of Papa Westray in the Orkneys; Blue Mull in Unst, Shetland; Múlin (thrice), Faeroes; Múli (seven times repeated), Iceland.

*Nes*, a ness or nose. Ness is a very comprehensive topographical term, including not only the high chalk cliffs of Cape Grinez, but also the low shingle beach of Dungeness. It is usually written *nis* in Gaelic, and pronounced "nish." Sometimes "Ness" becomes not only the name of a "ness" proper, but of a large district. The Northmen invariably called the modern county of Caithness by the name of Nes, and the northern district of Lewis is known by the same name, Ness. There are ten farms called Nes in Iceland, and Ness occurs both in the Orkneys and in Shetland. In the Lewis Rental the entry is "Fivepenny Ness;" Johnston's map gives "Fivepenny" alone; and the Ordnance map translates the latter into Gaelic, "Cuig Peighinnean," Five Pennies. Aignish is called by the all-observant Martin, "Egginess;" and he remarks—"The shore of

<sup>1</sup> Irish Names of Places, Vol. I., 396.

Egginess abounds with little smooth stones, prettily variegated with all sorts of colours. They are of a round form, which is probably occasioned by the tossing of the sea, which in those parts is very violent"—(p. 10, West. Isles). In Captain Thomas' opinion also, Aignish was probably named from these egg-shaped pebbles: thus Aignish would stand for Eggia-ness, Egg's-ness, from Norse *egg*, an egg. There is an Egness in Man; but Mr Moore (*Place-names of Man*) derives it from *egg*, an edge, a mountain ridge, and he refers to it our Aignish also. Steinish is represented by Stein-nes in Iceland, Stennis, Orkneys, and Stennis in Shetland. The decay of the great conglomerate has, around Stornoway, left great quantities of smooth, water-worn boulders and pebbles—hence Steinish for Stein-nes, from *steinn*, a stone.

Arinish, better written Arnish (Gaelic *Arnis*, with *a* long), has its counterpart in Skye (Arnish); as also Arnisort (where *ort* = *fjördr*), occurring again in Iceland, as Arnarnes, Arnanes, from *örn*, gen. *arnar*, a word meaning eagle, also used as a proper name. Captain Thomas thus refers to words in Rår:—"Raernish is repeated again in South Uist as Rarnish, and again in Skye, where we have also Raasay. Although there is no record of the roe-deer in Lewis, this name tells us that they were once there. Raernish, otherwise Rairnish, is close to the Birken Isles, and 'roe' are included in a contract for protecting the game in 1628 (p. 190, De. Reb. Alb.). For Rår-ness means Roe-deers-ness; from Rå, a roe."

We find the meaning of Breinish by comparing it with the oft-repeated Brabuster, in the Orkneys, and Brebuster, in Shetland, which are contractions of *Breiðabólstaðr*, Broad-farm, of which there are ten in Iceland. Breinish, then, is for Breidha-ness, Broad ness. Carnish, Uig, appears again as Carnish, Cairnish, North Uist, and as Carness in the Orkneys. It seems to be cognate with *Kjará* and *Kjörseyri*, in Iceland; if so, Carnish stands for *Kjár-ness*, Bushy-ness; from *kjarr*, copeswood, brush-wood. Haldorsen has *Kiörr*, to mean "palus;" gen, *kiarrar*, terra saltuosa, aquatica; this describes both the Carnesses; but the word, in this sense, is not in Cleasby's Norse Dictionary. Callernish is an interesting name and place. It may have been *Kjalar-ness*, from *kjöl*, a keel, a keel-shaped ridge. But the fine Celtic megalithic cross-circle and avenue which stands upon the top of it suggests that the Northmen may have given to the point one of the names of Odin, viz., *Kjallarr*. *Kjalar-nes* is a place name in Iceland. Quidinish seems to be cognate with

Quidamuir, and Quiderens, in Shetland, and is probably an abbreviation of Kviganda-nes, Quey-ness; from Kviganda, a young cow or bullock. Manish is repeated in Skye; and in the aspirated form of Vanish (in Gaelic, Mhanis) it occurs at Stornoway, Benbecula, and South Uist. In Iceland *mán, mána*, is a common prefix (*Mána-vik, Mán-á*) where *Máni* is a proper name. "An intimate acquaintance with Stockinish enables me to give its etymology; it is Stokki-nes, Stokk-ness, from a chasm (Stokkr), navigable at high water, which separates the island from the main. *Stokkr* means the narrow bed of river between two rocks; compare *stok-land*, an isolated rock. Mollinginish is, in fact, two words, *Mol* Linginish; here *mol* is the [Norse word *möl*, a bed of pebbles or a beach, borrowed into the Gaelic, and meaning beach]. Linginish is for *Lynga* nes, Ling-ness, Heather-ness; from *lyng*, heather. Hushinish, in Harris, occurs as *Ru Ushinish* (an iteration of the idea of cape), in Lewis, and again in South Uist; and cognate names are *Husabost*, in Skye; *Housby*, in the Orkneys; *Housay*, in Shetland. *Húsa*-nes, in Iceland, is identical, meaning 'House-ness'; from *Hús*, a house" (Captain Thomas). Grishernish in Skye is for *Grisarnes* or pig's ness. The modern pronunciation of words ending in *-rnis* leaves out the *r* often; hence Grishernish is in Gaelic *Grisinis*. Scarnish (Tiree) means "gull-ness." Melness stands for *mel*, or bent-grass, ness.

*O'ss*, the mouth or outlet of a river, ovce [Lat. *ostium*]. In *Barvas* the termination is, no doubt, *óss*, *i.e.*, *Barv-oss*. The prefix may be an obscure form of *bára*, a wave, billow; but we do not find any other name like it, and therefore do not receive the usual help from analogy (Thomas). In *Aros* we have the combination of *á* (water) and *óss*; the noun *áróss* means a river mouth or ovce in Norse. Hence comes *Arasaig*, that is *árós-vik*, "oyce-wick." In Skye we have *Ose* and *Glen-óse*.

*Papi*, a pope, priest [Eng. *pope*]. The Scottic clerics, *Celi-de*, *Servi-Dei*, must have been bold and hardy seamen, for some of them sailed in the month of January, about the end of the eighth century (A.D. 795?), to Iceland, and stayed there till August, and when the island was colonised by the Northmen in A.D. 874, they found missals, bells, and crosiers at places on the south-east coast, which from that circumstance they called *Papyli* and *Papay*. One of these clerical sailors informed *Dicuil* that he had sailed (from Shetland most probably) to the *Faeroes* in thirty-six hours, in a four-oared boat. This, as the distance is about 180 miles, would give the moderate rate of five miles per hour. At that time hermits had lived there for nearly one hundred years. There is

neither Papyli nor Papay in the Faeroes, but this must be commemorated in Vestmann-hafn, in Iceland, though the name as it stands only indicates the former presence of the Gael or Westman. In Shetland, before the devastation by the North-men, the Celi de or Culdees were established in Papal, Unst; Papal, Yell, and at Pabil, Burra; as well as on Papa Stour, Papa Little, and Papa, in the bay of Scaloway. In the Orkneys they were located at Papley, South Ronaldsha; Paplay, Holm; and Papdale, at Kirkwall; as also at Papa Stronsay and Papa Westray. In the Hebrides the Celi-dé are commemorated at Payble, North Uist; Papadill (papadallr), Rum; Paible, Harris; and Pyble (Byble, Bible!), Lewis. All these forms are variations of Papyli, which represents Papabyli, Papyli, or Priest's-abode, one labial absorbing the other. Besides these, the Servi Dei must have been established on Pabbay, Skye; Pabay, Barra; Pabbay, Loch Boisdale, South Uist; Pabay, Harris; and on great and little Pabay, Lewis; the original form being Pap-ey, or Priest's-island (Capt. Thomas).

*Setr* (1), a seat, residence; (2), mountain-pastures, dairy-lands. This noun, so common in the names of farms in the northern and western island, is not to be found at all among the seven thousand names in the Icelandic *Ny Jardarbók*. In the Orkneys and Shetland the "setters," which originally were only summer "seats," have become fixed residences and cultivated lands. In Lewis, in mid-summer, the home farms are almost deserted, the men being at the herring-fishing and the women and cattle on the moors. There are thirteen "Shadirs" named in the Lewis Rental; when written in Gaelic the word is *seadair*, pronounced shader. There are places of this name in Lewis; Bernera of Harris; and in Skye. In the Orkneys we have *seater*; in Shetland *settr*; in *Landnámabók* *saetr*. Some of the differentiated "setters" of Lewis can be readily resolved. Grimshader is identical with Grymsetter in the Orkneys, Greemsetter in Shetland; and cognate to Grimstadir, in Iceland. Grimm is a very common Scandinavian proper name, and the learned editor of the "Icelandic Dictionary," would fain persuade us that it by no means implies an unamiable person. Grimshader, for Grim-setr, means Grimm's-setter, seat or pasture. Kershader is met with as Cursetter, in the Orkneys; for Kjør-setr, that is, Copse or Brushwood setter. Besides Quishader, in Lewis, there is Quinish, Bernera of Harris, Vallaque, North Uist, and the far-famed Cuidhrang, in Skye—a Gaelic spelling of *quoyrand*, Kvirand, round-quoy. "In the Orkneys," says Captain Thomas, "quoy is a subsidiary enclosure to the principal farm, and is the only exception I know of to the rule which governs Scandinavian

names, by being used as a substantive prefix. Sometimes a quoy is only a few square yards of land, enclosed by a rough stone wall, to rear and protect young cabbage plants; this, in Shetland, would be called a *cro*. In Shetland we have 'Queys, Quiness,' &c. [the Tíree Quinish], but the name is not common; in Iceland, Kvi-ból, Kviar-ness. Quishader, for Kvi-sets, fold or pen setter; from Norse *kvi*—a fold, pen. Earshader has cognate representatives in Air, Irland, in the Orkneys; Erebie, Sandsair, Ireland, in Shetland; and Eyri, Eyrarhus, in Iceland. Earshader is for Eyrar-setr, Beach-setter; from Eyrr, a gravelly bank, beach. Linshader is the embarking place for crossing to Callernish, and may very well be Hlein-setr; from *hlein*, a rock projecting like a pier into the sea; but it is more probably Lón-setr, that is Creek-setter; from Lón, an inlet sea loch." We must not forget that *lín*, flax, enters into such names (cf. Lionel). Shulishader, which appears in the Long Island and in Skye, may be from Súla, a pillar, a root word which appears in the Assynt mountain name of Súlvein, the pillared hill.

Other *shaders* are Limeshader, Sheshader, Gurshader, Carlshader, Geshader, and Ungshader (Ungi's Seat?), but their interpretation is not easy, for the prefixes may be variously resolved.

Uigshader, in Skye, means Wick or Bay Seat; and Ellishader, the Ellister of Shetland, may stand for Hellis-setr, or Cave-Seat. Ardelester and Ellister, in Islay, have similarly been explained.

*Sker*, a skerry, rock. The word is borrowed into the Gaelic as *sgeir*, and is in common use. It meets us frequently in place-names all round Britain, applied to rocks and skerries; but as entering into farm and town-land names it is rare. We have Vatisker in Lewis, which Captain Thomas referred to the adjoining Vádha-sker, or dangerous skerry. The famous Talisker is probably the hall of the rock (Norse *höllr*, a hall.)

*Staðr*, a "stead" or abode. This word appears in the English *steading* and *homestead*. In Iceland *staðr* or *staðir* forms the termination of 61 local names in the old Landnambok. In local topography in the northern isles it means the place on which the dwelling stands. In Shetland, by 1576, *staðr* had usually been shortened to *sta*. This is frequently now changed to *ster*.

In Earl Sinclair's rental of his share of the Orkneys (1502), which in part seems to have been copied from an older document, *staðr*, is represented by "stath," "stayth," "staith." By 1595 "staith," "stayth," had been reduced to "sta," but a real corruption was introduced by "stane," and this has now generally become "ston," "ton," "toun." We can trace the whole change in Grims-

stadhr which in 1503 appears as Grymestath ; in 1595, Grymston and Grymestan, and which is now written Gremiston (Thomas).

In Lewis *staðr* is not an uncommon generic term. Skegirsta—the Gaelic form of which is Sgiogarstagh—is the same name as Skeggjastadhr in Iceland, and Skeggestad in Norway, and indicates that Skeggi was located there. Mangarsta occurring as Mog-stat, Mugstot, Monkstadt in Skye, and as Mangaster in two places in Shetland, was Munku stadhr, and tells us that it was formerly the abode of monks. Mealista is Melastadhr ; from *melr*, *i.e.* sandhills overgrown with bent grass, in Scottish “links.” We have Melbost twice in Lewis ; Melsettr in the Orkneys, and Melby in Shetland ; and there is Melness in Tongue of Sutherland. In Iceland there is Melar, and the same name as in Lewis, Mel-stadhr. All these places are sandy, and in summèr luxuriantly green. The monks of Mangaster may have joined in spiritual joys with the Cailleachean Dubha, *i.e.* nuns, the site of whose house is still to be seen at Mealista (Thomas).

There are two “Tolsta” in Lewis which may have been Tolu-stadr, that is, Toli’s-stead, of whom seventeen are named under a great variety of spelling as pilgrims in the Reichenau Obituary ; but it is strange that neither in Iceland, Shetland, nor Orkney, is any name like Tolsta found. This clearly proves that the name really begins with *h*, and is Hol-stadhr, hollow or low stead. Crowlista or Crolesta may be for Kró-hlith-stadhr, or Pen-lea-stead, but we cannot be certain. Borrowston is possibly Borgar-stadhr, Burg-stead ; the *ston* originated in the same manner as the Orkney names from *staðr* considered above. There is no *tún*, town, in Lewis, and it is rare in Iceland, being applied to insignificant places, and equally rare in Orkney and Shetland, where false analogy and English influences modified the *sta* (Thomas).

In Harris we have Scarista, and there is another Scarista in Uig, Lewis, not named in the Rental ; these are synonymous with Skára-stadhr, in Iceland. *Skári* (*skorey*, in Shetland) is a young gull still in its grey plumage ; but it is also a nickname, so that Skarastadhr may not be the “stead of a *skorey*” but the “stead of Skari.” This word *skári* is borrowed into Gaelic as *sgàireag* with a like meaning (see Mr M’Rury’s interesting remarks on this bird in the 3rd volume of the *Highland Monthly*, page 353).

Erista in Uig adjoins some quicksand which has been fatal to horse and driver, and Captain Thomas suggests the root as *yrja* in *sand-yrja*, quicksand, adducing the Icelandic place name Irjar. But it is likely the same root word as in Erisort.

*Toft*, a knoll, or toft or tuft. This is borrowed into Gaelic as a common noun in the form of *tobhta* or *tota*, and it generally

means turf. It appears in Lewis as Tota, Totaichean Aulaidh (Olave's Tofts), and in Skye in Totscore.

*Tunga*, a tongue, tongue of land (Eng. *tongue*). This is a very frequent place name in Northern and Western Scotland. It is frequent in Iceland, and occurs as Toung in both Orkney and Shetland; it is Tong in Lewis, and Teangue in Skye.

*Vágr*, a creek or bay. It is a troublesome though most important word in topography, for both its *v* and *g* may disappear in Gaelic. In Iceland the word is clear and easy; it is common as a place suffix. In Shetland *vágr* retains its right sound as "voe," except only in Scalowa, Scaloway, the final *way* being a concession to folk-etymology working on the English "way." Compare Bible Head (Paible), and Europa Point of Lewis. Scoloway stands for *Skála-vágr*, shieling or hall bay, *skáli* being a hut or hall. The Orkneys have few bays or voes; but here there is great confusion between *vágr* and *völlr*, a field, for both are made to end in *-wall*. One of them, Bigswall, is not near the sea, so that *vágr* is out of the case. Nor can we doubt as to Greenwall being Green-völlr, that is Green-field; or Ting-wall, meaning Thing-völlr. But there is a parish Walls in Shetland, and another Walls in the Orkneys, both of which are historically Vágarland. Osmandwall is Asmundar-vágr; Widewall is Vidhívágr; and Kirkwall, originally Kirkjívágr, continues as late as 1525 as Kirkevaag. It is evident, therefore, that in the Orkneys *wall* may represent either *vágr* or *völlr*. On this point Captain Thomas says:—"Yet it is with extreme reluctance that I yield to this conclusion: there is no difficulty with *wall* from *völlr*, but how, I ask, could *vágr* come to be represented by *wall*? From whence came the *ll*? Was it that Scottish immigrants finding the sound of *vá* represented it in writing by '*wall*,' the *ll* at first being silent? But the opinion I am inclined to adopt is that both forms were current; as noted above, where '*wall*' represents *vágr*, a *völlr* is also present. Besides Kirkju-vágr, there was always in fact Kirkju-völlr (Kirkfield), Kirkwall; and so of the rest. And the parish names Walls appear to me to be used in contradistinction to the peculiarly mountainous districts of Sandness in Shetland, and Hoy in the Orkneys; if so they would have been called *vellir*, Englished by Walls (Vales). It is true, however, that both '*walls*' are largely intersected by '*voes*.' The solution of the question depends upon whether most weight is given to the induction from observation, or to the hisoorical documents." The fact is that long *ā* in Scotch, if any sound is lost after it, is apt to appear with *ll* or *l* to represent the lost sound. Thus Falkirk is for Fáh-kirk,



and Halkirk is Há-kirk. It is a reversion of this process which makes *all* into *a'*. A learned way of writing the word (*ā* by *ǣll*) latterly became the English pronunciation.

In the Hebrides this unfortunate word *vágr* is attended by complications of another kind. The Rentals, indeed, record the names of farms with greater purity than in the northern islands, but they have been written by Northern Saxons; "v" is turned to "w" and *vágr* becomes "way"; no doubt when first written, "way" rhymed with "far," but now, in common English speech—from the influence of the written form—it rhymes with "day." But in the native (Gaelic) speech, no word can have an initial *v* in the nominative case; also if two nouns are combined to form a word, the suffix, if capable, suffers aspiration. We will take the example of Carloway, which undoubtedly was *Karla-vágr*, that is, Carl's bay. In *Karla-vágr*, the final *r* in Norse merely denoted the nominative case, ready to drop off on inflecting the word. When the Gael took possession of the word, *Karla-vag*, they would do, as the northern islanders have done, viz., drop the "g," and next they would consider *va'* to be a noun in the genitive case, and would therefore soften the *á* to *ai*, thus sounding "*vai*," which in Gaelic orthography would be *bhaidh*, *bhaigh*, and of which the nominative would be *bagh*, *badh*; this, again, translated into English, would be "bay." In this roundabout nanner the *vágar* of Harris have become the "bays." *Karla-vágr*, reduced to *Karla-vai*, would be written *Carlabhaidh*, and Teutonic influence changing the "v" or "bh" to "w," brings us to *Carlo-way*. Such is Captain Thomas' ingenious way of explaining the G. *bhaidh* from *vágr*. We must remember that a locative case may be implied in these forms in *i*.

Stornoway: this name is repeated (Loch Stornua) in Kyntire. In Iceland there were formerly *Stjörnu-stadhir*, but these names are now obsolete. Stornoway—which is spelt in thirteen different ways—has been referred by Captain Thomas to *Stjörnu-vágr*, Star's-voe; where *Stjarna*, Star, is a proper name. "The only person I find," adds Captain Thomas, "recorded bearing that name is Oddi, who was so learned in astronomy that he was called 'Stjörnu-Oddi.'" This derivation of the Captain's may be right, but the root word may well be *stjörn*, steering, the *ó* of which is stable, and does not change to *a*. Stornoway would then mean "Steerage-bay."

Stimeravay stands for *Stemdi-vágr*, the stopped-up voe, which describes the place. For Carloway, Blaeu's Atlas has *Carleywagh*; there is no cognate in the Orkney or Shetland Isles, unless Charle-

ston in Aithsting. In Iceland there is Karlafjörðr, that is Carl's firth, where Karli either means carle or a man's proper name. Flodeway either stands for Fljóta-vágr (stream or flood voe) or Flota-vágr (Fleet's voe).

*Vatn*, water, lake. [Eng. *water*]. This is by derivation the same word as English water and the Greek ὕδωρ, hydrant, &c. It is very common in Hebridean place names, where it appears as *bhat* or *vat*. The lake name Langavat or Long-water appears several times; and there are Breidh-bhat (Broad lake), Skara bhat (Skari's water, see Scarista), Lacsabhat (Lax or salmon), and numerous others. An interesting perversion of *vatn* appears in Loch Sandwood, in Eddrachillis parish. The name *vatn* is common both in the Isles and on the Mainland, and there is a parish in Caithness of the name.

*Vík*, a creek, bay, wick. This appears terminally in Gaelic as *bhaig*, *aig*, or *ag*. A common name is Sandwick, that is, Sand-bay. It is in Iceland, Shetland, and Orkney, in the Long Island, and as far south as Arran, where we have Sannox, a plural form to denote that there are three sand-bays there. Marweg or Marvig appears as Marwick, in the Orkney and Shetland Isles. It comes from *már*, a sea-gull. The same name may also appear in Maraig or Marag, which Captain Thomas erroneously refers to *vágr*, voe. The prefix, he explains, as *mýrar* or mire (bog) voe. Meavig or Meavag, in Lewis and in Harris twice, is for *Mjo-vík*, narrow voe. Kerriwick, otherwise Kirvig, has been referred to Kirkju-vík, that is, Kirk-wick. Crolivick goes along with Crowlista, explained under *staðr*. There is Cruely in Shetland. The simple form of *Vick* appears often; we have the town of Wick in Caithness. There are one or two parishes called in Gaelic Uig (Lewis and Skye), that is Wick. Captain Thomas strangely refers these to the Norse *ögr*, an inlet or creek, which is a rare name, not found in Orkney or Shetland, and twice in Iceland. Of the many *aigs* on the Mainland, I shall mention only Shildaig or *Sild-vík*, "herring-shoal bay," a bay which still keeps up its reputation on this score. There is another such in Gairloch.

*Völlr*, gen. *vallar*, a field. This is a common termination, appearing disguised as *wall* or *well*. Dingwall stands for Thing-völlr, "moot-field"; Scatwell, from *skattr*, portion; Langwell in Sutherland &c., for Lang-völlr, Long-field; and numerous others.

A few less common words may be added to the above list. *Brú*, ridge, gives the Lewis Brue at the outlet of Loch Burvas; *Gisl*, a hostage, bailiff, gives the Lewis Gisladh; *Gnipa*, a peak, gives Néep in Shetland, Kneep in Lewis, and Greepe in Skye.

*Gras*, grass, gives *Grasabhag* = Grass-wick, in Uig of Lewis, and there is *Gress* in Stornoway. *Gröf*, a pit, gen. *grafar*, gives *Graver* in Lochs (= *grafir*, pits), *Grafirdale* in Harris and *Graffnose* in South Uist. Captain Thomas regards *Borsam* in Harris as from *Börrs-heimr* or *Bas-heimr* (Borr's village, &c.). *Hamarr*, a crag, gives *Hamara* in Skye. *Höll*, a hillock, appears in *Arnol* of Barvas, *Erne-hill*, and, according to Captain Thomas, in *Lionel* ("flax-hill,") though this last is possibly *Lín-völlr*, Flax-field. *Kjós*, a deep, hollow place, appears in *Keose* of Lewis. *Hóp*, a bay, hope, has almost been adopted into common speech in *òb* and *òban*. We have *Obb* in Harris and one or two *Oban's*; *Obdale*, *Opstal*, &c., appear to be from *Hóps-dalr*. *Kollr*, a summit, may give the *Lewis Coll*. *Land*, land, appears in the many *Foreland* and *Farlands* (=jutting or cape land) we have in the *West Coast*. *Rif*, a reef, appears as a farm-name *Reef* in South Uist, Lewis, and the *Orkneys*, as well as *Iceland*. In Harris we meet with *Strand* from the Norse *ströud*, a strand. *Stakkr*, a stack, has been borrowed into Gaelic, but it appears often as the name of rocks: the *Stacks of Duncansbay*, for instance.

#### EXTENT OF THE NORSE POWER ON THE NORTHERN MAINLAND.

In the Sagas we are told that Thorstein the Red conquered, in conjunction with Sigurd of Orkney, and ruled over "Caithness and Sutherland, Ross and Moray, and more than half of Scotland." Thorstein fell in the year 874 or thereabout. These extended borders the Norsemen did not maintain, but they appear to have established themselves well in Caithness and Sutherland. The Scots, of course, claimed these provinces; and when the curtain of obscurity next rises over the history of Scotland north of Moray, we find Sigurd, Earl of Orkney (circ. 980) winning a great battle against Finlay, likely Macbeth's father, Mormaer of Moray, and establishing his power over "dominions in Scotland, Ross and Moray, Sutherland and the Dales." His son Thorfinn after him was the most powerful of the Norwegian Earls: he recovered his father's possessions and added to them, and the Sagas say that he held "nine Earldoms in Scotland, the whole of the Sudreys, and a large riki in Ireland." He was Macbeth's contemporary and friend. After his time the Norse power declined, and its extended borders gradually contracted to Caithness.

The place-names prove that the Norsemen held sway for some time over Scotland north of the Beaully Firth and Valley, and, west of Drumalban, they held western Inverness-shire and the coast of Argyle as far as Ardlamont Point. Kintyre was regarded

as one of the Isles ; in fact Magnus Barefoot is said to have had his ship drawn across the isthmus of Tarbert to make Kintyre an island and part of his kingdom. In any case, the nomenclature of Kintyre is as Norse as any of the adjacent western isles. The extent of the Norse rule on the west coast mainland is not a matter of dispute ; so that I will here confine myself to the proof of the fact that the Norse held sway on the east of Drumalban as far south as Beaully Valley. In the Great Glen or Caledonian Valley I cannot find any trace of the Norsemen. The boast of the Sagas that Moray was occupied, as well as conquered, by them is not borne out by the place-names. Burghead is believed by some to be the Torfnæs of the Sagas, but Tarbat-ness has as confidently been claimed by others as the position meant ; and these last have, as far as the name goes (Tarbat *versus* Torf), much in their favour.

The name of Dingwall is a standing proof of the full colonisation of Easter Ross by the Norse, for there the district *thing*—the Norse “County Council”—was held. Dingwall stands for Thing-völlr, “Meeting-field.” It is a name found wherever the Norsemen settled. We have it in the Isle of Man (Tynwald) and in Shetland (Tingwall). The district which received its laws from Dingwall extended at least to the Beaully Valley. There we meet with Eskadale more than once, and Eskadale ideally represents a Norse Eskidale, “Ash-dale.” In Strathconan there is an Eschadill mentioned in the sixteenth century. At Muir of Ord we have Tarradale, already noticed (Taruedal, 1240) ; and the Black Isle with Cromarty presents us with two or three distinctively Norse names : Braelangwell in Resolis (Braelangall, 1577) gives us the exceedingly common name of Langwell, which has no such nonsensical force as “Long-well,” but is the Norse Lang-völlr or Long-field. This name is repeated in Strathcarron (Kincardine), and it meets us as in Caithness as Langwell, the Duke of Portland’s seat. Another form of it is Langvale. In Cromarty parish we have Udale (older Uddall), which is simply the Norse *ý-dalr*, or Yew-dale. Culbo, older Culboll, is perhaps for *Kulda-ból*, “Cold-town.” Compare Cullipool of Luing, and Cullivoe of Yell in Shetland. Ulladaill (cf. Ullapool, &c., and especially Ulladill, 1556, of Killean, Kintyre) is mentioned along with Park in 1533, near Dingwall ; and Scatwell appears both in Urray and in Strathcarron (Scattoll in 1586, Urray). Passing north of Dingwall we find the oft-repeated Swordale, already discussed. The name Alness is in Gaelic Anes or An’s, and, though in the 13th century we find it spelt with *l* (Alenes), yet

we may suspect that the *l* is like that of Halkirk and Falkirk—a mere device to show that the preceding vowel is long or emphasised. We find Andness in Shetland, from the Norse *andnes*, a promontory or point of land—a meaning which suits our Alness admirably. Obsdale, a little further north, appears in old records in varied forms—Hospostyl (1361), and Harpsdol. If the first form be right, we may compare Ospisdale in Creich; but the name may be Hóps-dalr, Bay-dale. There is also a Debadaill mentioned in 1582 (Deep-dale?) in Rosskeen, and there is still Strathrusdale, where the Gaelic *strath* shows the meaning of *dale* terminal has as usual been lost. Fearn and Tarbat present several Norse names, the most interesting of which is Cadboll—Catboll (1561), Cathabal (1529), and Kattepoll (1281), possibly, as elsewhere, meaning “Cat-town,” though the word may mean “ship.” Arbol appears as Arkboll in the older records (Ark-town?), and there is an Escboll (“Ash-town”) in 1582 near it. Tarrel would seem to contain the first element in Tarradale with the ending *völtr* (= *well*), a field. Shandwick is for “Sand-bay.” Tain sometimes in the older records appears as Thain or Thayne, and this has induced the antiquarians to think that it stands for the Norse *Thing*, a meeting. The Gaelic name is Baile-Dhuthaich—St Duthus’ town. Westwards in Kincardine we have Langwell and Skatwell as already said, and Soyall may be for *Sanuðavöltr*, “sheep-field.”

When we pass into Sutherlandshire the Norse names come as thick upon us as they do in the Western Isles—Ospisdale, Cider Hall or Sydera (Siwald’s How or Grave), Spinningdale (G. Spaingdal, in records Spanigdill, Spanzedaill—1545), Migdale, Swordale (older Suardell), Asdale, &c. In and about Dornoch there are Skelbo (“shell-town”), Torrobul or Torboll, Torbo (a common name—cf. Toradale above), Skibo (Scytheboll), Embo (older Eyndboll—1610, but pronounced in Gaelic like Erriboll), and there is the river name Fleet from *Fljótr*, English *Fleet* (swift). A few leading names further north may be mentioned. Brora seems to be for Brúará, “Bridge-water,” a name that appears in Iceland; Helmsdale is in the Sagas Hjalmundal, or Hjalmund’s dale—a man’s name; Strathhalladale shows the idea of *dale* again doubled by *strath* and *dale*; it appears in the 13th century as Helgedoll and later as Hallow-dale, it being in fact Holy-dale (Norse *helgi*, the holy); Tongue we have already discussed, and Durness is for Deer-ness. It is unnecessary, with the space at my disposal, to speak of the Caithness place-names, for it is more Norse than Sutherland. The name Caithness is made

up of the Celtic *Cat* and the Norse *nes*—the Ness of the Catti being the meaning. Vigfusson derived Katanes or Caithness from the Norse *Kati*, a kind of ship or “cat.” But this is historically indefensible, for the province of Cat is older than the Norse—at least so the Gaelic records imply. *Cataobh*, in modern Gaelic, means Sutherland (= *Cattabis*, *Cattòs*, a Lat. *Cattis*, *Cattos*, “among or into the Cat clan”—the people’s name being used to designate their country); but the name of old included both Caithness and Sutherland. Caithness in Gaelic is *Gallaobh*, “among the Gaels or strangers”—the Norse; for Caithness has remained Teutonic since its conquest by the Norse, just as the Orkneys have done.

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28th MARCH, 1894.

At the meeting on this date, Mr Charles Fergusson, Fairburn, Muir of Ord, read a paper on “The Early History, Legends, and Traditions of Strathardle and its Glens.” Mr Fergusson’s paper was as follows:—

SKETCHES OF THE EARLY HISTORY, LEGENDS, AND  
TRADITIONS OF STRATHARDLE AND ITS GLENS. ✓

PART III.

I will now begin Part III. of these papers where I left off in the last, at the beginning of the fifteenth century.

1400.—About this time, I find in Robertson’s Index, 142-82, a charter by Isabel Douglas, Countess of Mar, to Walter Ogilvie of the lands of Tullochcurran. Afterwards these lands came into the possession of the Farquharsons. The first of the Farquharsons of Tullochcurran was John, fifth son of Donald of Castletown, the son of Fionnladh Mor, Big Finlay, the founder of the clan. The Farquharsons held the estate till the last laird, Charles Farquharson of Persie and Tullochcurran, sold it lately to Mr Small Keir of Kindrogan.

1403.—In this year, we begin to get a great insight into the social life and manners of the people of Strathardle, from the Register of Cupar Abbey, published in 1879 by Dr Rogers, from the old records of the Abbey. From the terms and conditions we find there laid down in the different tacks of farms in the Strath belonging to the Abbey, we have ample proof that the Highlanders

of this district, at least, were not the rude, uncultivated savages they are generally represented to be by Lowland and English writers, who were as ignorant of the real state of the Highlands as the French geographer who, as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, in his map of Scotland, leaves all the country north of the Tay a blank, with the inscription:—"Terre inculte et sauvage habitee par les Highlanders"—A land uncultivated and savage, inhabited by the Highlanders. Now, instead of the land being uncultivated, and held by a rude, barbarous people, we find by these old tacks that the land was highly cultivated by an intelligent, thriving class of tenantry, who were bound by their leases, under heavy penalties, to carry out all the conditions of their tacks. That these tenants, at this early date, had a knowledge of such matters as breeding and rearing of stock, rotation of crops, manuring, reclaiming and draining of land, the making and keeping of hedges and stone fences, planting of trees, gardening, &c., will be seen from the following quotations from Dr Rogers' "Introduction to the Register of Cupar Abbey":—"In 1470 the office of *studarius*, or keeper of bullocks and black cattle, was conferred on one M'Nicol, with a lease of the lands of Forthir in Glenisla, for a certain rental, including half a stone of fresh buttar, to be used at the six annual feasts." This office became hereditary in the family of M'Nicol. In the pastoral districts (including Strathardle) there were storemasters. Their duty was to enter in a store book the number of sheep belonging to the Abbey fed on the different lands, also an account of the rent paid in kind by the tenantry. Land officers were empowered to see the tenants fulfilled the conditions of their leases; one of these officers was over Drummie, Persie, and Cally. Horticulture was actively promoted; in 1542 a tenant agrees to furnish to the Abbot and brethren, "kail and herbs for fifteen days in his turn." He undertook to cultivate parsley, beet, and lettuce, and to supply to the warden onions and bow-kail, or colewort; also half the produce of the fruit trees, and to rear "plantationes of treis, eschis, osaris, and sauchis" (ash-trees for bows and arrows, and willows for baskets, &c.) He was to prune trees and hedges, to repair the stone fences, to preserve the alleys, and to keep open and clear the pools and water-courses. He also waged war against the crows, as he "wud nocht lat ane craw big within the bundis." Hotel accommodation was not overlooked, as there was "biggin of houssis, chameris, and stablis for the ress-aving of strangers honestlie, and providing to thame hors meit and mannis meit." Thomas Ogilvy agreed to keep in constant repair and use a malt

kiln, with meat and drink to be sold to the abbot and monks, with their tenants and servants, when travelling between Glenisla and the Monastery. Contrary to an opinion generally entertained, that rotation of crops and the use of manure are modern improvements, we find that both were recognised by the monks at Cupar. Corn mills, propelled by water, were established in every district, also mills for pressing or fulling cloth, styled "walk-mills." Muirland tenants were bound to keep hounds to hunt the "tod (fox) and wolf." During the fifteenth century leases were generally granted for five or seven years, and sometimes for nineteen years or a life. Towards old tenants and their representatives much favour was extended. The married tenant was in every lease associated with his wife, who was always designated by her maiden name, and it was provided that the survivor should retain the farm during the subsistence of the lease. Sometimes the eldest son was conjoined with the parents, and when there was a daughter only, the "gude-son" (son-in-law) was conjoined in the lease, and where there were no children heirs were named. For aged tenants the Convent made due provision, and orphan children were in like manner provided for, and their guardians appointed from among their nearest friends. When leases were renewed to widows, it was expressly stipulated that should they marry without permission, their leases would be forfeited; and when a lease was renewed to a widow with children, provision was made for the children. For behoof of the humbler tenantry, or others, falling into poverty, a *bursa pauperum* was kept in the Monastery. For many causes leases might be forfeited, such as, if rent was unpaid for three successive years, for failure to plant trees and sow certain kinds of grain, and destroy "guld" and other bad weeds, or keep terms of lease, for theft, reset of theft, sorning, adultery, and non-payment of teinds. The conditions, also, for good behaviour and neighbourly conduct were very strict, as, in a lease of 1466 to Dick Scott, we find:—"And if he shall not be sober and temperate, preserving more strictly a kindly intercourse with his neighbours and relatives, and be convicted for this, he shall be evicted." And in a tack of Balmyle to Robert Pullar, in 1485, we have:—"And if it shall happen that the said Robert or his sons be convicted lawfully, by assize, of forfeiting or disturbing the ground, or injuring the neighbours, they shall, without further process of law, vacate the said tenement." Tenants were thus not only responsible for themselves, but also for their families and servants; for example, in a tack to Alexander Saunders, of Nether Mureton, in 1479, we find:



—“And he sal kepe gud nychburhede bath for himself, his wyf and barnys and seruandis, under payn of tynsail of tack an he be fund fautur.” Such were the leases and conditions under which the people of Strathardle lived five and six centuries ago, and, I think, for all our boasted progress, they compare very favourably with those of to-day, especially in regard to the provision made for the poor and aged, the widows and orphans, and for a kindly good feeling amongst neighbours. Such an early training in the arts of civilisation, and such a rigid discipline to the laws of peace and order had a very beneficial effect, not only upon the inhabitants of Strathardle, but upon those of the whole district of Athole, where so much of the land, previous to the Reformation, was held by the four great Monasteries of Dunkeld, Coupar-Angus, Scone, and Dunfermline. We have ample proof that this early civilisation, and advanced state of the country and people, was permanent, and continued after these great religious houses were swept away by the Reformation, but I need only quote one, from Captain Birt’s famous “Letters from Scotland,” in 1730. In Letter xviii., he says :—

“But before I proceed to give you some Account of the Natives, I shall in justice say something relating to Part of the Country of Athol, which, though Highlands, claims exception from the preceding general and gloomy descriptions, as may, likewise, some other Places, not far distant from the Borders of the Lowlands, which I have not seen. The mountains, though very high, have an easy Slope a good Way up, and are cultivated in many Places, and inhabited by tenants, who, like those below, have a different air from other Highlanders in the goodness of their Dress and Chearfulness of their Countenances. The Strath, or Vale, is wide, and beautifully adorned with Plantations of various sorts of Trees. The Ways are smooth, and in one part you ride in pleasant Glades ; in another you have an agreeable vista. Here you pass through Corn Fields, there you ascend a small height, from whence you have a pleasant Variety of that wild and spacious River, Woods, Fields, and neighbouring Mountains, which altogether give a greater Pleasure than the most Romantic Description in Words, heightened by a lively imagination, can do. But the satisfaction seemed beyond expression, by comparing it in our minds with the rugged Ways and horrid Prospects of the more northern mountains when we passed southwards from them through this Vale to the low Country. But with respect to Athole in general, I must own that some parts of it are very rugged and dangerous.”

As an example of the value of land in those days, I may give the rents of four well-known farms in Strathardle—Persie, Cally, Wester and Easter Drimmie—as given in tacks of this year:—“At the Feast of Pentecost, 1403, the fourth part of Parcy to Wiliam Robertson for 40 merks and 2 fat kids. Calady, to Thomas de Camera (or Chalmers), for 40 merks and 6 fat kids. Vester Drwmy, to John of Ratre and John Baxter, for 20 merks and 2 dozen hens. Easter Drwmy, to Andrew Mason, for 2 merks and 1 dozen hens.”

1416.—Though there are few or no salmon in the Ardle now, owing to the many obstructions put in the river at Blairgowrie to turn the water into the mills, yet there were plenty in the good old times, which may be seen from the many old tacks of the salmon fishings on the Ardle and Ericht. We have already seen that King Robert the Bruce, in 1326, granted a charter to Cupar Abbey to take salmon in the Ericht and Isla at times prohibited by statute. And in this year we find the fishings of Cally and Drimmie let to Thomas de Camera or Chalmers for a yearly rent of fourscore salmon. (Tack No. 42. Register, Coupar Abbey.) So plentiful were salmon in the district in olden times, that servants, when engaging, used to stipulate that they would only get salmon for dinner on four days of the week. Salmon were plentiful in the Ardle till the early part of the present century, as I have heard an old man, John M'Nab, who was brought up at Tombane, Kindrogan, relate how he once speared 70 large salmon with the leister, on one night, at the ford between Kindrogan and Tulloch, when the fish were running up to spawn.

1451.—We have already seen, in 1398, that Thomas Duncanson or De Atholia, the first of the Robertsons styled of Struan, got a charter of Straloch and Glen Fernate, and now we find his daughter, Matilda, who had married her cousin, Alastair Ruadh (Alexander the Red), second son of Patrick, first of Lude, and brother of Thomas Duncanson, of these Glen Fernate lands, along with her two sons, John Ruadh and Alastair Ruadh or Red. From this John descended the famous Barons Ruadh or Reid, Robertsons of Straloch, who—from this time till the death of the fifteenth Baron; the famous General Reid, composer of “The Garb of Old Gaul,” in 1807—were the principal family in Strathardle. The charter to Matilda and her son, John Ruadh, is given in Book IV., No. 226 Great Seal, and the following is an abstract:—“*Carta Matiidæ Duncanson, filiæ quondam Thomæ Duncanson. Pro toto tempore vitæ suæ et post ipsuis decessurn Joanni Alexanderson, filio Alexandri Red, Patrickson, et heredibus suis,*

de corpore suo legitime procreatis, seu procreandis, quibus deficientibus Alexander Red fratri germano dicti Joannis et heredibus corpore suo legitime procreatis seu procreandis quibus deficientibus veris legitimie et propinquioribus heredibus dictæ Matildæ quibus-cunque-de omnibus et suigulis terris Carroth, Dalcharney et de Thomecurry cum pertineutis jacentibus in Comitatu de Atholia, et vicecomitatu de Perth super resignationem dictæ Matildæ—Tenendis de Rege—Reddendo servitia debita et consueta—Testibus ut in aliis. Apud Edinburgum, 4 die Augusti, 1451.” Which purports that these lands were granted to Matilda in liferent, and on her death to her son John, son of Alexander Red, and his lawful issue; whom failing, to John’s brother, Alexander Red, and his lawful issue; whom failing, to her nearest and lawful heirs whatever. And this charter shows that Matilda was absolutely proprietrix, and could dispose of her lands as she chose. The lands named are Carrach, on Dirnanean hill; Dalcharnich, now Glen Fernate Lodge; and Tom an Tuirc, west of Tulloch. Matilda held these lands direct of the Crown, but afterwards the superiority came to John Stewart, Earl of Athole, in the following manner, as related in the MS. “History of the Barons Ruadh of Straloch,” written in 1728 by James Robertson, minister of Glen Muick, third son of John, the 12th Baron:—

“John Ruadh, being attending the king at a hunting in the forest of Crombeg, betwixt Athole and Braemar, happened to discover a conspiracy intended against the life of the king, and being filled with zeal for the safety of his sovereign, and abhorrence of such detestable villainy, had not the patience to endure the conspirators, but fell a-quarrelling with some of them, and lost his life in the cause. This slaughter happened near the top of a mountain at the head of Falar, which, from his death, is called Carn Mhic-in-Roy to this day. Upon this inquiry was made, the murderers were apprehended, the conspiracy discovered, and due punishment inflicted upon the traitors. The king called for the defunct’s son, then in the camp, and having condoled his father’s death, told him that, seeing that it was in his defence he lost his life, he would take care of his family, and, accordingly, said to the boy that he would bestow upon him, as his heritage, as much ground as a falcon-hawk would fly over without alighting. The hawk was brought, and let fly from the top of Cam-Chory—where the camp or court then was—called Beallach-na-leum—Pass of the (Falcon’s) Flight, and flew eastward till it was above the Dour-Dhu, betwixt Inverchroskie and Kirkmichael, but before his

pursuers reached him, he was come back, and found on a little black hillock in Easter Straloch, called Tulloch Dhu, where the march for that time was fixed. (The march is still there, on the top of the wooded hill of Tulloch, between the Duke of Athole, who now holds the baron's land of Easter Straloch, and Mr Small of Dirnanean). The king being willing to gratify the boy, asked him whether he would choose to hold the lands given him, of him, or of the family of Athole, to which he foolishly answered, that His Majesty would be too far from him when he might happen to want his help, and, therefore, chose to hold of the Family of Athole. The young man was immediately put in possession according to the forms then in use."

1457.—At this date the lands of Straloch were erected into a free barony, as we read in the prefatory notes, page iv. of the "Family of Straloch":—"Robert Ruadh of Straloch was a very great warrior. He did so much service for Scotland during the reign of James I. that his whole lands were erected into a free barony, dated 1457. It is further stated by the historian Skene that this same Robert Ruadh arrested the murderers of King James, and then refused any reward, excepting that Straloch, with other lands given by James II. of Scotland, should be for ever his own, and erected into a free barony."

1462.—King James III. was so incensed at the rebellion of the Lord of the Isles that he sent his uncle, John Stewart, Earl of Athole, with a strong force to capture him. Athole was at feud, at this time, with the Lord of the Isles, who, the previous year, had harried Athole, burnt the chapel of St Bride, at Blair, and taken the Earl and Countess of Athole prisoners. General Stewart of Garth, in his Sketches, says:—"The Earl of Athole would execute this commission with more zeal from the remembrance of the treatment he had received the previous year from the Lord of the Isles, and, according to the custom of the times, take ample revenge, and recompense himself for the captivity, affront, and loss he had sustained. His expedition was attended with complete success. He quickly overpowered his antagonist, and carried him and his chief councillors captive to Perth." A strong body of Strathardle men accompanied Athole in this expedition.

1463.—No sooner were the Strathardle men back from the Isles than a band of them went off to England—for once, on a peaceful errand, likely the first time they ever crossed the Borders except as foemen. They went as a body-guard to one of their most renowned chiefs, Sir Sylvester Rattray of Rattray,

who, as one of the ablest statesmen of the day, was sent as an ambassador to treat with Edward IV. about the affairs of the Kingdom, and who then settled a fifteen years' peace. As an example of how the estates in Lower Strathardle were then divided, I may give the following list of Cally marches from the "Rent Roll of Cupar Abbey, Tack No. 76"—Marches between Easter Cally, or Monks Cally, and Parsy and Myddil Cally, or Buttiris Calley :—"First beginning at Aldglew, thence ascending to Tulquhan, afterwards to the north as far as Laron, extending to that place commonly called the Cowford, ending on the hill now called Soilzare Moir." The Fergussons then held Wester Cally; the Butters Middle Cally; and Cupar Abbey, Easter Cally, and Persie. Many goats were kept then, as the rent of Persie was £10 and 20 fat kids yearly, and of Cally 21 merks and 12 sucking kids—"XII. suklar kyddis sufficiend and markat lyk."

1473.—In all the old tacks of this period I find that the tenants were bound to plant trees on their holdings, especially ash trees, osiers, and sauchs, or willows, the latter used for wattling, mixed with clay, for partitions in their houses, also for harness, and creels for conveying their goods on horseback over their rough roads. And so well wooded was Strathardle then that we find at this date the Abbot of Cupar engaging Neil M'Keden to be his head forester :—"An he sal kep the wuddis of Stroyne Calady, an be master forester of all our wuddis in Strethardyl," for which he got the lands of Cally for life, and also the salmon fishings, for the small rent of 21 merks and 12 sucking kids. As Neil's tack of Cally throws much light on the customs and manners of these times, and on the state of agriculture, I may give most part of it in its original state :—

"Be it kend til al men, be thir present letres us David, be the permission of God, Abbot of Cupar, hafe grantit, set, and for fern til hafe lattyn, our landis of Calady, with the tend schafe and feschynges (teind sheaf and fishings), with all uthyr profitis pertenant to them, ar set to Neyl M'Keden for all the days of his lyfe : thar if he pay and yerly to us XXI. markis of usuale mone at usuale termys, XII. suklar kyddis sufficiend and markat lyk, with aucht and wont servys as he be chargit, and III. draucht in the zer for sclat, lede, or tymmer, gife he be charyt. Herafter, he sal put the sade land til al possibil polici in biggyn of housis, plantacioun of treys, eschis (ash-trees), ozaris, and sauchs, with their defenders : an he sal kepe the wuddis of Stroyne Calady, and be master forster of all our wuddis in Strethardyl, he takand his neds til his byggyng.

without byrnyng, garthin, gevyn, or sellyn : and for the mair fredoum that al condicions forsad be wel kept, we hafe granty hym lecons to bryng in tenandis, and put furth at his awin descrecioun, so that the nowmer of the tenandis be nocht dymnyshit bot thar be als mony at the leste as the ground wes occupyit with in the tyme of the makyn of thir letres. And gife the land be foul of guld (full of guld weed) he sal do his pouar to clenge it, with furris weedyng, reneuyng and shyftin of seeyd. Alsua he sal kep the statutis of our Courtis and of the Parlyament, and he sal be honest and wel beseyn in his clethyn, with jak and uther weapyns, and also the tenandis thar dweling, to kep them in thar personys, and fra scath in thar gudis. And gife it pleys hym to lefe the grond, he sal hafe our fre lecons, he warnang us halfe a yere befor the term. His entry in forsak tak at Quhissnnday Im. IIIc. LXXIII."

1483.—In this year Robert Robertson, the "Baron Ruadh" of Straloch, married a daughter of Sir Sylvester Rattray of Rattray, thus forming a bond of union between Upper and Lower Strathardle, which was ever after observed by the two clans.

1488.—Old Neil M'Keden, the head forester of the Abbey lands in Strathardle, having died, his son Henry was appointed in his stead, getting half of the lands of Cally for a yearly rent of 8 merks and 36 salmon, and he was to keep the woods from all others under penalty. We have already seen that the Abbey of Dunfermline, in 1323, held the Kirk of Moulin and many lands in Athole, and now we find the Kirk of Strathardle and another kirk in Glenloch belonging to Dunfermline, and given in tack by that Abbey to Neil Stewart of Fortingall, who was great grandson of James, son of the Wolf of Badenoch, as we find the following bond given in "The Book of Garth and Fortingall," page 167 :— "Bond between Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy and Neil Stewart of Fortingall. This endenture made at Edinburgh 15th October, 1488, betwixt honourable men, Duncan Campbell of Glenurché on the ta parte, and Neil Stewart of Fortingall on the tother parte, that the said Duncan Campbell sall nocht in tyme tocum. . . . distruble the said Neil in his takis, steadings, kirkis, teyndis, proffitis. . . . lands nor guidis, by ony manner of way, enduring all the days of their liffes, and in speciale their landis and kirkis pertaining to the said Neil, that is to say, Appindul, Rannauch, Glenloch, Strathardill, Strathbran, and Dull." This Neil Stewart of Garth lost most of his lands through his turbulent career, but his Strathardle lands were left him, as we read in "The Book of Garth," page 171 :—"It would seem

that Neil Stewart of Garth was summoned peremptorily to Edinburgh to give an account of his doings to King and Parliament, and that he obeyed the summons and got rather cheaply off for his wickedness. Although he was deprived of his authority over Glenlyon and Glenquoich, &c., yet his claims on Strathardle and Strathbran were not set aside."

1489.—About this time, as we read in "The Lives of the Lindsays," Alexander, Master of Lindsay, and his brother John, sons of the fifth Earl of Crawford, quarrelled and fought at Inverqueich Castle, in Lower Strathardle, and Alexander was severely wounded, but might have recovered had not his wife helped him out of this world of trouble by smothering him with a down pillow as he lay in bed weak from loss of blood. She was Lady Janet Gordon, daughter of George, second Earl of Huntly, and of his wife, Princess Annabella, daughter of King James I. No sooner had she got rid of Lindsay than she married Patrick, son of Lord Grey. Whether she took the down pillow to him or not, history sayeth not, but he departed, and she was soon after married—the third time—to Halkerston of Southwood. Though she thus escaped punishment for a time, yet justice at length overtook her, and in the year 1500 she was condemned, for the murder of the Master of Lindsay, to perpetual imprisonment on the top of Craig-an-Fhithiche, the Raven's Rock, a stupendous cliff that rises about 300 feet above the River Erricht; and here every day, before she was allowed any food, she had to spin a thread long enough to reach from her prison down till it reached the water of the river, and there she lingered on, spinning her daily thread to an extreme old age. So far history goes, and stops, but as usual local tradition steps in, and draws aside the veil of time, and tells us how—

" Lady Lindsay sat on the Raven's Rock,  
An' weary spun the lee lang day,  
Tho' her fingers were worn, they aye bore the stain  
O' the blood o' her first luvie, the lycht Lindsay,"

till she was over a hundred years of age, and till at last her shrivelled fingers were worn by the constant friction of the thread to mere stumps. At last she died; but still there was no rest for the murderess, for there her ghost was seen to sit and spin, and often the keen angler, as he fished the clear waters of the Ericht below the Raven's Rock, was startled by seeing a shadowy thread coning slowly down from above till it touched the water, when it

instantly disappeared, and the scared fisherman knew that the Lady Lindsay's task was over for that day at least. So the thread of time spun on, for over two centuries, and still the ghost of the Lady Lindsay, the misguided grandchild of a gallant Stuart King, was seen to spin on, perched on her lonely rock, till at last came the black day of Culloden, when the Stuart cause was lost forever, and many of the brave Strathardle lads, who had escaped from the royal butcher, returned to hide in their native glen. Amongst others came one of the young Fergussons of Balmochrochie—*Niall Mor nam Breac*—Big Neil of the Trouts, so called from his being a very expert angler like all his race, who were so fond of fishing that, ages before this, one of them rendered the King some great service, and when asked what reward he would like he asked for and got a charter giving him power to compel all the owners of property, on both sides of the river, to cut down all trees within casting-line length of the river along its course through the Strath above Blairgowrie, for fishing purposes; a right which this family are well known to have possessed, though, perhaps, not enforced, down till Adam Fergusson sold the estate, and went to America in 1840.

But to return to Big Neil. He chose as his hiding place a hole under some large boulders on the bank of the river, a little above the Raven's Rock, where he kept himself and some comrades, who were also in hiding close by, well supplied with his favourite trout. He was safe from the English soldiers quartered in the Strath. But another altogether unexpected danger came upon him. A severe thunder storm had passed over Upper Strathardle, followed by such a deluge of rain that it brought down the river in one breast of water. Neil of the Trouts, lay in his den, sheltering from the rain, and, no doubt, thinking how it would put the river in good fishing ply, and quite unaware of his danger, till the water poured in; and, when he got out, the rushing torrent of water was so strong that it swept him away down the stream. Just as he gave himself up for lost, the eddy swept him under the Raven's Rock, and he saw a thin thread hanging down from the cliff, and, as a drowning man will clutch at a straw, he grasped it, and, to his astonishment, it held, and he found it strong enough to bear his weight and check his onward course, and by its help he slowly drew himself to the bank. By the aid of an alder bush he got ashore, and just as he stepped ashore he heard a wild scream of joy overhead, and looking up he saw the Lady of the Rock standing on the top of the cliff, with her distaff in her hand, from which hung the thread that had saved his life.



In terror, he threw his end of the magic thread into the water, when at once she threw distaff, thread, and all into the raging river, and with frantic signs of joy disappeared from the top of the rock for ever. Her task was done, and her punishment over. She had saved the life of a gallant follower of the Stuarts, her own grandfather's royal race; and so, by saving one life, made atonement for taking away another life; and the good old people of Strathardle believed that had she not got a chance of doing so she would still have been spinning her weary thread on the Ladies' Rock to this day.

1500.—The Great Plague, or Black Death—" *An Galar Mor* "—broke out this year, and raged with great virulence all over Athole and Mar. In Strathardle it was very deadly, and it carried off a great number of the inhabitants, none recovering that took it. Many of the people took to the hills, and lived in huts of turf and heather; but it still followed them there, and cut off whole families. At length some of the tenants of the church lands, belonging to Dunkeld Cathedral at Cally, went to Bishop Brown of Dunkeld, and besought him to give them some cure for the plague. The Bishop took the bones of St Columba, the great saint of Iona, who died in 597, and whose bones were removed from Iona to Dunkeld in 840, with other relics, to save them from the plundering Danes, and dipping these bones in water, he gave it to the Strathardle men, and told them to go home, and give a drink to all who were ill of the plague, and that they would recover. He also warned them that the plague would stick to the bones of those who died of it, so that if ever their graves were reopened before the bones were decayed, the plague would break out afresh. The water was found to be a perfect cure, and all who drank of it were cured. But, alas! in human nature there always seems to be a certain amount of unbelief, and, as amongst the Israelites of old, there were those who believed not in Moses' Brazen Serpent, so also amongst the Ardilites of 1500, there were doubters who believed not in St Columba's bones, and who, therefore, refused to drink of the healing water. Chief amongst those men of little faith, was the tenant of the farm of Cuil-nan-cnaimh, or, as its modern name in English is, Stylemouth, who, being stricken with the plague, refused to drink, and died accordingly. Though he did not believe in the good Bishop's cure, his family did, and they believed also in his warning about the plague being spread anew in future through the reopening of graves; so, for fear of future consequences, instead of burying him in the family lair in Kirkmichael Kirkyard, they

buried him in a secluded nook near his own house, where it was very unlikely his bones would ever be turned up. Some of his neighbours, whom he had influenced, refused also to drink, and died, and were buried beside him ; so that the place then got the name, that it bears in Gaelic to this day, *Cul-nan-Cnaimh*, the neuk or place of bones.

All who died of the plague previously were buried in one spot at the east end of Kirkmichael Kirkyard, and so firmly did the good folk of the strath believe in the Bishop's warning, that to this day these graves have never been re-opened. My earliest recollections of Kirkmichael Kirkyard are that when a mere boy attending a funeral there, I was taken to see this plague-infected spot, and told the history of it, though I am afraid I did not then wait to hear the whole details, as I thought the sooner I was away from the microbes of the Galar Mor the better.

The Guidman of *Cuil-nan-cnaimh* and his followers, were not the only unbelievers in the efficacy of St Columba's bones to cure the plague, as Dean Mills, in his Latin "Lives of the Bishops of Dunkeld," referring to the bones of St Columba and this plague, says :—"What follows is surprising, and yet I think it must not be passed over. The Bishop had marked out and consecrated burying ground for his people, being much afraid of the pestilence. In the meantime he visited some of the Church tenants of Caputh, who had been bad of the disease, and gave them such consecrated things as might be of use to them. Next day he caused dip the bones of St Columba in consecrated water, and sent it to them to drink by the chancellor. Many did drink, and were cured. But there was one forward fellow amongst them who said to the chancellor, 'For what does the Bishop send us water to drink? I wish he had sent us some of his best ale.' But he and the rest, to the number of thirty, who refused to drink of the water, died of the plague, and were buried in one grave a little below the ordinary burying-ground."

From enquiries I have recently made, I find that the plague-infected spot in Kirkmichael Kirkyard is still undisturbed, and these graves have never been re-opened for fear of renewing the plague. The same tradition is attached to the ancient Black Castle of Moulin, which was built by Sir John Campbell of Moulin, who was a son of King Robert the Bruce's sister, and who was created Earl of Athole by his cousin, David II., and who was killed at the Battle of Halidon Hill in 1333. The plague broke out amongst the garrison in the Black Castle, and for fear of it spreading, after all the soldiers were dead, nobody would enter it,

so it was battered down with cannon and made a funeral cairn over the victims of the plague, and it is still reckoned an uncanny spot. The plague was also the cause of the destruction of the old Castle of Kindrochit in Braemar, as we read in James Grant's "Legends of the Braes of Mar," page 22—"Long, long ago, the Galar Mor—the great disease—ravaged Scotland with terrible severity. It was a dreadful affliction, which, once infesting a country, spared none. The only prevention, where it broke out, was to knock down the houses on all the inmates, infected or not, and bury it with them in the ruins. Well, the Galar Mor broke out in the old castle. A company of artillery was ordered from Blair Athole Castle. They came up through Athole. The road cut to allow the cannon to pass is yet pointed out by the old people in Glen Fernate. They battered down the castle, and none of those within escaped, and the noble towers were levelled to the ground." After the plague causing such a terrible loss of life, and such great destruction of property, who can wonder at the people of Moulin and Mar leaving their plague-infected old castles undisturbed, or at the good folks of Kirkmichael never re-opening the plague spot in their ancient kirkyard.

1504.—In this year, the then Baron Ruadh, John Robertson of Straloch, married a daughter of Gordon of Abergeldie, in Braemar. In these good old days, before School Boards and Free Education came in vogue, a gentleman's highest accomplishment, of course, was to be a perfect swordsman, and next, when the claymore was in the scabbard, to be a good dancer. Dancing was very much indulged in in Braemar, as the men of Mar claimed to be the best dancers in the Highlands, so the Baron Ruadh, on his courting expeditions to Abergeldie, was treated to nightly dances in the great hall of the Castle, at which old Abergeldie used to boast that his men danced so lightly that none save angels or fairies could beat them, and to tell his future son-in-law that all the tocher he would give his daughter, was to send some of his men along with her to teach the Strathardle lads how to dance. Now, Baron John was a valiant man, and a good dancer, and always ready to uphold the power and credit of his clan and country; but at this time he was more taken up with love-making than dancing, and so allowed the old Laird to boast away. However, when the wedding day came, and the Baron, with a large body of picked men, marched over the hills to bring home his bride, he thought something must be done in the dancing line to try and stop the old Laird's boasting. He could do his own part well, but his best man, his cousin, was a huge giant, ill adapted for tripping the light fantastic toe, so it

was arranged that, for the time, he would resign the post of honour in favour of Dòmnhull Biorrach (Donald with the sharp face)—a little, smart, active follower of the Baron's, who was reckoned the best dancer in Athole, and who, though past middle age, had never married. After the knot was tied and the marriage dinner over, dancing, of course, began, and never was there such dancing the old Castle hall. Donald kept well in the back ground for a time, watching the others, on the look-out for a good partner. He soon saw that the Abergeldie dairymaid, a strong, tall, muscular woman, with a huge nose, from which she was called, "Ceit Mhor na Srone," Big Kate of the Nose, was by far the best dancer present, so he selected her for his partner; and so well did they get on, that they became inseparable. When Donald warmed to his work, he danced so lightly, and went through the most difficult steps with so much ease and grace, that all present were forced to admit that they had never seen such dancing. The last to give in was the old Laird, and he did so by turning to his lady, and saying, "B' fhearr leam na mo chro-ghobhair, gun be m' fleasgach fear na bainne," I would rather than all the goats in my fold, that the best man was the bridegroom. So annoyed were the Mar men at Donald's superiority, that one of them, a big, burly fellow, determined to play a trick on him; so he got up with Donald to a Reel of Tulloch, and when it came to hooking round by the arms, he whirled Donald at a great rate, and, suddenly letting go, sent poor Donald sprawling on his knees into the fire, on the great flat hearth-stone of the hall, saying, as he did so—

"Bodaich Dhu, Stra-arduil,  
Gun crathadhinn anns an luath iad."

The Black Bodachs of Strathardle,  
I will shake them into the ashes.

Donald, as nimble as a weasel, sprung to his feet, and, catching the time of the music, danced round as if nothing had occurred, till it came to the next turn, when he wheeled the man round with all his strength, and giving a sudden jerk, dislocated his shoulder, and sent him, doubled up, under a table, saying:—

"Bodaich mhors, bhog, Mharr,  
Gun crathadhinn as a ghuailann iad."

The big, soft men of Mar,  
I will shake them out of the shoulder.

The Mar man howled with pain and anger, drew his dirk with his left hand, and rushed at Donald, and would have slain him, had

his partner, the big dairymaid, not rushed in between them, and saved him. Down came the dirk, but like Roderick Dhu's "erring blade," instead of being sheathed in Donald's breast, it slashed off the poor devoted dairymaid's great nose. Both parties drew their dirks, and there was like to be bloodshed, only Abergeldie and the baron got them quietened down, and they all gathered round the poor dairymaid and tried to console her for the loss of her nose. But she was inconsolable, and declared she would never now get a husband since her beauty was spoilt, and she refused to be comforted, till Donald tried to cheer her up with the characteristic assurance, no doubt scientifically correct—"That she would now dance the lighter for want of *such* a nose." Whether it was her hopes of now being a lighter dancer, or her hopes of Donald himself, I know not, but she calmed down, and Donald, getting a quiet word with the baron, suggested that a dairymaid of such bone and muscle might prove useful at his summer sheilings of Camchorry, "if the Caterns came the way," a suggestion to which the baron at once agreed. So, after a talk with the old laird, and an interview with Donald and the dairymaid, the result was that the priest was recalled, and he had to marry a second couple that evening, and after that the dancing and fun was fast and furious, and Donald and his noseless wife "lived happy ever after" for nine years, till poor Donald was slain at Flodden, fighting over the body of his chief, the Earl of Athole. Such incidents give us a glimpse into the social life of our hardy ancestors of four centuries ago. Baron John was a famous warrior, and had many skirmishes with raiding Caterns from Lochaber. He was afterwards killed at Dunkeld by Stewart of Fincastle, but his death was immediately revenged on Stewart by Fergusson of Balichainduidh.

1510.—From a very early period, we have seen that the Clan Fergusson held Balmacrochie and other lands in Strathardle, and now in this year we find that the Chief of the Clan, John, Baron Fergusson of Dunfallandy in Athole, purchased many lands in Strathardle and Glenshee from William Scott of Balwearie. This charter is—R.M.S., Vol. I., 3457—"Charter by William Scott of Balwearie, by which he sold to John Fergusson in Dunfallanty, his heirs, and assignees, these lands in the Barony of Downie, county Perth, viz. :—Over Downie, Middle Downie, Borland, Edmarochtie, Cultalony, Stronymuck ; (in Glenshee), Finnegand, Inverreddrie, with its mill, Bynnanmore, Bynnanbeg, Ridorrach, Kerrow, Couthil, and Dalmunzie, part of Pitbrane, Glengennet (now Glenderby), and Glenbeg. To be held of the King ; at Stirling, 6th May, 1510."

1511-12.—Following up their purchases of the previous year, the Dunfallandy Fergussons added large additions to their Strathardle estates this year, as we see by a charter—R.M.S., Vol. I., 682—“Where the King confirms John Fergusson of Downie and his heirs in the lands of Morcloich (Whitefield), Invercroskie, Dalrulzion, Larroch, Dalmean, Glenganet, Pitbrane, and Kinnaird and the lordship of Strathardle, etc., etc. At Edinburgh, 20th Jan., 1511-12.” It will thus be seen that Baron Fergusson of Dunfallandy held a large part of Strathardle and Glenshee. The Rev. Adam Fergusson of Moulin, who wrote a M.S. history of the family, says—“Baron Fergusson, whose ancestors had extensive lands, Dunfallandy, Derculich, Dalshian, and the third of Strathardle and Glenshee, is our stem.” The Fergussons of Balmarochrie, of Dalnabrick, of Cally, Balintuim, and others, held most of the middle of the Strath, whilst the Fergussons of Baledmund held Tarvie, Tomchulan, Ceanghlinne, &c., in Glenbrierachan, so that most of the Strath above Bridge of Cally and a third of Glenshee at this time belonged to the Clan Fergusson. However, ten years after this, the Fergussons of Dunfallandy lost their lands in the Barony of Downy for a time, as we find on “21st March, 1521, the lands of Over Downie, Finnegand, &c., pertaining to the King, on account of escheat by the death of Robert Fergusson, because that the late John Fergusson, father of the said Robert, died a bastard,” were granted to another family, and again granted in 1537 to Thomas Scot.

But the bastardry of John Fergusson of Downie appears to have been contested, and successfully; but the Fergussons did not get their lands of Downy, Finnegand, &c., restored to them for over a century, till 23rd January, 1630, when Robert Fergusson of Derculich was served heir of John Fergusson of Dunfallandy, Baron of Downy, brother of his great-great-grandfather. Again, on Oct. 7th, 1668, John Fergusson of Dunfallandy was returned heir of his father, Robert Fergusson of Derculich in the lands and Barony of Downy, viz., Over Downy, Borland, Finnegand, Dalmunzie, &c.

1513.—A strong body of Strathardle men followed the Earl of Athole to the field of Flodden, where Athole fell, along with King James, and but few of his men returned.

1515.—At this time a feud broke out between the Earl of Athole and the Rattrays, of which the following account is given in Dr Marshall's “Historic Scenes in Perthshire” :—“John Stewart, third Earl of Athole, of that name, married Grizel, daughter of Sir John Rattray of Rattray. Her mother, who was

Elizabeth, daughter of the second Lord Kennedy, dying, her father remained a widower till he was upwards of 60 years of age. Meanwhile the Earl of Athole fondly cherished the hope that he would by-and-bye add the beautiful barony of Rattray to his extensive Athole domains. At length Sir John Rattray took to himself a second wife, by whom he had two sons and a daughter. This was a great blow to Athole. He could not brook being disappointed of the Rattray barony, on which he had so much set his heart. Hence the bloody plot which formed to secure it. One night a large body of Atholemen, the Earl's retainers, came to the Castle of Rattray. A few of them ventured to claim the hospitality of the old laird as being the servants of his son-in-law. In the dead of the night, when all was quiet, they rose on the inmates of the Castle and massacred them, sparing neither age nor sex. The younger son escaped through the promptitude and decision of his nurse. Hearing some suspicious sounds she fled in the darkness, carrying her charge with her. Tradition says she heard the old laird at his devotions in the chapel of the Castle at midnight; that she heard the murderers enter the chapel, and begin their horrid work; and that she fled in dismay to the woods of Craighall, where she lay some time in concealment, till she was able to make her escape to Dundee. The Earl of Athole now claimed the lands of Rattray as the husband of Grizel Rattray, the only surviving offspring of Sir John. He actually seized on them, and held them for a number of years. The rightful heir at length appeared and claimed his own. He tried in vain to get himself served in Perth as heir to the Barony of Perthshire; the Athole family was too strong for him in Perthshire. No judge would dare to dispossess them of the estate, though they got it by the most heinous of all crimes. He then applied to the King himself, James V., and the Crown was more than a match for the Earl. His Majesty appointed a Commission under the Great Seal to adjudicate on the case at Dundee, and the claimant was served heir to his father and brother to the Barony of Rattray and Craighall, and infest therein in 1534."

1529.—This year is famous in the sporting annals of Athole as that in which King James V., accompanied by his mother, Queen Margaret, and the Pope's ambassador, held one of those gigantic hunts, in which the Stuart Kings so much delighted, amongst the mountains of Athole. The Earl of Athole gathered all his men, and forming a great circle, which gradually narrowed as they advanced, they drove all the deer and other wild animals from the Tay, the Dee, and the Spey to Glen Loch, where the

Earl, at great expense and trouble, had built a temporary palace to accommodate his distinguished guests, on the north side of Benagloe, where the rivulet Lochain, from Loch Loch, flows into the Tilt. Old Lindsay of Pitscottie gives the following graphic account of this great Athole hunt in his "History of Scotland," page 225. The relation is given as described by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, who, in all probability, assisted at it:— "The Earl of Athole, hearing of the King's coming, made great provision for him in all things pertaining to a prince, that he was as well served and eased with all things necessary to his estate as he had been in his own Castle of Edinburgh. For, I heard say, this noble Earl gart mak a curious palace to the King, his mother, and the ambassadors, where they were so honourably lodged as they had been in England, France, Italy, or Spain, concerning the time and equivalent for their hunting and pastime; which was builded in midst of a fair meadow, a palace of green timber, wound with green birks that were green both under and alwae, which was fashioned in four quarters, and in every quarter, and nuke thereof a great round, as it had been a block-house, which was lofted and geisted the space of three house height, the floors laid with green scharets and spreaths, medwarts, and flowers, that no man knew whereon he zied, but as he had been in a garden. Further, there were two great rounds on ilka side of the gate, and a great portcullis of trees, falling down with the manner of a barrace, with a drawbridge, and a great stank of water of sixteen foot deep and thirty foot of breadth. And also this palace within was hung with fine tapestry and arrasses of silk, and lighted with fine glass windows in all airts; that this palace was so pleasantly decored with all necessaries pertaining to a prince as it had been his own royal palace at home. Further, this earl gart make such provision for the king and his mother that they had all manner of meats, drinks, and delicates that were to be gotten at that time in all Scotland, either in burg or land, viz., all kind of drink, as ale, beer, or wine, &c., of meat, with fesseshes, &c., and also the stanks that were round about the palace were full of all delicate fishes, as salmonds, trouts, pearches, pikes, eels, and all other kinds of delicate fishes that could be gotten in fresh waters, and all ready for the banquet. Syne were there proper stewards, &c., and the halls and chambers were prepared with costly bedding, vessel, and napery, according for a king, so that he wanted none of his orders more than he had been at home. The king remained in this wilderness at the hunting the space of three days and three nights, and his company, as I have shown. I



heard men say it cost the Earl of Athole every day in expenses a thousand pounds. They killed thirty score of hart and bynd, with other small beasts, as roe and roebuck, wolf and fox, and wild cats." The Italian ambassador was greatly surprised to see amongst rocks and wildernesses, which seemed to be the very extremity of the world, such good lodgings and so magnificent an entertainment. But what surprised him most of all was to see the Highlanders set fire to the wooden castle as soon as the hunting was over and the king in the act of departing "Such is the constant practice of our Highlanders," said King James to the ambassador; "however well they may be lodged over the night, they always burn their lodgings before they leave it."

1531.—A band of caterns from Rannoch having made several raids on Athole and Strathardle about this time, the Earl of Athole resolved to pursue and punish them, so he gathered his own men, and the Clan Donnachie, under Struan, with the Strathardle Robertsons, under the Baron Ruadh, and they harried Rannoch, and carried off a great spoil. But on the approach of the Athole men the caterns retired to the Braes of Rannoch, and hid there till all was quiet, when they returned and settled quietly for that season. But next summer in—

1532.—They again returned, and raided Strathardle and Glen Tilt, upon which Athole, Struan, and Straloch again went to Rannoch, and burned and harried the whole district from Bunnannoch to the Braes, and captured the whole band of caterns, and hanged them, and beheaded their famous chief, Alastair Dubh Abrach, at Kinloch Rannoch. In the "Chronicle of Fortingall" we have the following quaint notice of these raids:—"Rannoch was hareyd the morne eftir Sant Tennennis day, in hairst, be John Erle of Awthoell, and be Clan Donoquhy, the yer of God, M<sup>V</sup>c XXXI. And at next Beltane eftir that the quhilk was XXXII. yer, the Brae of Rannoch was hareyd be them abowin' wrythn', and Alexander Dow Albrych was heddyt at Kenloch Rannoch."

In these two raids on Rannoch, the Strathardle men were so active, and slew and burned and plundered with so much zeal and energy, that the Rannoch people never forgave them, so that there was a constant feud between the two districts to the end of the fighting days, and the men of Rannoch were the very last that ever came to lift a "creach" in Strathardle and Glenshee, more than two centuries after this. So pleased was the Earl of Athole with the Baron Ruadh's conduct on this occasion that he gave him more than his due proportion of the spoil, and also soon after

gave him a confirmation charter for his lands. It was when returning with the plundered cattle from this raid that the Clan Donnachie piper composed the very beautiful piobreachd called "Struan's Salute," which has ever since been the Clan gathering—

"Pill an crodh, till an crodh,  
Pill an crodh, Dhonnachaidh,  
Pill an crodh, dhachaidh,  
'S gheibh thu bean bhoidheach."

Turn the cows, turn the cows,  
Turn the cows, Donachie,  
Turn the cows home ward  
An' you'll get a bonny bride.

1537.—Previous to this Robert, fifth Lord Maxwell, held a lot of land in the barony of Balmacrochie, of which he got a charter of confirmation at this time for service done to King James V. In Nicholson's "History of Galloway," p. 451, we read:—"The King despatched Lord Maxwell on an embassy to France, where a negotiation of marriage between the King and Mary of the House of Guise was at once concluded. Lord Maxwell espoused the lady in his royal master's name, and conducted her in safety to Scotland. His conduct gave great satisfaction to the King, who in reward of his important services confirmed him in the possession of his vast estates. . . . including the lands of Balmacruth, in Perthshire." Lord Maxwell had given his Strathardle lands to his relation, Maxwell of Tealing, in Forfarshire, who was descended from Eustace, second son of the first Lord Maxwell. The Tealing family long held these lands. The Baron Ruadh of the day, the fourth John, had married Elizabeth Maxwell, daughter of the Laird of Tealing, and she brought the Baron some of the lands of Balmacrochie as her dowry, as we read in "The Earldom of Athole," p. 59, that in the year—

1539.—"John Red, or Robertson of Straloch, got lands in the barony of Balmacrochie, from Hugo Maxwell of Tealing, &c."

1554.—In this year the Baron Ruadh still further extended his estate, as I find a charter, dated February 14th, by Thomas Scott of Pitgormy, to John Red of Straloch and Elizabeth Maxwell, his spouse, of the lands of Easter Inverchroskie, which afterwards became the principal residence of the succeeding Barons, so it came to be known as Balvarron. Previous to this the family residence was at Dalcharnich, or, as it is now called, Glen Fernate Lodge.

Several of the lairds at the lower end of Strathardle, including Patrick Blair of Ardblair, Robert Smith of Drumlochy, Buttar of Gormack, and Chalmers of Drumlochy, took a dislike to a newcomer amongst them, George Drummond of Ledcreiff, who, as we are told in the "History of the Family of Drummond," was the first of the Drummonds of Newton of Blair, which estate he had got by purchase. So they formed a conspiracy against him, and set a watch on his movements, to slay him on the first opportunity. Drummond, not suspecting any evil, went with his son William to play at bowls, on the 3rd June, on a green behind the Kirk of Blairgowrie, when they were set upon and cruelly murdered by the foresaid lairds:—"They, hearin' the said George Drummond and his son William wer alane at their pastyme play at ye row-bowlis, in ye hie mercate gait behyond ye Kirk of Blair, in sober manner, traisting na trouble nor harm to haif been done to them, but to hav levit under Goddis peace and ouris, they fell upon them and crewally slew them, upon ane ald feid, forethocht felony, set purposis, and provissioun, in hie contemptioun, &c." This outrageous slaughter raised the ire of the Clan Drummond, and their chief, Lord Drummond, used his influence at Court to bring the murderers to justice. Blair of Ardblair and Smith of Drumlochy were both beheaded, and Chalmers and Buttar were summoned to underlie the law, but did not appear, but fled northwards to Aberdeenshire, where they found shelter for a time with Gordon of Scheves and Gordon of Lesmore. But the Drummonds, finding out where they were, had the Gordons prosecuted for harbouring them. Getting tired of being hunted about, the murderers tried to come to terms with Lord Drummond and the family of Ledcreiff, by offering the following, what they no doubt thought very liberal terms:—

"*In primis*—To gang, or to cause to gang, to the four heid pilgremagis in Scotland. *Secunlie*—To do suffrage for the sawil of ye deid at his Paroche Kirk, or quhat uther Kirk they plais, for certain years to cum. *Thirdlye*—To do honour to the kyn and friendis as effeirs as use is. *Furthly*—To assayth the partye to gif to the kyn, wyf, and barnis, 1000 merks. *Fyftylie*—Gif their offers be nocht suffeycent thocht by the parte and friends of the deid, we are content to underlie and augment on pair as resonibill friends thinks expedyent in so far as we may lefaumlie."

Lord Drummond refused these terms, when Chalmers of Drumlochy again proposed more advantageous ones as follows:—

"*In primus*—The said Chalmers to compear, and to offer until mv Lord Drummond, and the frendis of the umquhile George

Drummond, ane naket sword be ye point and siclike to do all uther honour to my Lord, his house, and frendis, that sal be thoct resonible in siclike cases. *Secondlye*—To gif my Lord and his airs, his Band of Manrent, in competent and dew form. *Thirdlye*—That the said Chalmers son be marreit upon George Drummond's daughter frelie without any Tochir, and his cousing Willame sal be in lyk manner marriet til the sister of the said George Drummond. *Furthlye*—That the said Chalmers sal had himself reddy to ony uther thing quhilk is possabell to him as please my Lord and frendis to lay to his charge, except his life and heretage."

Now, however extraordinary these terms may seem to us, with our modern ideas of the punishment due to murder, yet, to the warlike Chief of the Drummonds, who got the offer of a Band of Manrent from his new allies, and to the daughter of the murdered man, who got the offer of being "marriet frelie without tochir, and to the sister, who also got an offer of marriage from "Cousing Williame," these terms seemed so advantageous that they were at once accepted; so the ladies got their husbands and Lord Drummond got his Bond of Manrent, of which I may give the following copy:—"The Layrde of Drumlochie, Band of Manrent. Be it kend til al men be thir present lettris me, William Chalmers of Drumlochie, that ffor as meikle as ane noble and mighty Lord, David Drummond, and certain utheris principals of four branches, and maist specil the nerist of the kyn and friendis of unikle, George Drummond of Lederief and William Drummond, his son, for them selfs and remaunt kyn of the said unikle, George and William, hes remittit and forgiven to me their slauchteris, and given and deliveret to me thir letteris of Slanis thereupon, and that I am oblist by verteu of ane contract to gif the said nobil Lord, my Band of Manrent, as the said contract and letter of Slanis delevreit to me fullie propertis. Thairfore, to be bundin and oblgst, me and my airs in trew and aufald Band of Manrent to the said noble and mighty Lord, as Chief to the unikle George and William, his son, and the said Lord, his airs, and shall take their trew and aufald pairt in all and sundry, their actions and causes, and ride and gang wi' them therein upon their expensis when they require me or my airs thereto, against all and sundry persons, our Scvereign Lady and the autoritie of this rēlme alane exceptit. And hereto I bind and obligis me and my airs to the said noble and mighty Lord and his airs in the straitest form and sicker style of Band of Manrent that can be devisit, na remeid nor exception to the contrary. Before thir witnesses, Andro Rolloch of Duncrab, &c. (Signed) William Chalmir of Drumloquhy."

1560.—Now came the troublous times of the Reformation and the downfall of the Romish Church, with its great religious houses of Cupar, Dunkeld, Scone, and Dunfermline, which all held large tracts of land in Strathardle. In the division of the Church lands then, the only rule seems to have been that of the wrestlers —“Catch who catch can.” But at Cupar there was not very much left for outsiders to catch, owing to the selfish greed of the last Abbot, who robbed his Church before her final downfall. He was Donald Campbell, youngest son of Archibald, second Earl of Argyle, and he had been thirty-four years Abbot of Cupar, and was a shrewd, clever, crafty, unscrupulous cleric, who attended far more to the advancement of his own and his friends' interests than to those of the Church. Of course, he was debarred from marriage by the laws of his Church, but he had five illegitimate sons, and as he was shrewd enough to see that the downfall of the Church was at hand he made preparations for it by dividing most of the richest lands of the Abbey amongst these sons and other relations of the House of Argyle. In this way, Persie and other lands in Strathardle came into possession of the Campbells, who were Lairds of Persie for a long time, and who proved very bad neighbours indeed, being at constant feud with all other lairds in the district, and often bringing Argyle with a strong force to ravage the country, particularly in 1590, when the Earl of Argyle and half-a-dozen of his Chieftains, with Campbell of Glenlyon, came with 500 men to assist Archibald Campbell of Persie in burning and ravaging Strathardle, Glenshee, &c., for which they were denounced rebels. In the lists of lands and churches belonging to Dunfermline at the Reformation, I find “Strathardolf Chapel, Perthshire, and Moulin Chapel, do,” both of which I find from the Privy Council records were held in tack by John Stewart of Tullypureis from the Abbey, and afterwards retained by him.

Though the great Reformation had now come, and the reign of the Catholic clergy was over, yet the old priest of Kirkmichael stuck to his post, and would not be evicted. His house stood where the present manse is, on the height which is still known in Gaelic as *Tom-an-t' sagairt*, the Priest's Hillock; and the famous spring, at the roadside, immediately below, is still called *Fuaran-an-t' sagairt*, the Priest's Well, the water of which of old was reckoned a cure for many diseases, and as such, was much used by the different parish priests.

The good old priest of Kirkmichael stuck to his post as long as he could, but the Baron Ruadh, Robertson of Straloch, and all his

clan, being very zealous Protestants, and very powerful in the district, raised up the people against the priest, and, a large crowd collecting round his house, they evicted him, and, when he refused to leave, they stoned him out of the parish. At first he tried to pacify them, and argue with them, but it was no use; so then he pronounced some very bitter curses against all his future successors, the ministers of the parish, and prophesied that none of them would ever live very long or very happily in the parish. Old people used to say that these bitter curses of the departing priest had—at least partly—been fulfilled. Mar 's breag bhuan è, 's breag thugam è.

No regular parish minister was appointed to Kirkmichael at the Reformation, but a reader—William Eviott—was appointed in 1567, and he supplied the parish till 1574. In 1576 Archibald Hering was appointed minister; Mawling and Clunie were also under his care; he had a presentation to the Vicarage of the latter from King James VI., on 7th November, 1576, and continued in 1591. I will afterwards give a full list of the ministers of Kirkmichael and Moulin, with dates, from the Reformation to the present day.

At this time John Robertson, the Baron Ruadh, held the lands of Wester Kindrogan, to which then, as now, were attached the lands of Camchroy, called Ruidh nan Laogh, at the head of Glen Fernate, as summer sheilings. The grazings being extra good, the Earl of Athole envied them, and claimed them as his own, sent his cattle there, and built huts. The Baron did not think it prudent to openly resist so powerful a neighbour, but his good lady, rather than lose her summer sheilings, took matters in hand herself. She was Marjory, daughter of Charles Robertson of Clune, and we have the following notice of her in the MS. "History of the Family of Straloch":—"Marjory, the Baron's spouse, is said to have been a gentlewoman of courage and resolution. About that time the Earl of Athole began to bring in question the right of the family to the Camichory, though particularly disposed to them as the grazing of Wester Kindrogan; and it is reported of this lady that, as oft as his lordship would cause build huts, or sheals in the said corry, she would go with a staff in her hand, and cause them to be pulled down again. In her old age she was nicknamed Cailleach-na-Luirg, *i.e.*, the old woman with the staff."

This famous staff, once at least, proved mightier than the sword, for with it she got the advantage of the Earl of Athole himself. One of her men brought her word that a strong body of the Earl's men had arrived in the Camchorry with his cattle, and

had begun rebuilding the huts. She took a score of armed men with her, and set off up the glen with her great staff in her hand. On reaching the corry she found the huts finished, the cattle quietly grazing, and the Earl's men sitting at a well eating their dinner. She asked what right they had there, and was told they had the Earl's orders, and if she had any objection she had better go to his lordship himself, as he had just arrived, and was at his dinner alone in one of the huts. She ordered her men to sit down and refresh themselves along with the Atholemen, and she went on to the hut grasping her sturdy staff, walked in and shut the door after her. What happened no one ever knew, or whether it was the old lady's tongue, or her staff that settled matters; but the Earl soon came out looking rather crestfallen, and at once ordered his men to gather the cattle, and they marched off to Glen Tilt never to return, and the plucky old lady was left undisturbed; and to this day that sheiling of Ruidh nan Laogh forms part of the estate of Kindrogan, and is a little island in the very heart of the Athole estate; and one of the greatest delights of my boyish days was to go up there with the Kindrogan keepers to shoot ptarmigan, when we used to lunch among the ruins of these same old huts—Bothan-airidh Cailleach-na-Luirg.

The Earl of Athole coveted and wished to regain possession of the rich pasturage of Ruidh-nan-Laogh—the shieling of calves—which once formed part of the Athole estates, but which a former generous Earl of Athole had long before granted to the then laird of Kindrogan. In the quotation just given from “The History of the Barons Robertsons of Straloch,” we read:—“About that time the Earl of Athole began to bring in question the right of the family to the Camichorry, though particularly disposed to them as the grazing of Wester Kindrogan.” Now, the way in which this shieling came to be particularly disposed to Kindrogan has been preserved by tradition, and is as follows:—The Earl of Athole, passing through Strathardle, had ridden far and hard, so, when he was passing Kindrogan, and saw the laird standing at his door, he dismounted, and saluting the goodman told him that he was very hungry, and had come to dine with him. Now, this was no doubt a great honour and pleasure to the worthy laird, but it put him in an exceedingly awkward fix, as he happened just then to be very short of provisions, and his goodwife had gone to Dunkeld that day to replenish her store, so, to make matters worse, the worthy laird was housekeeper alone. However, he gave the earl a hearty welcome and took him in, but all he could find in the house was some barley bannocks, and the small

heel of an exceedingly hard old cheese. Our old Gaelic proverb says—"Smath an cocair an t-acras." "Hungar is a good cook;" so the hungry earl made the most of his frugal meal, and, by the aid of his dirk, he managed to cut off some of the softer parts of the cheese, but the hard crust defied even the keen edge of the dirk, so the earl began to grumble at its hardness. The worthy laird tried to excuse himself by saying that, like Fitz James, he was but—

"Lord of a barren heritage,  
Which his brave sires, from age to age,  
By their good swords, had held with toil."

That his grazings were poor, and all lay facing the north, away from the sun, and were all covered with long heather, instead of the rich green grass growing on his lordship's lands on the sunny slopes of Glenferstate, and ended by saying that, for making cheese, one cow in the Camchorry was worth more than all his estate. "I believe you are right," said the earl, as he threw the heel of the cheese in the fire in disgust; "and it is a pity to see such a brave man as you live on such hard cheese, so, if one cow were worth so much in the Camchorry to you, send all the cows you possess there, and keep them there forever, on condition that you and your heirs supply me and mine with good rich cheese every time we pass through your lands of Kindrogan." So, on these conditions, to this day (thanks to Callaich-na-Luirg) the sheiling of Ruidh-nan-Laogh belongs to Kindrogan. I don't misdoubt that, at the time I write of, away back about the year 1400, the Kindrogan cheese may have been poor and hard, but, this I know, that, owing to agricultural improvements and high cultivation, by later lairds, the rich old blue "nippy" cheese made at Kindrogan in my boyish days by old Christy Macgregor was reckoned the best in all Athole.

As the Reformation made so many changes, and a new period of Scottish history begins now, I will close this paper, and trust soon to take up the next part.

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*4th APRIL, 1894.*

At this meeting, Mr Alex. D. Mackinnon, solicitor, Portree, was elected a member of the Society. The Secretary laid on the table a copy of "Glen-Urquhart and Glenmoriston, Olden Times in a Highland Parish," from the author, Mr William Mackay,



solicitor, as a donation towards the Society's library. Thereafter the Secretary read a paper contributed by Rev. James Macdonald, Reay, entitled "Stray Customs and Legends." Mr Macdonald's paper was as follows :—

#### STRAY CUSTOMS AND LEGENDS.

When asked to read a paper before the Gaelic Society of Inverness, I felt it was impossible for me to do so. I had a fatal disqualification, and one which neither I nor any one else could remove. An ancestor of mine was a member of that guildry of Perth, who, when they wanted "stones to big a house for the janitor wi," had the monoliths at Craigmakerran blasted and carted into the town as so much building rubble. The vandals found they made "guid building stones" by their blasting operations, but they did more—they obliterated one of the noblest and most perfect monuments of "Britain's elder time."

Nor were the Perth Goths the only destroyers. The same process has gone on all over the country where men were in quest of building material, and now the "six standards," are fast erasing the few remaining traces of our ancient lore and social customs. I have seen a road contractor, in my young days, convert the ancient castle of Inverlochy into a quarry for road metal, and but for the timely intervention of the local proprietor, most of it would now be "Macadam." The Bishop's House, near Thurso, literally disappeared under a similar process. Keppoch, or all that is ancient of it, is represented by a circle of trees; and one Scotch laird is said to have removed the walls of an old castle because it interfered with the view from the windows of his modern mansion!

In most collections of customs and legends we find prominence given to those most commonly met with, while stray sayings, ceremonial acts, social habits and usages are passed over as if of no interest, or mentioned incidentally as being merely local or of obscure significance. Some of these casual acts carry us back to an antiquity so remote that they bring us into contact with man's primitive usages, and give us a glimpse into the conditions of the world long anterior to the Flood.

Strange as it may at first appear, the geometric figures made by village children on dusty roads at play have a marvellous antiquity, and have come down through an unbroken series from the days before the Indo-European peoples dispersed themselves to East and West.

But such acts are not confined to children. In the parish of Watten, Caithness, the late Rev. Alex. Gunn remembered, some seventy years ago, each family in the district sending one of its members on May-Day morning, before sun rise, to deposit a bannock of bread and some cheese on the top of Heathercow. When the sun rose the cow herds were at liberty to take and eat the offering, much to their satisfaction. In this simple act, performed by good Presbyterian peasants, we have neither less nor more than a survival from Druidical times, when the sacred grove had its altar and the priest dipped the golden bough in the blood of the human victim just slain. Of those who performed such actions none could tell their meaning. It was unlucky to omit it—that was all. The significance had been lost for ages, but the annual recurrence of May-Day had continued to remind men of the ceremonial act.

To the same class of actions we must refer the later survivals of *Tein egin*, or the production of fire by friction. This too was a May-day custom, and in Rannoch and the uplands of Lochaber the *Tein egin* was produced within living memory. My father, who died three years ago at the age of eighty-two, remembered taking part as a boy in the production of *Tein egin* in a distant glen on the borders of Inverness and Perth shires. It was then the custom for each family in the district to receive a brand from the sacred fire to kindle the domestic hearth. But those who were in arrears of rent, had failed to pay their just debts, had been guilty of theft or meanness, or were known to have committed certain offences against good morals were deprived of the privilege, and this was regarded much as expulsion from one's club would be viewed by us. That such customs and ceremonial acts should project themselves far into the nineteenth century affords an illustration of how slowly the human mind moves in its progress towards civilization, and how, in the absence of literature, whole continents remain stationary for thousands of years.

In wall paintings of ancient Egypt, and stone sculptures dating back as far as the time of the Exodus, we see representations of Central African slaves dancing the same steps which may now be seen among the Manganga Hills any night if the moon is full, and it is not an unreasonable inference, that the habits and ceremonial acts performed round the chief's pombe pot to-day, are the same as were performed by the slaves of the Pharaohs before being marched with galled neck from their native village to the great mart of nations on the lower Nile.

Another curious survival is to be found in the art of healing. There is a stage in the development of all peoples when the same person combines the offices of seer, bard, priest, jurist, and physician, and in each of these holds a sacred character, and performs the mysteries of each office as one consecrated and set apart by the gods for that purpose. Among Celts it appears as if the physician's art survived after all the others have been usurped and lost. I need not refer to the well known curing of scrofula by a seventh son, nor to the recovery of persons plunged into the ice cold waters of a sacred lake after throwing in a silver coin. These are ancient and well established remedies, and are as good as any patent pill of them all.

A less widely known remedy is the Caithness one of "casting the heart." This is still performed, or was a few years ago. In the parish of Reay a young woman was seized with typhoid. The ordinary remedies seemed to do no good, and a "wise person" proposed to "cast her heart," which was done. This process consists of melting a quantity of lead in an ordinary crucible, and then pouring the contents, muttering a suitable incantation the while, into a large bason of cold water. The hot metal sputters and parts into fragments. These are minutely examined by the sage, and the one that most nearly resembles the shape of a heart is selected and placed in a drinking vessel, as a cup or glass. Water newly drawn from a spring—not a running brook—is poured over it. After standing a suitable time, the patient is made to drink it, and—recovers. By some untoward accident the patient referred to died, and this brought a time honoured remedy into undeserved disrepute in the district. I have not heard of its having been resorted to since, but am assured by the "wise" that "the cure is certain if those who perform it know how to do it rightly."

The "Corp Creadh" can hardly be referred to the bye paths of Celtic customs, but I knew a woman in the parish of Morven, not over twenty-two years ago, who had the reputation of having made a "Corp Creadh," and tormented an enemy to the verge of death by means of it. For days, weeks, months, he suffered from mysterious pains, now in his head, next in his feet, but only to shift mysteriously to his back and arms. One day he shivered with cold; the next he was in a burning fever and panted for breath as if in a baker's oven.

What makes the "Corp Creadh" so interesting is its close resemblance to similar customs among tribes as far apart as the Cape of Good Hope, India and South America

The "Corp Creadh," as is well known, consisted or consists—for the practice is said not to be quite extinct—of a rough clay image of the person to be bewitched being made and placed on a door taken off the hinges before a large and constantly replenished fire, sharp thorns, pins and needles were pushed into it, oaths and imprecations were uttered over it, the victim writhing in agony the while, elf arrows were darted against it, and the fire stirred to a blaze as the image was turned and toasted to make the sufferer feel all the torments of the damned. Finally the "Corp Creadh" was broken to pieces when the patient died a horrible death, blue flames issuing from his mouth.

In Africa a common custom is to tie a bit of rag to a pigeon's leg and let it go. The person bewitched is made nervous and restless as the bird flits from twig to twig. If no accident happens to the charm or the bird that carries it the patient is slowly worried to death.

This form of sympathetic magic goes farther. It is supposed to exist between a man and any portion of his person that may be severed from his body, as cut nails, hair, saliva, or even the impression left as he sits on the grass, and many a good tale is told of old hags stealing the "fret" of cows through becoming possessed of one hair from a beast's tail.

Among savages when a village hunt is being organised the royal messenger, as he goes from hamlet to hamlet, imitates the movements of some well known animal of the chase. The villagers pelt him with cow dung which he does his best to avoid. Should he be well bespattered on returning to the royal residence the hunt will be successful; if not it will be entered on in a heartless manner as the assured result is failure. Another method is to walk about as if ignorant of the existence of one's own snares till caught, and by sympathetic magic some animal falls into the toils. Most Highlanders are familiar with this form of superstition. As a boy, when fishing about Loch Aline we often, when luck went against us, used to make pretence of throwing one of the fellows overboard and hauling him out of the water. After that trout or sillock began to nibble if there were any within reach. These superstitions are world wide. Actions are performed or avoided by all peoples because they entail results similar to, or in some way connected with, the action done. Most of us have on occasion touched "cauld iron."

Iron itself has quite a number of superstitious usages and legends gathered round it. For example, it is a cardinal article of faith among most savages that no iron must touch the king's

person, nor that of anyone who discharges sacred functions. King Tieng-tsong-tai-oang died of a tumour in the back, no one thinking of using a lancet, which would probably have saved his life. Roman and Sabine priests might not be shaved with iron but only with bronze razors or shears. In Crete sacrifices were offered without iron. To this day a Hottentot priest never uses an iron knife, but always a sharp bit of quartz in performing sacred operations as circumcision. Among the Jews no iron tool was used in building the Temple in Jerusalem nor in rearing an altar. In Scotland the men who produced the "Tein eigin" had to divest themselves of all articles of iron, and in making the Yule fire-wheel at Burghead, a custom as I understand still continued, the hammering is done with a stone, and pegs used instead of iron nails. To this may be added that the old wooden bridge at Rome, which was sacred, was made and had to be kept in repair without the use of iron or bronze.

The objection to iron probably goes back to a very early period when the metal was still scarce and the processes of its production a sacred mystery. It was obnoxious to sacred persons and rulers as all innovations are. But this has another side, for daring spirits like Lamech would turn the dreaded metal against even the gods, and as all spirits dread and dislike the Vulcan's products, it is easy to understand how it would become a charm and protection against evil influence, and how a pious fisherman when he hears the unclean animal—a pig—mentioned, mutters "cauld iron," and feels for the nails in his sea boots.

But if iron could ban, it could also bless, and the "glave of light" of Highland story appears to be nothing else than the glistening steel blade which displaced the more clumsy bronze of an earlier age. A dirk stuck into the turf before one entered the fairy knowe was a talisman for a safe return. At least so it happened to the Strathy man who came to Reay for the New Year's whisky. This worthy and a companion having purchased the needed supply started for home "well after dusk." When passing a fairy knowe near Sandside, they heard the sound of music and dancing. The man who carried the keg resolved to join the dancers in a reel and entered. His companion remained outside. As the worthy Celt joined the circle of merry makers, sudden darkness and silence fell upon the scene. The friend waited in vain, and when the grey dawn appeared he made his way to Strathy alone. A full year from that night he returned, and once more saw the fairies at their revels, his friend among them. Striking his dirk deep in the turf, he boldly entered, and seizing

his friend by the arm pulled him "in the name of God" out of the magic circle, when suddenly all was dark. He then secured and sheathed his dirk, after which he unstrapped the keg from his friend's shoulders, but it was empty. The temptations of "good smuggled" were not to be resisted by even the little phantom folk.

Before quitting iron, a brief reference to its utility as a domestic charm must be made. In Sutherlandshire, when a death occurs, the spirit of death lingers unless it is expelled, and for this purpose iron is a potent charm. So when a person dies the cottars expel or ban this spirit of death by placing bits of iron in the meal chest, the butter jar, whisky bottle, cheese and other articles of food, without which precaution they would speedily go to "rotteness and corruption." Whisky not treated so has been known to turn white as milk and curdle.

For a like reason people nail an old horse-shoe to a door-post, and fishermen like to have one in their boats, by preference a shoe from an entire horse. A Golspie fisherman a few years ago had a small boat with which he had an extraordinary run of luck in the prosecution of his calling. Inside the stem he had nailed a stallion's shoe given him by "a wise person." As he prospered his ambition grew, and he purchased a larger boat, selling the small one and its belongings to a neighbour. From the first day he went to sea in his new boat luck forsook him; nor would fickle fortune be wooed. He then bethought him of his horse-shoe, and went to his neighbour to demand restitution. This was denied, the new owner contending that he had purchased the "boat and her gear." To this day that man believes—for he still lives and prospers—that to parting with an old horse-shoe was due the entire failure of the season's fishing.

From steel blades to mirrors and polished surfaces seems a long way to travel at a bound, but superstition knows no difficulties in making rapid transitions, and among simple races the dread of reflecting surfaces is greater even than that of such substances as iron. To understand the significance of this aversion we must travel a long way back to a time when the soul was supposed to be separate from the body, and capable of being lost or stolen. Against such dire calamity the savage must guard, and for this purpose is at great pains to secure a safe soul-keeping place. This may be a pair of ox horns placed in the roof by the lightning doctor as in South Africa; a grove or spring of water as in the West; a bird or beast in the form of a token or familiar as in the South Seas and the East; or a man's shadow may repre-

sent his soul. In the Island of Wetar there are magicians who can make a man ill by stabbing his shadow. So, too, in the Babar Islands, demons get power over a man's soul by clinging to his shadow. There are stones in Melanesia on which, if a man's shadow fall, the demon of the stone can draw out his soul. A great warrior, Tukaitawa, waxed and waned in strength as his shadow lengthened or was shortened as the sun approached the zenith. The identity of soul and shadow is made clear by practices still observed in Europe. In Greece it is customary when a house is being built to kill an animal and allow its blood flow upon the foundation. This is to give strength and stability to the building. But sometimes, instead of killing an animal, the builder entices a man to enter, and secretly measures his shadow and buries the measure among the stones. It is believed the measure thus placed among the stones contains the soul, and that the man will die within a year.

These facts, and examples might be multiplied to any extent, connects a superstition common in the uplands of Perth and Inverness-shires within this century, with a past so remote that no trace of it is left, except in the unconscious preservation of customs and beliefs among the rude peasantry who were devoid of literature and often of a written language for milleniums. In the region referred to, the peasantry preserved legends regarding the practice of the "Black Art" in a more perfect form than in any part of the Highlands with which I have any acquaintance. Those who practised the art entered into league with the devil. For supernatural power they bartered their souls, but for fear of accidents "his majesty" took the soul for safe keeping into his own possession, much as a Kaffir does a cow or child pledged for security for ghostly services to be rendered.

As soon as the soul so sold was taken possession of, the votary of the art cast no shadow. He might walk abroad at noon, and the sun shone through him as through a piece of purest glass, and a story is told of a certain wicked chieftain who, for half his lifetime, never walked abroad while the sun shone, and who, when he did venture out on a cloudy day, and was caught in a blink of sunshine, promptly stretched himself on the ground till all danger of discovery was past.

In my own school days the most insulting taunt that could be flung at a boy was "your father had no shadow," and many a fair stand up fight I have seen over the shades of departed Celts. But these things are clean gone, gone like the old Sutherlandshire warrior, who being asked on his death bed if he had anything to

confess replied, "No, nothing, my deeds and I go together." But after a pause he added "Forgive me, Holy Father, there is one thing I must confess, and I confess it with shame and sorrow. In such and such a battle I was to guard a gorge through which the enemy had to pass as they fled. I cut them down one by one, but owing to an awkward blow I missed a vagabond of a Caithness man and he escaped. I do now confess, Holy Father, that this has been on my conscience for over twenty years," and seizing his broadsword he with one spasmodic effort swung it around his head, sunk back upon the pillows, and so died.

To return to mirrors and reflecting surfaces. In heathen mythology it is a cardinal article of faith that there is "a spirit behind the shadow or reflection that can snatch away the soul." And so the Aztec protects his house from burglars by placing a vessel of water behind the door. The thief, seeing his reflection in it, was transfixed and caught. Zulus will not look into a dark pool, as the Tikolosh will draw away their reflection, so that they pine and die. Basutos believe that crocodiles have the power of killing a man by drawing his reflection under water, hence the brutes are sacred.

From such facts we can understand why it was a maxim in ancient India, as in Greece, not to look at one's reflection in water. It was the fear of being dragged down by water spirits. The same belief lingers in the English superstition, as expressed in the lines—

"Alas! the moon should ever beam  
To show what man should never see—  
I saw a maiden on a stream,  
And fair was she!"

"I staid to watch, a little space,  
Her parted lips, if she would sing.  
The waters closed above her face  
With many a ring."

"I know my life will fade away,  
I know that I must vainly pine,  
For I am made of mortal clay,  
But she's divine!"

This superstition, too, may explain why good Presbyterian ministers of an older generation sometimes took to denouncing toilet mirrors and the practice of braiding the hair before them. The worthy men, believing themselves model Christians, had an



admixture of pagan leaven in their religion. Be that as it may, these old world beliefs explain the wide-spread custom of covering up mirrors and other reflecting surfaces when a death occurs, or even when one is sick. In the latter case, it is that the patient may not see his own reflection, and so pine and die. In the former it is to prevent the soul being stolen by the devil. For it is a fact in heathen faith that the soul hovers about the body till after burial. Hence the precautions taken to cheat evil spirits by mock funerals.

When an Angoni dies elaborate preparations are made for the funeral. A representation of the body is made of twigs, grass, and any rubbish. This is carried on a bier to a distant place, the mourners following with weeping and dirges, drums are beat, squibs fired, and every instrument capable of emitting noise is brought into requisition to drive away the devils that are hovering about to snatch the soul the moment the body is buried. When this is done, down swoop the devils, but only to find that they have been outwitted, as the body has, meantime, been quietly interred in some other spot.

In many parts of the Highlands at this day the clock is stopped, and it and all other shining surfaces covered over with white sheets, the moment a person expires. Here we have a curious survival connecting the present with a long forgotten past; the Russian belief that a mirror is an accursed thing expressly invented by the devil, being an intermediate stage.

What applies to mirrors applies also to portraits. Before the days of instantaneous photographs it was almost impossible to get a photograph of a savage, and we have all known worthy Highlanders who never could be induced to enter a studio.

But enough of mirrors and fairies. The latter subject is so wide that not one but a dozen lectures would be required to do it justice. Fairy arrows abound all over Scotland. Fairy bulls are still seen in a small tarn in Skye, and in my young days the little people held revel in a neighbouring hill on Midsummer Night, and could be seen by anyone visiting the spot alone. I never went. A wholesome fear of ghosts, going and returning, deprived me, I fear forever, of seeing the people clad in green holding an "at home." So do the dreams of our youth vanish.

Evil spirits did not always have it their own way in those far-off times. Their plots were discovered and their designs frustrated. Wise magicians could cheat the devil, and at times boldly defy him. So much so that in many parts demons are expelled the territory periodically. And so interesting is the process, and so

nearly allied to another and more recent one, by "bell, book, and candle," that I must briefly explain how it is done.

When a South African water demon becomes troublesome he must be expelled. This is done as follows:—The magician collects as many people, men, women and children, as he can, and proceeding with them to the haunted pool, pelt the devil with stones till he takes to his heels amidst a volley of curses. But there are demons which are not amenable to stone-throwing, and these must be taken by guile. So the Bongo priest begins by holding a friendly chat with the demon. He ascertains his name, how long he has been there, where he belongs to, his kinsfolk, and other particulars, which, when he knows, he can use in the exercise of his mystic art to make the place too hot even for the devil to hold it.

Readers of the classics know something of the power of Orpheus, but a Wazerama musician can eclipse him quite. There, he of the lute can induce even the devil to enter a stool or pillow to listen to the music, and so dull his "cuteness" that he can be carried away and tossed into a river or lake. The narrative does not say if he drowns or not. But the demons of South and East Africa are as water to whisky compared to those about the Gaboon River and the West Coast generally. There, when devils are expelled, rude wicker figures of elephants, tigers, cows and other animals are made. Of these, one is set up at every house door. At 3 A.M. a tempest of noise begins simultaneously in all parts of the town. Drums beat, bugles bray, horns roar, bells tingle, whistles screech. Everything which can be made to emit sound is used, and the din kept up till the performer is exhausted or the instrument gives way. This continues till noon. At that hour dusty corners are swept, ashes collected, and everything where a demon could lurk is placed inside the wicker figures. The images are then carried in tumultuous procession to the river and tossed into the water with sound of horn and beat of drum. The demons dare not return.

It may not be possible to connect this directly with the practice in Christian times of exorcising the devil by bell, book and candle, but the resemblance is too close for the significance to be missed. Nor was such banning confined to the clergy. I remember an old woman in Morven who was said to have power both to "raise" and "lay" the devil at will. Of the former there can be no doubt, as we youngsters frequently knew to our cost, but as to the laying—well, he seemed to remain in possession till we were well out of ear shot.

There is a good story told of the people of Strathy, in Sutherlandshire, having "raised" the devil a great many years ago.

This done they could not get him "laid" again. So they sent for the Rev. Mr Pope, a former minister of Reay. To this man supernatural powers were freely attributed, and for purposes of his own he may have encouraged the delusion. His people were a wild unruly lot, and a wholesome fear of the minister's power and his oaken cudgel, known as the "bailiff," was the only semblance of law in the parish. On some pretext the good folk of Strathy induced the minister to pay a visit to their district. When he arrived at the county march on the top of Drumholiston "he," so says the legend, "got the smell of the fiend, and at once knew why they had send for him." He was excessively angry, but having gone so far he decided to proceed, and so effectually did he dispose of the gentleman of hoofs and horns that the devil has never since been raised in Strathy. Like the Gaboon River demous he dared not return.

Did the scope of this paper permit, illustrations of "laying" the devil could be drawn from the usages of all branches of the Teutonic peoples of Europe. Among the Finns of Eastern Russia on the last day of the year, a band of young girls march through the streets and stop at each house, which they beat with wands they carry for the purpose. As they beat the walls they say in chorus, "We are driving Satan out of the village." When they have finished their rounds they march in procession to the river, into which they throw their wands, devils and all, to float away down stream. At Brunnen, in Switzerland, boys on "Twelfth Night" carry about lanterns, crack whips, blow horns and ring cow-bells to get rid of Strudeli and Strätteli, two evil spirits of the woods. These simple customs, now almost an amusement for the idle, carry us back to an age when the peoples of Europe were where the African of to day is, slowly and painfully groping their way to a knowledge of the facts of the universe as they appear to the eyes of savage man. These were the forms by which men gave expression to their religious thought.

Another subject round which quite a number of stray customs has gathered is that of festivals and yearly observances. In Lochaber I have seen men drink to the "maiden," suspended in the barn at the harvest home dance. In Aberdeenshire the "maiden" must be given to the first mare that foals on the farm, otherwise dire calamity would of a certainty overtake the stock. Traced to its origin the custom of preserving the last sheaf cut involves both the corn and the reaper. The dance and frequent offering of the "maiden" or corn mother is a survival of the ancient rites by which the corn mother was supposed to reside in the last sheaf, and that

on how it was dealt with depended the next season's crop. The identity of the corn spirit with the sheaf and the person who reaps it is made clear by the names given to the reaper as "the old man," "the corn mother," "winter," and such like. Besides, in Silesia, it is customary to dress up the reaper with the straw of the sheaf, in which he dances at the festival in the evening. But to enter into this subject would be to undertake a duty quite beyond the limits of a brief paper, so I shall turn to a familiar Highland subject, second sight, and in what time remains say a few words regarding certain phases of that interesting phenomenon.

To myself this is one of the most puzzling subjects connected with our popular traditions. The origin of fairy tales we can understand. Witches and their arts are no profound mystery, while ghosts and goblins present no great difficulties to the student. But second sight, how are we to explain away that? Or if it is not to be explained away, how account for it? Did such a power exist? Is it lost? Are modern theories but a revival of it? These questions are easily asked but, let us sneer to our heart's pleasure, not easily answered.

To me it seems incredible that honest, reliable men should have consciously lied, and even if they did so persistently as they must have done if we are to explain familiar facts on this theory, how did they hit on coming events as was done in many well authenticated cases? That there were impostors by the score does not admit of doubt. In all ages there are those who, like the Prophets in Ezekiel's time, are ready to prostitute their calling for "handfuls of barley and pieces of bread." But apart from the credibility of the men, there are facts recorded which cannot be explained away, and which appear to prove that men do have a curious kind of intuitive knowledge of the future now and then, and thereby see deep into the heart of things.

Let us now illustrate these statements, and while I believe some things I am to state may be explained away, the cumulative force of the whole appears to me to go in the direction of proving a basis of fact underlying this slightly uncanny science. During the Crimean War the 42nd Highlanders got their full share of work in the trenches. Strong hardy fellows they were, and many a brave man bit the dust and lies buried within the lines. One night as a party of them were getting ready for duty, a fine young fellow said, as he finished buckling and was about to leave his comrades in the tent, "Well, well, good by, boys, I believe I shall never return." The others tried to laugh away his fears, but he persisted and at last said, that should he try to explain they

would but laugh at him but he knew it all the same, and so he went to his duty like a gallant fellow. The party had done little more than begin work when a shell burst close to them and killed him on the spot. Now, account for this how we may, the fact is beyond dispute, and it is all the more significant as soldiers are not given to gloomy forebodings and introspection.

One more illustration I shall give of premonition, and in this case I was personally acquainted with all the parties concerned. One of our Presbyterian missionaries, a cool, cautious, slightly apathetic man, was one night suddenly aroused by a sharp knock at his door. He at once rose and went out. Everything was still. His St Bernard dog lay stretched at full length sleeping in the moonlight. Surprised beyond measure that the dog lay so still with strangers about, he walked round to the stable, thinking it must have been a friend who knocked to rouse him and went to stable his horse. There all was silent, and he returned to the house much puzzled. Soon he dozed off to sleep again, but only to be aroused by the same sharp mysterious knock as before. Again he arose, and once more found his faithful watch-dog sleeping on the doorstep. He had not long retired the second time when he heard a furious barking, and the clatter of a horse's hoofs warned him of some one near. For the third time he rose to go out, and at the same moment a sharp imperious knock was heard at the door. This was a neighbour one of whose family had been suddenly taken ill, and who had come in hot haste for such remedies as Mr Stirling might have. Here again we are dealing with fact, and one which in its minute details we have no reason to doubt. How to explain it, except on some subtle theory of spirit influence, I do not know. I have not the hardihood to deny it; hardly the philosophy to accept all that it implies.

To go farther back, there is a well authenticated story of a Harris crew sailing round Skye, and on the voyage one of the crew, who was a seer, being greatly puzzled by the vision of two men hanging from the rigging of their boat. Arrived at Broadford they found Sir Donald Macleod holding a Criminal Assize Court, and two notorious characters were sentenced to death. Sir Donald laid hands on the Harris boat and used its spars and cordage as a gallows.

It is not necessary to multiply examples. One illustration for my purpose is as good as fifty, and those given point to the fact that there are problems in human life to the bottom of which we have not yet reached.

• But it may be asked, Why have such visions ceased? And I reply, is it established that they have ceased? Is it not that we live a different, a new and more artificial life? And is not the most recently developed phases of hypnotism and other occult sciences, which some have developed into a new religion, just the old second sight of the Highland seer; or, if not, then something closely allied to it?

All second sight was not real. I remember one, Miles Murray, who pretended to see visions through the left shoulder blade of a sheep, but only when he had himself eaten the flesh of a shoulder of mutton, which must be a gift as he made his half-begging, half-preaching rounds. That was reducing second sight to contempt, just as recent phenomena are made contemptible by a pretence of bits of flimsy French paper traversing space, or spirits writing on slates, by means of a pencil securely tied to them, with very bad spelling and even worse grammar. "Are you the spirit of Webster?" "I are." "Stop, stop; you may be any body, but Webster never would say that." It was such contemptible tricks that made second sight ridiculous. They make all occult science an object of just suspicion. All the same there is much about the borderland which we cannot reduce to formulæ and exhibit as a syllogism for every school boy to learn and repeat. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of."

That many Highlanders still believe in second sight, I know, and had an illustration of it some years ago in Uist. I had been wind bound for over a week, and the day on which the ferry was attempted was still very stormy. During the period of my detention an old woman had died, and the skipper of the boat offered to convey the body from the island where we were to the mainland of Uist for burial, provided it was sent with no relatives attending, owing to the state of the weather. To these conditions they, after some discussion, agreed, and the coffin was conveyed on board. This arrangement, especially the obduracy of the skipper, was keenly resented by an old man who at times "saw things."

As we were getting ready to start he suddenly appeared on the beach. He made a striking figure. His hair was long, unkempt, and matted. His look was haggard and wild as if scared by a supernatural vision. He swung his arms aloft, and muttered rapidly as he tottered down the shingly beach. When close to the spot where the boat lay moored, stern shoreward, he shouted in a quavering treble, "It is true, then, and you are going."

"Yes, we are going; what of that," growled the skipper.

"What of that," screamed the old man; "has the devil possessed you? Is it your own hour, or must you make it others' hour as well? Turn! go home that you may not go hence with blood on your hands."

"Let go aft there, please," shouted the skipper to me, anxious to get away from his moorings, knowing that the old man's ravings were likely to cause a mutiny among his crew. I cast off the mooring rope, while the seer continued as if to himself, "If I am not in error, there is evil before him—death, winding sheets, lamentation, weeping. I saw them. I saw them. O! I cannot say what I saw!"

Meantime, a sail was sheeted, and the skipper sprang to the tiller, while the boat, yeilding to the strong breeze, glided through the water. I now for the first time looked at the crew. They were five in number. The skipper and one other man were quite unconcerned. The others sat with blanched faces the colour of ashes, as if petrified. I never saw my friend the prophet again, and how he justified his predictions to the skipper, on his return that same evening, I do not know. Certain it is that during the passage three men believed their last hour had come, and probably prayed as they never prayed before. Whether such beliefs still linger to any great extent in odd corners I do not know; in any case, all the poetry is gone out of many of our customs and legends, and they are now affected only by the learned and curious among us.

The few facts gathered together in this paper have been culled from various sources. A few are based on personal experience, more on information got at first hand at home and abroad, and some from fugitive publications. Those who have read "Religion and Myth" will recognise a few as transferred from its pages in a slightly altered form, but I presume a man may safely quote from himself. There is in the paper little that is absolutely new; nothing that is startling, and while fully conscious of the honour done me by your Society by being asked to prepare a paper, I am conscious, none more so, that my performance of this pleasant duty has been far from perfect, and such as needs your kind consideration and indulgence.

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25th APRIL, 1894.

At the meeting of the Society held on this date, Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., Rector, Raining School, Inverness; Mr William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness; and Mr Alexander Mackenzie, editor,

*Scottish Highlander*, Inverness, were elected Honorary Chieftains of the Society. The Secretary laid on the table a copy of the "History of the Mackenzies," received from author, Mr Alexander Mackenzie, as a donation towards the Society's Library. Thereafter Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., read a paper contributed by the Rev. Dr Donald Masson, Edinburgh, on "Gaelic Paraphrases." Dr Masson's paper was as follows:—

#### THE GAELIC PARAPHRASES.

In the autumn of 1879 Dr Alexander Stewart of Nether Lochaber did me the honour of asking me to reply to the following letter, which had been addressed to him by one of his numerous clients:—

"May I ask if you have ever seen an early version of the Paraphrases in Gaelic, and if so, if you know anything of its origin? I found them bound up in a Gaelic Bible printed in 1837, but seemingly older than the book, which was larger in the page. Only 45 of our 67 Paraphrases are translated—in some cases only parts of them—and the order is entirely irregular. The 37th in the current collection is placed first, and the first of the ordinary version stands, curiously enough, 37th in the old one. The translators of the current version had evidently this one before them, as many of its phrases are copied from it. I should say that in every case in which I have compared the two, the modern is much the smoother and more rythmical."

The letter was dated from a well-known Highland manse, and the writer, who thus addressed himself to Dr Stewart, was a man of wide reading in various walks of knowledge as well as in his own professional sphere of theology. I answered his letter as fully as time and circumstances would permit, and since then I have often intended going into the subject more exhaustively and more systematically than one could do in an off-hand letter.

At the time, indeed, I could not claim to have made any special research into what may be called the genesis and development of our Gaelic Paraphrases. But the subject was not new to me. In my father's house there was, from my earliest years, an old Gaelic Bible—one indeed much older than 1837—in which stood this old Gaelic version of the General Assembly's early collection of 45 Paraphrases. Their marked dissimilarity in number, order, literary character, and even in theological substance to the current version could not escape one's notice. And the Bible in which they stood was a favourite volume in the



house. It had an interesting history. It was one of the Gaelic Bibles presented by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge to those Highland soldiers who, returning to their native land crowned with the undying glory of Waterloo, were stationed in Edinburgh Castle after that glorious and decisive victory. On his death-bed the brave old soldier, whose pride and solace that Bible was for many a day, presented the old volume to my father. The Society's inscription, in the fine old autograph of Dr Campbell, then their secretary, was still legible on the book when, some years ago, I lent it to a forgetful and forgotten friend, whose eye, I hope, will catch these lines, reviving his sluggish memory, and quickening his conscience to the duty of restitution.

As stated above, the collection about which Dr Stewart's correspondent made inquiry contained only 45 Paraphrases. Every one knows that the current collection contains 67. In order also, as in texture, polish, and rhythm, the sacred poems in these two collections are widely different. The extent to which it is so will best appear if I here present to you one of our best known Paraphrases as it stands in both collections.

Here, for example, is the paraphrase of Genesis xxviii. 20-22, as given in the old collections. I quote from Macfarlane's Psalter, 1780 :—

Dhe bhétel, le d' laimh thoir-bheartaich  
's tu bheathaich t Isr'el fein ?  
'S ar sins'reachd trid an oil'-thire,  
's tu threoraich mar an ceadn'.

Ar moide umhal bheir sinn dhuit ;  
is adhradh mar an ceadn' ;  
Lain-earbaidh sinn gu muinghineach  
re d' fhreasdal caomh sinn-fein.

Anns na garbh-rodaibh do-choiseachd,  
ma threoraicheas tu sinn ;  
Ar n aran laitheil 's trusgan cuirp,  
ma dheonaicheas tu dhuinn' ;

Um-ainn ma sgaoileas tu do sgiath,  
is sinn le scachran sgithe ;  
Gus an rig ar n anama teach,  
ar n Athar chaoimh ann sibh :

Dhe ar choimh-cheangail, bheir sinn dhuit,  
sinn-fein 's ar gceill mar-aon ;  
'S cho toir sinn 'mhain ar deachmhadh dhuit,  
ach iom-laineachd ar maoin'.

Now compare with this the current version of our Psalters. I quote from Smith's first edition, 1787 :—

Dhe Bheteil ! le d' laimh thoirbheartaich  
's tu bheathaich t Isra'l fein ;  
'S a threoraich feadh an turais sgith  
ar sinnseara gu leir ;

Ar moid 's ar n urnaigh 'nis a ta  
aig la'ir do chathair ghrais ;  
Bi leinn, O Dhia ar n' aithrichean !  
's na diobair sinn gu brath.

Trid ceuma dorch' ar beatha bhos,  
O treoruich thusa sinn ;  
'S o la gu la ar n eideadh cuirp  
's or teachdantir thoir dhuinn.

Fo sgail do sge, O dean ar dion  
gu crich ar seachrain sgith,  
Is thoir d' ar n anama fois fadheoidh  
ad chonuidh shuas an sith.

Na tiolaca so, Dhe nan gras,  
thoir dhuinn o d' laimh gu fial,  
'S a nis agus a ris gu brath  
is tu do ghna ar Dia.

This paraphrase stood forty-fourth in the early collection. It stands second, as we all know, in the enlarged and more recent collection. A glance at the two renderings will show how widely they differ. It is not merely that the later version is smoother and more polished than the earlier. There is a material difference—a difference not merely in form and finish, but in substance, and even in doctrine. The old version is distinctly the one side of a bargain, with due, deliberate consideration for value received—“if thou, Lord, wilt do for us as we pray, then we shall consecrate to Thee not merely our *tithe* but our all.”

Cha toir sinn 'mhain ar deachmhadh dhuit,  
ach iomlanachd ar maoin.

The new version has no trace of this bargaining with Providence, the source and elimination of which will reveal themselves further on. From first to last the new version is a prayer, and an uncon-

ditional consecration of him who breathes that prayer with the heart—a prayer pulsating with the life-blood of pious, chastened, filial trustfulness—a prayer, too, the simplest, the most touching that I know, next to the Prayer that teacheth to pray. How is the difference between the two Gaelic versions to be explained? Dr Smith, the translator of the later collection of sacred songs, was undoubtedly a man of great ability, as of rare taste and culture; and moreover, so far as the forty-five earlier paraphrases are concerned, he had Macfarlane's previous version to work upon in the way of emendation. But when the utmost allowance is made for Smith's literary superiority to Macfarlane, we must still admit that this consideration can help us but little in explaining the very remarkable difference which everywhere meets the eye in comparing the old version with the new. The explanation of that difference is not to be found in the Gaelic versions themselves, or in any critical examination of their respective merits or demerits. Both versions were but translations from the English. Smith is not so much the reviser of Macfarlane as a maker up of new material, working from a new point of view. In order, therefore, to explain intelligibly the difference between the old version and the new, of which the parallel specimens above given form a fair general example, it will now be necessary to turn aside for a moment and glance with some care at the history of the English Paraphrases, of which, as has been said, the Gaelic, in the old collection and in the new, is no more than a translation.

Now, as there were reformers before the Reformation, so were there pioneers not a few before the day of the Paraphrases, who earnestly endeavoured to enlarge and enrich the service of song in the Reformed Presbyterian Church. The name of Patrick Simson and "The gude and godlie Ballates" of the Wedderburns will, in this connection, occur to you all. But the work of these men was not an easy one: for then among the many all over the Church, even as to-day among our pious Highlanders, there was much tenderness of conscience, and not a little of stubborn implacable opposition, as to the reception into the Church's public worship of any element of "uninspired human hymns." At last, however, in 1742, the forward movement so far prevailed as to secure the appointment of a committee of the General Assembly to prepare a collection of "Sacred Songs" "in the form of translations of suitable portions of Holy Scripture." Accordingly, in 1745, the first collection of forty-five Paraphrases was printed, and submitted to the General Assembly. Though never formally authorised by the

Church, this collection of sacred song seems to have rapidly passed into popular favour and popular use. Edition after edition of the booklet, some of them pirated, were issued from the press. Through the favour of Mr James Thin, the founder of the widely-known firm of Edinburgh booksellers and publishers, I have been enabled to examine no fewer than eleven re-issues, dating from 1745 to 1780. And these re-issues were, for the most part, really new editions. The Assembly's Committee on Paraphrases, including the most cultured men in the Church, were continually engaged in the work of revision and emendation, as from time to time they submitted new editions of their work to the Supreme Court, only to have again and again their work sent back to them for still farther revision and improvement. This process of revision was so searching and severe that not only were many of the original forty-five Paraphrases pruned and trimmed and editorially boiled down and remodelled, but one of them was not merely recast; it was literally cast out entirely, bodily removed from the book, and another new Paraphrase put in its place. This was the Paraphrase of Habak. iii. 17-18, which now stands as xxxii. in the Psalter. This Paraphrase was displaced by another in 1751; in 1754 the new rival kept its place, but it was rejected in 1770 to make room for the original occupant, which had yet again to give place to its rival in 1776. But it was again restored, with some emendations, in the final collection of 1781.

The first collection of only forty-five paraphrases was translated into Gaelic as early as 1751 by the Rev. Alexander Macfarlane, of Kilninver and Kilmelfort. He must, therefore, have worked from the first edition of the English Paraphrases—a fact which should be remembered to his credit in estimating the relative merit of his work.

In 1781 the Committee on the Paraphrases (English) were enabled to complete—one may even say to perfect—their work. Within the few years preceding this date, there was a rich infusion of new blood into the Committee—Morison, Cameron, Logan, and others, of whom, seeing that they were all more or less closely connected with the Highlands, I must say a word farther on. With the help and inspiration of this new blood, the new collection of sixty-seven paraphrases was ready in 1781. Besides twenty-two new paraphrases, the collection was enriched with greatly improved renderings of the forty-five sacred songs contained in the old collection. This new and finally perfected collection of sixty-seven paraphrases, completed in 1781, and now to the

Scottish people enshrined in the traditions and pious memories of more than a hundred years, was translated into Gaelic by Dr John Smith, of Campbeltown, in 1783. In comparing his work with the previous work of Mr Macfarlane, we must remember that he had the advantage of working on the perfected English version, as we now sing it. He had the advantage of being able to serve up to us, in the old mother-tongue of the Gael, the ripe fruits of that gradual growth and development through which the English version had been slowly and patiently polished, and elaborated, and perfected by some of the most cultured minds of a cultured age. Pray remember this in regard to the specimens respectively of Macfarlane's and Smith's work, which have been submitted to you. Macfarlane translated, so to speak, from the first draft of what is now our Second English Paraphrase; Smith from the final English version, which was the work not of one hand but of many—a growth, a pious evolution, to whose present perfectness the pains and pious care and sanctified genius of many minds have contributed their best endeavours. In the whole circle of sacred literature I know of no study so deeply interesting as to trace the "growth" of this paraphrase. You can watch the growth as, with touch on touch by one great poet-sculptor after another, and with here a little and there a little, it is moulded, and polished, and perfected up to that living luminous image of ideal transfigured Christian devotion, which is to-day in many lands the joy and the strength of the best and purest hearts of the English race.

To enable you in some measure to trace for yourselves the gradual process of emendation by many hands through which this paraphrase in English reached its perfect form, I give here a few of the most important versions of it, in the order, so to speak, of its historical development. It should be mentioned that there exist two manuscript versions, going back some years anterior to its first printed publication. One is in the handwriting of Doddridge, and bears, also in his handwriting, the date of 1736; the other, in the handwriting of Ridson Darracot, is dated five years later, in 1741. There can be no doubt that the first draft of the hymn reached the Committee from Doddridge, and in all probability it came to them through the Rev. Robert Blair, of Athelstaneford, the author of "The Grave." He is known to have corresponded on friendly terms with Doddridge and with Watts, and there is good reason to believe that he was the medium through whom so many also of the hymns of the latter found their way into our Paraphrases. Be that, however, as it may, there can

be no doubt that Doddridge's first draft of what is now our Second Paraphrase was first printed in our first collection. In the order of their dates, the more important versions are as follows :—

DODDRIDGE.

I.

O God of *Jacob*, by whose Hand  
Thine *Israel* still is fed,  
Who thro' this weary Pilgrimage  
Hast all our Fathers led.

II.

To Thee our humble vows we raise,  
To Thee address our Pray'r,  
And in thy kind and faithful Breast  
Deposit all our Care.

III.

If Thou thro' each perplexing path,  
Wilt be our constant Guide ;  
If Thou wilt daily Bread supply,  
And Raiment wilt provide ;

IV.

If Thou wilt spread thy Shield  
around,  
Till these our Wand'rings cease,  
And at our Father's lov'd Abode  
Our Souls arrive in Peace.

V.

To Thee, as to our Cov'nant-God,  
We'll our whole selves resign ;  
And count, that not our *Tenth* alone,  
But all we have is thine.

DARRACOTT.

I.

O God of Bethel, whose kind hand  
Has all our fathers led,  
And in this desert howling land  
Has still their table spread.

II.

To thee our humble vows we raise,  
To thee address our prayer ;  
And trust ourselves in all thy ways  
To thy indulgent care.

III.

If thou, thro' every path we go,  
Wilt be our constant guide ;  
If thou our food and raiment too  
Wilt graciously provide :

IV.

If thou, as we press on our way,  
Wilt cheer us with thy love,  
And ne'er permit our feet to stray  
Till reach'd thy-house above :

V.

Thee will we choose to be our God,  
To thee ourselves resign ;  
With all we are and have, O Lord,  
We will be ever thine.

VI.

For if, O Lord, thou ours wilt be,  
We can give up the rest ;  
Our souls possess'd alone of thee,  
Are infinitely blest.

1745.

I.

O God of Bethel ! by whose Hand  
thine Isr'el still is fed !  
Who thro' this weary Pilgrimage  
hast all our Fathers' led.

II.

To thee our humble Vows we raise ;  
to thee address our Pray'r ;  
And in thy kind and faithful Breast  
deposit all our care.

III.

If thou, thro' each perplexing Path,  
wilt be our constant Guide ;  
If thou wilt daily Bread supply,  
and Raiment wilt provide ;

IV.

If thou wilt spread thy Wings around,  
'till these our Wand'rings cease,  
And at our Father's lov'd Abode,  
our Souls arrive in Peace ;

V.

To the as to our cov'nant GOD,  
we'll our whole Selves resign ;  
And count that not our Tenth alone,  
but all we have is thine.

1781.

I.

O God of Bethel ! by whose hand  
thy people still are fed ;  
Who thro' this weary pilgrimage,  
hast all our fathers' led.

II.

Our vows, our pray'rs, we now present  
before thy throne of grace ;  
God of our fathers ! be the God  
of their succeeding race.

III.

Through each perplexing path of of life  
our wand'ring footsteps guide ;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
and raiment fit provide.

IV.

O spread thy cov'ring wings around,  
till all our wand'rings cease,  
And at our Father's lov'd abode,  
our souls arrive in peace.

V.

Such blessings from thy gracious hand  
our humble pray'rs implore ;  
And thou shalt be our chosen God,  
and portion evermore.

[*N.B.*—1751 is practically the same as 1745.]

LOGAN'S POEMS, 1782 : HYMN I.—THE PRAYER OF JACOB.

O God of Abraham ! by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed ;  
Who, thro' this weary pilgrimage,  
Hast all our fathers' led.

Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before thy throne of grace ;  
God of our Fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

Thro' each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide,

Give us by day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode,  
Our feet arrive in peace.

Now with the humble voice of prayer  
Thy mercy we implore ;  
Then with the grateful voice of praise  
Thy goodness we'll adore !

To say that every one of the original 45 Paraphrases, before reaching its present form in the enlarged collection of 67, had been pruned and polished by a similar process of elaboration at the hand of different experts, would no doubt be an

exaggeration. But there can be no doubt that every one of them passed through the ordeal of severe and critical editing by a band of cultured men, whose literary instinct has never since been matched in any Scottish Church. If time permits I shall farther on give some account of these men, especially such of them, and they were many, as were closely associated with the Highlands; but at present it is more pertinent to ask if our Gaelic Paraphrases have passed through any process of continuous elaboration and editing such as has made the English Paraphrases what they are?

At first blush one would be prompt to answer, "nothing, absolutely nothing of the kind." Macfarlane translated the first collection of 45 Paraphrases, and, with only a few changes of orthography, his translation was just mechanically reproduced in our Psalters down to the Inverness reprint of 1813. In the same way Dr John Smith's translation, published in 1787, of the enlarged English collection of 1781, is practically reprinted in our Psalters down to the present day. But such a statement, if for the most part true to the letter, is not the whole literal truth. It is true as regards our Psalm Books, which are simply a mechanical reprint one of another. But that broad fact, so discreditable to the Highland Church, notwithstanding, there have been revisions, and there exist, in print, very creditable revised versions, both of Macfarlane's Gaelic Paraphrases and of Dr Smith's. They have to be searched for, but the searcher will not search carefully in vain. Bound up with my copy of the Gaelic Testament of 1796—John Stuart's first revision of his father's original work—there is an edition of the Psalms and Paraphrases, dated four years later, which shows considerable improvement on Macfarlane's translation. I produce the two editions, and you can compare them for yourselves. But I may cite and compare the following passages, taken at random, as specimens of what I assert:—

In the Paraphrase of Genesis, xxviii. 20-22—No. 44 of the first collection—Macfarlane has, verse 3, line 1—

*Anns na garbh-rodaibh do-choiseachd.*

The version of 1800,\* printed for the second edition of the N.T.—shall I say John Stuart's revision?—we have—

*Anns na garbh rodai bh fasaich so.*

\*This is the date of the Psalms and Paraphrases in the Gaelic New Testament of 1796.



In the same way, in No. 31 (Hab. iii. 17-18), Macfarlane has :—

Choidhch' ge nach tilg crann fige blàth,  
ge d' dhiultas fion ebrann bladh ;  
Ge d' chaillear sathair a' chrainn ol',  
is toradh trom a' mhaigh.

The revised version above quoted gives :—

Chaidh ge nach tilg crann fige blath,  
ged dhiultas fion-chrann *meas* ;  
Ged chaillear saothair a chrainn ol,  
us toradh trom *nan leas*.

One more example in this connection must suffice. In No. 10—Matt. vi. 9-14—Macfarlane, verse 4, has :—

Ar lòn saoghalt' deonich a Dhe,

of which the revised rendering is a distinct improvement :—

Ar teachd-an-tìr thoir dhuinn, a Dhe.

In like manner Dr Smith's translation of the enlarged collection of 67 paraphrases, excellent as it is, was materially improved in the version which forms part of the great quarto Bible of 1826.

In the second Paraphrase—No. 44, in the first collection—Smith has “ar beath bhos” in verse 2, which in the quarto becomes “ar beath ann so” ; in verse 5, “'sa nis agus a ris gu brath” becomes “'s nis 's o so a mach gu brath.” Similarly in Paraphrase xvii., verse 3, Smith has :—

Dh' fhalbh an cuimhne 's dh' fhalabh an ainm.

The quarto renders the line :—

An cuimhne dh' fhalbh is dh' fhalbh an ainm.

In Paraphrase xxxv., verse 4, first version—the Communion Paraphrase—Smith has “So seula cumhnainte nan gras,” which the quarto renders, “So seula cumhnaint slaint is gras.”

It is not irrelevant to observe here that the quarto Gaelic paraphrases of 1826 stand alone in having the sanction of the Supreme Court of the Church. No English version is thus authorised, and no other Gaelic version. But the preface to the quarto Gaelic Bible has these words :—“This edition of the Bible, with a revised metrical version of the Psalms and Paraphrases

subjoined to it, was completed in 1826. It was then submitted to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, who were pleased to approve of it, and to authorise that it be exclusively used in the churches and chapels within their bounds, in which public worship is conducted in the Gaelic language." But so far as the public worship of the Church is concerned, this "authorised" revision is, down to this day, a dead letter. It is unknown to our psalters. It is in my pulpit Bible; but if, following the general use and wont of the Church, I use a Psalm-book, I ignore what the Church has "authorised," using in preference what, at a previous date, the Church did no more than "recommend" or "permit." In point of fact, the Bible of the Highlander and his Psalter are at issue on this point. Of the Gaelic Bible, the text has more or less carefully been looked after. But the Psalter in the hands of irresponsible publishers and printers has been propagated, edition after edition, without let or hindrance, each after its kind; and it seems to be the business of no man and of no Church authority to bring Bible and Psalter into the bonds of unity. This is not as it should be. It seems to me that a revised and properly supervised edition of the Gaelic Psalter is much more urgently needed in our day than yet another revision of the Gaelic Bible.

Among the unnumbered literary labours of the late Very Reverend Principal Dewar of Aberdeen—unnumbered and, I fear to a great extent, unremembered—there is one which will ever be dear to the Gael. His collection of Gaelic hymns contains a good many of our Gaelic Paraphrases, in appropriating which he has edited and improved them with a free hand. Sometimes he cuts out a whole verse, sometimes he adds a verse; and frequently he edits with taste and discrimination. His first hymn is our second Paraphrase; and even here *quod tetigit ornavit*. Witness this happy improvement. From the Psalter we still sing, verse 5—

'S a nis agus a ris gu brath is tu do gna ar Dia.

But Dewar transfigures that rendering, and sings—

'S is tu ar cuibhrionn is ar Dia air feagh gach leinn is ial.

The Principal was a genuine Highlander, proud of his Gaelic, speaking and preaching in Gaelic to the last with zest and living power. He wrote many ponderous volumes which to-day no one ever thinks of reading; even his share in Macleod & Dewar's Dictionary being but little in our memory. He rose from the Highland peasantry, and was reared among the poor. But he

amassed a considerable fortune, and, like Sir Walter Scott, he aimed at founding a family. It was not to be. His two sons and two daughters have died childless, and the fond vision of the old man's heart has vanished forever. Let us be thankful for this slender volume of Gaelic hymns; and let us hope that among the humble sons of the Gael from whom he sprung, it will prove the lasting memorial of a good and kindly man, and keep his memory green.

A few personal notes must now bring this paper to a close. Of all whose hand has helped to build up the fabric of our Gaelic Paraphrases the greatest undoubtedly is Dr John Smith, the editor of our most popular Psalter, and the translator of the extended Paraphrases of 1781. As minister of Campbeltown, he has left his mark on the annals of the parish. As translator into Gaelic of the prophetic books of Scripture, he did work which is only now beginning to be appreciated at its true value. His translation was so faithful to the original that the use of it was "inconvenient," and his friends had the mortification of seeing it put aside in favour of a substitute which was reckoned to be more "safe" and more "expedient," because nearer the English of the authorised version. It was certainly more subservient. He was a great theologian and a great preacher, but he was also a man of affairs, and a capital practical farmer. His work on the agriculture of Argyllshire went through two editions, and farmers, practical and amateur, flocked to see his glebe under crop, as if it were a great model farm. In these pluvial times it may interest the meteorologist to learn that irrigation was the outstanding feature of his theory and practice as an eminently successful farmer. Besides his familiar edition of the psalms, which so many Highlanders at home and abroad sing in the family and in the congregation, he published, in good Gaelic metre, a "spiritualized" version of the Psalms which, being born before its time, brought its author no end of trouble. In the preface to this work he tells that many of the Psalms "are very unsuitable for Christian worship," and are, indeed, "highly improper in the mouths of Christians;" "at anyrate, in a book of Christian devotion there should be no room for curses." He adds, too, that in preparing to lead the devotions of a Christian congregation, one must "frequently turn over many leaves," of the Psalm-book, "in order to find a few verses together, fit for being sung in any Christian congregation." To obviate this serious difficulty was the aim of his "new Gaelic version of the Psalms, more adapted to Christian worship." It is a free Gaelic Paraphrase of the Psalms, to which he added 55 Gospel Hymns in Gaelic.

A word now in conclusion as to such of the original workers, whether authors or emendators, on the original English Paraphrases, as were more or less closely connected with the Highlands. The most prominent of these was the Rev. John Morison of Canisby, in Caithness. Born in Aberdeenshire, he first went north as tutor successively in the parishes of Dunnet and Halkirk, and later at Uppat, in Sutherlandshire. He next settled in Thurso as burgh schoolmaster. In 1779 he was inducted as minister to the parish of Canisbay. He submitted no fewer than 24 hymns to the Paraphrases Committee. The pieces numbered 19, 21, 29, 30 are known to be his, and he had at least a hand in numbers 27 and 28. In 1781 he was formally received as a member of the committee, which in that year was finally responsible for the Paraphrases as we now have them.

John Logan, like Morison, and at the same time, was a family tutor in Caithness; his pupil being none else than young John Sinclair, who in due time blossomed out into the Admirable Crichton of his age, as Sir John Sinclair. Logan did not stay long in Caithness. There is reason to believe that the habits which prematurely closed his career as minister of South Leith had even then taken some hold of him. His name is associated with numbers 10, 11, 31, 38, 53, 58. Our Second Paraphrase he published in his volume of poems, with no mark to discriminate that noble hymn from the other poems in the volume, which are presumably his own. He helped to perfect that gem of sacred song, but he certainly was not its author. That he made some emendations on the Second Paraphrase, as on those that are numbered 18, 23, 25, 28, 48, and 63, there is no reason to doubt, "Logan, like Pope," we are assured by a writer in *Macphail's Magazine*, p. 526, 1847, "had that unerring sagacity in the art of emendation which led him never to alter without improving." That may be so; but I lean strongly to the opinion that to no man do we owe so much of the beauty and polish of the Paraphrases as to a genuine Highlander now to be named. This was William Cameron, a native of Upper Deeside, the protégé and intimate friend of Dr Beattie, the poet-professor, at Aberdeen. In 1780 Mr Cameron published a volume of poems on various subjects. In 1786 he was ordained minister of Kirknewton, near Edinburgh. He was the author of Paraphrases 16 and 17, and he is known to have made material emendations on thirty-three others, as well as on two of the old hymns annexed to the Paraphrases in our Psalters.

Hugh Blair, the minister of Lady Yester's, and Professor of Rhetoric in the University, worked continuously from 1745 to

1781 as one of the most active members of the Paraphrases Committee. He was the author of the Paraphrase numbered 44 in the present collection, and, like Cameron, but for a much longer time, he was unwearied in the work of revision and emendation. He was closely connected with the Highlands, being tutor to Simon, Master of Lovat, in 1741-2.

In this connection will you allow me to give you yet one other name? It is the name of the Rev. Dr Hetherington, not very long ago F.C. minister of St Andrews. He had, of course, no hand in the making of the Paraphrases, but he laid his hand on them in another way. As editor, in 1847, of the *Free Church Magazine*, he made a violent attack on this most sacred portion of Scotland's heritage of sacred song. Some of you will, of course, remember the circumstances. At that time every platform in the land, and many of its pulpits, still rang with the sin and shame of the Moderate party in the Church, for being untrue to the old Calvinistic doctrines of grace. It was that old Moderate School, according to Hetherington, that debauched the inspired author of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and poisoned his heart and his gifted pen against holy things. This was the old cry, revived again with double force in 1843. And Hetherington now lighted on an old MS., which, he boasted, proved this cruel slander to the hilt. It was a MS. once belonging to the Paraphrases Committee, and there, as Hetherington asserted, was Burns's well-known handwriting, with some pertinent emendation on an early draft of what is now our 48th Paraphrase. It was a mare's nest. The MS. was, by a committee of the best experts in Edinburgh, declared to be in the handwriting not of Burns, but of Logan, and the verdict of these experts is to-day everywhere accepted as undoubtedly true.\* The Moderates, as we all now confess, had their share of sin upon their heads. But they were free, and Burns was free, from the guilt of this imputation. Is it not strange how these wicked charges, like curses, come home to roost? For where is the "Moderatism" of to-day in Scotland, or where the heterodoxy as regards the doctrines of grace?

I should have stated that this Dr Hetherington, in his student days, himself wrote and published a Pastoral and some dramatic and lyric pieces, which are now forgotten. He was also the tutor of the late Sir Evan Mackenzie of Kilcoy.

\* Of this MS. there is a good *facsimile* in the *Free Church Magazine* for 1847, Vol. IV., oposite page 160. It must be confessed that Logan's handwriting, as there preserved, does pretty closely resemble Burns'. The MS. itself has, I fear, been lost. I have hunted for it high and low, but hitherto in vain.

In conclusion, let me indicate, in a word or two, what books would most fitly equip you for independent research in this neglected field of Scotch Gaelic history. Before entering on this subject you need not wait till you have at command books so rare and expensive as Kirk's Psalter, published in 1684, and the first Psalter of the Synod of Argyle, fifty Psalms of which were published as early as 1659, and the complete work in 1694. No Gaelic Psalter earlier than 1753 can be of use for this purpose. But the student would do well to possess himself of as many editions as he can collect from that date downwards. Earlier English editions are valuable and most interesting, but not directly valuable for this inquiry. One would expect that after 1781, when the full number of sixty-seven Paraphrases was published in English, we should have no more re-issues in Gaelic of the old collection of forty-five. But this is not so. It has been already stated that the forty-five Paraphrases only are published in a Psalter so recent as Dr Thomas Ross's edition of 1813, published by John Young at Inverness. I call this edition Dr Thomas Ross's because, though it does not bear his name, it contains, unsigned, the identical preface which in 1824 stands over his well known signature. With these re-issues of the Gaelic Paraphrases in the Psalter the student should compare every re-issue which he can find bound up with Gaelic Bible, or New Testament, from 1796 down till the appearance in Gaelic of the full number of sixty-seven Paraphrases. The comparison will prove most interesting and instructive. Then, in regard to the Gaelic editions of the completed Paraphrases, the collector must begin with Dr Smith's Psalter of 1787, adding all he can down to the present time. With these again he must compare the Paraphrases printed for being bound up with the Bible or New Testament. The first notable departure he will find in the quarto Bible of 1826, to which he will add as many Bible Psalters in Gaelic as he can collect. I would especially indicate Dr Clerk's reference Bible, which was put through the press with great care; the Edinburgh Bible Society's Pocket Testament of 1861; and a Bible Psalter printed in 1850 by Anderson & Bryce, which, strange to say, is often found under the same covers with the old sheets of the S.P.C.K.'s Gaelic Testament of 1821. And yet, again, I must repeat that the comparison of the Paraphrases in Psalm-books, with those bound up with the Bible and New Testament, will furnish food for reflection, and yield pregnant material alike for instruction and reproof.

To him who would search also the wider field of the English Paraphrases, from which the Gaelic are but translations, there is

one book that is cyclopædic and exhaustive. It is "The Scottish Paraphrases: an Account of their History, Authors, and Sources," &c., by Douglas J. MacLagan, Edinburgh; Andrew Elliot, 1889. This is in every way an admirable and reliable work, carefully covering, and, one may say, exhausting the whole field of enquiry. Mr Thin's collection of early editions of the English Paraphrases is the most complete in existence. I think I may promise his kindly help and sympathy to any true student of the Paraphrases. An instructive, well-informed, and well-written article on this subject will be found in the autumn number (1893) of the *Scottish Review*. Reference may also be made to papers in *Macphail's Magazine*, July, 1847; *Tait's Magazine*, about the same date; *The Free Church Magazine*, a month or two earlier; *The Christian Instructor*, 1828-9; and to a paper by the late Dr Jamieson of Currie, in the *Scottish Christian Herald*, for 1841.

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